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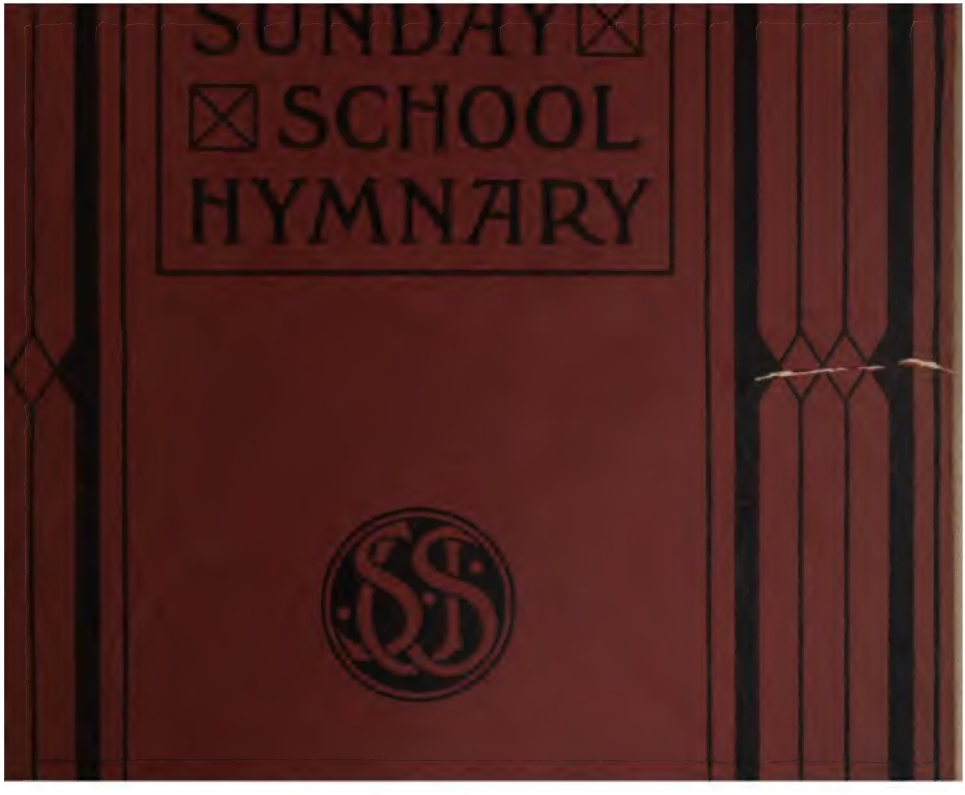
SUNDAY
SCHOOL
HYMNARY
S.S.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMNARY

A TWENTIETH CENTURY HYMNAL
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.
WORDS AND MUSIC EDITED BY
CAREY BONNER.

PUBLISHED AT 57 & 59 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON
BY THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION . . . . MDCCCCV.

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PREFATORY NOTES.

THE AIM OF "THE SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMNARY."

This book is sent forth in the earnest hope that it may minister to a reverential, sincere, yet glad worship in the Sunday School. The Graded Arrangement of the Hymns for the Junior, Middle, and Senior Sections of the Scholars will, it is believed, help to this desired end.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Old Hymns and Tunes have an honourable place, but the best writers and composers of later years are also represented; and probably as the newer pieces become known they will be deemed worthy of retention in the praise of the modern Sunday School.

PRINCIPLES OF HYMN SELECTION.

In regard to Hymns—whilst giving due consideration to Literary and Lyrical qualities, the Editor has followed the general principle of selecting those which young people can sing with sincerity.

Many pieces popular in Sunday Schools have been purposely passed over as being either weakly sentimental, or beyond the stage of youthful experience. Others have been omitted because consisting of bare doctrinal statements having no inspirational or ethical value.

"HYMNS THAT HELP."

The best hymns for use in the Sunday School are (to adopt and apply Mr. W. T. Stead's suggestive phrase) "Hymns that help" in the building up of a strong, all-round, Christly character; and the Editor and Publishers covet no greater result for their efforts than the knowledge that many of the hymns here brought together have been thus found helpful.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS *RE* DATES.

In the matter of Dates, grateful acknowledgments are made of indebtedness to the researches of Mr. J. R. Griffiths, Mr. Jas. T. Lightwood, and others. The splendid "Dictionary of Hymnology," edited by Rev. Canon Julian, has been of exceptional service.

Where a single date is given it is that of the year when the Hymn or Tune was first published. Where such a date has not been obtainable the years of the Author's or Composer's Birth and Death have been substituted.

OTHER ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Editor tenders his warm thanks to Rev. W. Garrett Horder, Mr. H. W. Pewtress, and to other friends and correspondents who have so readily supplied information concerning Authors and Owners of Copyrights.

He is especially grateful to several gentlemen—Organists, Choirmasters, and Conductors—who have most kindly met with him from time to time for the purpose of going through various Tunes, giving him the great advantage of their experience and judgment in the final selection of the best and most fitting musical settings of Hymns.

Acknowledgments of permissions for use of Copyright Words or Music will be found in the preliminary paragraphs to the Index of Copyrights.

THE INDEXES.

The usefulness of the book has, it is hoped, been enhanced by the method of Classification adopted and by the full set of Indexes supplied. In the preparation of these Indexes the Editor has received invaluable help from his wife.

THE MUSIC.

For economy of space in music setting the stems of the Treble and Alto Notes have been turned *upwards*, and those of the Tenor and Bass Notes *downwards*. In the cases where one note only appears on a stave both parts are to sing the same note.

CORRECTIONS OR SUGGESTIONS.

Notwithstanding the care bestowed in the reading of Proofs some errors have probably been overlooked, and the Editor will be glad to receive corrections, or suggestions for future Editions. These may be addressed to him at 56, Old Bailey, London, E.C.

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TIMOTHY.

1	1	17	405
1	6	12	384
1	6	12	553
2	2	3	388
2	2	3	498
2	2	3	609
2	2	12	259

HEBREWS.

CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
1	14	181
3	13	389
4	9	90
6	18	472
11	18	286
11	13, 16	103
11	40	512
12	1	335

HEBREWS.

CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
12	11	605
12	22	571
12	29	62
13	5	61
13	5	374
13	12	245
13	15	166

JAMES.

1	1	603
1	5	402D
1	5	601
1	17	140

PETER.

BK.	CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
1	1	25	804
1	2	11	284
1	2	22	168
1	2	23	38
1	3	8	567
1	3	12	294
1	3	12	528
1	5	7	3
1	5	7	125

JOHN.

1	1	5	414
1	1	5	432
1	4	8	12
1	4	8	58
1	4	8	407

JOHN.

BK.	CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
1	4	13	510
1	4	14	115
1	4	18	104
1	4	19	256

REVELATION.

CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
2	10	339
2	10	555
3	12	96
3	20	270
3	20	489
3	20	490
4	8	415
5	9	178
5	12	169
5	12	174
5	12	484
5	12	488
7	9	88
7	9	487
14	4	287
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19	5	562
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,, ...	265	C.M.
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Barnstaple	42	7.7.8.8.7.7.
Barton	286	7.6.7.6.
Battishill	60	7's.
Be a hero	333	8.7.8.7. with Chorus.
Beacon Light	100	8.7., 12 lines.
Beatitude	296	P.M. with Chorus.
Beautiful Stream ..	99	11.7.11.7. with Chorus.
Bedford	80	C.M.
,, ...	400A	C.M.
Beecher	181	8.7., 8 lines.
Benevento	604	7's., 8 lines.
Bentley	606	7.6., 8 lines.
Bernard	536	7's., 6 lines.
Besthorpe	217	8.7., 8 lines.
Bethany	519	6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.
Better World ..	63	8.8.8.3.8.8.8.3.
Bexfield	35	6.5.6.5.
,, ...	326	7.5.7.5.
Blenden	76	C.M. D.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO.	METRE.
Blenden	603	C.M. D.
Bliss	29	10.10.10.10. with Chorus.
Bonner Road ..	68	7.6.7.6. Trochaic.
Boscombe	555	7's.
Boylston	513	S.M.
Bracondale	142	4.4.6.4.4.6. or C.M.
Bradford	303	7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6.
,, ...	527	7.6.8.6.8.6.7.4.
Breast the wave, Christian	160	5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.
Bromham	125	10's.
,, ...	179	10's.
Bullinger	251	8.5.8.3.
,, ...	514	8.5.8.3.
Bury St. Edmunds ..	365	6's., 8 lines.
Cairnthorpe	400	P.M.
Canaan	6	8.7., 8 lines.
Capetown	159	7.7.7.5.
Carey	422	8's., 6 lines.
Carmina sacra ..	168	C.M. with Chorus.
Cassel	135	7's., 6 lines.
,, ...	172	7's., 6 lines.
Catch the sunshine ..	390	8.7., 8 lines.
Caterham	607	C.M.
Celeste	130	P.M.
Chamouni	64	8.7., 8 lines.
Charity	271	7.7.7.5.
Child Jesus	191	P.M.
Children of Jerusalem	228	7.7.7.7. with Refrain.
Children's Prayer ..	240	6.5., 8 lines with Chorus.
Children's Voices ..	94	6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.
Christiana	335	C.M. D.
Christine	324	6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. with Chorus.
Christmas	187	P.M.
Christmas Carol ..	192	8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.
Christmas Hymn ..	193	7's., 8 lines with Refrain.
Clare Market	378	11.10.11.10.
Claremont	52	C.M.
Clarens	44	6.5., 8 lines.
Clarion	534	6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.
Clemens	309	P.M.
Clifton	563	S.M.
Cobham	94	6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.
Come, children, come	225	P.M.
Come to Me	504	L.M.
Come unto Me ..	226	7.6., 8 lines.
Commonwealth ..	574	7.6.7.6.8.8.8.5.
Conder	536	7's., 6 lines.
Conquest	337	8.7., 8 lines.
Consecration	523	7's.
Constantia	105	8.4.4.8.8.8.
Corelli	145	8.3.8.3.
Corinth	402K	8.7., 8 lines.
Courage, brother! ..	118	8.7., 8 lines.
Cressbrook	171	7's.
Dalehurst	95	C.M.
Dare to do right ..	119	P.M.
Dawning	402I	11.10.11.10.
,, ...	593	11.10.11.10.
Day by day	400D	8.6.6.6.3.
Day is dying in the West	431	7.7.7.7.4.
Day of rest	155	7.6., 8 lines.
,, ...	214	7.6., 8 lines.
Dedicatio Anni ..	371	7 5.7.5.7.5.7.5.
Deerhurst	165	8.7., 8 lines.
,, ...	350	8.7., 8 lines.
Dennis	402A	S.M.
,, ...	567	S.M.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO.	METRE.
Derby	28	6.5.6.5.
,,	247	6.5.6.5.
Deva	249	6.5., 8 lines with Chorus.
,,	263	11.11.11.11. or 6.5., 8 lines with Chorus.
Dewsbury	491	8.6.8.6.8.6.
Diadem	482	C.M. with Chorus.
Diademata	485	8.M. D.
Dijon	46	8.7.8.7.
,,	257	8.7.8.7.
Dismissal	411	8.7.8.7.4.7.
Dix	166	7's., 6 lines.
,,	188	7's., 6 lines.
,,	510	7's., 6 lines.
Dominus regit me	84	8.7.8.7. Iambic.
Dona nobis pacem	403F	7.6.7.6. Trochaic.
Doncaster	545	8.M.
Dresden	351	7.6., 8 lines with Chorus.
,,	382	7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6., with Chorus.
Duke-st. or Honiton	413	L.M.
Dunbar	290	P.M.
Dundee or French	609	C.M.
Dunkirk	234	7.6., 8 lines.
Dura	509	8's., 6 lines.
,,	601	8's., 6 lines.
Eagley	297	C.M.
Easter Hymn	170	7.4., 8 lines.
,,	480	7's. with Refrains.
Eastleigh	34	8.7.8.7. with Chorus.
Eaton	467	8's., 6 lines.
Edina	492	6.5., 8 lines.
Ein' Feste Burg	544	P.M.
Elhay	469	8.8.8.7.
Elberfeld	67	P.M.
Elijah	446	7's.
Ellacombe	8	C.M. D.
,,	144	C.M. D.
,,	162	7.6., 8 lines.
Ellers	565	10's.
Ellingham	141	7's.
Ely or Accrington	486	L.M.
Ems	78	P.M.
Emmanuel	556	C.M.
Emmaus	466	8's., 6 lines.
England	66	7.6., 8 lines with Chorus.
Epenetus	114	P.M.
Ephraim	310	7's.
Epiphany Hymn	189	11.10.11.10.
,,	496	11.10.11.10.
Ernan	182	L.M.
,,	401A	L.M.
,,	532	L.M.
Et Resurrexit	481	7.6., 8 lines.
Eucharistica	322	8.7., 8 lines.
Eudoxia	150	6.5.6.5.
Evangel	111	6.5., 8 lines with Chorus.
Evening Hymn	433	8.8.7.8.8.7.
Evensong	157	8.7.8.8.
Eventide	460	10's.
Eventide or Intercessor	437	8.8.8.6.
Ever with Jesus	207	P.M.
Ewing	498	7.6., 8 lines.
Excelsior	132	7.6.7.6. Trochaic.
Fairford	336	7.6., 8 lines.
,,	372	13.13.13.14.
Faith	497	8.6.8.6.8.8.8.6.
Farrant	573	C.M.
Father, hear Thy children's voices	362	P.M.
Father of lights	140	10's.
Festus	511	7's.
Fight for the right, boys	384	P.M.
Filius Dei	259	C.M. D.
,,	375	C.M. D.
,,	417	C.M. D.
,,	512	C.M. D.
Fleury	369	6.5., 8 lines with Chorus.
For health and strength	401B	8.6.
Forward	74	6.5., 12 lines.
Franconia	79	6.5., 8 lines.
,,	426	8.M.
French or Dundee	609	C.M.
Froebel	2	6.6.6.4.
Galilee	285	8.7.8.7.
German Hymn	218	7's.
Gerontius	451	C.M.
Gill	219	P.M.
"Give," said the little stream	89	P.M.
Gladden	587	L.M.
Glaslyn	403K	10.10.6.6.4.
Glory	88	C.M. with Chorus.
Glory to God	167	P.M.
Goadby	227	9.8., 8 lines.
God be with you	568	9.8.8.9. with Chorus.
God sees the little sparrow	7	8.6.8.6. with Chorus.
Good tidings	457	C.M. D.
Goshen	237	6.5., 8 lines.
Gottschalk	525	7's.
Gounod	367	8.7.8.7.7.7.
,,	595	8.7.8.7.7.7.
Grant us Thy peace	403H	10's.
Gratitude	200	C.M.
,,	294	C.M.
Green the hills and lovely	201	P.M.
Greenwell	467	8.8.8.7.
Gwen	355	5.6.5.6.
Hampstead	62	L.M.
,,	445	L.M.
Happy Land	102	6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.
Harlan or Olivet	474	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
Harvest	380	5.6.6.5.9.
Hathersage	138	4.4.6.4.4.6. or C.M.
Have you had a kindness shown	319	7.3.7.3.7.7.7.3.
Havelock	246	6.5., 8 lines with Chorus.
Haydn	374	6.5., 8 lines with Chorus.
Hayes	403D	L.M. D.
Hear, Lord, our parting hymn	364	6.4.6.6.
Hear the pennies dropping	50	6.5.6.5. with Chorus.
Heckmondwike	467	8's., 6 lines.
Hellespont or Morecambe	402L	10's.
,, ,,	584	10's.
Helmstedt	379	6.5., 8 lines.
Here a little	356	P.M.
Hermas	264	6.5., 8 lines with Chorus.
,,	373	6.5., 12 lines.
Hesperus or Whitburn	440	L.M.
Hesse	576	7.6., 6 lines.
He is love	5	P.M.
He knows	81	P.M.
Holley	530	L.M.
,,	594	L.M.
Hollingside	472	7's., 8 lines.

NAME OF TUNE.	NO.	METRE.
Holy Cross	602	C.M.
Holy Innocents or St. Serf	488	L.M. D.
Holy War	552	6.5., 8 lines.
Home is dearest	393	P.M.
Honiton or Duke-st.	413	L.M.
Hope	389	P.M.
Horsley	158	C.M.
,,	245	C.M.
,,	542	C.M.
Hosanna	230	7.6., 8 lines.
Hosanna! be the children's song	229	C.M. with Chorus.
Hosanna we sing	231	P.M.
Houghton	419	5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.
How sweet is the message	224	P.M.
Huddersfield	608	S.M.
Hull	551	8.8.6.8.8.6.
Hursley	402D	L.M.
,,	439	L.M.
Hushed was the evening hymn	117	6.6.6.6.8.8.
I am Jesu's little friend	36	7.7.8.8.7.7. with Chorus.
I love to hear the story	199	7.6., 8 lines with Chorus.
I will arise	402E	
If I come to Jesus	33	6.5.6.5. with Chorus.
In Memoriam	93	8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6
,,	122	8.8.8.4.
,,	522	8.8.8.4.
Innocents	559	7's.
Integer Vitæ	149	11.11.11.5.
,,	403B	11.10.11.6.
Intercessor or Eventide	437	8.8.8.6.
Iona	385	P.M.
Irby	186	8.7.8.7.7.7.
Jesu, Magister Bone	287	7.6., 8 lines.
Jesus bids us shine	40	P.M.
Jesus loves me!	30	7.7.7.7. with Chorus.
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me	250	7's., 6 lines.
Jesus, when He left the sky (1)	19	7.7.7.5.
Jesus, when He left the sky (2)	19	7.7.7.5.
Jewels	267	P.M.
Joy Bells	308	P.M.
Joy Ripples	391	8.7., 8 lines.
Kelso	280	8.5.8.5.7.7.
Kiel	279	7's.
Kingsbridge	107	8.7., 8 lines.
Kingston	317	8.7.8.7.
Kirby Bedon	508	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
Knocking, knocking, who is there!	489	7.7.8.7.8.7.
Knowlton	32	8.7.8.7.8.7.
Land of Rest	57	C.M. D.
,,	539	C.M. D.
Langdon's Chant	403J	P.M.
Larcom	262	7.6., 8 lines. Trochaic.
Lathbury	403I	6.4., 8 lines.
Laudes Domini	184	6.6.6.6.6.6.
Lausanne	90	7's., 8 lines.
Lawes' Chant (A)	403M	
Lead me to Jesus	242	10.9.10.9.
Lebanon	533	8.6., 6 lines.
Leominster	517	S.M. D.
Leoni	455	6.6.8.4.
Let it pass	305	7.8.7.8.7.7.7.8. with Chorus.
Lifeboat	396	11.11.11.12. with Chorus.
Litany	241	7.7.7.6.
Little birds	10	7's.
Little eyes	20	P.M.
Little ones of God are we	37	7.7.7.5. with Chorus.
Little pilgrim	284	6.5.6.5. with Chorus.
Littlewood	258	P.M.
Lomond	104	6.5.6.5.7.7.
Lord, keep us safe this night	403L	S.M.
Love	261	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.
Lovest thou Me?	535	8's., 6 lines.
Lowell	311	7.6., 8 lines.
Luther's Chant	507	L.M.
Lydstep	352	6.5., 8 lines or 11's.
Lymington	163	7.6., 8 lines.
,,	277	7.6., 8 lines.
Lyndhurst	268	6.5., 8 lines.
Lynwood	447	8.8.8.6.
Lytham	47	C.M.
Madeley	579	7.6., 8 lines.
Magdale	522	8.8.8.4.
Magdeburg	583	7.4., 8 lines.
Magi	196	8.6.8.6.8.6.
Magister	494	5.5.2.6.6.6.2.
Maidstone	360	7's., 8 lines.
Mainzer	54	L.M.
,,	543	L.M.
,,	581	L.M.
Mansfield	563	S.M.
March	346	7's., 8 lines.
March, my little children	343	6.5., 8 lines with Chorus.
March on	253	P.M.
March onward, march onward	347	11.11.11.11. with Chorus.
Margaret	195	P.M.
Maryton	418	L.M.
,,	587	L.M.
Mater Misericordiæ	600	L.M.
Maunder	110	9.8.9.8.9.8.9.8.
Maybury	407	11.10.11.4. Dactyllic.
Meditation	245	C.M.
Melcombe	401D	L.M.
,,	493	L.M.
Melita	394	8's., 6 lines.
Message	116	P.M.
Miles' Lane	482	C.M. with Refrain.
Minster	542	C.M.
Mirfield	120	C.M.
,,	518	C.M.
Missionary	9	7.6., 8 lines.
,,	109	7.6., 8 lines.
Monkland	169	7's.
Montrose	434	4.4.7.8.7.
Morecambe, or Hellespont	402L, 584	10's
Morgenlied	177	8.7., 12 lines.
,,	479	8.7., 12 lines.
Morning Hymn	139	L.M.
,,	427	L.M.
Mornington's Chant	400B	P.M.
Mornington's Chant (B)	403M	
Morven	156	8.8.8.5.
Moscow	416	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
,,	582	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
Mossleigh	540	7.6., 8 lines.
Munich	86	8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.
Nachtlied	432	10's., 6 lines.
Nageli	49	6.5.6.5.
Nassau	126	7's., 6 lines.
National Anthem	398	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.
Nativity	484	C.M.

SCRIPTURE MOTTOES.

JEREMIAH.

CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
3	4	274
3	4	318
3	4	583
6	4	154
6	4	431
15	15	589
15	16	302
31	4	391

DANIEL.

2	21	376
2	22	396

HOSEA.

6	1	442
11	8	521
14	9	122

JOEL.

2	12	444

AMOS.

4	4	165
5	8	153
5	8	430

HABAKKUK.

2	2	598
2	19	526

ZECHARIAH.

10	5	253

MALACHI.

1	11	110
1	14	420
3	17	267
3	17	525

MATTHEW.

2	1	17
2	2	189
2	9	16
2	9	194
2	10	188
2	11	196
2	11	312
4	24	213
5	1—11	403M
5	8	212
5	8	403I
5	16	40
5	16	41
6	6	52
6	8	436
6	9	1
6	9	48
6	9	98
6	9	185
6	9—14	51
6	13	106
6	28	67
6	28	69
6	30	9
6	30	70
6	32	343
7	12	306
7	14	291
7	14	545
7	24	211
7	29	56
7	29	268
8	13	251
8	19	445
8	20	10
8	22	386

MATTHEW.

CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
9	24	95
10	8	178
10	31	2
11	28	83
11	28	225
11	28	226
11	28	254
11	28	502
11	28	504
11	28	516
11	29	35
11	29	215
12	37	513
13	30	560
13	43	313
16	24	246
18	2	49
18	2	222
18	10	580
18	14	87
19	13	219
19	13	223
19	14 .. .	21
19	14	22
19	14	164
19	14	220
19	14	224
19	14	602
20	1	540
21	5	234
21	9	162
21	9	229
21	10	217
21	15	84
21	15	227
21	15	228
21	15	230
21	15	231
21	15	233
21	16	5
21	16	317
21	28	322
21	28	532
23	8	464
25	40	320
26	39	423
26	41	292
28	20	260
28	20	265
28	20	281
28	20	586

MARK.

4	39	206
4	39	209
4	41	23
6	31	584
6	35	434
8	38	493
10	13	221
10	13	242
10	14	19
10	14	107
10	14	113
10	14	218
10	16	32
10	16	46
10	47	214
11	11	437
12	41	50
13	10	109
14	7	326
16	15	111
16	15	416

LUKE.

4	.. ..	192
4	.. ..	208
7	.. ..	15
7	.. ..	195

LUKE.

CHAP	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
2	8	198
2	9	459
2	10	190
2	11	186
2	11	193
2	12	187
2	12	369
2	14	167
2	14	457
2	15	458
2	21	191
2	27	18
2	40	200
2	51	202
2	51	203
2	51	207
7	11	205
9	57	283
11	4	433
11	9	247
12	7	7
13	14	135
13	29	112
15	6	239
15	17	402E
15	20	447
16	2	355
16	10	356
16	10	357
17	13	446
19	17	353
19	17	358
19	40	232
20	38	409
22	32	448
23	33	208
24	15	465
24	19	204
24	23	263
24	29	131
24	29	440
24	29	460
24	29	466
24	34	262
24	36	438
24	36	441
24	53	565

JOHN.

1	4	439
1	16	462
1	29	474
1	49	500
3	16	64
4	8	58
4	35	330
4	35	538
6	63	298
8	12	403E
9	4	327
10	3	237
10	4	238
10	11	27
10	11	235
10	11	236
10	14	582
12	26	289
12	26	533
13	13	494
13	13	536
14	2	92
14	3	248
14	8	78
14	9	491
14	16	508
14	18	78
14	18	585
14	21	151
14	26	273
14	26	402A

JOHN.

CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
14	26	600
14	27	368
14	27	524
15	5	588
15	13	258
15	15	36
16	7, 13	82
20	10	393
20	19, 20	408F
21	15	286
21	16	463
21	16	535

ACTS.

2	1	505
2	28	307
4	30	201
6	5	497
8	39	334
8	39	520
10	38	24
13	23	469
16	9	422
17	25	8
17	25	11
20	32	367
20	32	568
20	35	39
20	35	319
20	35	325
20	38	569
27	36	309

ROMANS.

1	1	517
1	1	607
1	20	76
8	14	272
8	14	507
8	17	249
8	26	530
8	35	80
12	21	161
13	11	534
14	7	594
14	21	578

CORINTHIANS.

BK.	CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
1	1	18 ..	473
1	3	7 ..	593
1	6	17 ..	527
1	6	19 ..	257
1	6	19 ..	509
1	6	19, 20 ..	523
1	6	20 ..	20
1	13	13 ..	271
1	15	20 ..	479
1	15	20 ..	480
1	15	47 ..	451
1	16	13 ..	160
1	16	13 ..	330
1	16	13 ..	387
2	3	18 ..	372
2	4	5 ..	321
2	5	14 ..	503
2	5	15 ..	478
2	6	1 ..	604
2	10	1 ..	240

GALATIANS.

CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
2	20	28
2	20	199
2	20	210
2	20	477
4	19	499
5	13	13

SCRIPTURE MOTTOES.

GALATIANS.

CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
5	24	475
6	2	315
6	2	323
6	9	543
6	14	468
6	14	470

EPHESIANS.

1	12	133
2	17	266
4	10	467
4	32	324
5	2	31
5	2	244
5	8	351
5	8	390
5	9	511
5	20	314
6	2	392
6	11	329
6	11	558
6	12	552
6	14	548

PHILIPPIANS.

2	8	216
2	10	269
3	10	587
3	14	347
3	14	557
4	1	336
4	4	176

COLOSSIANS.

CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
3	2	456
3	17	424
3	17	492
3	23	541

THESSALONIANS.

BK.	CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
1	5	5	410
1	5	5	427
1	5	8	375
1	5	15	542
2	3	16	403D

TIMOTHY.

1	1	17	405
1	6	12	384
1	6	12	553
2	2	3	388
2	2	3	498
2	2	3	609
2	2	12	259

HEBREWS.

CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
1	14	181
3	13	389
4	9	90
6	18	472
11	13	286
11	13, 16	103
11	40	512
12	1	335

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CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
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12	22	571
12	29	62
13	5	61
13	5	374
13	12	245
13	15	166

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1	1	603
1	5	402D
1	5	601
1	17	140

PETER.

BK.	CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
1	1	25	804
1	2	11	284
1	2	22	163
1	2	23	38
1	3	8	567
1	3	12	294
1	3	12	528
1	5	7	3
1	5	7	125

JOHN.

1	1	5	414
1	1	5	432
1	4	8	12
1	4	8	58
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JOHN.

BK.	CHAP.	VERSE.	HYMN NO.
1	4	13	510
1	4	14	115
1	4	18	104
1	4	19	256

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2	10	555
3	12	96
3	20	270
3	20	489
3	20	490
4	8	415
5	9	178
5	12	169
5	12	174
5	12	484
5	12	488
7	9	88
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17	14	606
19	5	562
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21	1	102
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,, ...	72	7.6., 8 lines.
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While so brightly shines the sun ..	187	7.7.7.6.7.7.7.6.
Whitburn or Hesperus	440	L.M.
Who is a brave man?	340	P.M.
Who is He?	216	7.7. with Chorus.
Willesden Green ..	27	7.6.7.5.7.7.7.5.
Wilton	320	7.6., 8 lines.
Wilton	610	10.4.6.6.6.6.10.4.
Wiltshire	408	C.M.
Wimbledon	132	7.6.7.6. Trochaic.
Winchester New ..	232	L.M.
,, ..	577	L.M.
Winchester Old ..	401c	C.M.
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,, ...	597	6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.
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Worship ,, ...	471	8.7., 8 lines.
Worsley	402B	P.M.
Wreford	281	8.5.8.3.
	87	8.6.8.4.
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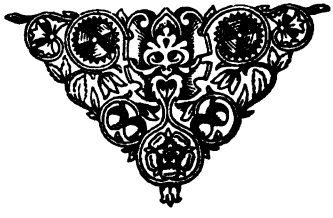


SOME HYMNS
. . . AND . . .
THEIR AUTHORS

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

N.B.—The Editor has in preparation a book upon the Hymns and Tunes appearing in "The Sunday School Hymnary." It is proposed to give interesting incidents concerning the Authors and Composers, with the idea that such incidents will provide Superintendents and Teachers with matter for addresses and Lessons that will awaken the Scholars' intelligent interest in the pieces sung. The book will be illustrated by portraits, and other pictures, and photographic reproductions of MSS. A few brief notes are given here from the material already gathered together.

I.—CONCERNING THREE CELEBRATED HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.

"I think when I read that sweet story of old."

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.

In the year 1841, among the pupils at the Normal College, Gray's Inn Road, London, was a lady student, by name Jemima Thompson, who had for her friend Mary, daughter of the noted African missionary, Robert Moffat, afterwards the wife of Dr. David Livingstone. Miss Thompson was charmed by the air of a Greek march learned at College. Being desirous of teaching it to her Sunday scholars, she searched all available hymn books for words that fitted the melody—but searched in vain. A little later, on returning to her South England home, she had one day to take a stage coach journey to the town of Wellington, Somerset. There was no other inside passenger in the coach, and during the solitary journey, on a bright Spring morning, she remembered the Greek march

and, taking out an envelope and pencil, wrote down the first two verses of the hymn that has made her name loved and known throughout the world of childhood. At a later period the third verse was added. She taught her hymn to the children in the village Sunday School at Blagdon, where her father—Thos. Thompson, the philanthropist—was Superintendent. The scholars were allowed to sing one hymn of their own selection, and when, on the next Lord's Day, they started "I think when I read," the Superintendent turned inquiringly to one of his younger daughters and asked: "Where did that come from?" "Oh, Jemima made it," was the reply. As one of the founders of The Sunday School Union, Mr. Thompson was greatly interested in the Union's publications. He begged a copy of the hymn and the tune, and, unknown to his daughter, sent the MS. to "The Sunday School Teacher's Magazine," where, for the first time, it was published in the number for March, 1841.

Such is the simple story, based on Mrs. Luke's own statement, of the way in which this classic hymn for children was first given to the world. In 1843 the writer married the Rev. Samuel Luke, a Congregational Minister; and she is now spending the evening of a long life of unwearied devotion to Christ and His service in quietude at Newport, Isle of Wight, having reached the venerable age of ninety-two.

ANDREW YOUNG.

(1807—1889.)

"There is a happy land."

A SINGULAR likeness obtains between the story of this hymn and that of "I think when I read." Only three years before Jemima Thompson wrote her verses, a young Scotch Schoolmaster—Andrew Young—was spending an evening at the house of some of his pupils. Their mother—a Mrs. Marshall—sat down at the pianoforte and played several pieces of music. One of them at once caught the attention of Mr. Young. "What is that piece?" he asked. "An Indian air, called 'Happy Land,'" was the reply. The melody haunted his memory so insistently that he felt there were elements of permanent popularity in it—at any rate among children, if only it could be wedded to words. The words came to him, and he taught the new song to his scholars at Niddry Street School, Edinburgh. Among the visitors to the School was the Rev. Jas. Gall who, on hearing the new piece, was so captivated by it that he took down the words and music, had the air harmonized, and afterwards, in 1843, inserted the song in his book "Sacred Songs." Ere long the hymn and melody became famous in all lands. So in the "early forties" two of the best known hymns for children were given to the world.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

"There's a Friend for little children."

ALBERT MIDLANE.

MR. MIDLANE'S hymn, with "I think when I read" and "There is a happy land," completes a trio of most popular nineteenth century hymns for children.

In an old-fashioned magazine for small people, entitled "Good News for the Little Ones," dated December, 1859, appears the first published version of the celebrated hymn which there begins "There 's a *rest* for little children." The author, realizing that the "rest," the "hope," the "crown," and the "song" for children of which he sung were only theirs through the "Friend" for little children, afterwards rearranged the hymn in its present form, placing the "Friend" verse first. It is now found in hymn books of all denominations, both in Great Britain and America, and, translated into many languages and dialects, is sung all over the world. Its author was born in 1825 at Newport, Isle of Wight, where he has spent the whole of his life, and where in retirement he still lives, not far from Mrs. Luke's house. He has written several hundreds of hymns, some of which have been widely used. A selection of these, with the quaint title of "The Bright Blue Sky Hymn-Book," comprises 315 of his own composition.

The new hymn, No. 25 in "The Sunday School Hymnary," "A little lamb went straying," is a most picturesque setting of the Good Shepherd story from the child's standpoint, and will probably become a much-loved hymn by the little ones. Mr. Midlane has all his life been connected with the Sunday School. His Sunday School teacher first prompted him to write verses, and the majority of his pieces have been published for Sunday Schools.

II.—CONCERNING THREE NOTED HYMN-WRITERS.

BISHOP KEN.

(1637—1710.)

Morning and Evening Hymns.

BISHOP KEN.

"Be sure to sing the Morning and Evening Hymns in your chamber devoutly, remembering that the Psalmist, upon happy experience, assures you that it is a good thing to tell of the loving kindness of the Lord early in the morning and of His truth in the night season."

Such was the counsel given to lads by Bishop Ken in his "Manual of Prayers for the Scholars of Winchester College," published in 1674. No nobler hymns for youth or old age have ever been penned for Daydawn and Eventide worship than Ken's hymns—"Awake, my soul" and "Glory to Thee," or, as it appeared first in 1693 and in Ken's own revision, 1709, "*All praise* to Thee."

The hymns singularly expressed the Bishop's own character. Fearless and brave, as became a man who morning by morning prayed—

> "Direct, control, suggest this day,
> All I design, or do, or say;
> That all my powers, with all their might,
> In Thy sole glory may unite,"

he yet was gentle and humble-minded, as the man would be who, night by night, dwelt in "the secret place of the Most High" and so found refuge "beneath the Almighty wings." According to Lord Macaulay, Ken came "as near as human infirmity permits to the ideal perfection of Christian character." The hymns when sincerely sung are great character-formers. They purify, sweeten, and strengthen the daily life; and no life can be ignoble which is attuned to their inspiring and uplifting strains.

REV. JOHN KEBLE.

JOHN KEBLE.

JOHN KEBLE (1792—1866) is represented in this book by his three best known hymns, "O timely happy," "Sun of my soul," and "There is a book who runs may read." They are all centos from the author's work "The Christian Year," the first two forming part of the opening poems, entitled "Morning" and "Evening," and the third being found under "The Sunday called Septuagesima." "The Christian Year" was first published in 1827. Characterized by an exact knowledge of the Creator's handiwork in nature, by an equally close familiarity with the Scriptures, by a gift of exquisite lyrical expression, and, above all, by an intensely reverential spirit, it has long since become a classic of devotional poetry.

The author, after a brilliant career at Oxford University—first as Student and afterwards as a Fellow, Examining Master, and Tutor—at length became Vicar of Hursley, a quiet Hampshire village between Southampton and Winchester. Here from 1836 he laboured devotedly until his call home in 1866. He combined the culture of the Scholar with the sweetness and purity of the Saint, and was one of the most lovable of men, having the power not simply of winning the affection of everyone who knew him, but of calling forth (as a friend expressed it) "the very best kind of love of which they were capable. It was like loving goodness itself."

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D., the great Christian hymnist of the nineteenth century, was born in Edinburgh on December 19, 1808. As a student he contributed verses to his College Magazine, but Sunday School workers will be especially interested in learning that the first writing of hymns was begotten of his desire to meet the needs of the boys and girls in his earliest charge at Leith, where he settled in 1834. Observing a lack of bright tunes and suitable words for young people, he selected two popular melodies, wrote sacred words for them, and distributed the hymns in leaflet form among the children. Immediate success attended the experiment, and thus in producing his first hymns, "I lay my sins on Jesus" and "The morning, the bright and beautiful morning," this "Master-singer in

Israel" was led to that form of service for Christ and His Church through which he was to enrich and bless the lives of countless multitudes. All the hymns of these early years were for the young. In 1837 Dr. Bonar removed to Kelso, where he ministered for thirty years. From Kelso he went to Edinburgh. After more than twenty years of labour in that city, he passed into the higher ministry of praise on July 31, 1889.

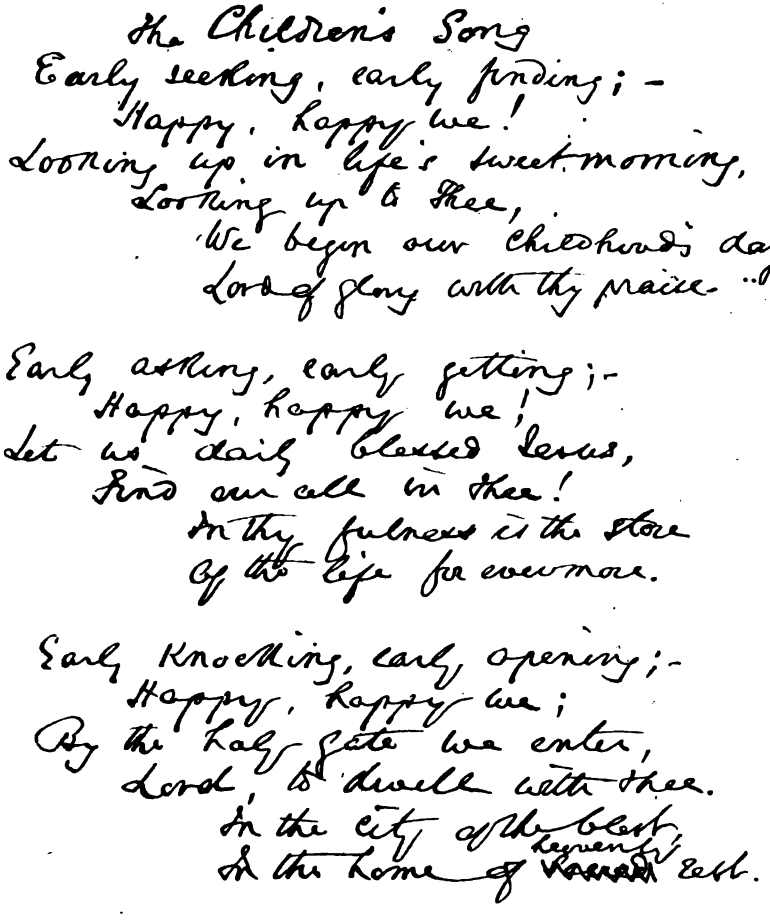
During a long and honoured life he published—as his son the Rev. H. N. Bonar estimates—upwards of 600 hymns and poems. His hymns have a world-wide reputation, and have been translated into numerous languages. The little-known hymn for children, "Early seeking, early finding," No. 280, was especially written by Dr. Bonar for the present editor in April, 1880, and was first published in a small collection of Sunday School Songs. Its author granted to the editor the exclusive right to have it set to music, and Mr. Myles Beith's bright melody will, it is hoped, help in making this hymn an established favourite with young people.

FACSIMILE

OF THE LATE

Rev. Dr. BONAR'S MS. HYMN.

Written expressly for Rev. Carey Bonner in 1880, and now for the first time reproduced. *See* No. 280 in this book for the new musical setting of these words.



Early loving, early trusting,
Happy, happy me;
Learning upward, pressing onward
Day by day to Thee!
Leaving this poor world behind
All in Thee, O Lord, O find.

Early peace & early pardon;—
Happy, happy me!
From a thousand snares delivered,
Hidden, Lord, in Thee.
Let the life we live while here
Be a life of holy fear.

Early faith & early progress;—
Happy, happy me!
Guided by the gracious Spirit,
Lord we follow Thee!
Lead us through the darkness
Till the Morning-star appears

Horatius Bonar
April 9. 1880

The Sunday School Hymnary.

PART I.

HYMNS FOR INFANTS

UP TO SEVEN OR EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

I. Our Father in Heaven.

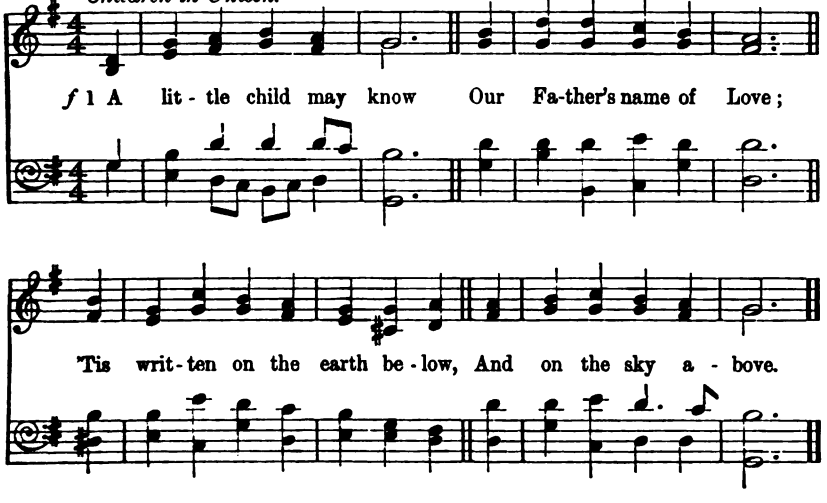
1. The Father's Love.

Our Father.—Matt. vi. 9.

1

St. Augustine. S.M. (?) PIERRE ABELARD, 1079-1142.

Children in Unison.



2 Around me when I look,
His handiwork I see;
This world is like a picture book
To teach His Name to me.

p 3 The thousand little flowers
Within our garden found,
The rainbow and the soft spring showers,
And every pleasant sound,

4 The birds that sweetly sing,
The moon that shines by night;
With every tiny living thing
Rejoicing in the light,

cr. 5 And every star above,
Set in the deep blue sky,
All tell me that our God is love,
All tell me He is nigh.

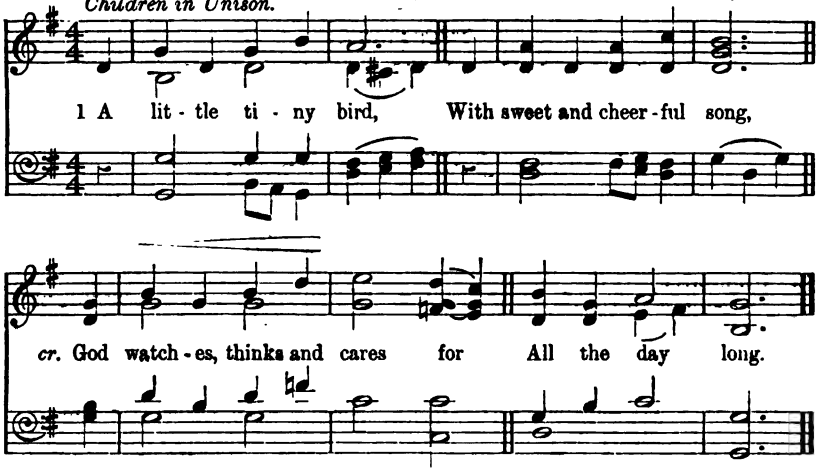
Jane E. Leeson, 1842.

2

Ye are of more value than many sparrows.—Matt. xi. 31.

Froebel. 6.6.6.4. HERMANN VON MÜLLER, 1905.

Children in Unison.



Copyright, 1905, by The Sunday School Union.

p 2 A little helpless babe,
That knows not right from wrong,
God wakes a mother's love for
All the day long.

p 3 A little naughty child,
That thinks or does the wrong,
God loves, and longs, and grieves for
All the day long.

cr. 4 A little trustful child,
Singing to God his song,
God loves to hear the music
All the day long.

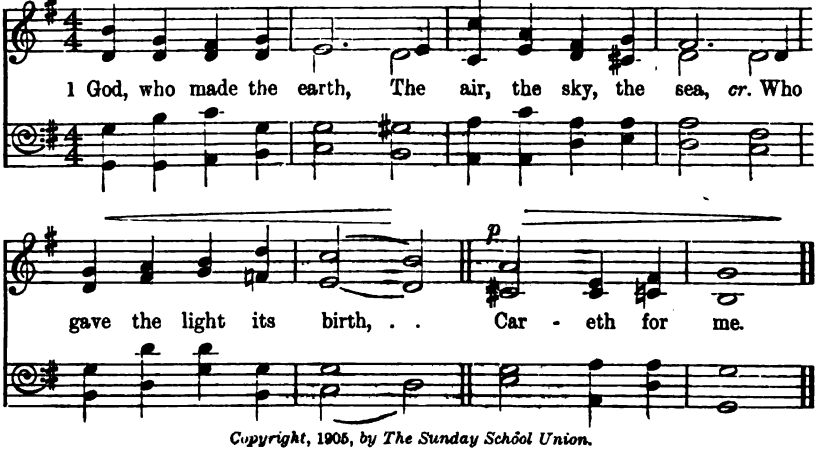
H. King Lewis, 1897.

3

He careth.—1 Peter v. 7.

Sommerlied. 5.6.6 4. HERMANN VON MÜLLER, 1905.

Children in Unison.



Copyright, 1905, by The Sunday School Union.

2 God, who made the grass,
The flower, the fruit, the tree,
The day and night to pass,
Careth for me.

3 God, who made the sun,
The moon, the stars, is He
Who when life's clouds come on,
Careth for me.

p 4 God, who sent His Son
To die on Calvary,
He, if I lean on Him,
Will care for me.

f 5 When in heaven's bright land
I all His loved ones see,
I'll sing with that blest band,
God cared for me.

Sarah B. Rhodes, 1870.

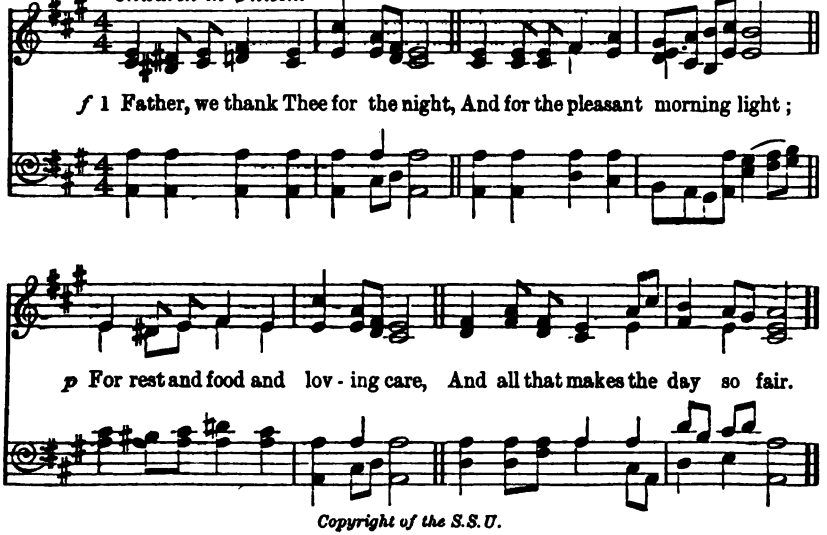
2. Thanking the Father.

4

Be thankful unto Him.—Psalm c. 4.

Onslow. L.M. D. Batchellor. Arr. by E. R. B., 1904.

Children in Unison.



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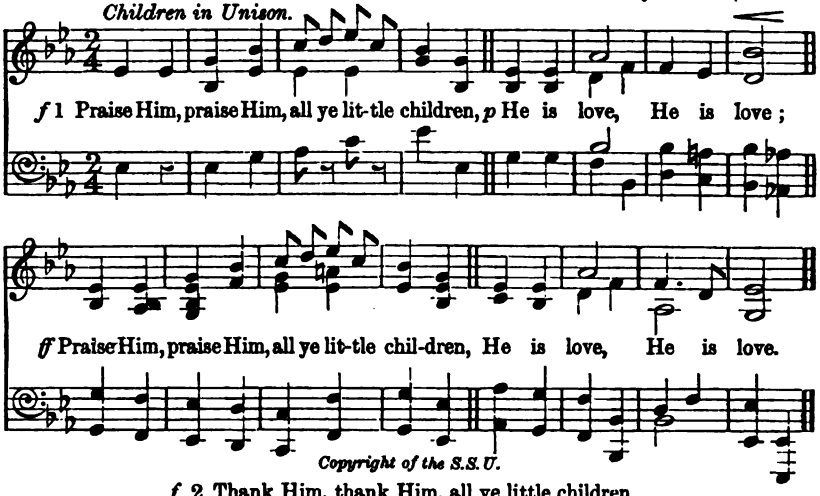
2 Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
cr. In all we do, in work or play,
To grow more loving every day.

Rebecca J. Weston, circa 1899.

5 *Out of the mouth of babes Thou hast perfected praise.*—Matt. xxi. 16.

He is Love. P.M. Arr. by E. R. B., 1904.

Children in Unison.



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f 2 Thank Him, thank Him, all ye little children,
p He is love, He is love;
ff Thank Him, thank Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love.

p 3 Love Him, love Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love;
Love Him, love Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love.

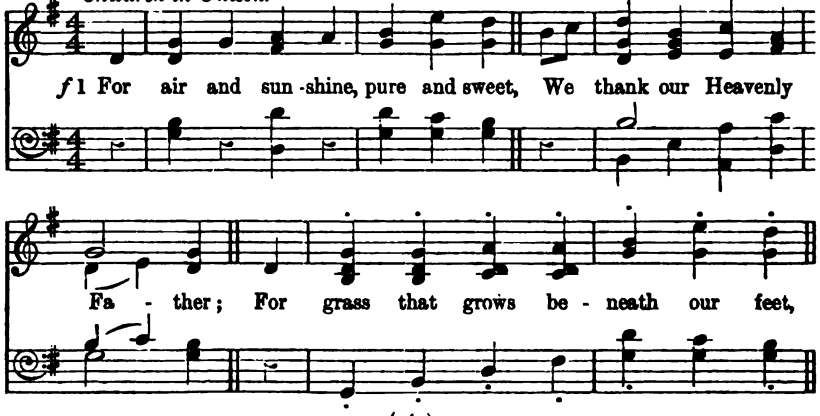
ff 4 Crown Him, crown Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love;
Crown Him, crown Him, all ye little children,
He is love, He is love.

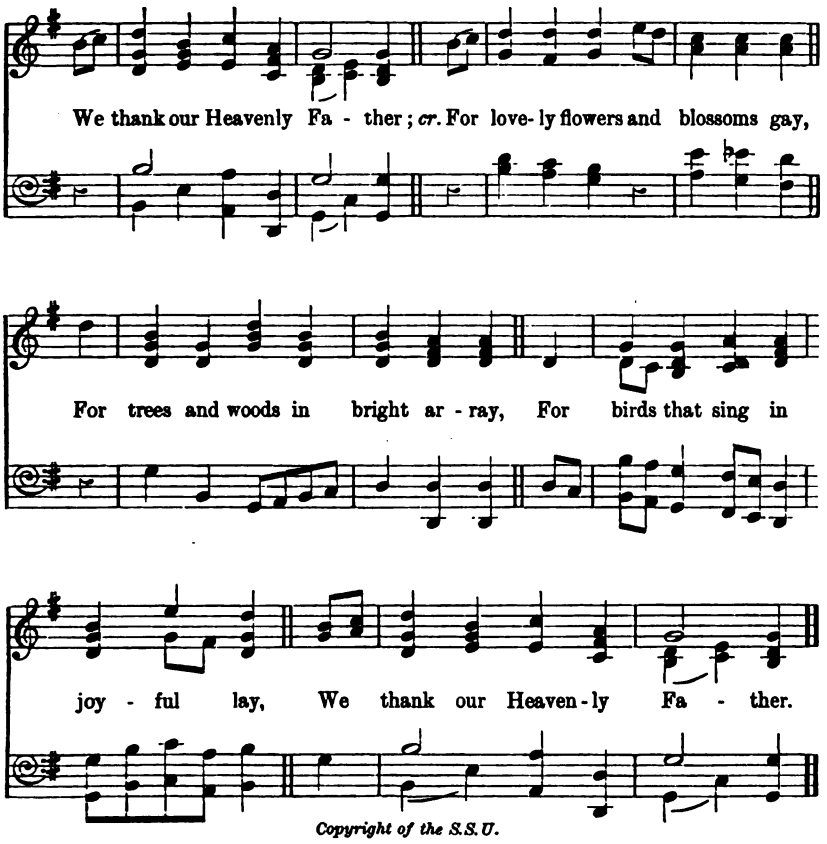
Anon., circa 1890.

6 *Our God, we thank Thee.*—1 Chron. xxix. 13.

Canaan. 8.7., 8 lines. Iambic. Anon. Arr. by E. R. B., 1903.

Children in Unison.





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2 For leafy trees with fruit and shade,
We thank our Heavenly Father;
For things of beauty He has made,
We thank our Heavenly Father;
f For daily blessings, full and free,
For leading where we cannot see,
For all His care o'er you and me,
We thank our Heavenly Father.

3 For Jesus, born a little child,
We thank our Heavenly Father;
p For Jesus, loving, kind, and mild,
We thank our Heavenly Father;
cr. For Jesus Christ, the children's Friend,
Who to us all His love doth send,
For Him who helps us to the end,
We thank our Heavenly Father.

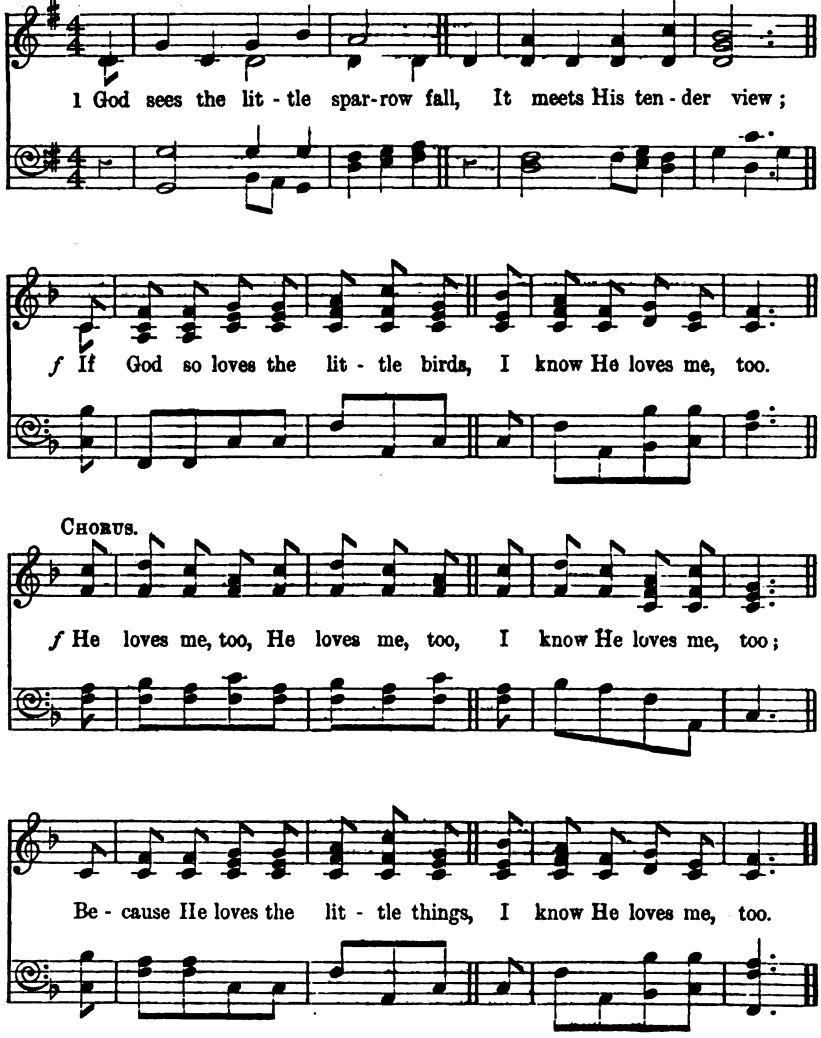
Anon. (altered), 1885-90.

3. What the Birds and Flowers say.

7 *Ye are of more value than many sparrows.*—Luke xii. 7.

God sees the little Sparrow. 8.6.8.6. with Chorus. S. W. Straub, *circa* 1890.

Children in Unison.



2 He paints the lily of the field,
Perfumes each lily bell ;
f If He so loves the little flow'rs,
I know He loves me well.
f He loves me, etc.

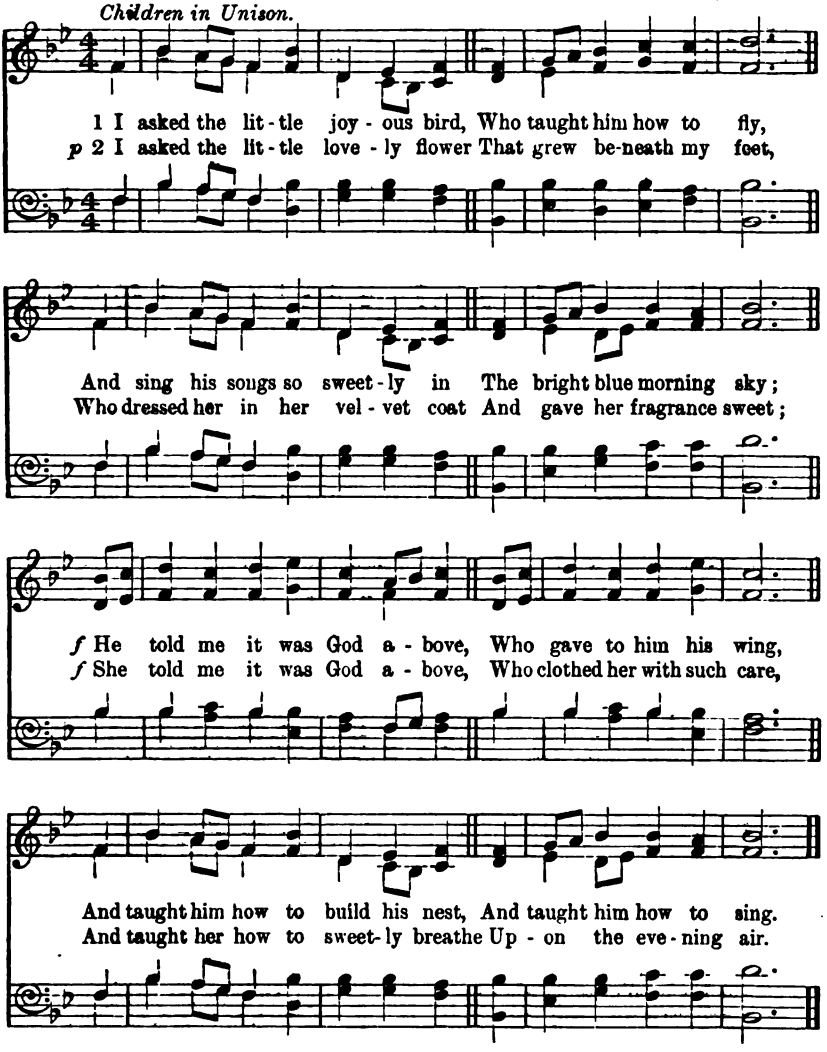
3 God made the little birds and flow'rs,
And all things large and small :
f He'll not forget His little ones
I know He loves them all.
f He loves me, etc.

Maria Straub, circa 1890.

8 *He giveth to all, life, breath, and all things.*—Acts xvii. 24.

Ellacombe. C.M. D. Conrad Kocher's *Zionsharfe*, 1855.

Children in Unison.



3 I asked the little twinkling star
Who taught him how to shine,
And run his course so steadily
Along his proper line;
f He told me it was God above,
Who bade him shine so bright,
And trim his little tiny lamp
To cheer the winter night.

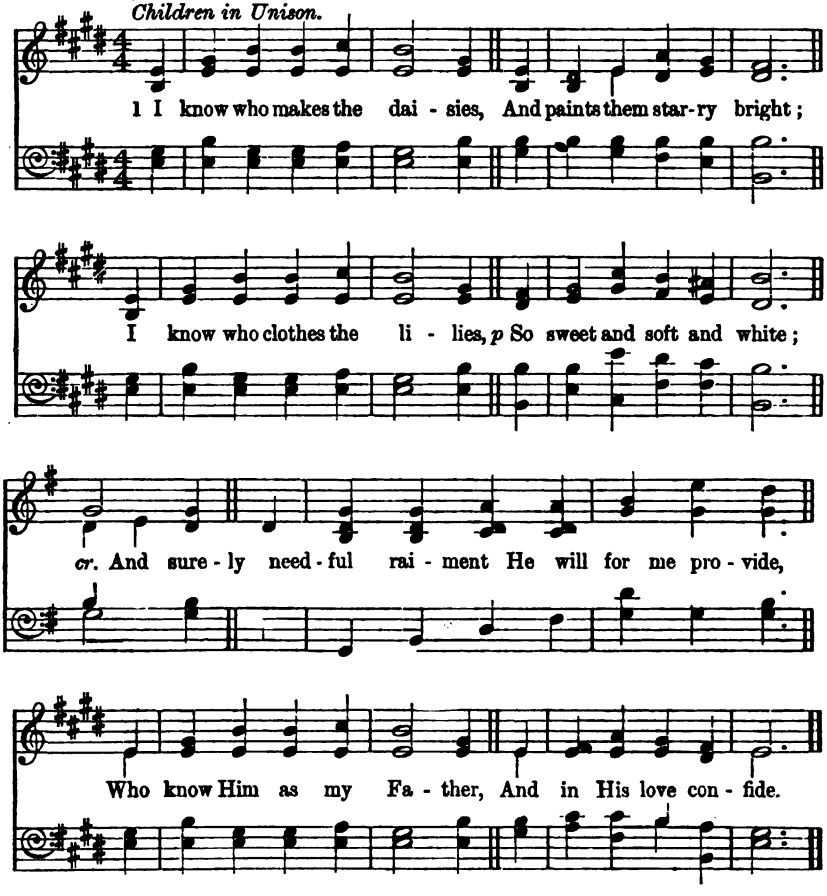
4 Since all things, then, look up to God—
The flower, the star, the bird;
And all obey His holy laws,
And listen to His word;
cr. I, too, although a child, will try
His bidding to obey,
That I may learn to please Him, too,
And serve as well as they.

Anon., *circa* 1880.

9 *If God so clothe the grass, . . . shall He not much more clothe you?*—Matt. vi. 30.

Missionary. 7.6., 8 lines. Dr. Lowell Mason, 1824.

Children in Unison.



cr. 2 I know who feeds the sparrow,
And robin red and gay;
I know who makes the skylark
Soar up to greet the day;
f And me much more He cares for,
And feeds with daily bread,
Whom He has taught to love Him,
And trust what He has said.

3 The daisy and the lily
Obey Him all they can;
The robin and the skylark
Fulfil His perfect plan;
And I, to whom are given
A heart, and mind, and will,
cr. Must try to serve Him better,
And all His laws fulfil.

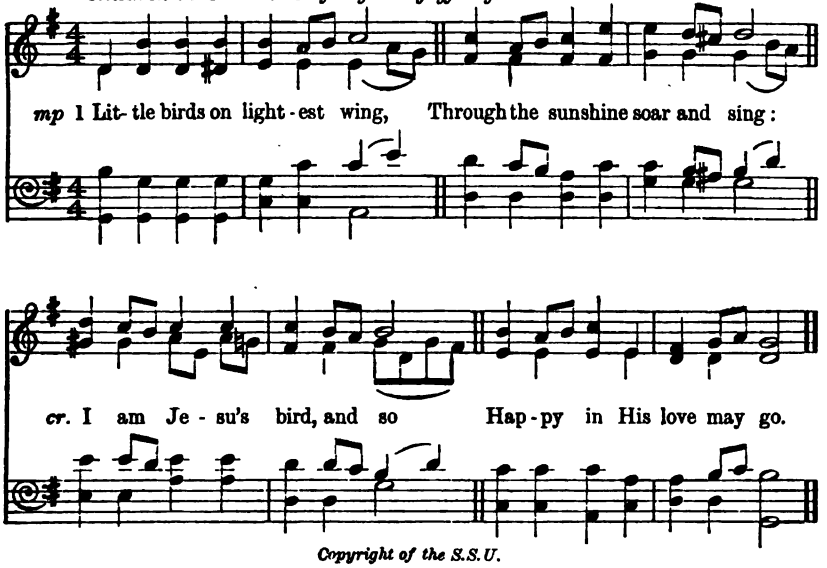
pp 4 The daisies, they must perish,
The lark and robin die;
f But I shall live for ever
Above the bright blue sky;
Dear Father, Thou wilt help me
To love Thee more and more,
cr. Until in heaven I see Thee,
Am like Thee, and adore.

C. Newman Hall, 1816-1901.

10 *The birds of the air have nests.*—Matt. viii. 20.

Little Birds. 7's. JAS. T. LIGHTWOOD, 1904.

Children in Unison. Lightly and joyfully.



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pp 2 Little birds come home to rest,
Dark the night, but soft the nest:
I am Jesu's bird, and may
mf Safely trust Him night and day.

mp 3 Little birds, 'tis sweet to see,
Sing when in captivity:
f I am Jesu's bird, and will
E'en in sorrow bless Him still.

4 Little birds won Jesu's praise
As He watched their simple ways:
I, much more than they, should give
f Joy to Jesus while I live.

f 5 Little birds—what care have they?
God doth feed them every day:
I am Jesu's bird, and He
Will, I know, take care of me.

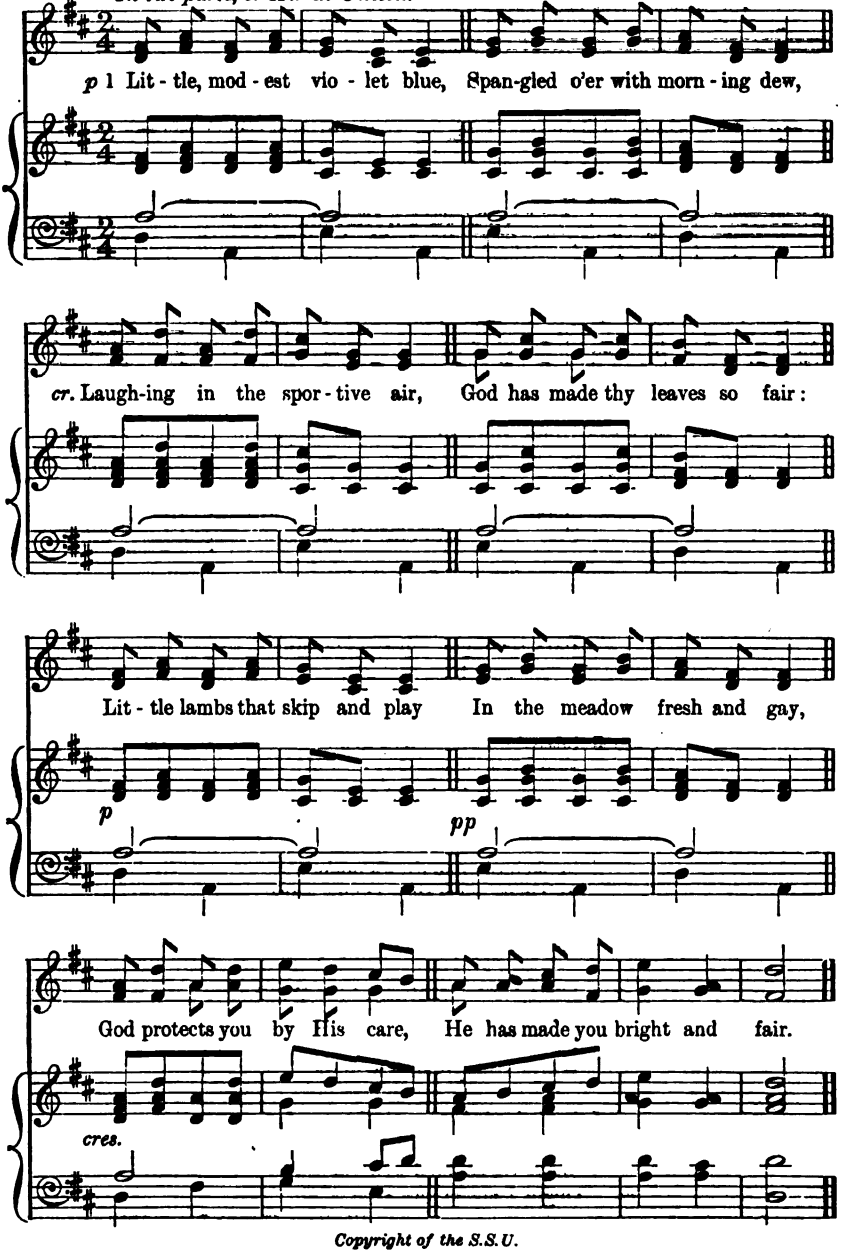
f 6 Little birds have each their nest,
p Jesus knew no place of rest:
What He suffered who can tell?
cr. Ought I not to love Him well!

William Carey, Junr., 1904.

11 *He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things.*—Acts xvii. 25.

Tozer. 7's., 8 lines. Ferris Tozer, Mus. Doc. (Oxon.), 1904.

In two parts, or Air in Unison.



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p 2 Little star with twinkling eye,
God has placed thee in the sky;
cr Little bird with golden wing,
God has taught thee how to sing;
p Little clouds that lightly rest
On the bosom of the west,
Floating in the summer air,
God has made your form so fair.

f 3 Little, merry, laughing child,
Ever playful, ever wild,
Full of gladness, full of love,
God has made thee, God above;
He thy happy spirit keeps,
For He never, never sleeps:
cr. When thy life on earth is past,
He will take thee home at last.

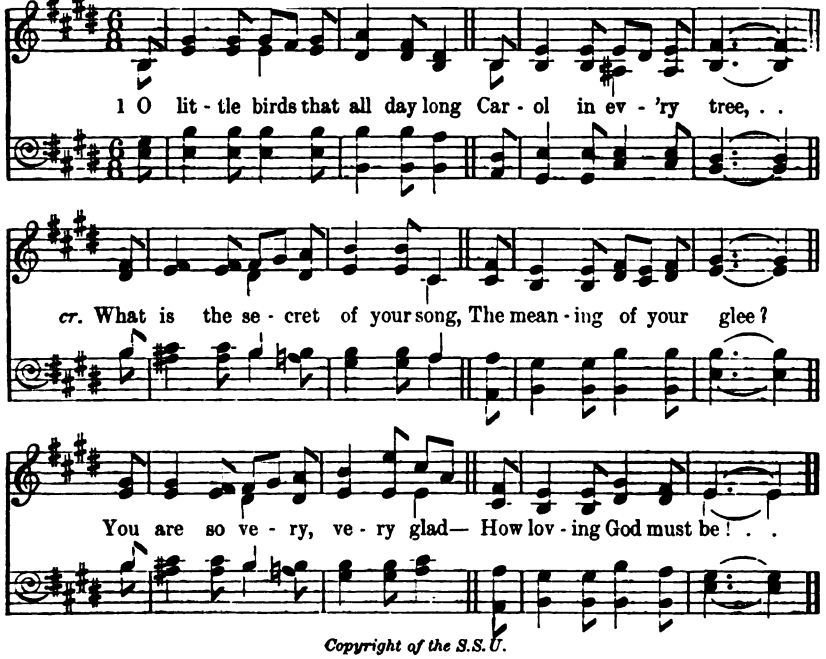
Fanny J. Van Alstyne, circa 1870.

12

God is Love.—1 John iv. 8.

Rhineland. 8.6., 6 lines. From the German.

Children in Unison.



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mf 2 Dear flowers that blossom round my feet,
It fills my heart to see
Your smiling faces when you meet
God's wind upon the lea;
f You seem to laugh for happiness—
p How loving God must be!

f 3 And all day long our hearts rejoice,
God cares for you and me:
We are but children; yet our voice
May praise Him merrily:
ff And we can sing like all the birds—
How loving God must be!

p 4 Though men and women sometimes look
Less full of joy than we,
cr. Yet He their suffering nature took
As Son of Man, and He
Poured out His life to save them all—
p How loving God must be!

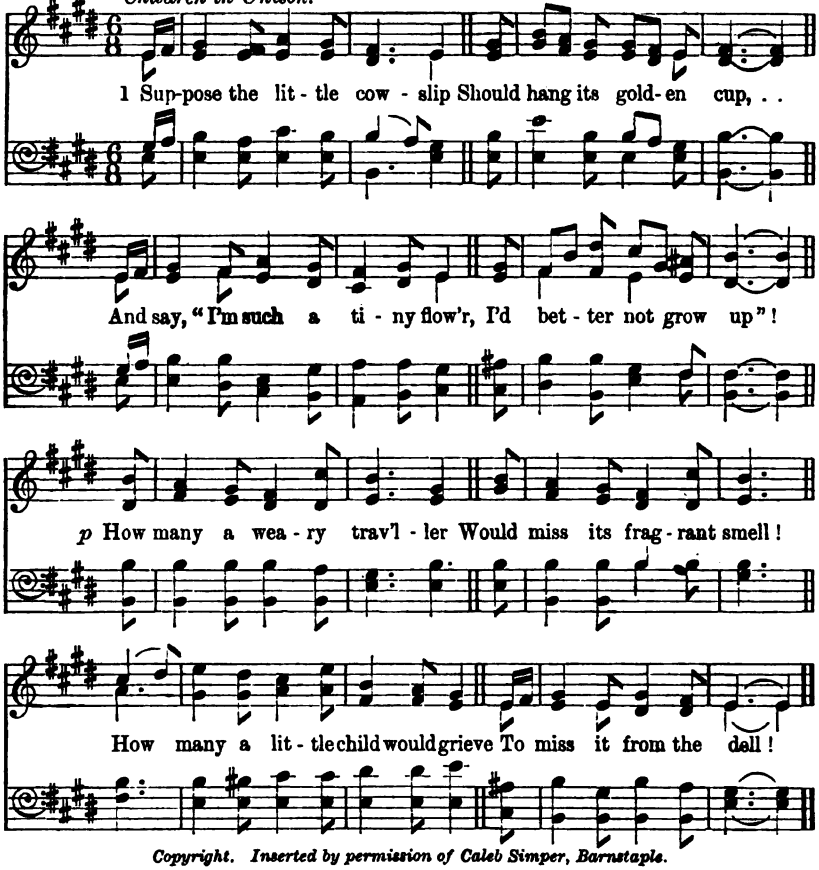
Annie Matheson, 1880.

13 Suppose.

By love serve one another.—Gal. v. 13.

7.6.8.6.7.6.8.6. CALEB SIMPER, 1888.

Children in Unison.



Copyright. Inserted by permission of Caleb Simper, Barnstaple.

2 Suppose the glistening dewdrop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away";
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
dim. Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

3 Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to
The traveller on his way; [cool
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
cr. And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so?

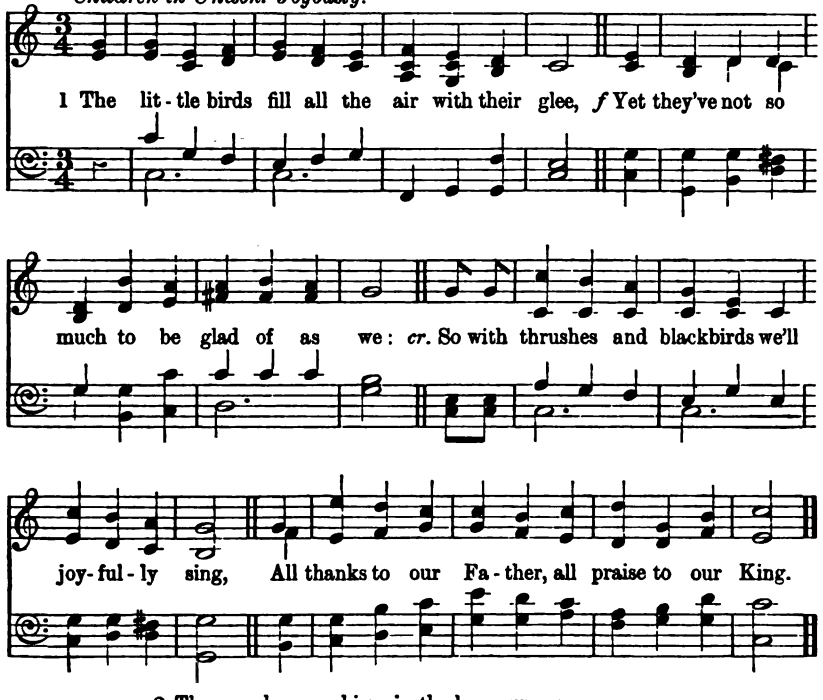
f 4 How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
p Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too?
It wants a loving spirit
Much more than strength, to prove
cr. How many things a child may do
For others by its love.

(?) *Fanny J. Van Alstyne, circa* 1860.

14 *All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.*—Psalm cxlv. 10.

The Little Birds. 11.11.11.11. Old Air. Arr. by E. R. B., 1904.

Children in Unison. Joyously.



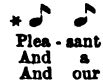
2 The grasshopper chirps in the long summer grass,
The frisking lambs bleat in the fields as we pass:
cr. So with wee things and young things we'll joyfully sing,
All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

3 The river shouts glad as it dances along,
p The little stream murmurs a sweet quiet song:
cr. So with rivers and streamlets we'll joyfully sing,
All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

4*Pleasant songs at his work hums the blithe, busy bee,
And we'll not be less blithe or busy than he:
cr. So with all busy creatures we'll joyfully sing,
All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

f 5 Thus God gives a measure of gladness to all,
*And a share of His praises to great and to small:
cr. So we who owe most will most thankfully sing,
*And our voices, though weak, to His footstool shall ring.

Elizabeth Rundle Charles, 1859.



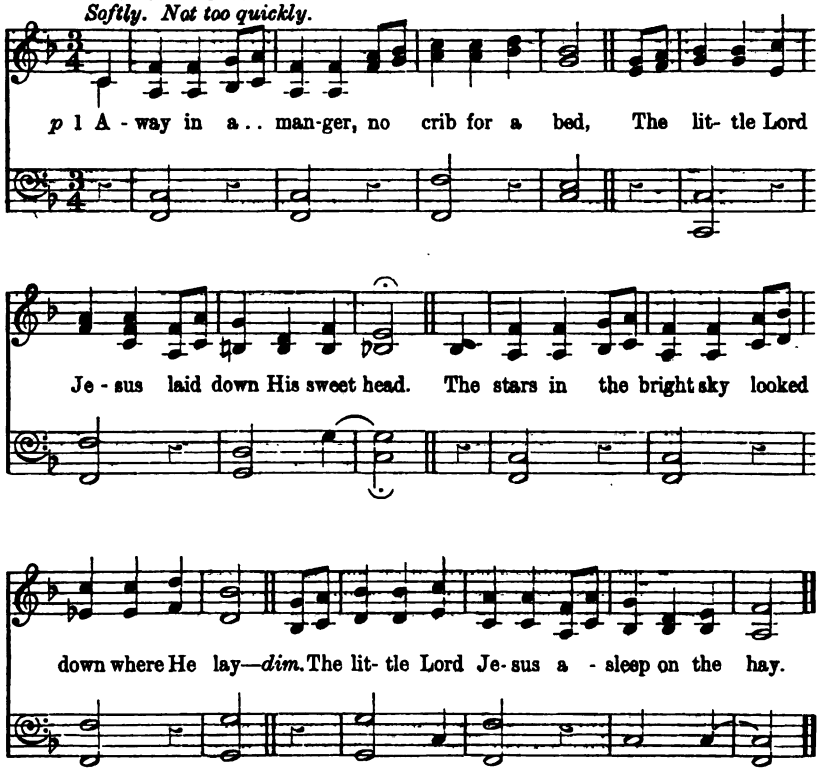
II. Jesus and the Little Ones.

1. The Babe of Bethlehem.

15 *She laid Him in a manger.*—Luke ii. 7.

Away in a manger. 11.11.11.11. WILLIAM JAMES KIRKPATRICK, 1895.

Children in Unison.
Softly. Not too quickly.



2.

The cattle are lowing, the baby awakes,
f But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,
And stay by my side until morning is nigh.

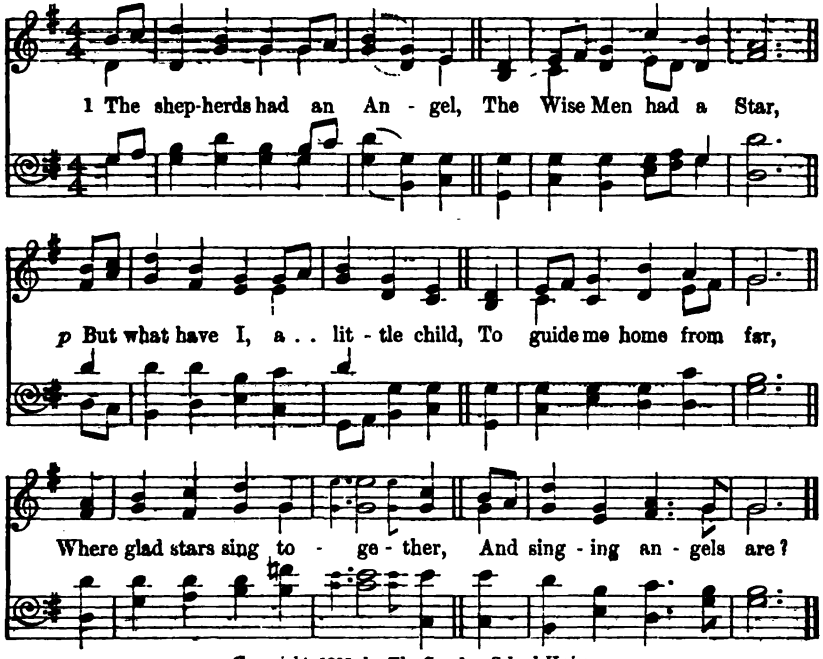
3.

f Be near me, Lord Jesus; I ask Thee to stay
Close by me for ever, and love me, I pray.
cr. Bless all the dear children in Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven to live with Thee there.

Translated from *Martin Luther*, 1483-1546.

16 *And lo! the star went before them.*—Matt. ii. 9.

Agatha. *Children in Unison.* 8.6., 6 lines. R. Y. Harding, 1905.



Copyright, 1905, by The Sunday School Union.

f 2 Lord Jesus is my Guardian,
So I can nothing lack;
The lambs lie in His bosom*
Along life's dangerous track:
dim. The wilful lambs that go astray
He, bleeding, fetches back.

p 3 Those shepherds, through the lonely night
Sat watching by their sheep,
cr. Until they saw the heavenly host
Who neither tire nor sleep;
All singing, "Glory, glory,"
In festival they keep.

4 Christ watches me, His little lamb,
Cares for me day and night,
That I may be His own in Heaven:
So angels clad in white
Shall sing their "Glory, glory,"
For my sake in the height.

cr. 5 Lord, bring me nearer day by day,
Till I my voice unite,
And sing my "Glory, glory,"
With angels clad in white.
All "Glory, glory," given to Thee,
Through all the heavenly height.

Christina Rossetti, 1856.

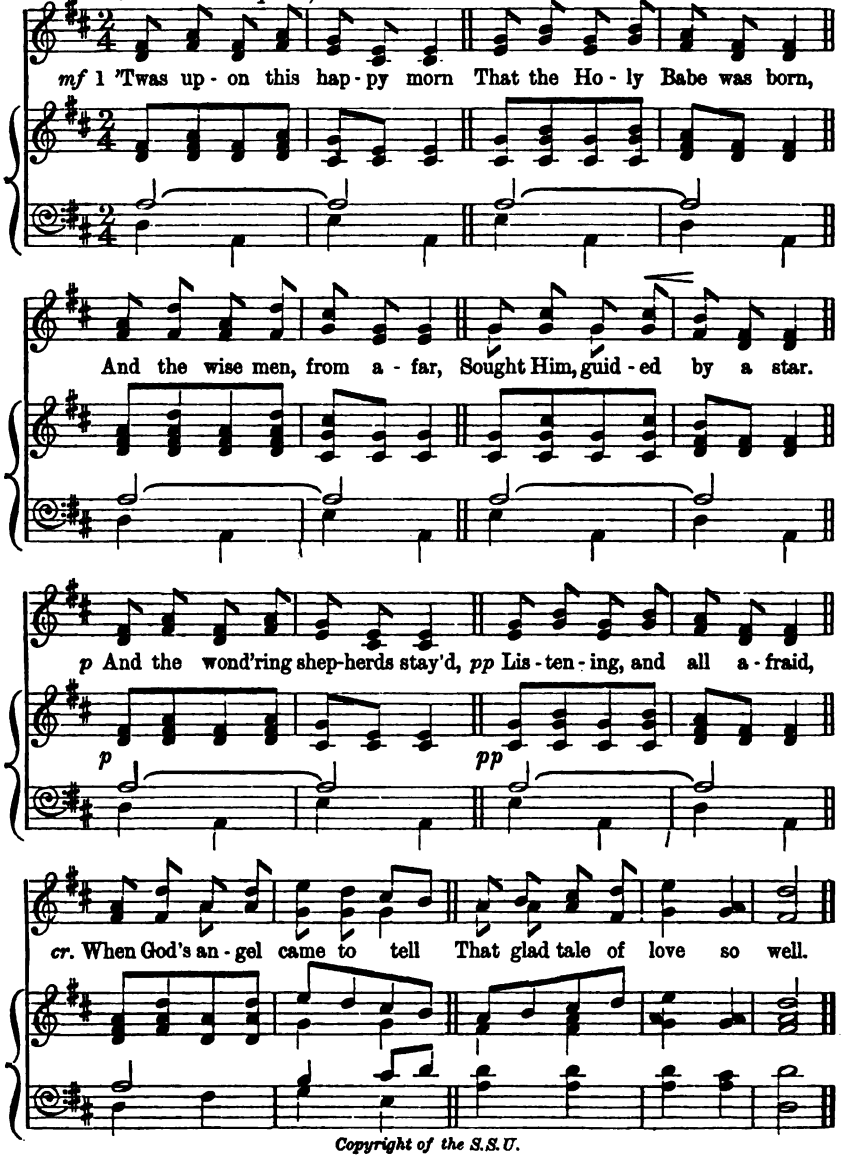
This hymn may also be sung to tune "Rhineland," No. 12. * ⌢ bo - som.

17 Tozer.

When Jesus was born in Bethlehem.—Matt. ii. 1.

7's., 8 lines. FERRIS TOZER, Mus. Doc. (Oxon.), 1904.

♩ = 69. *In two parts, or Air in Unison.*



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mf 2 Nineteen hundred years have rolled,
Since that wondrous tale was told,
Of the King and Lord of all
p *Sleeping* in a lowly stall,
Pillowing His infant head
In that narrow manger-bed:
cr. But thro' all the ages long,
Echoes still the angel's song.

pp 3 In the silent winter night,
When the stars are shining bright,
Voices seem to murmur still,
"Peace on earth, to men goodwill!"
p On our feeble lips do ring
Words that angels used to sing,
f Praising Him, this joyous morn,
Who for us on earth was born.

f 4 Let us sing to Him to-day,
p He will listen, far away:
cr. For that lowly Babe and mild
Ever loved a little child.
f And we doubt not, full of love,
Heareth in the courts above,
Children singing o'er the snow,
Of His Birthday long ago.

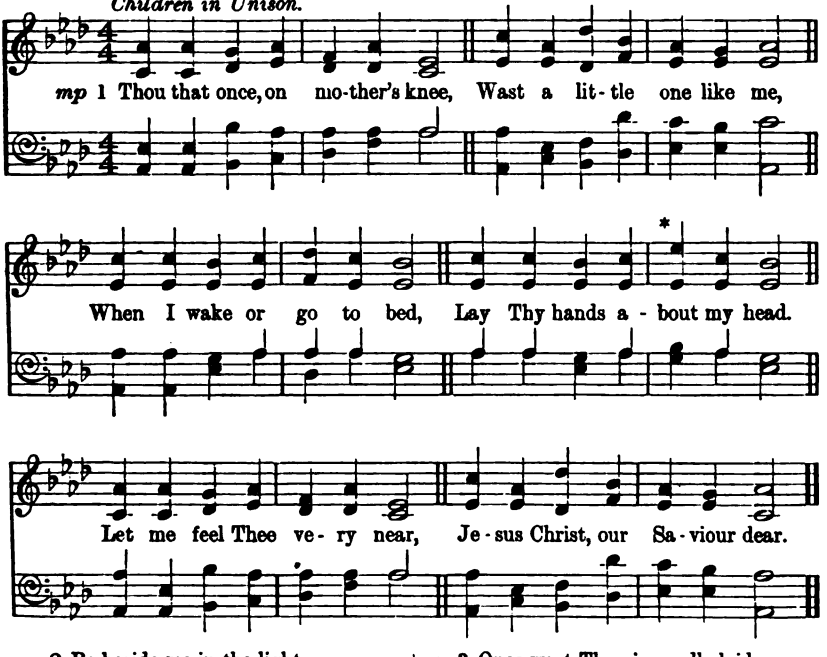
V. Craigie-Halkett, 1904.

2. The child Jesus.

18
Spain.

The child Jesus.—Luke ii. 27.
7's., 6 lines. Old Spanish Melody.

Children in Unison.



2 Be beside me in the light,
p Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
f Help and cheer me when I fret
p And forgive when I forget.

p 3 Once wast Thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house;
Now Thou art above the sky;
p Canst Thou hear a baby cry?

4 Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away;
cr Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, our Saviour dear,
Thou that once, on mother's knee,
Wast a little one like me.

F. T. Palgrave, 1863.

* This, the original and correct form of the Spanish Air, agreeably varies the monotony of the repeated lines as usually printed. Where desired the D can be substituted in the Air as in the ordinary version.

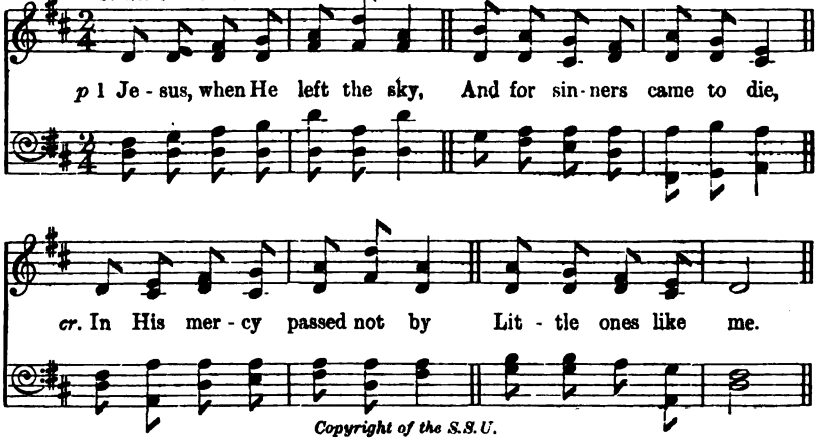
3. The Sweet Story of Old.

19 *Suffer the little children to come unto Me.*—Mark x. 14.

7.7.7.5.

Jesus, when He left the sky. [FIRST TUNE.] CHARLES J. L. CLARK, 1899.
Arr. by E. R. B., 1905.

Children in Unison.



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2 Mothers then the Saviour sought
In the places where He taught,
And to Him their children brought—
Little ones like me.

p 3 Did the Saviour say them nay?
cr. No, He kindly bade them stay,
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

p 4 'Twas for them His life He gave,
To redeem them from the grave;
Jesus able is to save
Little ones like me.

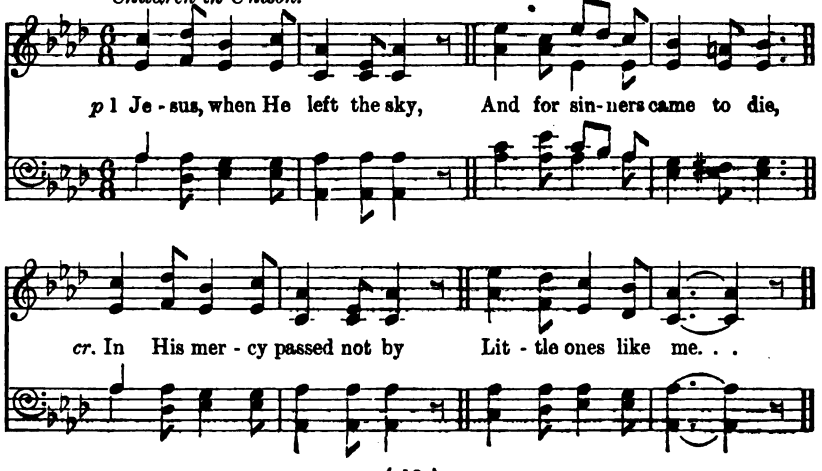
p 5 Children then should love Him now,
Strive His holy will to do;
cr. Pray to Him, and praise Him too—
Little ones like me.

Mary Rumsey, circa 1860.

7.7.7.5.

Jesus, when He left the sky. [SECOND TUNE.] S. RAPHAEL, *circa* 1870.

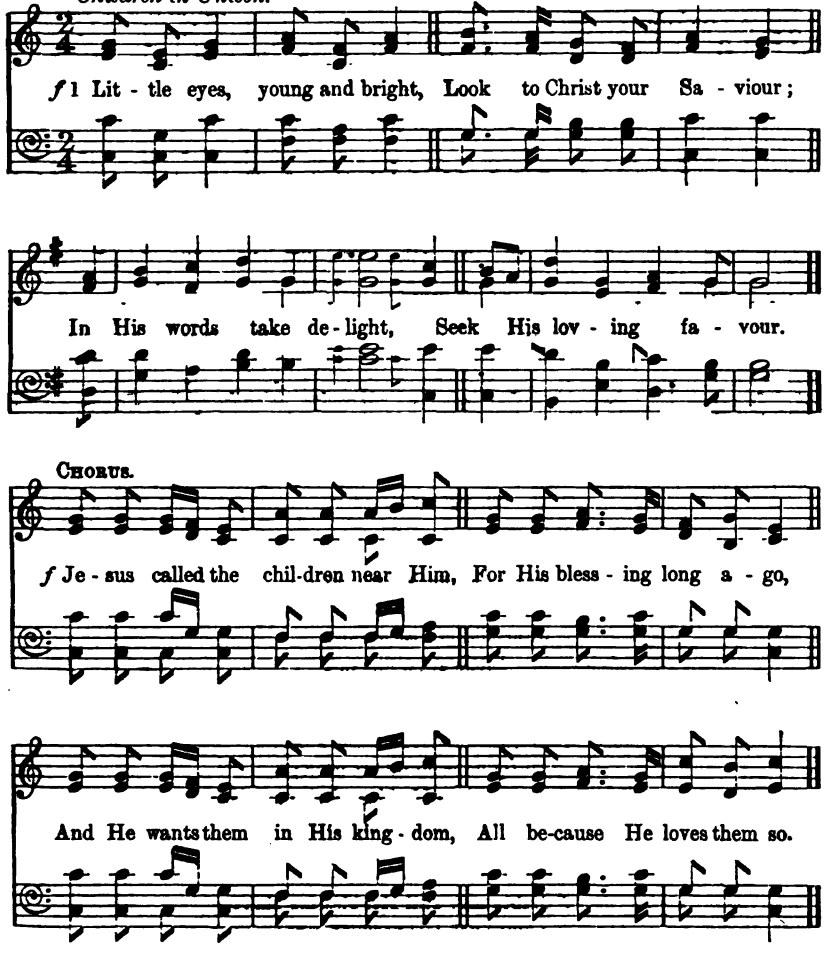
Children in Unison.



20 *Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit.*—1 Cor. vi. 20.

Little Eyes. P.M. J. H. Rosecrans, *circa* 1890.

Children in Unison.



f 2 Little lips, sweet and true,
Happy voices raising,
Make the air glad with song,
Jesus ever praising.
Jesus called, etc.

p 3 Little fair, childish hands,
His dear will pursuing,
cr. Make the world better far
For your kindly doing.
Jesus called, etc.

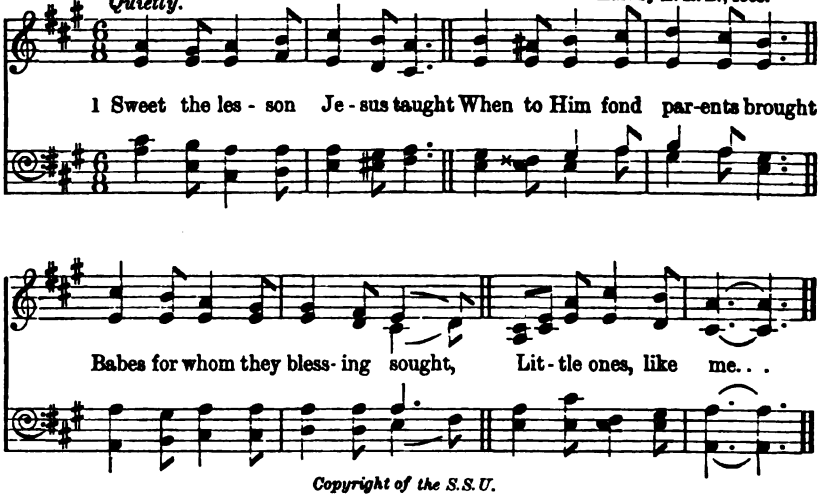
4 Little swift, merry feet,
As through earth you wander,
May your steps find at last
Heaven's glories yonder.
Jesus called, etc.

J. H. Rosecrans, circa 1890.

21 Sweet the lesson.

Suffer little children to come unto Me.—Matt. xix. 14.

Children in Unison. *Quietly.* 7.7.7.5. J. MAINZER, 1801-1851. Har. by E. R. B., 1905.



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2.

Jesus did not answer nay,
Bid them come another day;
Jesus did not turn away
Little ones, like me.

3.

p No, my Saviour's hand was laid
Softly on each infant head;
cr. Jesus, when He blessed them, said,
"Let them come to Me."

4.

f Babes may still His blessing share;
Lambs are His peculiar care;
He will in His bosom bear
Little ones, like me.

5.

p Saviour, on my infant head
Let Thy gracious hand be laid,
While I do as Thou hast said,
Coming unto Thee.

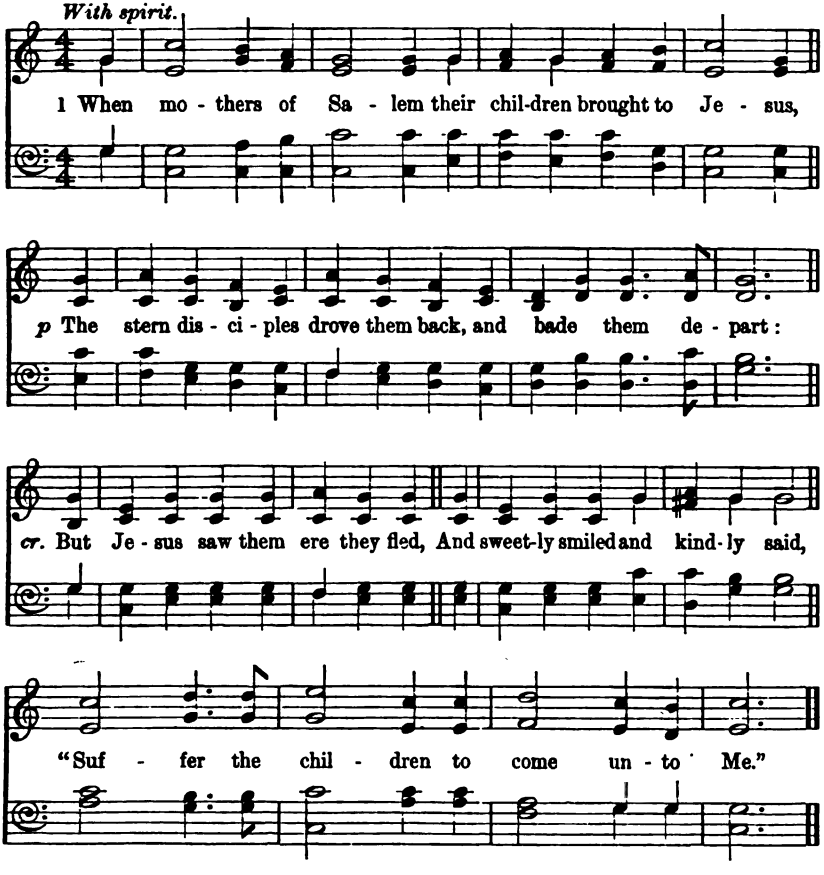
Jane E. Leeson, 1847.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Jesus, when He left the sky,' No. 19.

22 *Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto Me.*—Matt. xix. 14.

Salem. *Children in Unison.* 13.13.8.8.10. German Air.

With spirit.



2 "For I will receive them, and fold them to My bosom,
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs, O drive them not away;
f For if their hearts to Me they give,
They shall with Me in glory live,
Suffer the children to come unto Me."

3 How kind was our Saviour to bid those children welcome!
pp But there are many thousands who have never heard His name;
Dear Saviour, hear us when we pray,
cr. That they may hear Thee to them say,
"Suffer the children to come unto Me."

f 4 And soon may the heathen, of every tribe and nation,
Fulfil Thy blessèd word, and cast their idols all away;
Oh, shine upon them from above,
And show Thyself a God of love,
Teach them, dear Saviour, to come unto Thee.

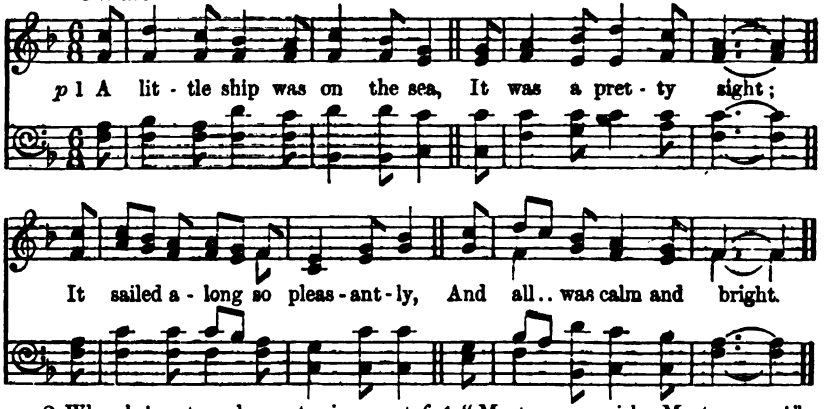
W. M. Hutchings, 1850.

4. Jesus doing Good.

23 *Even the wind and the sea obey Him.*—Mark iv. 41.

Thrupp. [FIRST TUNE.] C.M. Old Air.

Children in Unison.



cr. 2 When lo! a storm began to rise,
The wind grew loud and strong;
It blew the clouds across the skies,
It blew the waves along.

p 3 And all, but One, were sore afraid
Of sinking in the deep;
dim. His head was on a pillow laid,
And He was fast asleep.

f 4 "Master, we perish: Master, save!"
They cried: their Master heard;
He rose, rebuked the wind and wave,
p And stilled them with a word.

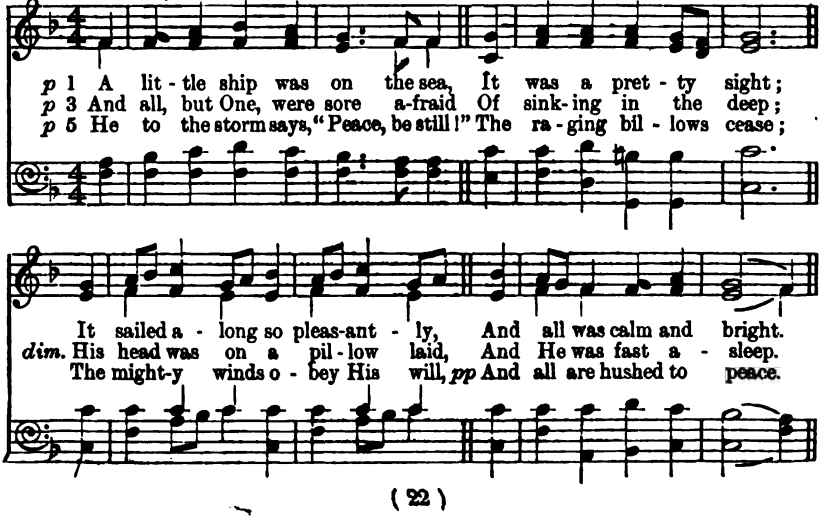
p 5 He to the storm says, "Peace, be still!"
The raging billows cease;
The mighty winds obey His will,
pp And all are hushed to peace.

cr. 6 Oh, well we know it was the Lord,
Our Saviour and our Friend;
Whose care of those who trust His word
Will never, never end.

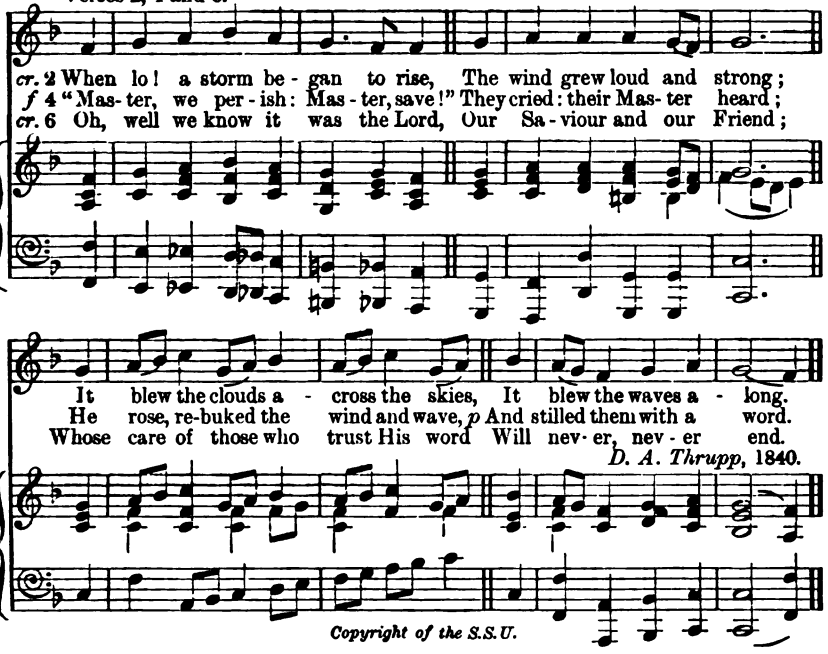
D. A. Thrupp, 1840.

A little Ship. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M. JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD, 1891.

Children in Unison.
Verses 1, 3 and 5.



Children in Unison.
Verses 2, 4 and 6.



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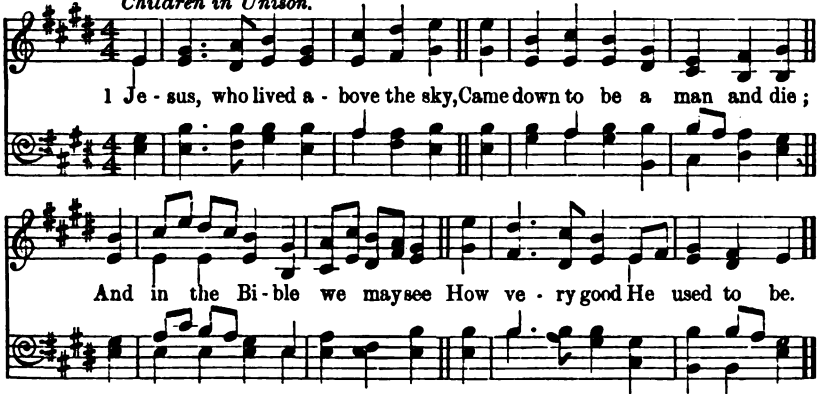
24

Jesus . . . who went about doing good.—Acts x. 38.

Samson. L.M. G. F. Handel, 1685-1759.

Children in Unison.



2 He went about—He was so kind—
To cure poor people who were blind;
p And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them and did the same.

f 3 And more than that, He told them, too,
The things that God would have them do;
p And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listened to a child.

pp 4 But such a cruel death He died!
He was hung up and crucified!
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood.

5 And so He died!—and this is why
He came to be a man and die;
cr. The Bible says He came from heaven,
That we might have our sins forgiven.

6 He knew how wicked man had been,
He knew that God must punish sin;
So, out of pity, Jesus said
He'd bear the punishment instead.

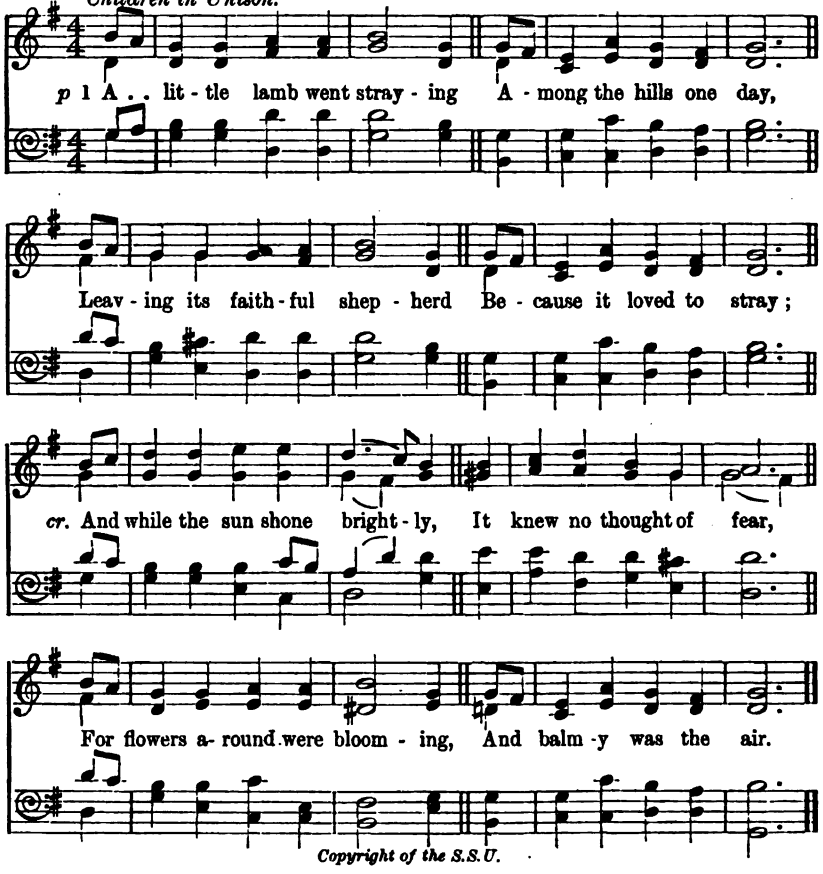
Ann Gilbert, 1812.

5. Jesus, tender Shepherd.

25 *He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.*—Isa. xl. 11.

Salvatori. 7.6., 8 lines. S. SALVATORI, *circa* 1850.

Children in Unison.



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p 2 But night came over quickly,
The hollow breezes blew—
The sun soon ceased its shining,
All dark and dismal grew;
pp The little lamb stood bleating,
As well indeed it might,
So far from home and shepherd,
And on so dark a night.

3 But ah! the faithful shepherd,
Soon missed the little thing,
And onward went to seek it,
Safe home again to bring;
cr. He sought on hill, in valley,
And called it by its name—
He sought, nor ceased his seeking,
Until he found his lamb.

4 Then to his gentle bosom
The little lamb he pressed;
And as he bore it homeward
He fondly it caressed;
The little lamb was happy
To find itself secure;
And happy, too, the shepherd,
Because his lamb he bore.

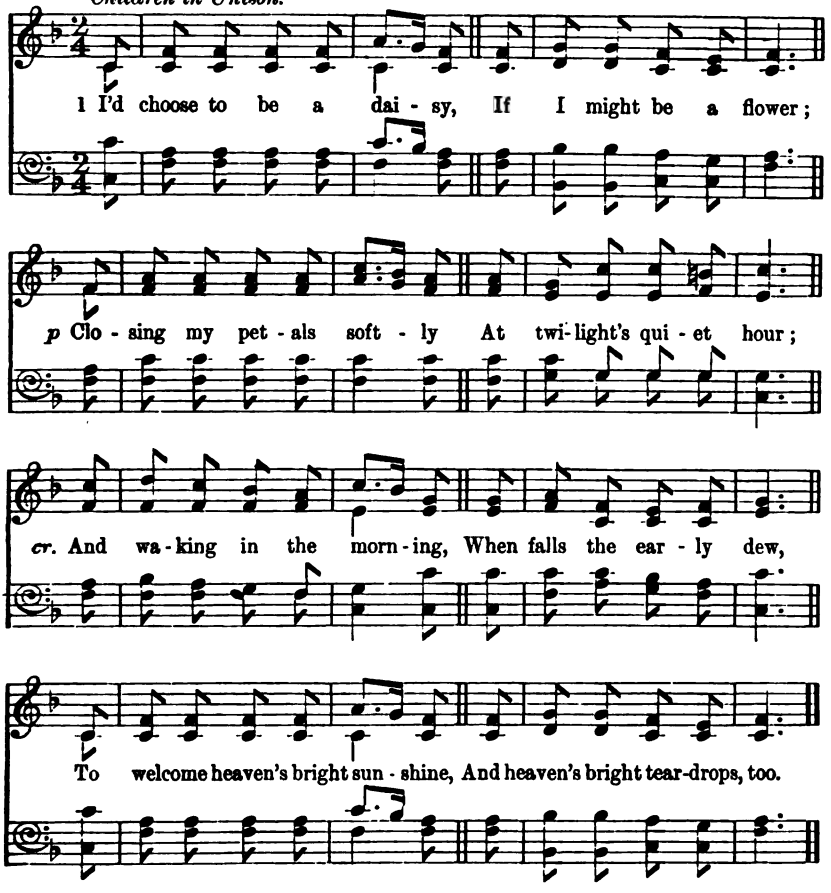
p 5 And won't you love the Shepherd,
So gentle and so kind,
Who came from brightest glory
His little lambs to find?
cr. To make them, oh, so happy,
Rejoicing in His love,
Till every lamb be gathered
Safe in His home above.

Albert Midlane, 1900.

26 *He shall gather the lambs with His arm.*—Isa. xl. 11.

Westridge. 7.6., 8 lines. Geo. F. Root, 1870.

Children in Unison.



2 I'd choose to be a skylark,
If I might be a bird;
f My song should be the loudest
The sun has ever heard:
I'd wander through the cloudland,
Far, far above the moon,
And reach that land of glory,
Where it is always noon.

3 And yet I think I'd rather
Be changed into a lamb,
If Jesus had not made me
The little child I am;
Because the Bible tells us
That in his loving arms
dim. The shepherd gently folds them,
When anything alarms.

pp 4 Dear child! Thy mother hath not
A holier prayer for thee
Than that the lamb-like spirit
Of Christ may be in thee.
cr. Then carried in His bosom,
It shall be thine to share,
In every time of danger,
A Shepherd's tender care.

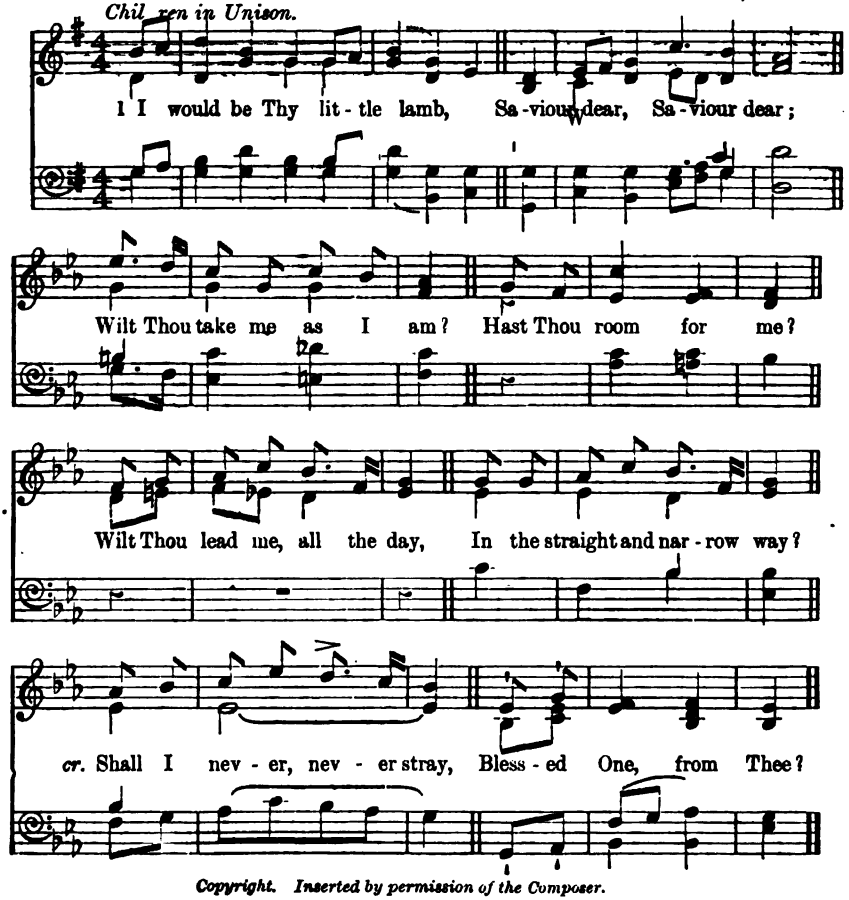
Jeannette Threlfall, 1856.

27

The Good Shepherd.—John x. 11.

Willesden Green. 7.6.7.5.7 7.7.5. MYLES B. FOSTER, 1891.

Children in Unison.



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pp 2 When I breathe my simple prayer,
Thou art near, very near;
When I ask Thy tender care,
Wilt Thou look on me?

p Softly in my heart I know,
'Tis Thy voice that murmurs low,
"Come, I'll wash thee white as snow;
Child, I died for thee."

3 Didst Thou lay Thy glory by,
Saviour mine, Saviour mine?

p Didst Thou suffer, bleed, and die,
For a child like me?

f Gladly I will come to-day;
From Thy love I cannot stay:
All along the heavenly way
I will follow Thee.

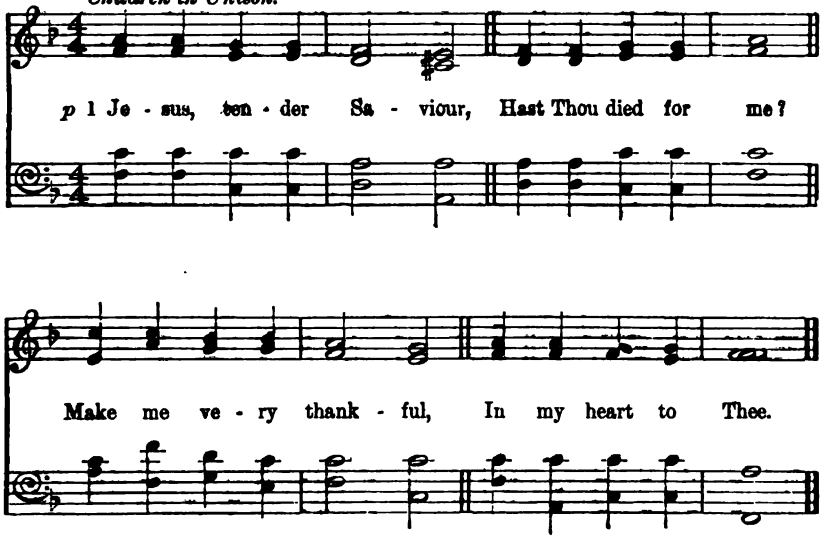
Fanny J. Van Alstyne, 1871.

6. Jesus our Saviour.

28 *Who loved me and gave Himself for me.*—Gal. ii. 20.

Derby. 6.5.6.5. FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1847.

Children in Unison.



2.

pp When the sad, sad story
Of Thy grief I read,
Make me very sorry
For my sins indeed.

3.

cr. Now I know Thou livest,
And dost plead for me;
Make me very thankful
In my prayers to Thee

4.

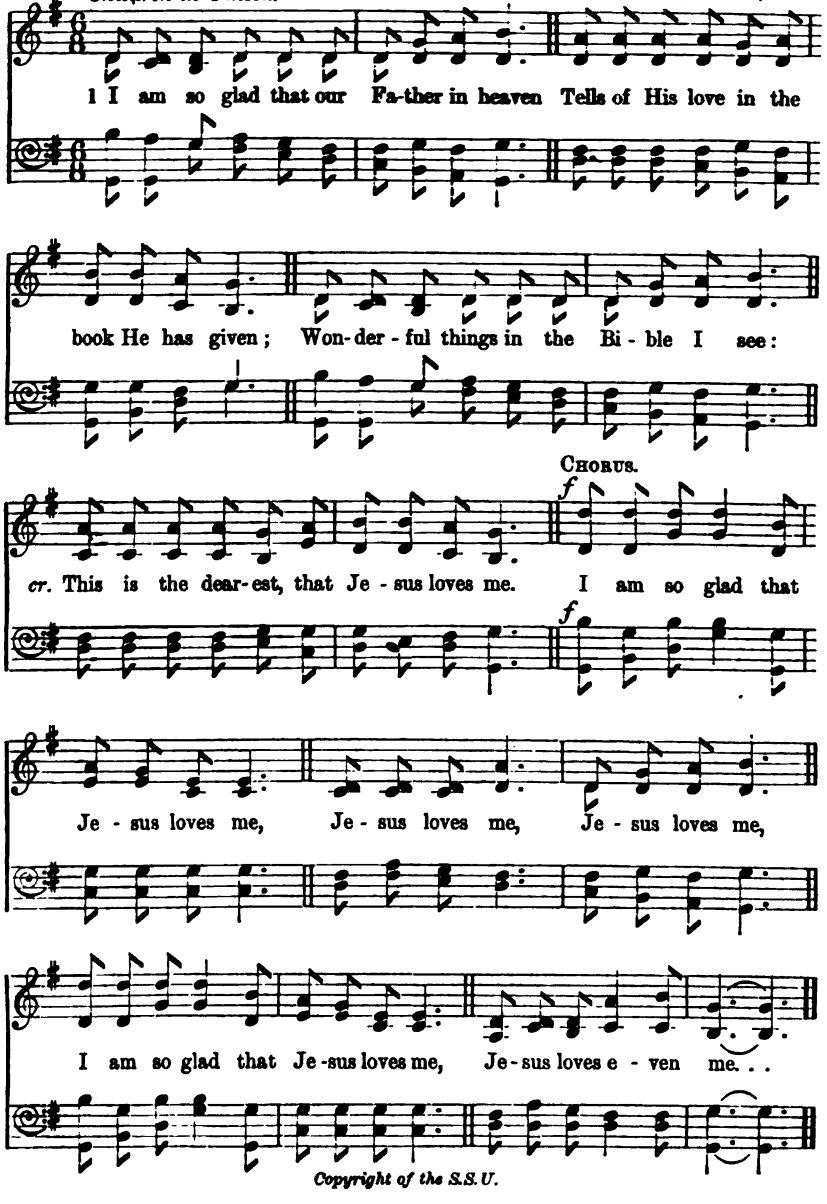
f Soon I hope in glory
At Thy side to stand,
Make me fit to meet Thee
In that happy land.

Anon., circa 1860.

7. Jesus loves me.

29 *Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.*—Psalm cxlix. 2.

Bliss. 10.10.10.10. and Chorus. P. P. Bliss, 1871. Har. by E. R. B., 1905.



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p 2 Though I forget Him, and wander away,
f Still He doth love me, wherever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms do I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
I am so glad, etc.

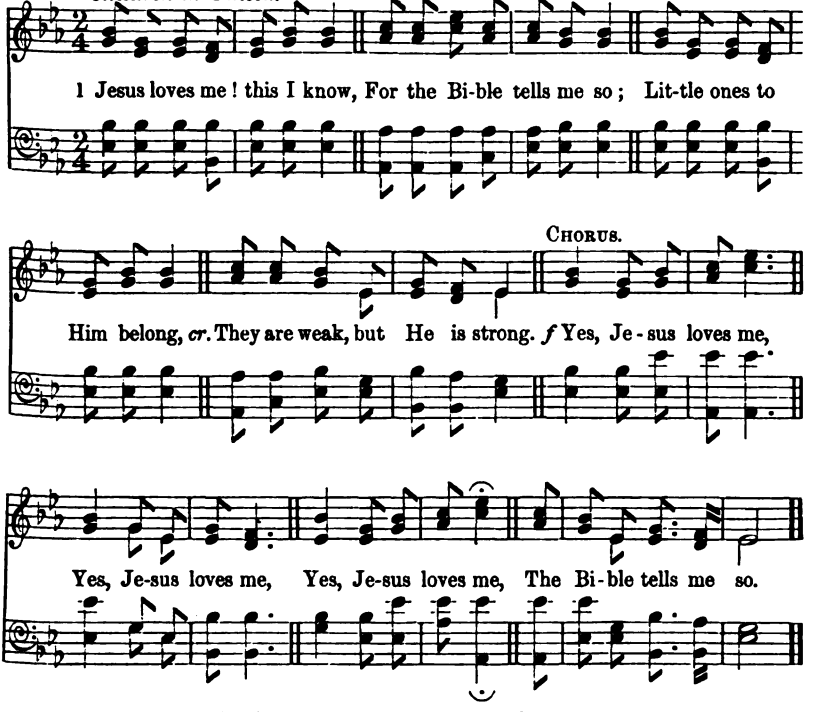
3 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him:
Love brought Him down my poor soul to redeem;
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree!
O, I am certain that Jesus loves me!
I am so glad, etc.

P. P. Bliss, 1871.

30 *Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?*—Rom. viii. 35.

Jesus Loves me! 7.7.7.7. and Chorus. W. B. Bradbury, 1861.

Children in Unison.



p 2 Jesus loves me! He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
cr. He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.
Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
p Though I'm very weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.
Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

cr. 4 Jesus loves me! He will stay
Close beside me all the way:
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

Anna B. Warner, 1859.

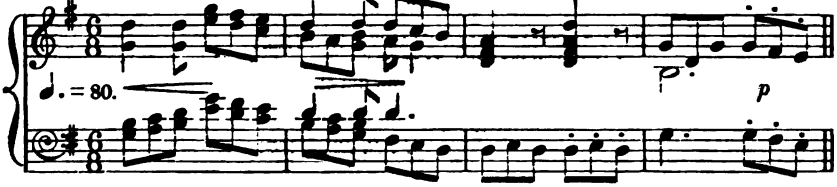
31 *Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us.*—Eph. v. 2.

The Happy Chime.

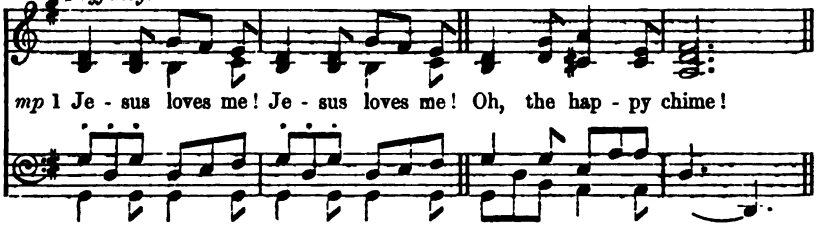
P.M.

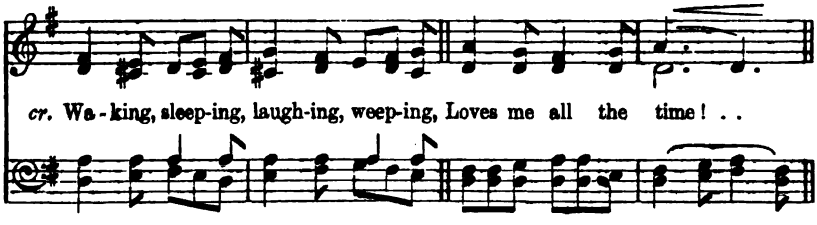
CAREY BONNER, 1904.

INTRODUCTION BEFORE EACH VERSE.

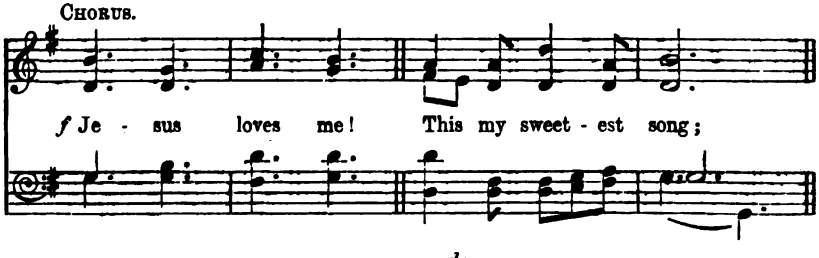


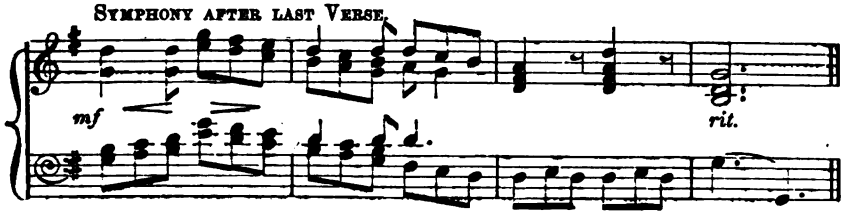
Children in Unison.
Joyfully.





CHORUS.





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p 2 Jesus hears me! Jesus hears me!
Hears me when I pray;
I can lift my voice to Heaven
All the busy day.
Jesus loves me, etc.

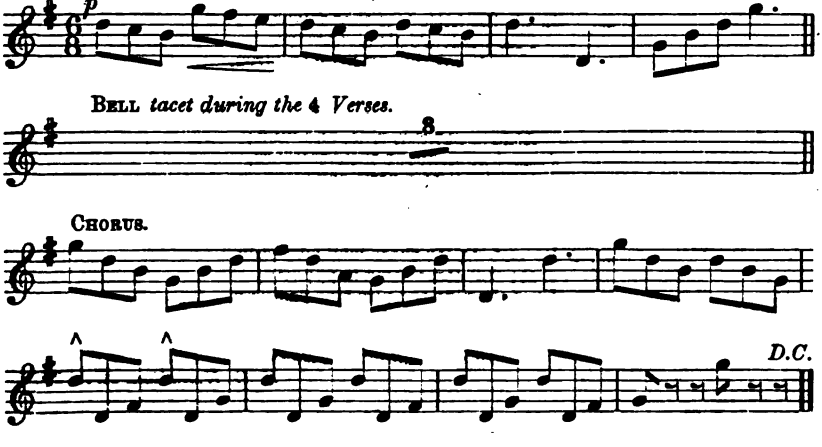
mf 3 Jesus wants me! Jesus wants me!
Happy child am I!
He will let me help, and set me
Little tasks to try.
Jesus loves me, etc.

f 4 Jesus keeps me! Jesus keeps me!
All through work or rest;
cr. Nothing harms, for in His arms
I'm folded safe and blest.
Jesus loves me, etc.

William Carey, Junr., 1904.

BELL ACCOMPANIMENT.

(Where practicable this may be played by Bells, or Harmonicon, for each Verse.)

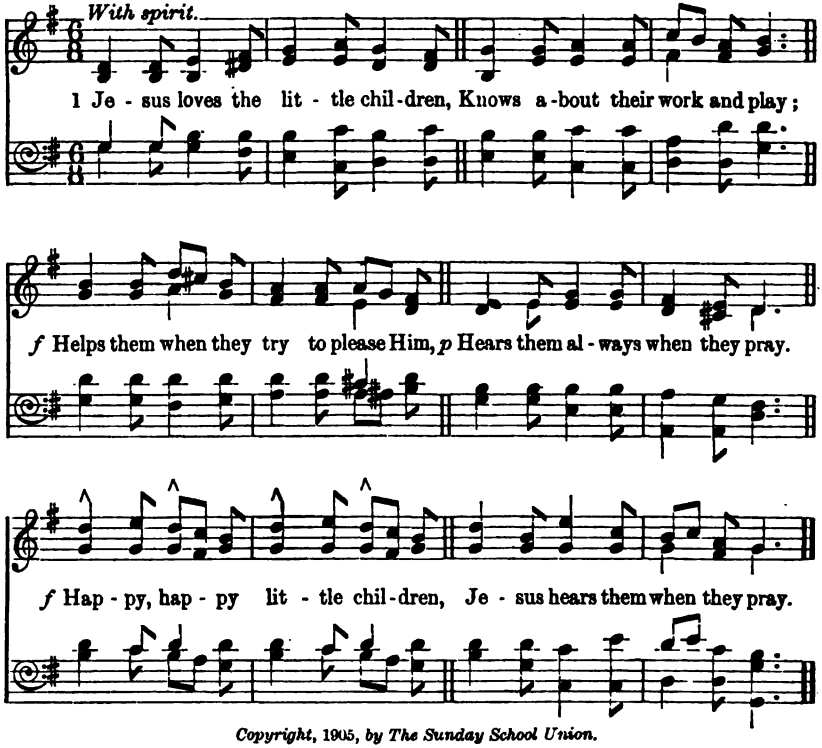


32

And Jesus took them up in His arms and blessed them.—Mark x. 16.

Knowlton. 8.7.8.7.8.7. R. Y. Harding, 1905.

Children in Unison.
With spirit.



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2 Jesus thinks about the children,
All the nights and all the days;
cr. Leads the little feet that follow
Into wisdom's pleasant ways.
Happy, happy little children,
Led in wisdom's pleasant ways.

3 He will bless them, when they ask Him,
Always patient, true, and mild;
p Jesus knows about their troubles,
He was once a little child.
f Blessèd, happy little children,
He was once a little child.

cr. 4 By and by, for those who love Him,
He will come some happy day,
Lead them to the pleasant pastures
Of the land not far away.
f O the safe and happy children,
In the land not far away.

H. O. Knowlton, circa 1880.

This hymn may also be taken to tune "Eastleigh," No. 34, by repeating the last two lines.

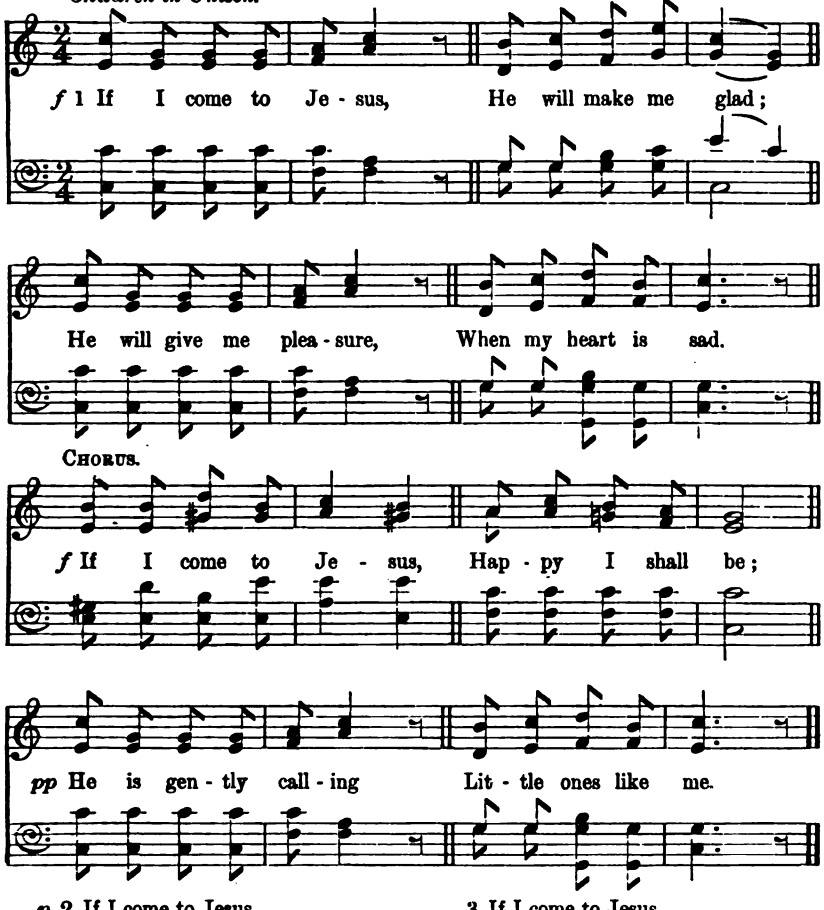
III. The Little Ones and Jesus.

1. Coming to Him.

33 *Come unto Me.*—Matt. xi. 28.

If I come to Jesus. 6.5.6.5. and Chorus. W. H. Doane, *circa* 1870.

Children in Unison.



p 2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
He will love me dearly,
He my sins did bear.
If I come, etc.

3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
cr. He will kindly lead me
To a better land.
If I come, etc.

f 4 There, with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.
If I come, etc.

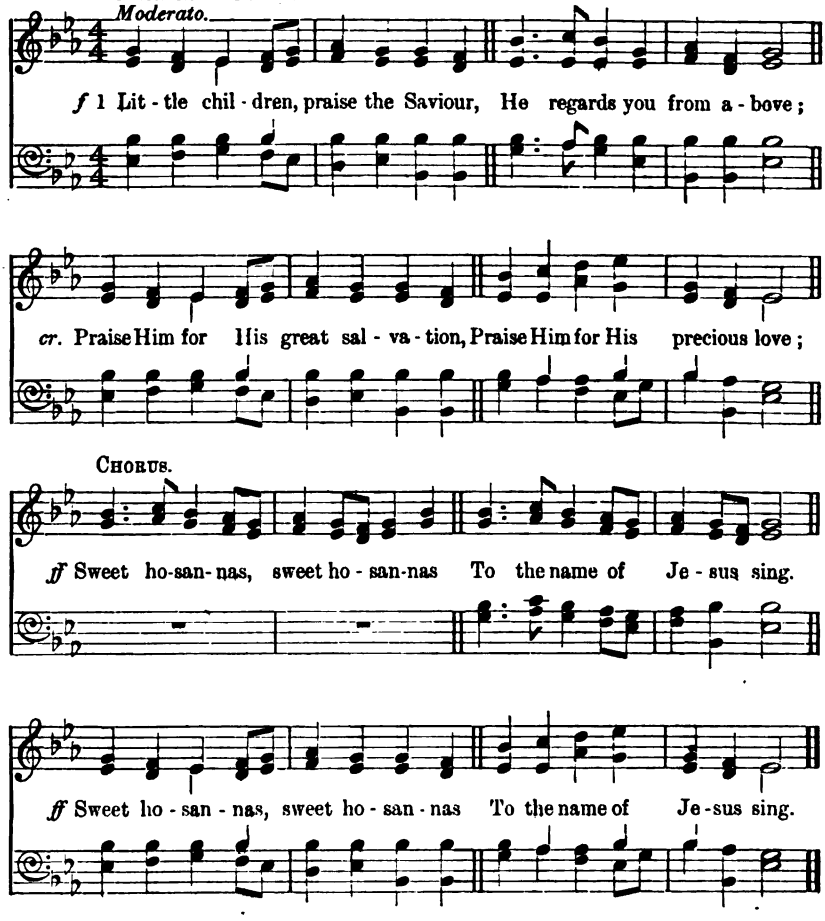
Fanny J. Van Alstyne, 1868.

34 . 2. *Praising Him.*

The children saying . . . Hosanna.—Matt. xxi. 15.

Eastleigh. *Children in Unison.* 8.7.8.7. and Chorus. G. F. HANDEL, 1685-1759.

Moderato.



p 2 When He left His home in glory,
When He lived with mortals here,
cr. Little children sang His praises,
And it pleased His gracious ear.
ff Sweet hosannas, sweet hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing.

p 3 When the anxious mothers round Him
With their tender infants pressed,
cr. He with open arms received them,
And the little ones were blessed.
Sweet hosannas, sweet hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing.

4 Little children, praise the Saviour,
Praise Him, your undying Friend;
cr. Praise Him till in heaven you meet Him,
There to praise Him without end.
ff Sweet hosannas, sweet hosannas
To the name of Jesus sing.

Juvenile Harmonist, 1857.

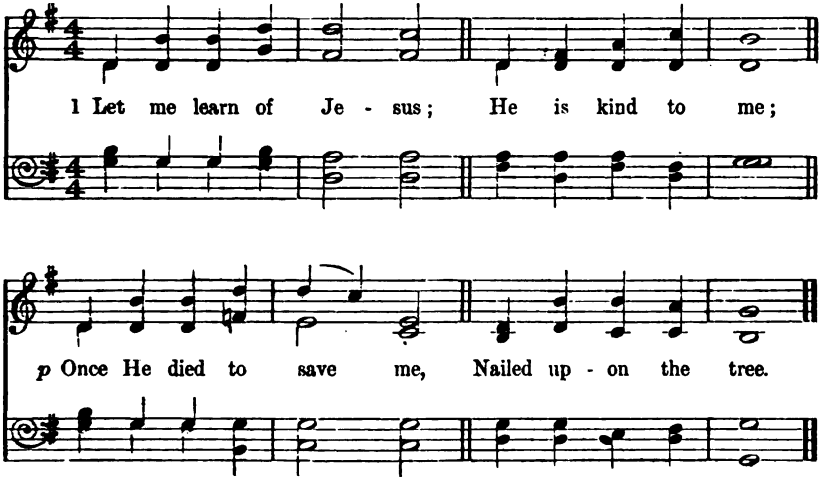
3. Loving and following Him.

35

Learn of Me.—Matt. xi. 29.

Berfield. 6.5.6.5. Anon., *circa* 1880.

Children in Unison.



2.

If I go to Jesus,
He will hear me pray,
Make me good and holy,
Take my sins away.

3.

Let me think of Jesus,
He is full of love,
Looking down upon me
From His throne above.

4.

cr. If I trust in Jesus,
If I do His will,
Then I shall be happy,
Safe from every ill.

5.

f Oh how good is Jesus!
May He hold my hand,
And at last receive me
To a better land.

Ella Dale, circa 1880.

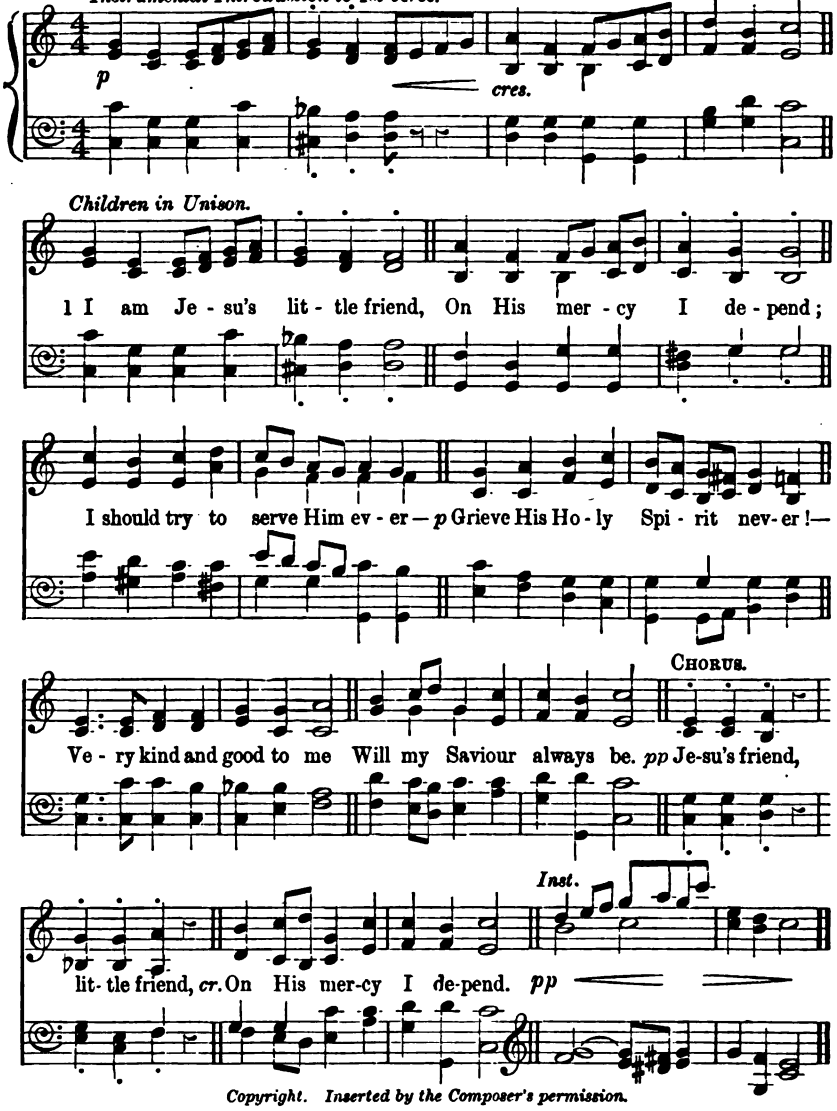
36

I have called you friends.—John xv. 15.

I am Jesu's Little Friend.

7.7.8.8.7.7. and Chorus. CAREY BONNER, 1890.

Instrumental Introduction to 1st verse.



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p 2 Very young and weak am I,
cr. Yet He guides me with His eye;
In a pleasant path He leads me,
With a gentle hand He feeds me,
p Chides me when I'm doing wrong,
f Listens to my happy song.
Jesu's friend, etc.

f 3 He is with me all the day,
With me in my busy play;
O'er my waking and my sleeping
Jesus still a watch is keeping;
dim. I can lay me down and rest,
Sweetly pillowed on His breast.
Jesu's friend, etc.

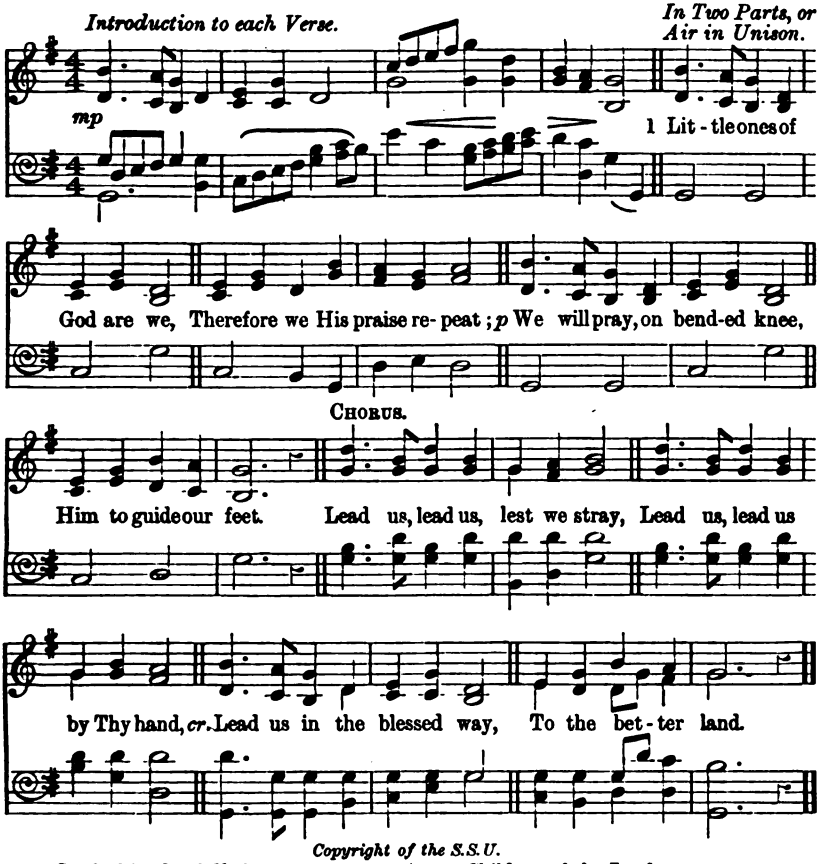
f 4 He will help me do the right,
He will lead me in the light;
cr. Jesus will forsake me never;
He will keep me safe for ever:
p How I wish my heart could be,
Loving Saviour, more like Thee!
Jesu's friend, etc.

Fanny J. Van Alstyne, 1873 (*alt.*).

37
Little Ones of God.

One of these little ones.—Matt. xviii. 14.

7.7.7.5. and Chorus. From G. F. Root, 1870.
Arr. by C. B., 1903.



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2 Little friends of Christ are we,
His redeeming love we sing;
cr. He who died upon the tree,
He shall be our King.
Lead us, etc.

3 Children of the Lord are we,
Abba, Father! Thee we call!
Help us love and honour Thee;
Give Thy grace to all.
Lead us, etc.

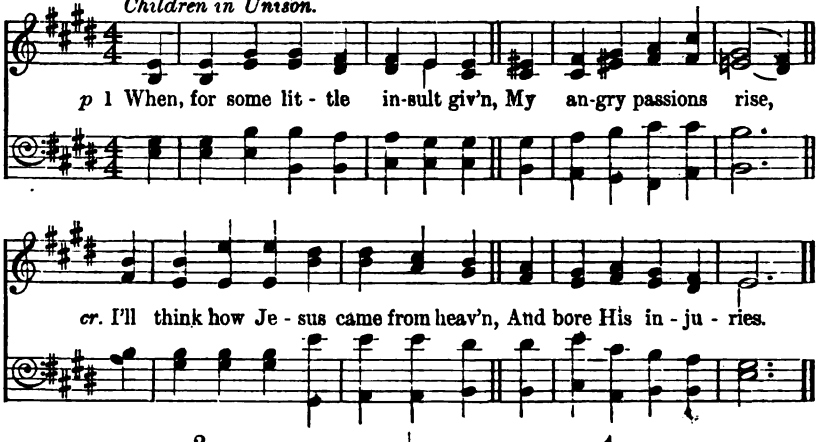
f 4 Little lambs of God are we;
He, the Shepherd, leads His sheep,
p And the lambs most tenderly
He from harm will keep.
Lead us, etc.

H. Butterworth, 1870.

38 *Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again.*—1 Peter ii. 23.

Salzburg. C.M. JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN, 1737-1806.

Children in Unison.



2.

p He was insulted ev'ry day,
Though all His words were kind:
But nothing men could do or say
Disturbed His heav'nly mind.

3

mf Not all the wicked scoffs He heard
Against the truths He taught,
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.

4.

pp And when upon the Cross He bled,
With all His foes in view,
"Father, forgive them," Jesus said,
"They know not what they do."

5.

mf Dear Saviour, may I learn of Thee
My temper to amend;
p And speak that pardoning word for me
Whenever I offend.

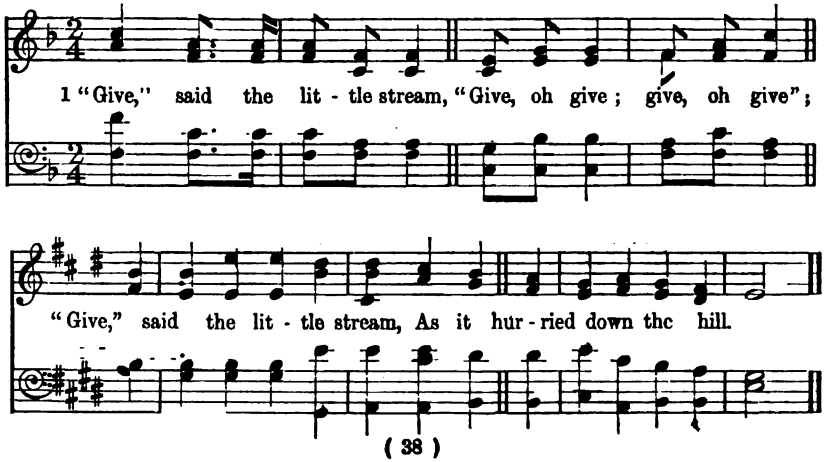
Jane Taylor, 1809.

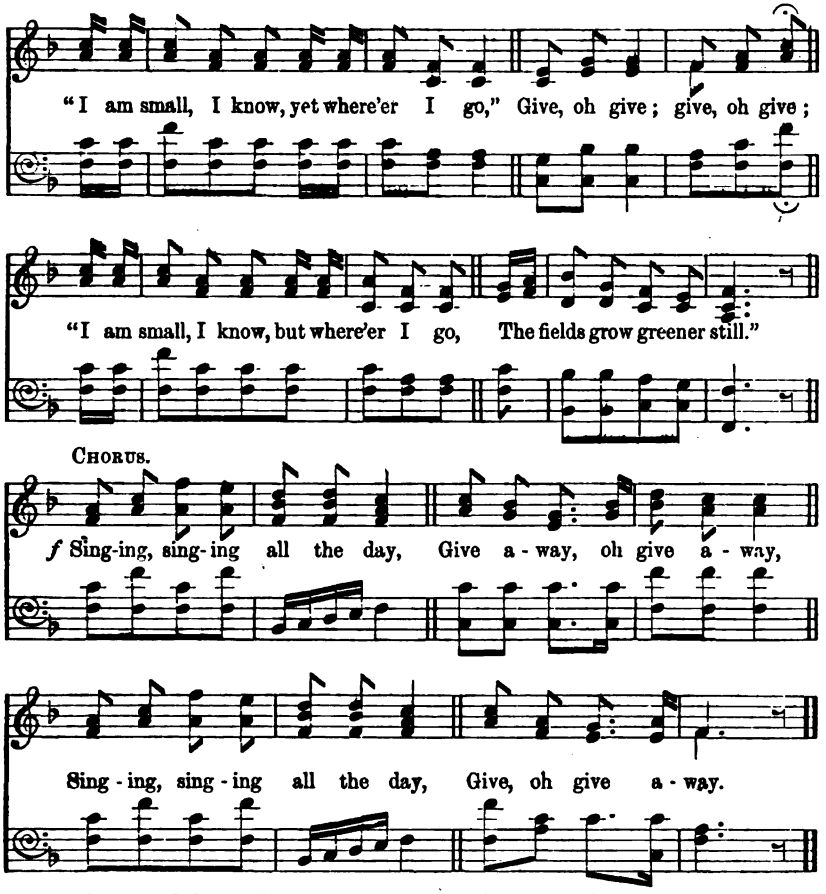
4. Working for Him.

39 *It is more blessed to give than to receive.*—Acts xx. 35.

"Give," said the little stream. P.M. W. B. BRADBURY, 1860.

Children in Unison.





p 2 "Give," said the gentle rain,
"Give, oh give; give. oh give";
"Give," said the gentle rain,
As it fell upon the flow'rs.
cr. "I will raise the drooping heads again,"
Give, oh give; give, oh give;
"I will raise the drooping heads again,
And freshen Summer bow'rs."
Singing, singing, etc.

3 "Give," said the violet sweet,
"Give, oh give; give, oh give";
"Give," said the violet sweet,
In its gentle Spring-like voice:
cr. "And from cot and hall they will hear my call,"
Give, oh give; give, oh give;
"And from cot and hall they will hear my call,
Come find me and rejoice."
Singing, singing, etc.

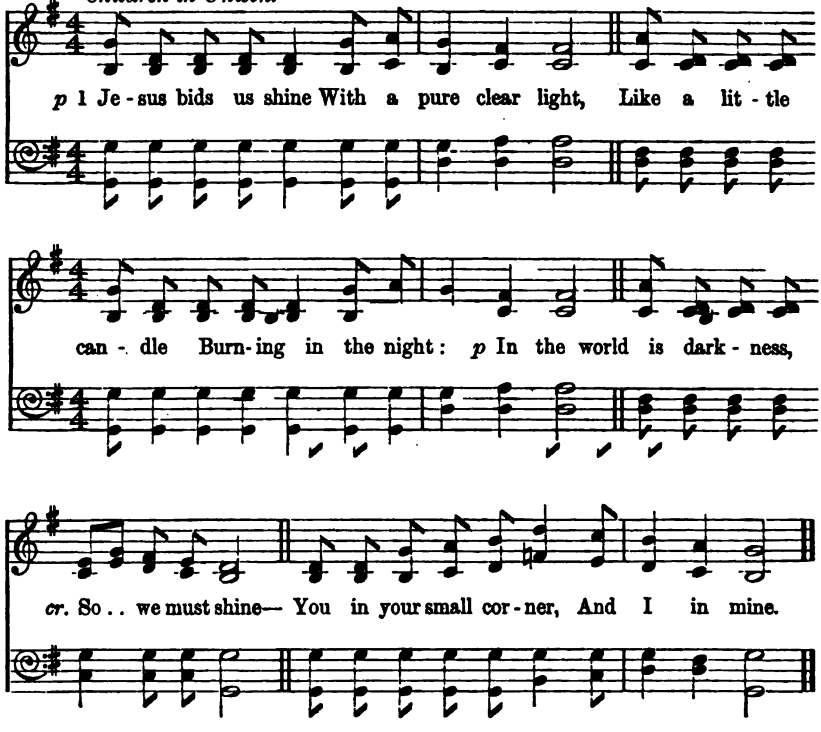
f 4 Give, then, for Jesus give,
Give, oh give; give, oh give;
Give, then, for Jesus give,
There is something all can give.
Oh, do as the streams and the blossoms do,
Give, oh give; give, oh give;
Oh, do as the streams and the blossoms do,
For God and others live.
Singing, singing, etc.

Anon., 1860.

40 *Jesus said, "Let your light shine."—Matt. v. 16.*

Jesus bids us shine.

Children in Unison. P.M. E. O. Excell, 1884.



2.

Jesus bids us shine
First of all for Him:
p Well He sees and knows it
If our light grows dim;
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

3.

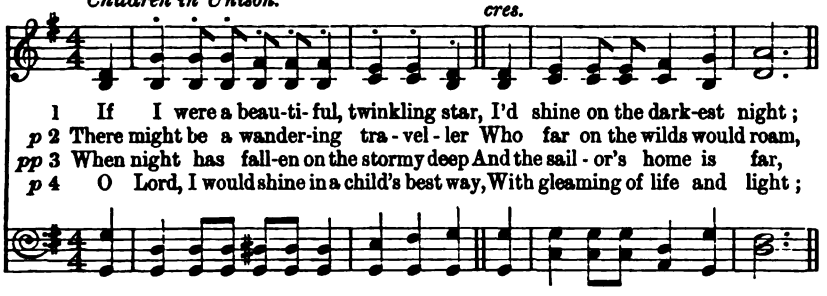
cr. Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around:
p Many kinds of darkness
In the world are found—
Sin, and want, and sorrow—
cr. So we must shine:
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

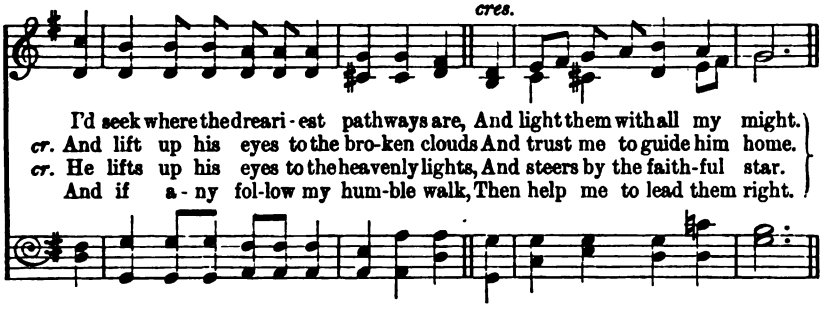
Emily H. Miller, circa 1870.

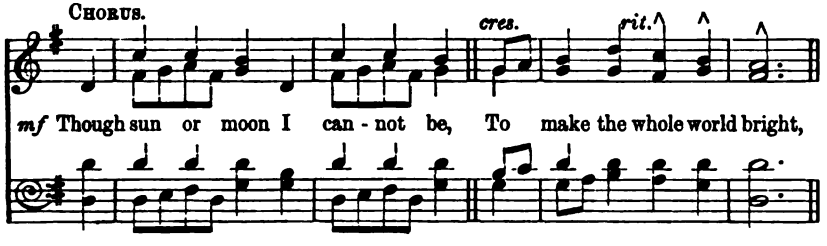
41 *Let your light shine.*—Matt. v. 16.

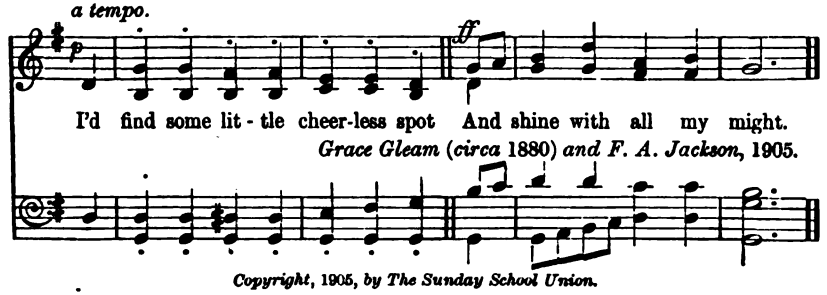
Starlight. P.M. and Chorus. NORA C. E. BYRNE, 1905.

Children in Unison.









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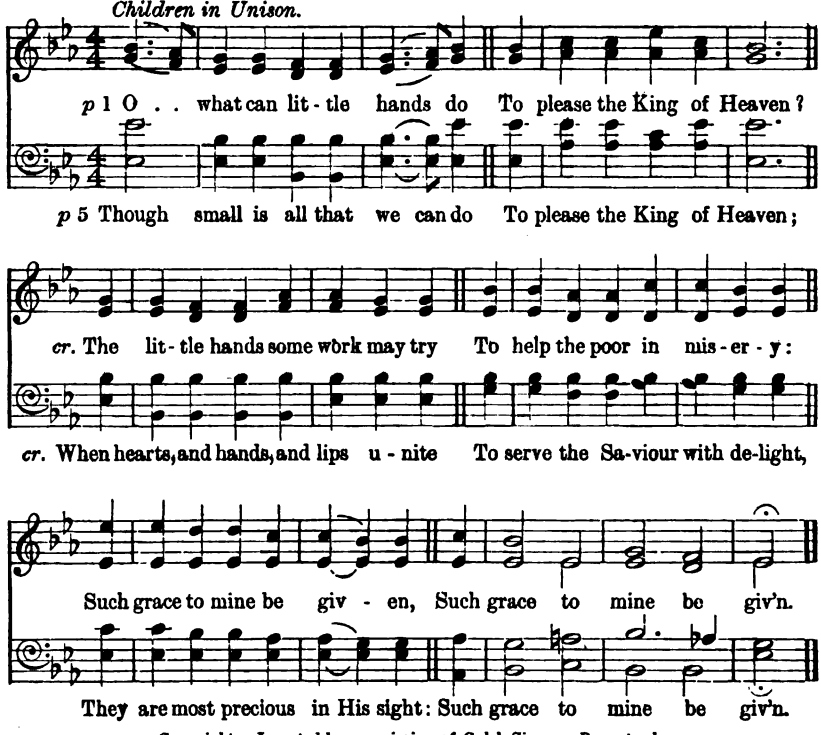
5. Giving ourselves to Him.

42 *The Lord will give grace.*—Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

Barnstaple. 7.7.8.8.7.7. CALEB SIMPER, 1887.



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p 2 O what can little lips do
To please the King of Heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:
Such grace, etc.

p 3 O what can little eyes do
To please the King of Heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
And learn to read God's holy book:
Such grace, etc.

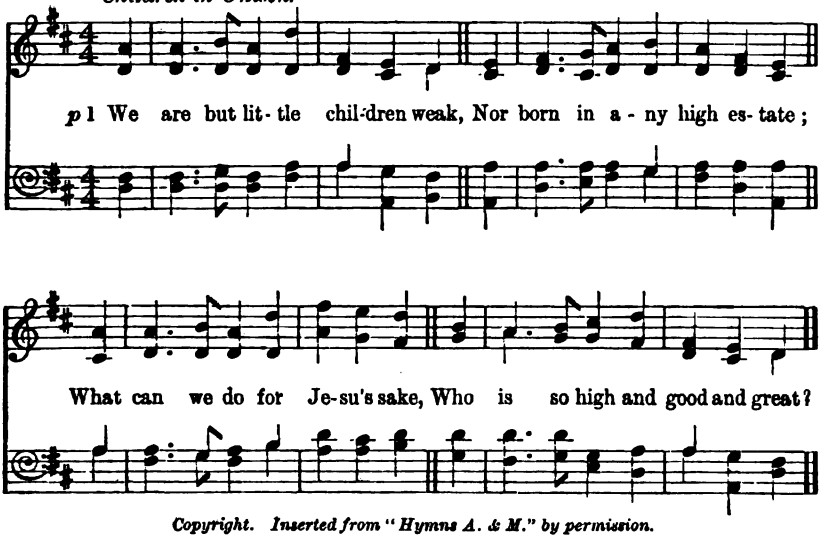
p 4 O what can little hearts do
To please the King of Heaven?
cr. Our hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour Friend:
Such grace, etc.

"*Farin,*" 1865.

For verse 5 *see* under Music.

43 *Even a child is known by his doings.*—Prov. xx. 11.

Alstone. *Children in Unison.* L.M. C. E. Willing, 1868.



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2 Oh! day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
p A death to die for Jesu's sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes,

mf 4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

f 5 With smiles of peace and looks of love
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And do all still for Jesu's sake.

cr. 6 There's not a child so small and weak,
But has his little cross to take;
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesu's sake.

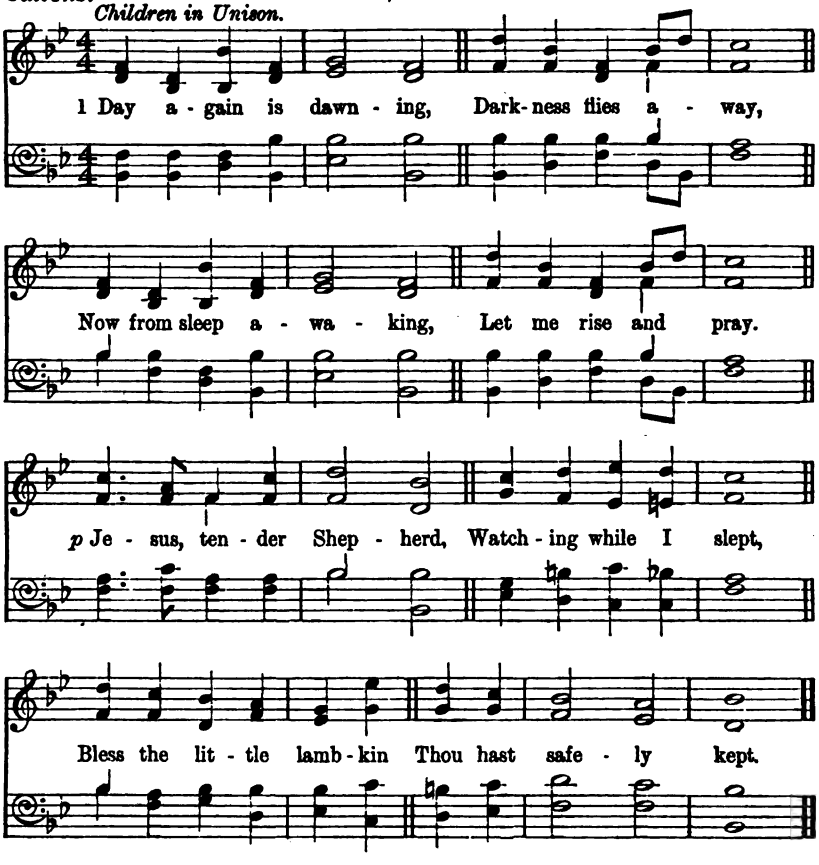
C. Frances Alexander, 1850.

IV. Good-Morning.

44 *I myself will awake early.*—Psalm lvii. 8.

Clarens. 6.5., 8 lines. C. A. Gaoos.

Children in Unison.



2 Help me, Lord, to praise Thee,
For my cosy bed;
For my clothes and playthings,
For my daily bread;
For my darling mother,
For my father dear;
For the friends who love me,
Far away and near.

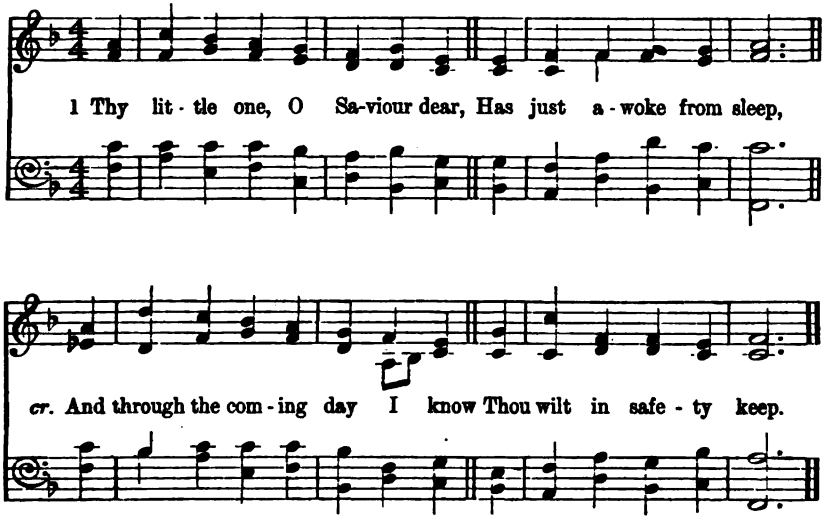
f 3 Robin blithe is chirping,
Glad the night is o'er;
Larks the light are greeting,
Singing as they soar:
cr. I'm Thy little birdie,
May I ever sing,
Goodness making music
Unto Christ my King.

4 Daisies now are turning
Bright eyes to the sun;
And the light is shining
On them every one:
cr. I'm Thy little flower,
Jesus, shine on me,
Turning all my lifetime
Grateful eyes to Thee.

C. Newman Hall, 1872.

45 *The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.*—Psalm cxxxix. 12.

Albano. *Children in Unison.* C.M. VINCENT NOVELLO, 1781-1861.



2.

p Thou hast been watching over me,
Through all the long dark night;
cr. The darkness is not dark to Thee,
Because Thou art the Light.

3.

I felt so safe and happy, Lord,
Although I could not see,
pp And softly whispered ere I slept,
"O God, Thou seest *me*."

4.

I think Thou'rt smiling on me now,
For all seems bright and glad,
p But when I'm naughty, Saviour dear
My heart is always sad.

5.

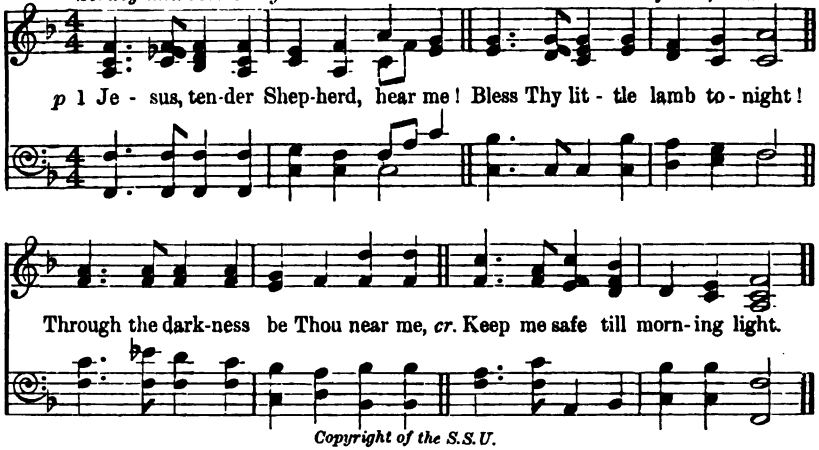
cr. I want Thy kind and loving smile,
To light me all the way;
O, keep me then from doing wrong,
Or grieving Thee to-day.

H. P. Hawkins, 1885.

V. Good-Night.

46 *And He (Jesus) blessed them.*—Mark x. 16.

Dijon. *Children in Unison.* 8.7.8.7. Melody from the German.
Slowly and reverently. Har. by C. B., 1904.



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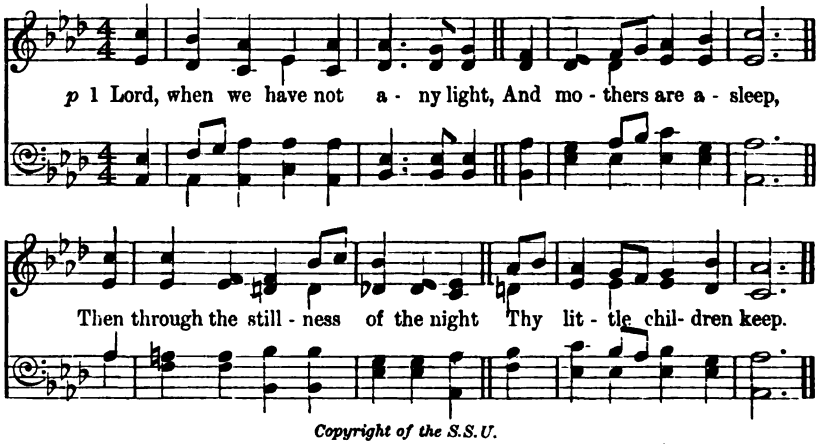
f 2 All this day Thy hand has led me,—
And I thank Thee for Thy care:
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me;
p Listen to my evening prayer.

pp 3 Let my sins be all forgiven!
Bless the friends I love so well!
cr. Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mary Lundie Duncan, 1839.

47 *The Lord is thy Keeper.*—Psalm cxxi. 5.

Lytham. *Children in Unison.* C.M. James T. Lightwood, 1904.



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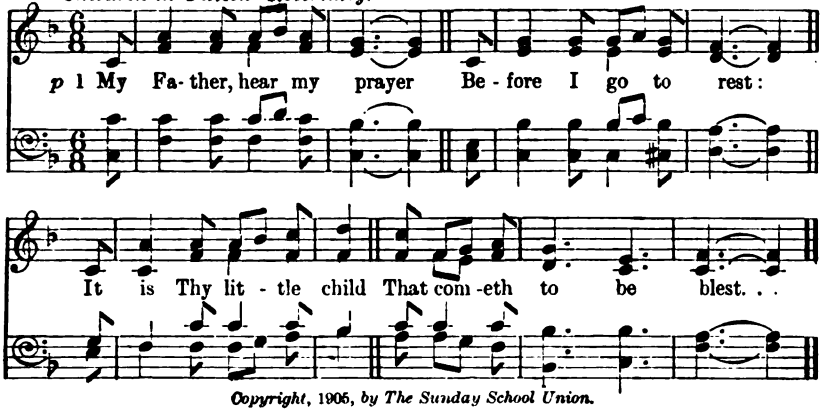
p 2 When shadows haunt the quiet room,
Help us to understand
cr. That Thou art with us through the gloom,
To hold us by the hand.

p 3 And though we do not always see
The holy angels near,
f O may we trust ourselves to Thee,
Nor have one foolish fear.

cr. 4 So in the morning may we wake,
When wakes the kindly sun,
More loving for our Father's sake,
To each unloving one.

Annie Matheson, 1880.

Abendlied. *Children in Unison. Reverently.* 6.6.6.6. HERMANN VON MÜLLER, 1905.



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pp 2 Forgive me all my sin,
And let me sleep this night
In safety and in peace
Until the morning light.

cr. 3 Lord, help me every day
To love Thee more and more,
And try to do Thy will
Much better than before.

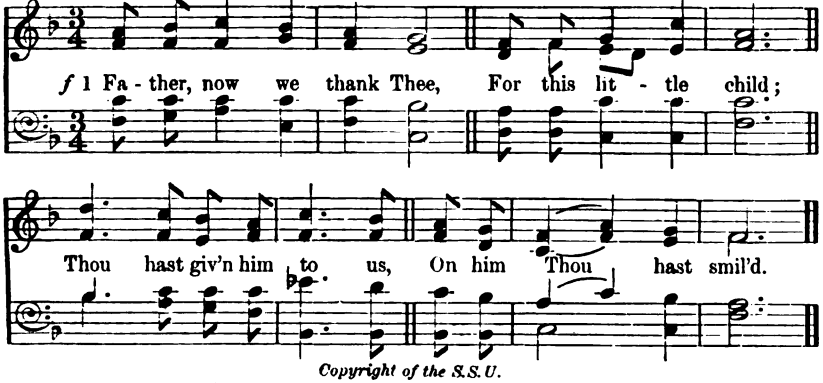
4 Now look upon me, Lord,
Ere I lie down to rest;
It is Thy little child
That cometh to be blest.

E. C. W., 1872.

VI. The Cradle Roll.*

49 *Jesus set . . . a little child . . . in the midst.*—Matt. xviii. 2.

Nägeli. *Children in Unison* 6.5.6.5. HANS G. NÄGELI, 1768-1836. Har. by E. R. B., 1905.



Copyright of the S.S.U.

p 2 Baby, little baby,
Sweet, and small, and weak,
We are praying for you,
Since you cannot speak.

f 3 "When the babes are waking,
Stretching arms so wide,
Father, then watch o'er them,
Be Thou by their side.

pp 4 "When the babes are sleeping,
Father, guard their bed,
May the wings of angels
Over them be spread."

5 Baby, little baby,
We would welcome you,

p And we pray that we may
Tender be and true.

cr. 6 May all little children
Find in us a friend,
May we love and help them,
Now and to the end.

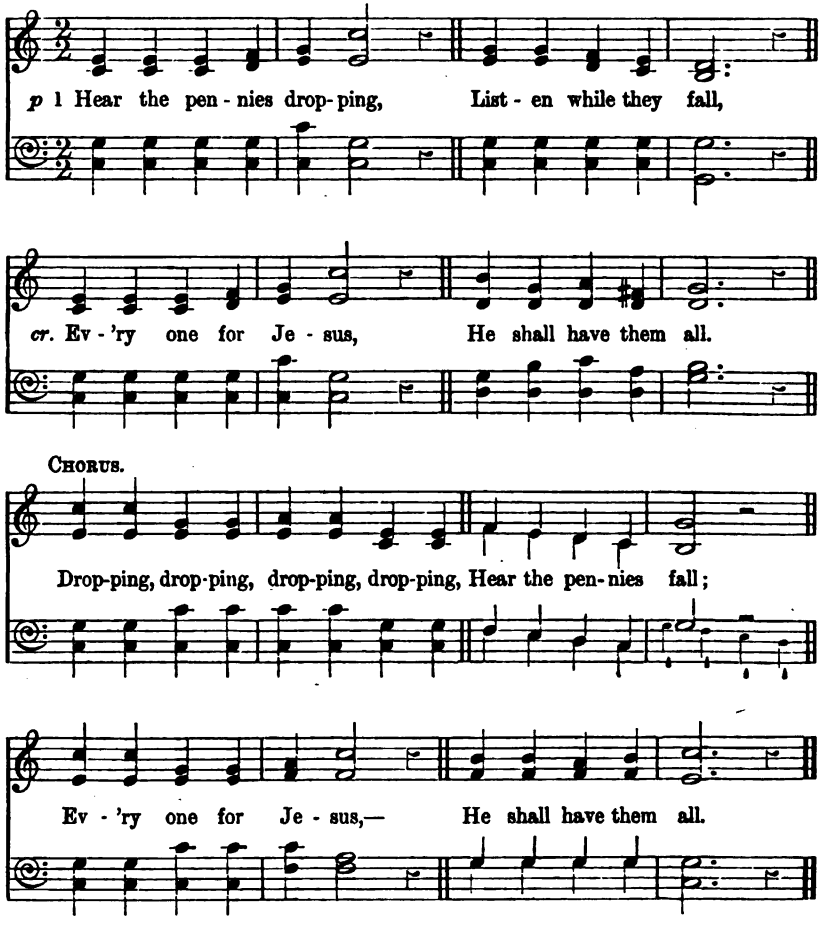
F. A. Jackson, 1904.

* Literature explanatory of "The Cradle Roll" may be had from THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

VII. The Children's Offering.

50 *Jesus sat over against the treasury.*—Mark xii. 41.

Hear the Pennies Dropping. 6.5.6.5. and Chorus. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, 1890.



2 Dropping, dropping ever,
From each little hand,
'Tis our gift to Jesus,
From His little band.
Dropping, dropping, etc.

3 Now while we are little,
Pennies are our store,
cr. But when we are older,
Lord, we'll give Thee more.
Dropping, dropping, etc.

4 If we have not money,
We can give Him love;
He will own our off'ring,
Smiling from above.
Dropping, dropping, etc.

F. H. De Witt, circa 1890.

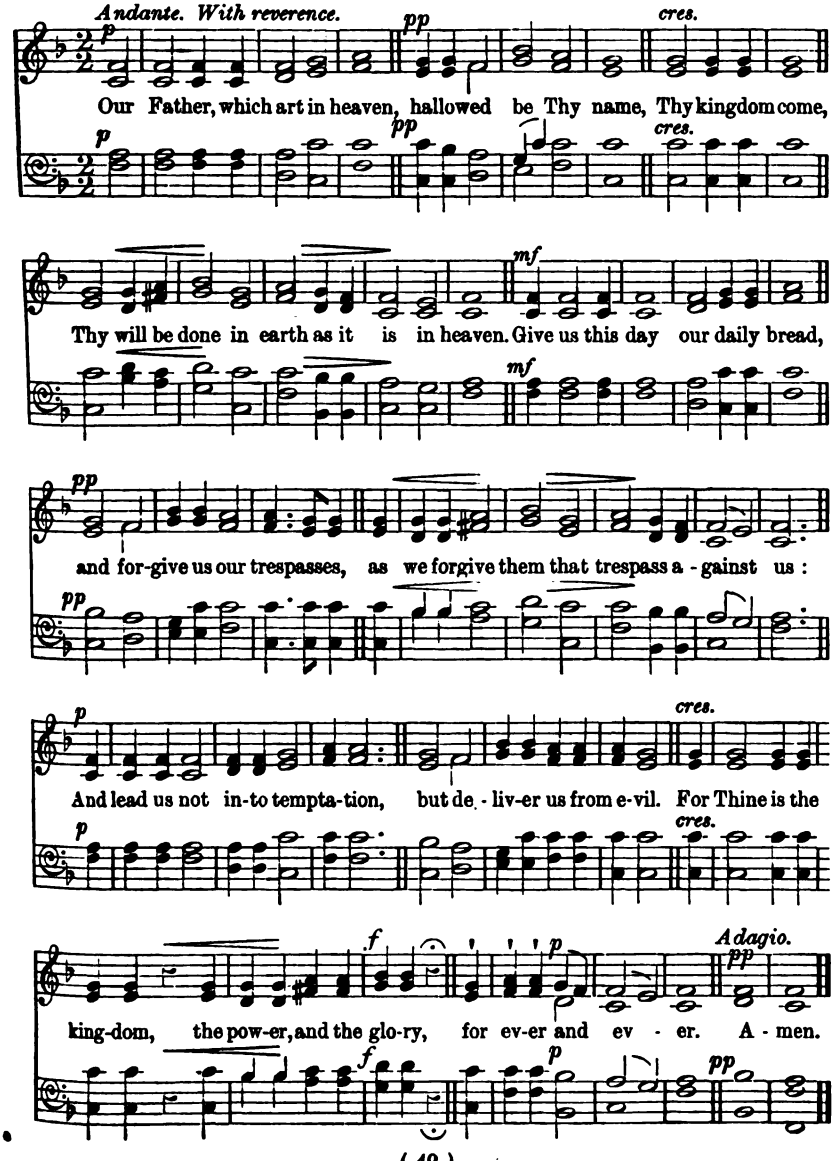
PART II.

HYMNS FOR THE GENERAL SCHOOL.

I. "Our Father."

51

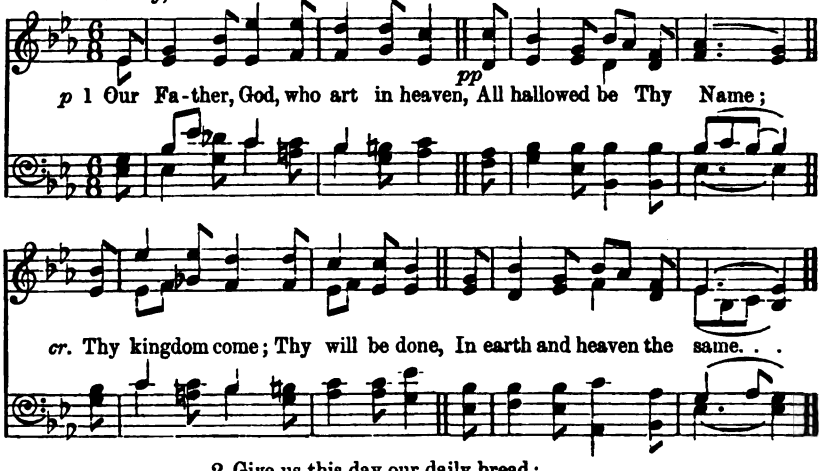
The Lord's Prayer. Adapted from RICHARD LANGDON, 1735-1803.



52 *Pray to thy Father, which is in secret.*—Matt. vi. 6.

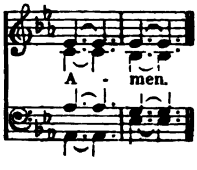
Claremont. C.M. J. Foster, *circa* 1855.

Slowly, with reverence.



2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
dim. Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
cr. From evil set us free;
And Thine the kingdom, Thine the power
And glory ever be.



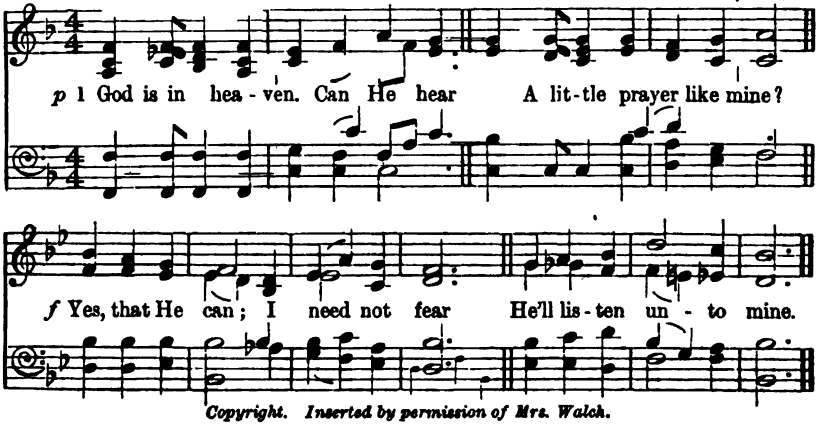
Adoniram Judson, 1825.

1. Our Father's Love and Care.

A. HYMNS FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION. (FOR SCHOLARS FROM SEVEN OR EIGHT TO ELEVEN OR TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.)

53 *The Lord will hear when I call unto Him.*—Psalm iv. 3.

Sawley. C.M. J. Walch, 1871.



Copyright. Inserted by permission of Mrs. Walch.

pp 2 God is in heaven. Can He see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes, that He can; He looks at me
All day and all night long.

pp 3 God is in heaven. Would He know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes; though I said it very low
He'd hear it in the sky.

4 God is in heaven. Does He care,
Or is He good to me?
f Yes; all I have to eat or wear,
'Tis God that gives it me.

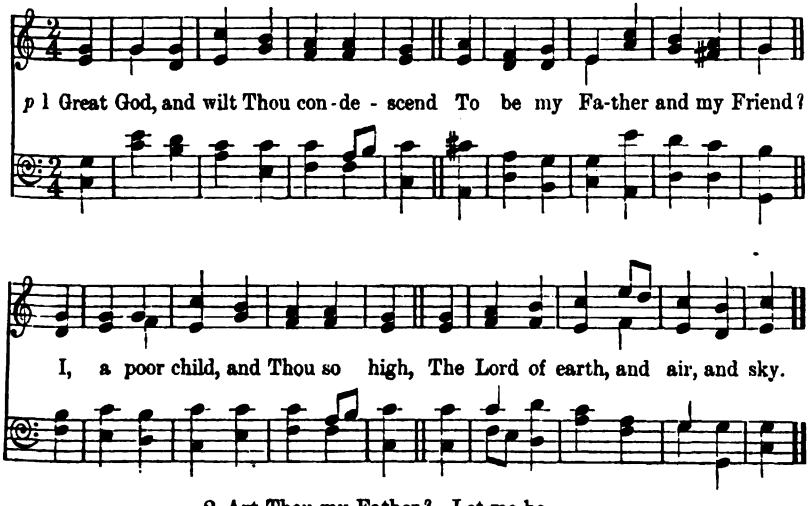
5 God is in heaven. May I go
To thank Him for His care?
cr. Not yet; but love Him here below,
And He will see it there.

6 God is in heaven. May I pray
To go there when I die?
cr. Yes; love Him, seek Him, and one day
He'll call me to the sky.

Ann Gilbert, 1782-1852.

54 ***Though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly.***—Psalm cxxxviii. 6.

Mainzer. L.M. Dr. J. Mainzer, 1801-1851.



2 Art Thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee:
cr. And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

3 Art Thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
cr. And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

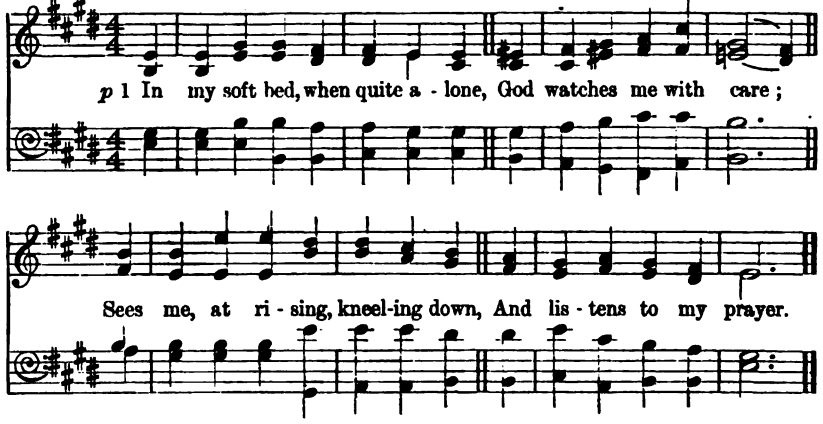
f 4 Art Thou my Father? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in Thy love
To be Thy better child above.

Ann Gilbert, 1810.

55

I will both lay me down in peace and sleep.—Psalm iv. 8.

Salzburg. C.M. JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN, 1737-1806.



2 He follows me through all the day,
Knows everything I do;
Remembers every word I say,
My thoughts, and temper too.

f 3 If I am kind, God knows it well;
p If I am cross, He hears;
A falsehood, from the truth, can tell;
He sees my smiles and tears.

cr. 4 Great God, my footsteps guide, and bless,
That this to me may be,
A thankfulness, and happiness,
That "Thou God seest me."

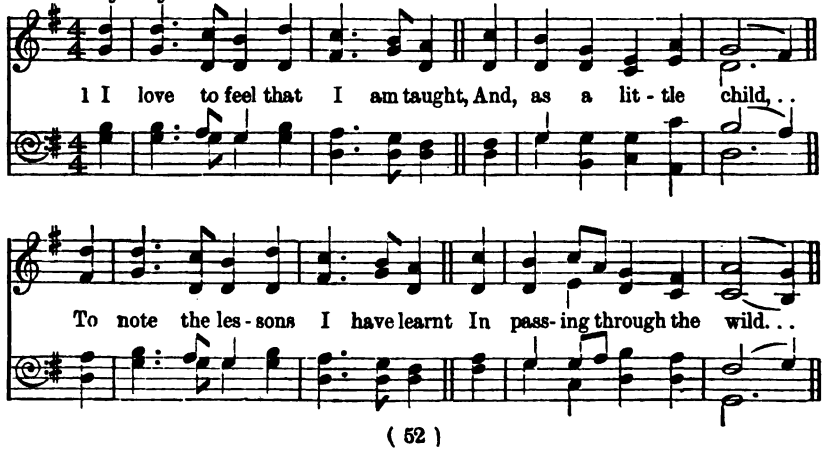
Henry Bateman, 1802-1872.

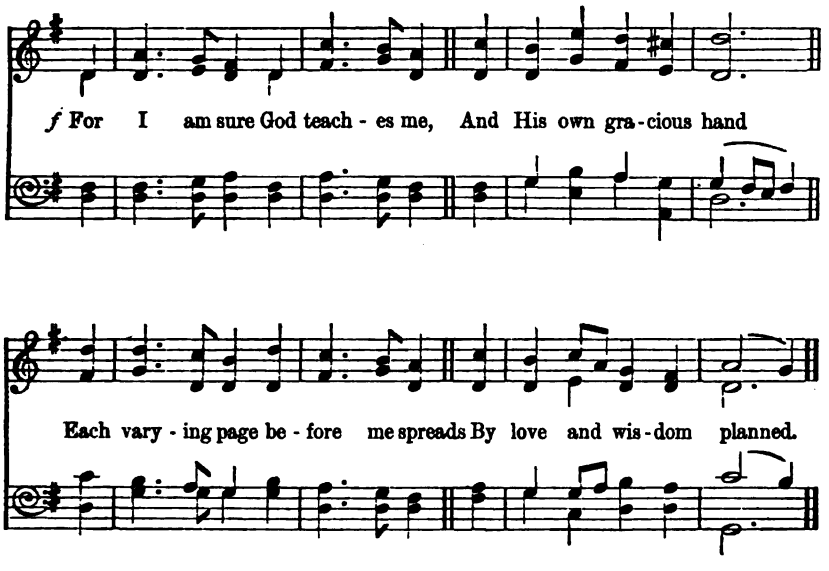
56

He taught as one having authority.—Matt. vii. 29.

Woolwich Common. C.M. D. German Air. 1785 (?).

Joyously.





p 2 We do not see our Teacher's face,
We do not hear His voice;
cr. And yet we know that He is near,
We feel it and rejoice.
There is sweet music round our hearts,
Set in no mortal key;
There is a Presence with our souls,
We know that it is He.

3 His loving teaching cannot fail;
And we shall know at last
Each task that seemed so hard and strange,
When learning time is past.
cr. Oh! may we learn to love Him more,
By every opening page,
By every lesson He shall mark,
With daily ripening age.

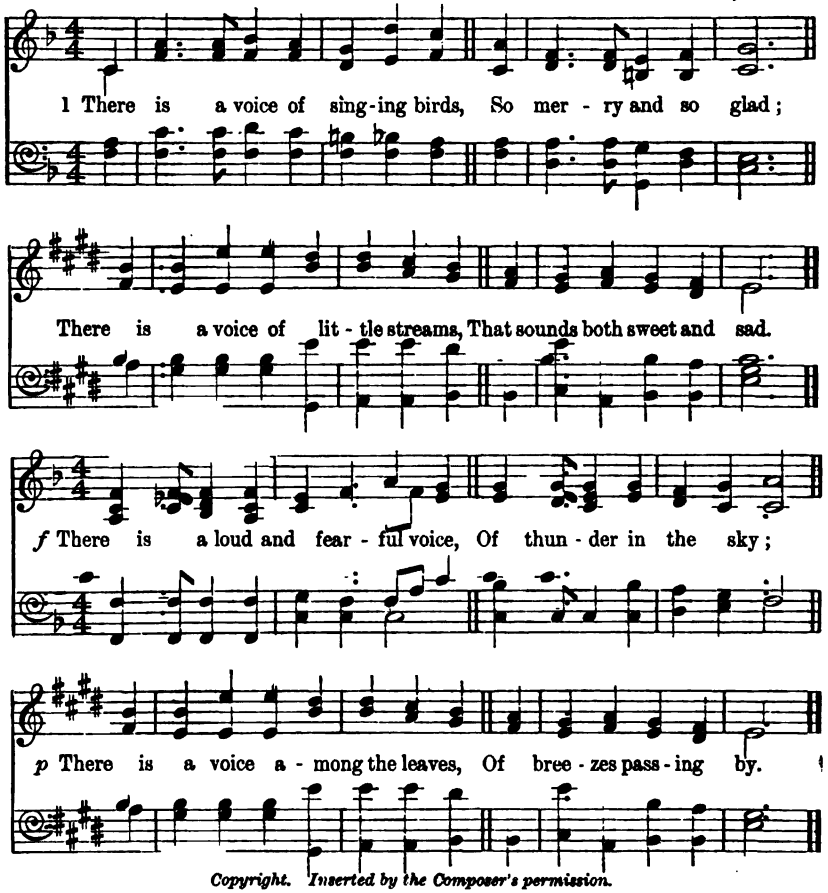
f 4 And then to "know as we are known,"
Shall be our glorious prize,
To see the Teacher who hath been
So patient and so wise.
cr. O joy untold! yet not alone
Shall ours the gladness be;
The travail of His soul in us
Our Saviour God shall see.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-1879.

57 Land of Rest.

The voice of God.—Gen. iii. 8.

C.M. D. R. S. Newman, 1877.



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p 2 There is a mother's voice of love,
To hush her little child;
There is a father's voice of praise,
So earnest and so mild.
We love to hear these voices speak,
We listen to their sound;
dim. We should not like so well to have
A silence all around.

3 But there is yet another voice,
That speaks in gentle tone;
p I think that we can hear it best
When we are quite alone.
It is a still, small, holy voice,
pp The voice of God most high,
That whispers always in our heart
And says that He is by.

p 4 And even they whose ears are deaf
To every other sound,
cr. When they have listened, in their hearts
The little voice have found.
And they have felt that God is good,
And thanked Him for His voice,
That taught them what was right and true,
And made their hearts rejoice.

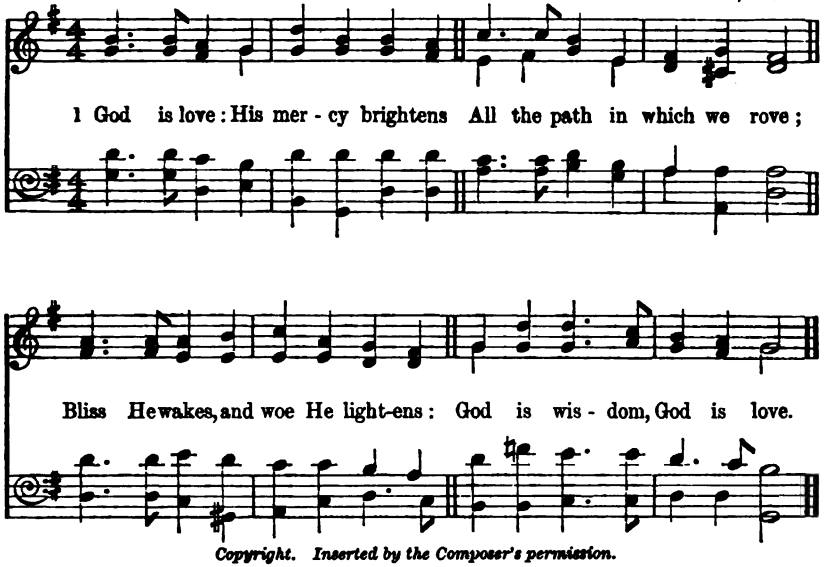
From "Little Poems" by M. S. C., circa 1840.

B. HYMNS FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION. (SCHOLARS FROM ELEVEN OR TWELVE TO FIFTEEN OR SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.)

58

God is love.—1 John iv. 8.

St. Mabyn. 8.7.8.7. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN, 1876.



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2

p Death and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move;
cr. But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3.

cr. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the cloud His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

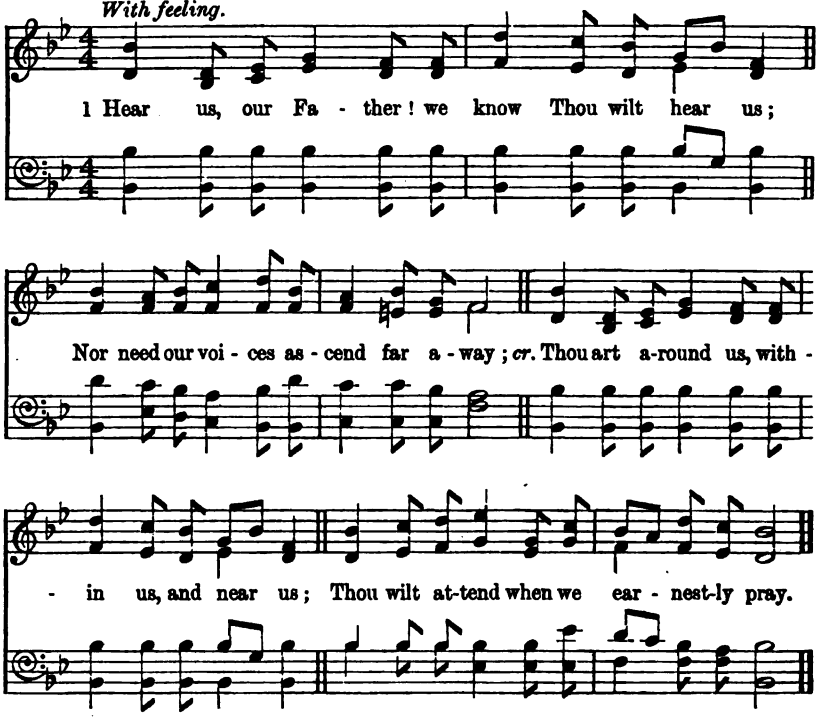
4.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
f Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

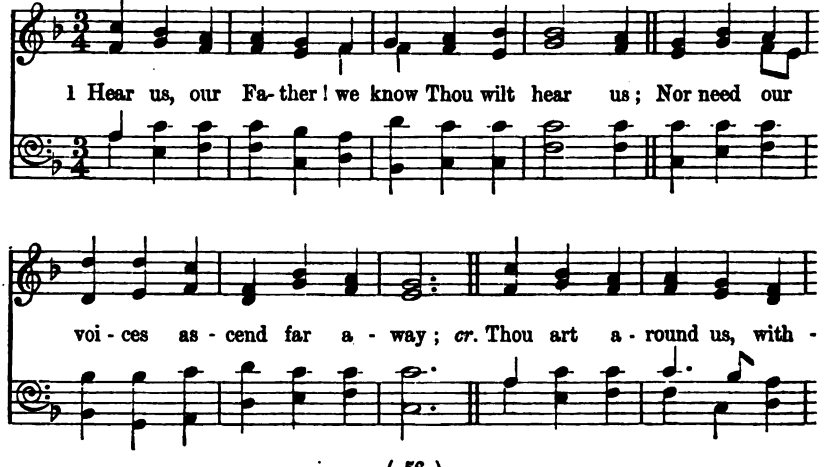
Sir John Bowring, 1792-1872.

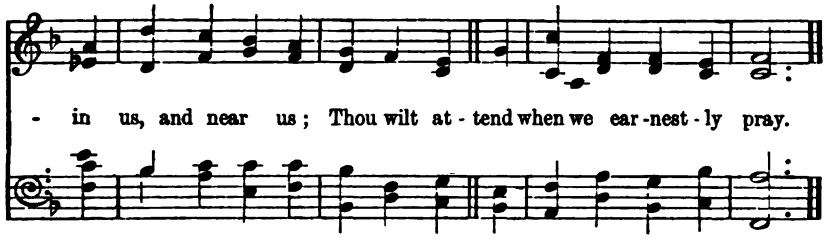
59 *The Lord is nigh unto all that call on Him in truth.*—Psalm cxlv. 18.

Paternoster. [FIRST TUNE.] 11.10.11.10. Dactyllic. G. F. Root, 1820-1895.



Springfield. [SECOND TUNE.] 11.10.11.10. Dactyllic. Anon., in MAURICE'S *Choral Harmony*, 1851.





(*Juniors only.*)

2 Love us, our Father! we know Thou wilt love us;
p Thy little children who turn unto Thee;
For all around us, within us, above us,
Proofs of Thine infinite kindness we see.

(*All.*)

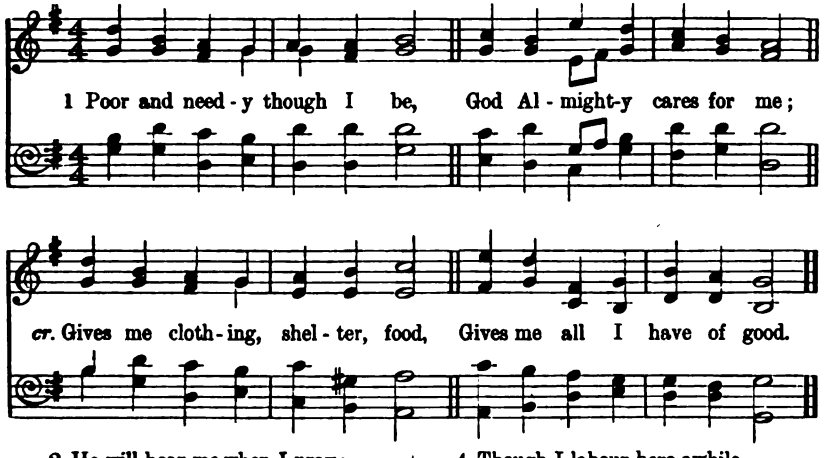
3 Aid us, our Father! we know Thou wilt aid us;
cr. We are so feeble, and Thou art so strong;
f Almighty Power that keeps us and made us,
Thou wilt protect us from danger and wrong.

cr. 4 Hear us, our Father; and help us and love us,
Till more and more of Thyself we shall know,
Whether we go to the bright world above us,
p Or stay to serve Thee in homes here below.

Anon., circa 1860.

60 *This poor man cried and the Lord heard him.*—Psalm xxxiv. 6.

Battishill. 7's. J. Battishill, 1738-1801.



2 He will hear me when I pray;
He is with me night and day,—
When I sleep and when I wake,
For the Lord my Saviour's sake.

3 He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I;
dim. He whose blood for me was shed
Had not where to lay His head.

4 Though I labour here awhile,
He will bless me with His smile,
And when this short life is past
p I shall rest with Him at last.

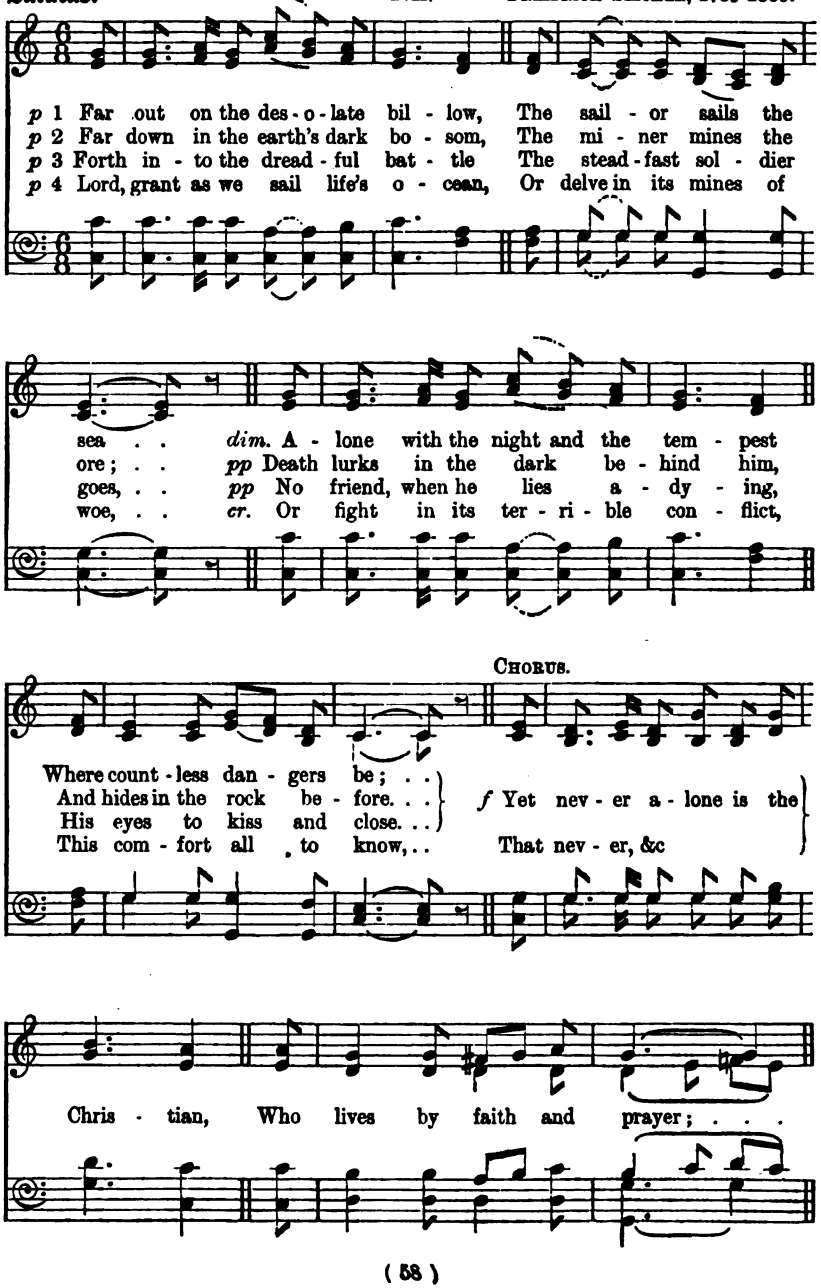
cr. 5 Then to Him I'll tune my song,
Happy as the day is long;
This my joy for ever be—
God Almighty cares for me.

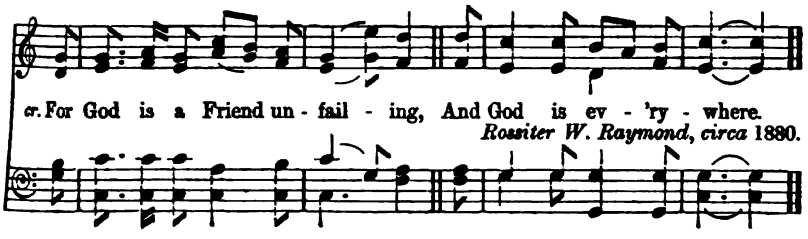
Dorothy A. Thrupp, 1836.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

61 *I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*—Heb. xiii. 5.

Salutas. P.M. FRIEDRICH SILCHER, 1789-1860.

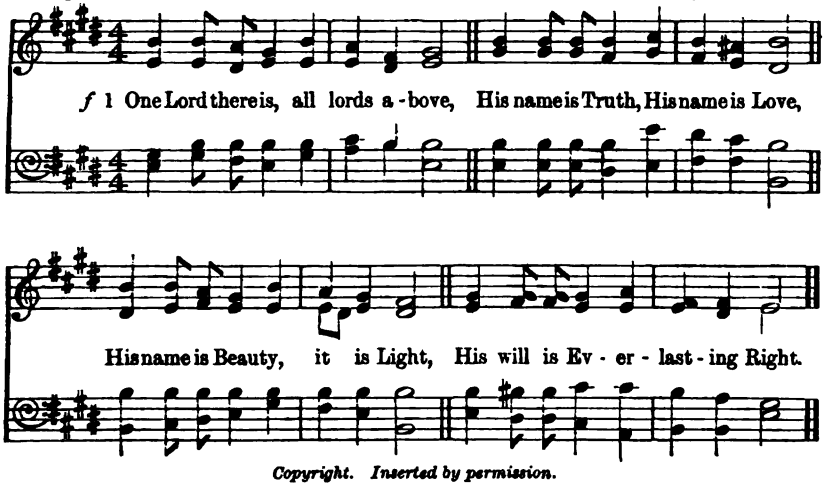




Rossiter W. Raymond, circa 1880.

62 *Our God is a consuming fire.*—Heb. xii. 29.

Hampstead. L.M. W. Smallwood, 1831-1897.



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p 2 But ah! to Wrong, what is His name?
This Lord is a consuming flame
To every wrong beneath the sun:
He is one Lord, the Holy One.

f 3 Lord of the everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame;
p Shall I not lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, Lord, to rule in me?

4 If I be ruled in otherwise,
p My lot is cast with all that dies;
With things that harm, and things that hate,
And roam by night, and miss the gate—

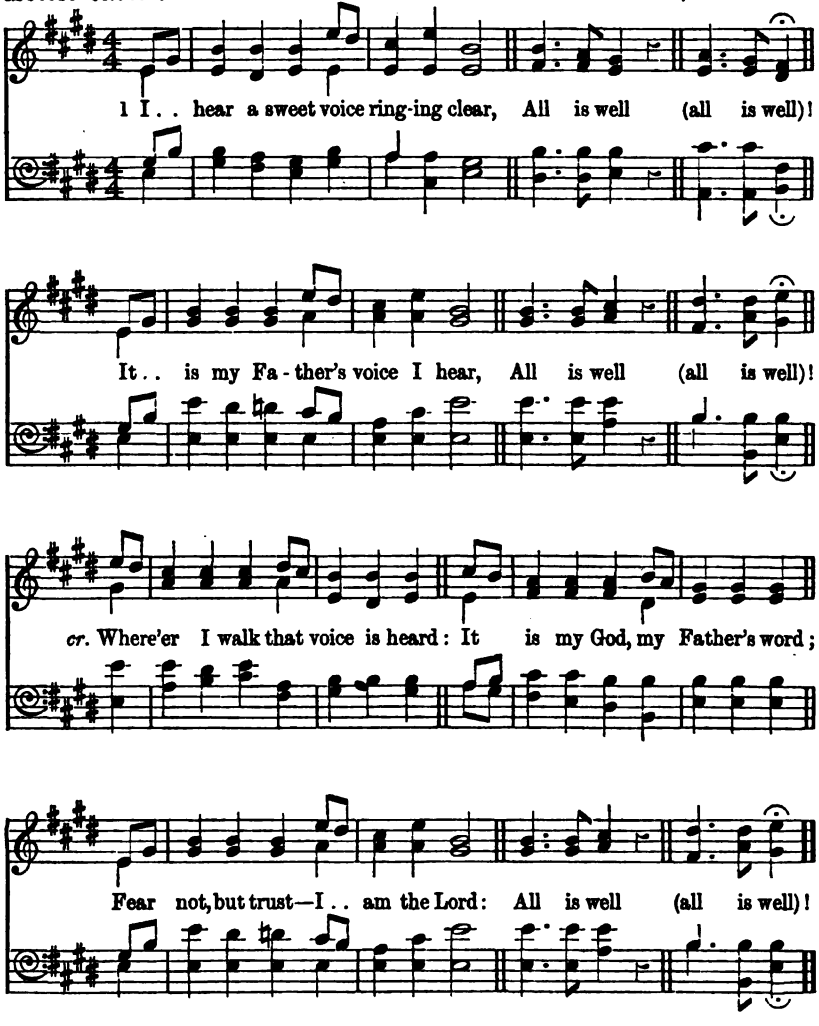
f 5 The happy gate, which leads to where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
cr. And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with an everlasting Name.

W. B. Rands, 1872.

63

Say to the righteous, it shall be well with him.—Isa. iii. 10.

Better World. 8.3.8.3.8.8.8.3. Old Air, *circa* 1840.



2 Clouds cannot long obscure my sight:
All is well!
I know there is a land of light:
All is well! [to day,
cr. From strength to strength, from day
I tread along the world's highway:
Or often stop to sing or say,
All is well!

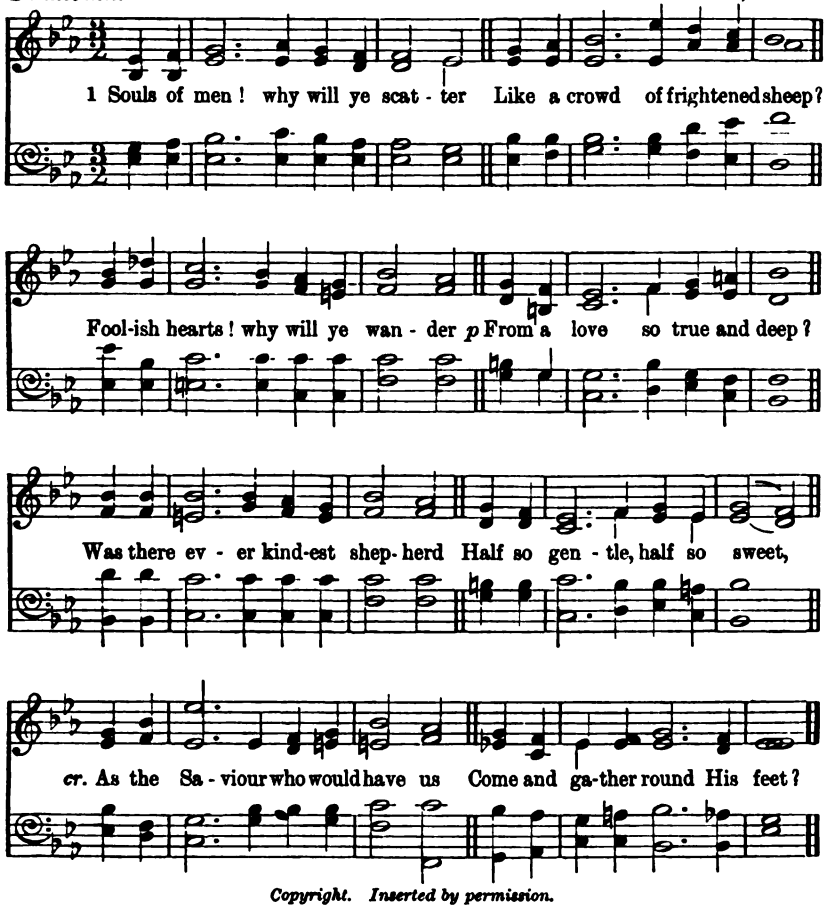
f 3 In morning hours, serene and bright,
All is well!
p In evening hours or darkening night,
All is well!
And when to Jordan's side I come,
'Midst chilling waves and raging foam,
cr. O let me sing as I go home,
All is well!

E. Paxton Hood, 1862.

64

God so loved the world.—John iii. 16.

Chamouni. 8.7., 8 lines. GEO. LOMAS, 1876.



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2 It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems:
'Tis our Father: and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.
cr. There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

p 3 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
f There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good!
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

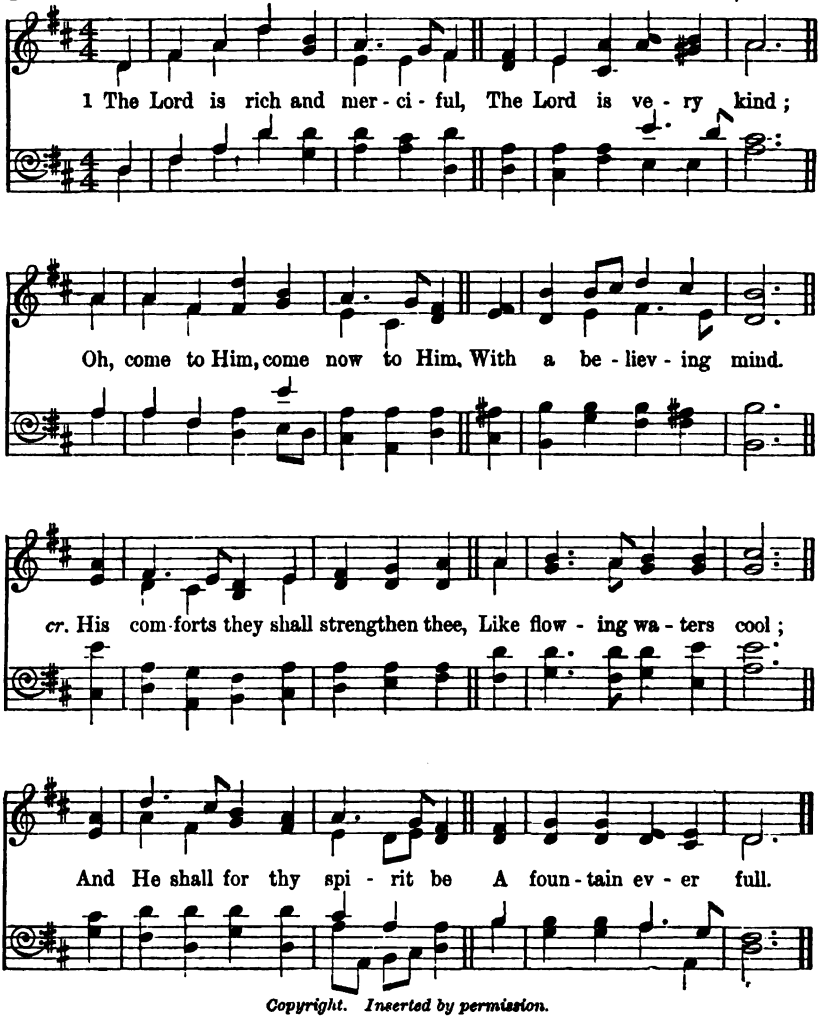
4 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
p But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own;

5 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
cr. If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

F. W. Faber, 1862.

65 *His merciful kindness is great toward us.*—Psalm cxvii. 2.

Petersham. C.M. D. C. W. Poole, 1875.



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f 2 The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high;
O, trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.
He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthily,
Thy sicknesses to heal.

3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell;
cr. O, learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.
And with His light thou shalt be blest
Therein to work and live;
dim. And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

T. T. Lynch, 1856.

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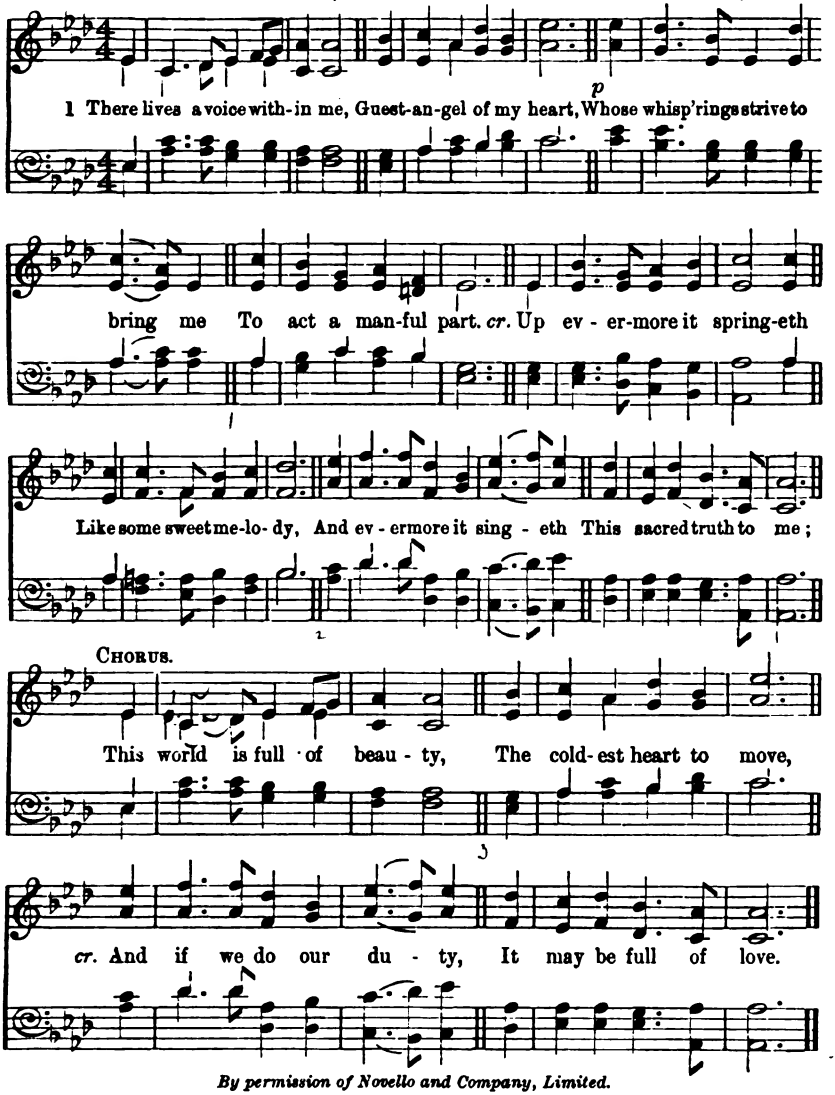
66

A still small voice.—1 Kings xix. 12.

England. 7.6., 8 lines and Chorus. Sir JOHN STAINER, 1880.



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2 The leaf-tongues of the forest,
The flower-lips of the sod,
The birds that hymn their raptures
Up to the throne of God,
The summer wind that bringeth
Joy over land and sea,
cr. Have each a voice that singeth
This blessed truth to me;
This world is full, etc.

p 3 Oh, voice of God most tender,
Oh, voice of God divine,
cr. Still be my heart's defender,
Till every thought is thine.
f My soul in gladness bringeth
Its song of praise to thee,
While all around me singeth
This holy truth to me;
This world is full, etc.

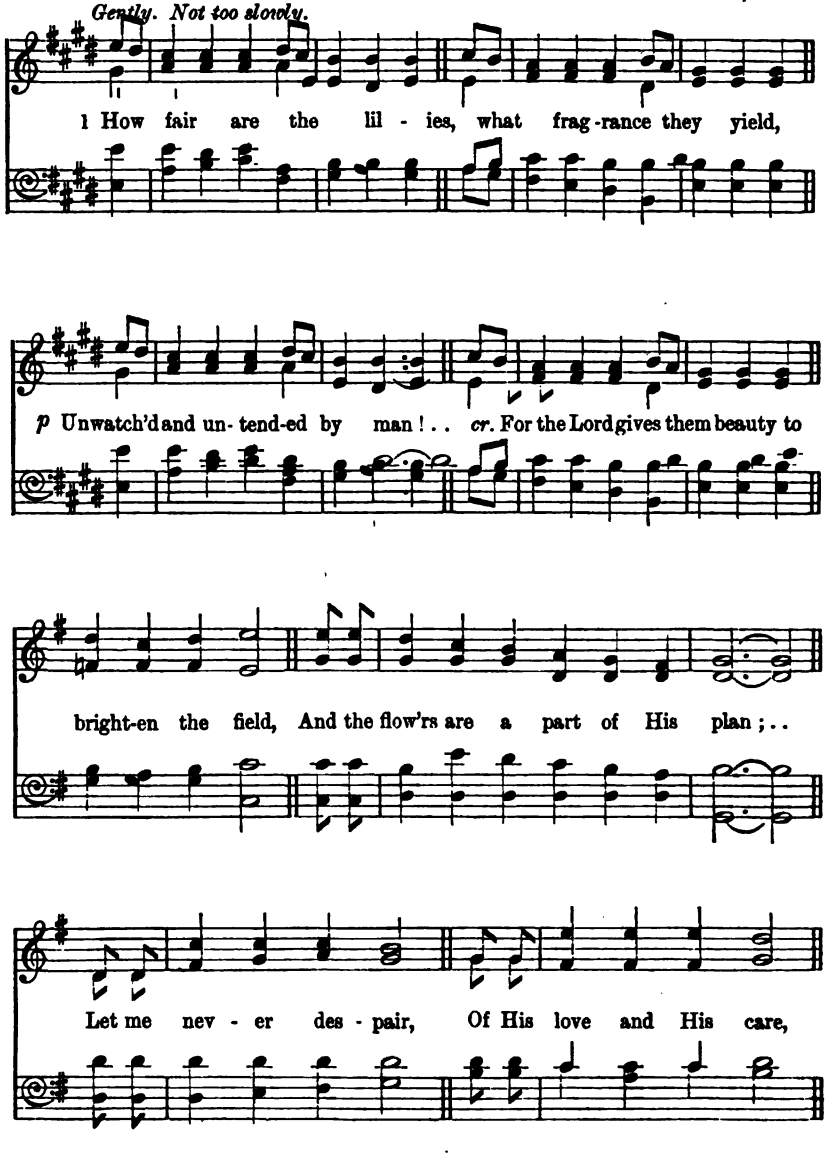
Gerald Massey (alt.), 1854.

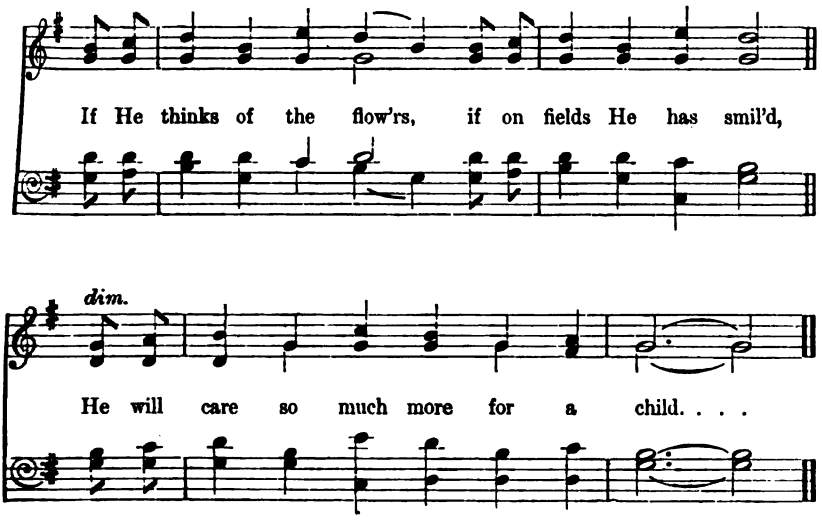
2. Our Father's Wonderful Works.

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SCHOOL.

67 *Consider the lilies.*—Matt. vi. 28.

Elberfeld. P.M. HERMANN VON MÜLLER, 1905.





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cr. 2 There is not a sparrow that cleaves the blue air
Unnoticed by God in its fall,
cr. For He made them, He knows them, they all have His care,
And He loves them although they're so small;
f Let us bless His dear name
Who is always the same,
For He wants us to know that we're thought of above,
And that each little child has His love.

p 3 The moss grows unseen in the niche of the wall,
But could not be there without God;
And the dew-drops, that find it where rain cannot fall,
He has purposely scattered abroad;
mf So in my lowly place
I may still feel His grace,
For the dew of His love can e'en come to me there,
And His blessing in answer to prayer.

4 As we in His beautiful image were made,
He loves us beyond all beside;
p But it grieved Him when sin caused that image to fade,
And to give the lost beauty He died:
cr. And He now from His throne
Would make us His own,
He is saying with love that is boundless and free,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

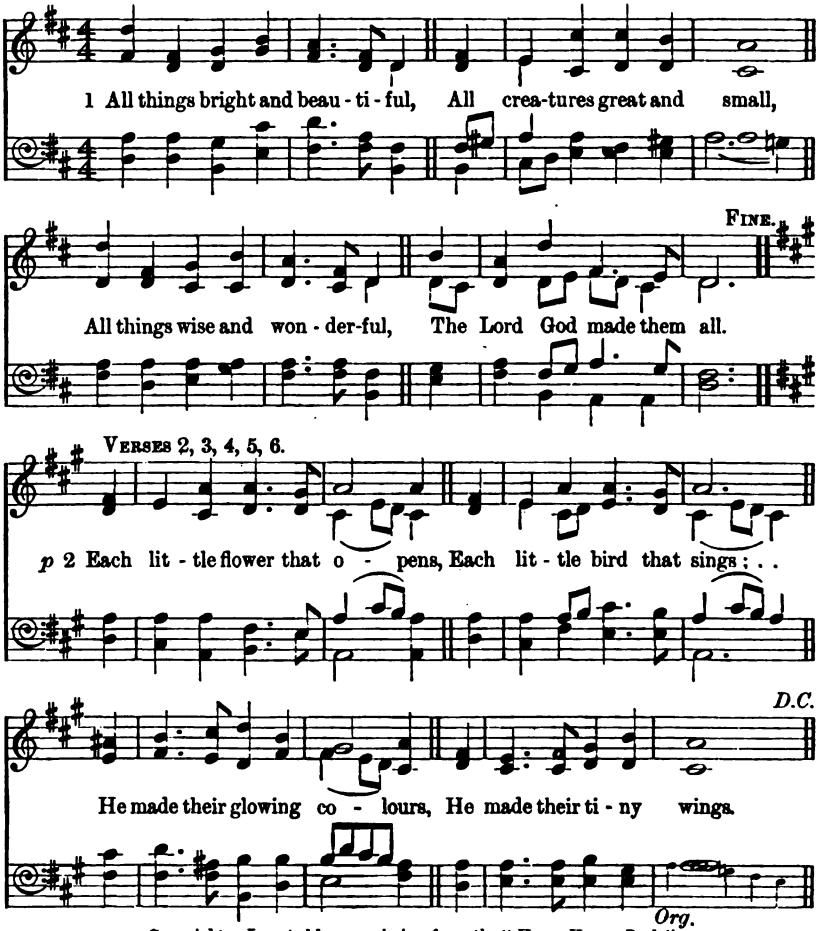
Ed. Hall Jackson (alt.), 1880.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

68 *God saw everything that He had made; and behold it was very good.*—Gen. i. 31.

"All things Bright and Beautiful." [FIRST TUNE.] 7.6.7.6.

VERSE 1. CHORUS. W. H. MONK, MUS. DOC., 1885.



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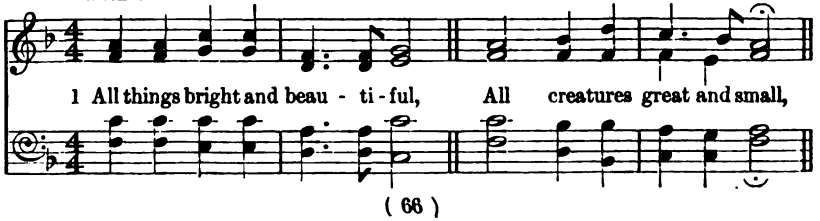
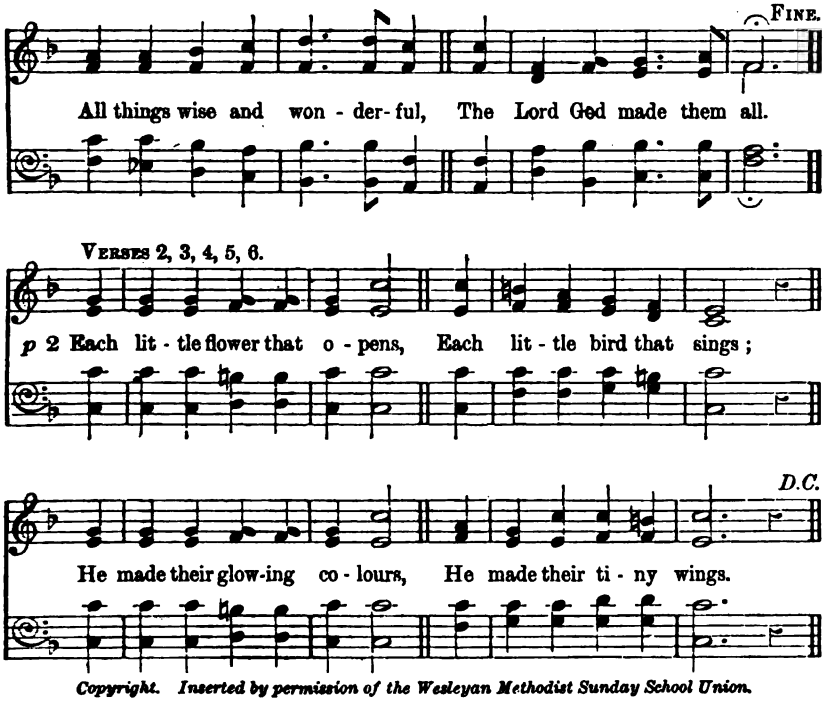
Bonner Road. [SECOND TUNE.]

VERSE 1. CHORUS. R. HEATH MILLS, 1879.





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3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brighten up the sky.
All things, etc.

p 4 The cold wind in the winter,
f The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.
All things, etc.

5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play;
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;
All things, etc.

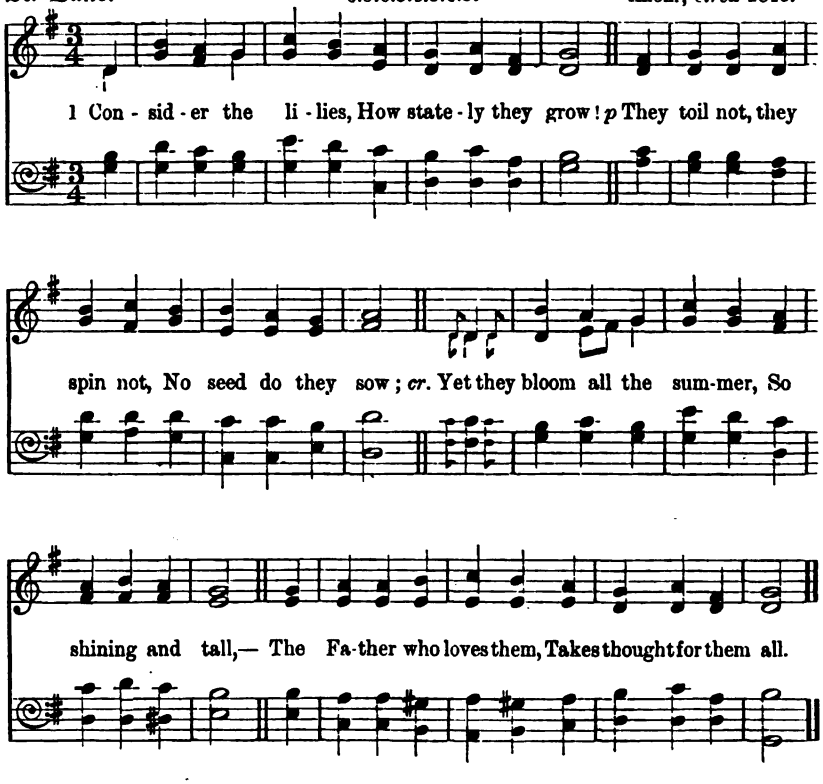
6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
f How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.
All things, etc.

C. Frances Alexander, 1848.

69

Consider the lilies.—Matt. vi. 28.

St. Luke. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. Anon., *circa* 1840.



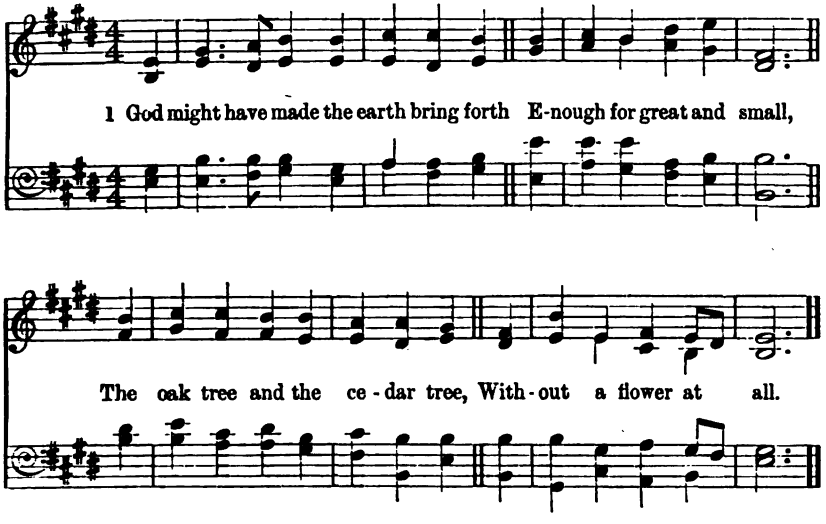
2 Consider the ravens,—
Who gives them their food?
Who shelters their nest in
The storm-beaten wood?
Who guides the young sparrow?
Who watches its fall?
cr. Their Father in heaven
Takes heed for them all.

p 3 Our Father in heaven,
Thy children on earth
Than lilies or ravens
Thou holdest more worth:
cr. Oh, guide us and guard us,
Be near when we call,
Uphold us, enfold us,—
We thank Thee for all!

Alice Williams Brotherton, circa 1880.

70 *If God so clothe the grass of the field, . . . shall He not much more clothe you?*—Matt. vi. 30.

Solomon. C.M. G. F. Handel, 1685-1759.



2 He might have made enough—enough
For every want of ours,
For food and medicine and toil,
p And yet have made no flowers.

p 3 Then wherefore, wherefore, were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night?

4 Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
pp And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?

5 Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
f To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth,

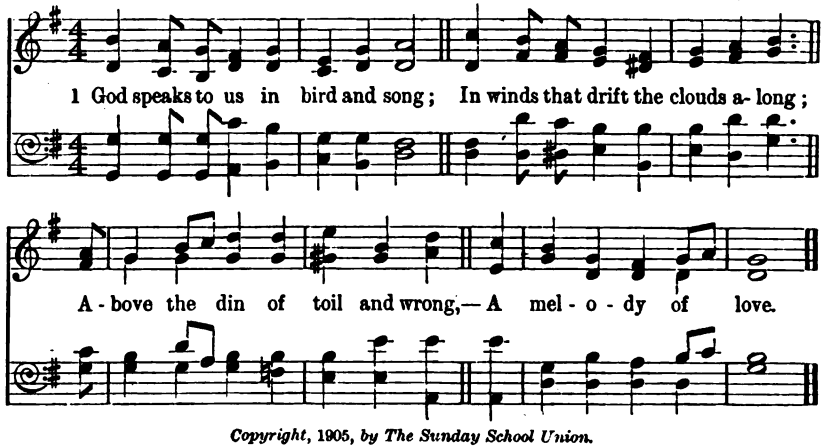
p 6 To whisper hope, to comfort man,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
f For He who careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for him.

Mary Howitt, 1837.

71

The voice of the Lord.—Psalm xxix. 3.

St. Ulrich. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.8.8.6. HERMANN VON MÜLLER, 1905.



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2.
God speaks to us in far and near;
p In peace of home and friends most dear;
From the dim past, and present clear,
A melody of love.

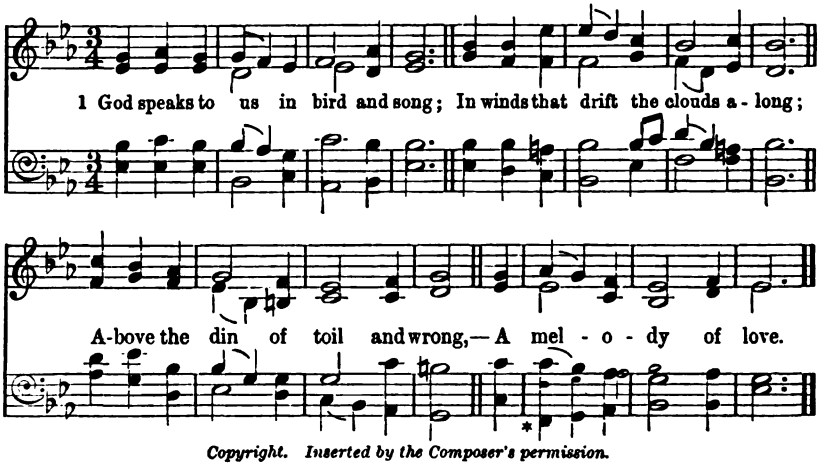
3.
pp God speaks to us in darkest night;
By quiet ways through mornings bright,
When shadows fall with evening light,
A melody of love.

4.
God speaks to us in every land,
On wave-lapp'd shore and silent strand;
By kiss of child, and touch of hand,
A melody of love.

5.
O voice Divine, speak Thou to me!
Beyond the earth, beyond the sea;
cr. First let me hear, then sing to Thee
A melody of love.

Joseph Johnson, 1890.

Trust. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.8.8.6. G. W. TORRANCE, Mus. Doc., *circa* 1864.



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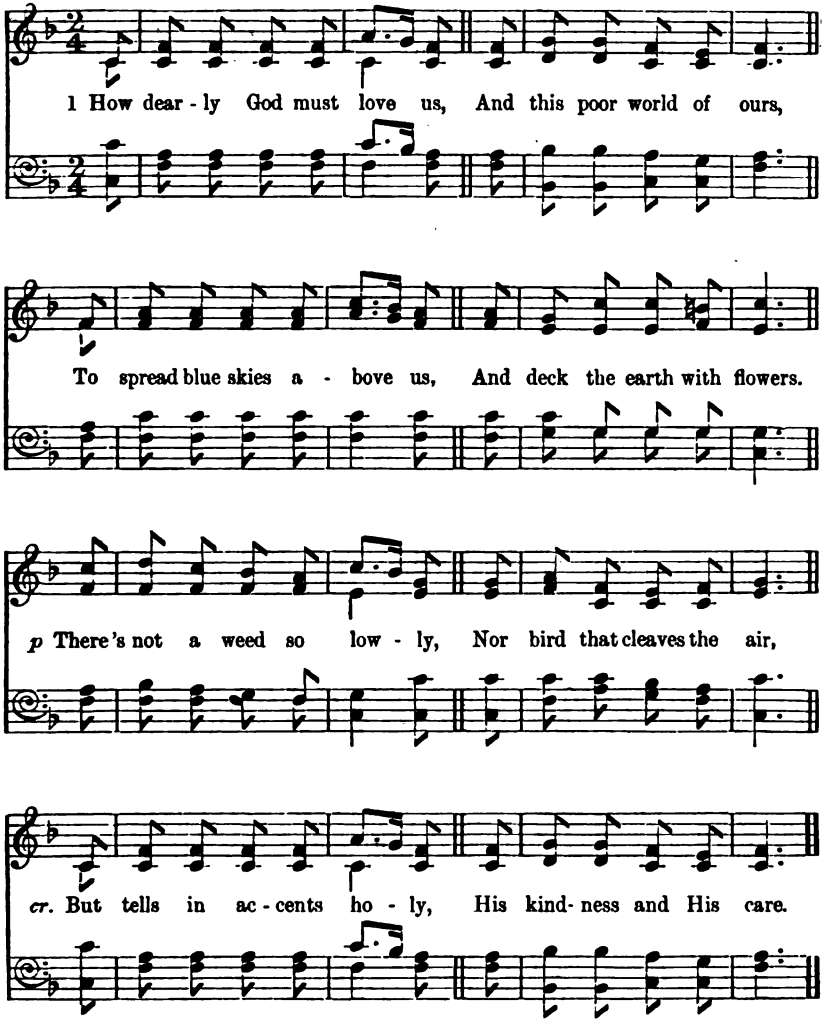
* The small notes to be sung by the Bass, *ad lib.*

72 *When I consider Thy heavens.*—Psalm viii. 3.

Westridge. 7.6., 8 lines. Geo. F. Root, 1820-1895.



2 He bids the sun to warm us,
And light the path we tread;
p At night, lest aught should harm us,
He guards our welcome bed.
f He gives our needful clothing,
And sends our daily food;
cr. His love denies us nothing
His wisdom deemeth good.

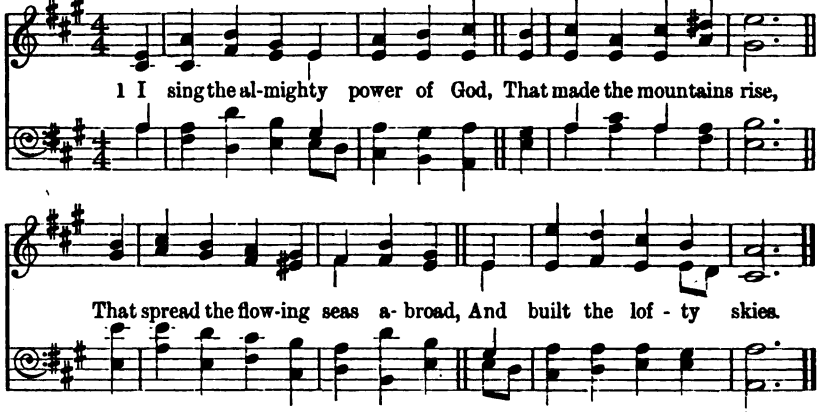
3 The Bible, too, He sends us,
That tells how Jesus came,
Whose word can save and cleanse us
From guilt and sin and shame.
cr. O may God's mercies move us
To serve Him with our powers;
For oh, how He must love us,
And this poor world of ours!

S. W. Partridge, 1840.

73

The heavens declare the glory of God.—Psalm xix. 1.

St. Magnus. C.M. JEREMIAH CLARK, 1670-1707.



2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
p The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
cr. He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

p 4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
cr. And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

5 Creatures as num'rous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
p There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

cr. 6 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He guides me with His eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

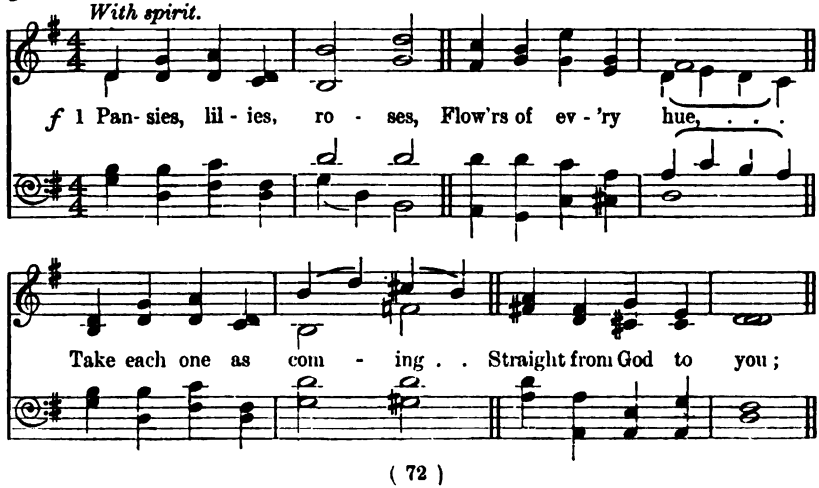
Isaac Watts, 1715.

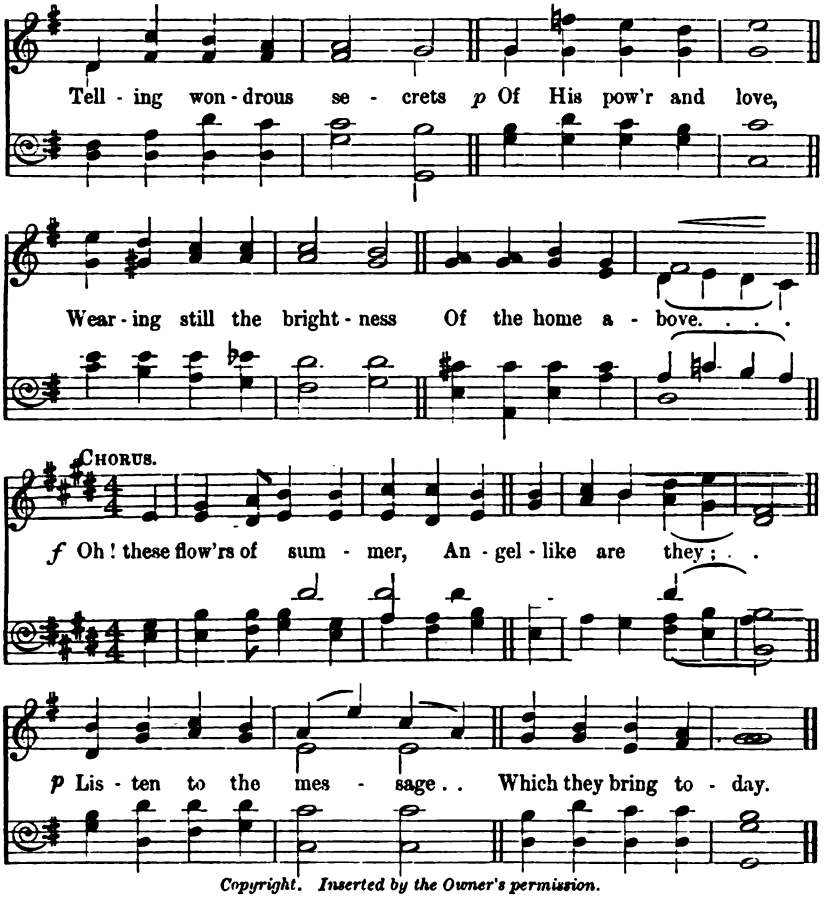
74

The flowers appear on the earth.—Cant. ii. 12.

Forward. 6.5., 12 lines. C. E. KEITLE, 1896.

With spirit.





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2 Just as earth's creation
Showed the might of God,
cr. So does ev'ry flow'ret
Springing from the sod.
He who guides the star-world,
Curbs the ocean's power,
With the same hand painteth
Ev'ry leaf and flower.
Oh! these flow'rs, etc.

p 3 Touch these sweet flow'rs gently,
So divinely dressed,
They are, in earth's language,
Thoughts of God expressed,
Thoughts of heav'nly glory,—
Sweetness, purity,—
cr. Must not He who framed them
Wholly lovely be?
Oh! these flow'rs, etc.

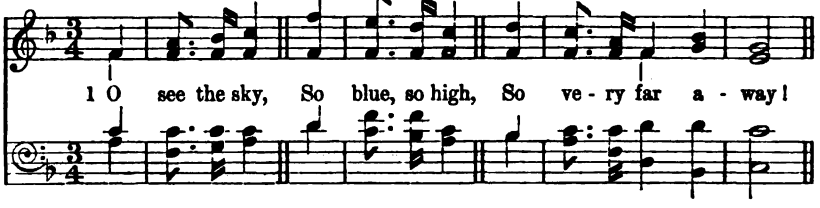
f 4 Praise Him then with singing,
Tell His love abroad;
Be the whole earth ringing
With the name of God.
Lakes and hills be telling,—
Sunset skies and flowers,
Something of the beauty
Of this God of ours.
Oh! these flow'rs, etc.

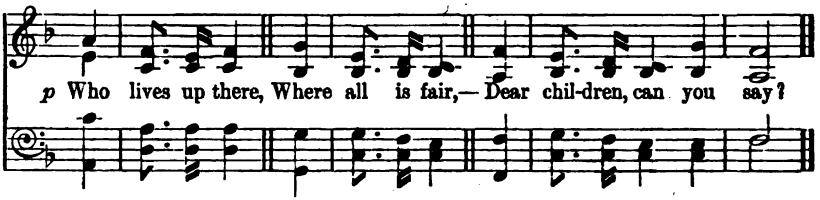
Caroline Griffiths, circa 1890.

75

And God made the firmament.—Gen. i. 7.

Woodlands. 4.4.6.4.4.6. MENDELSSOHN, 1809-1847.





f 2 The day begun,
Who makes the sun
Look forth with shining face?
p When day is done,
dim. Who takes the sun
So quickly from its place?

p 3 Who lights the star
That twinkles far,
Just like a loving eye?
dim. The moon so oft
That shineth soft
Who draws it through the sky?

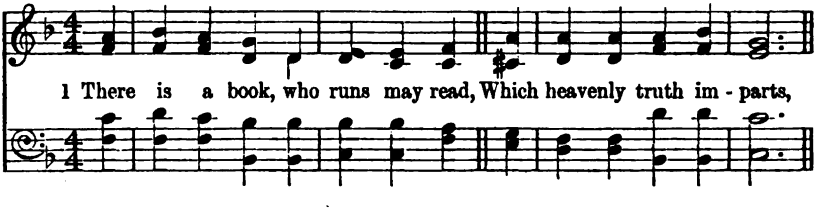
f 4 God lives up there
Where all is fair
And blue and high and bright;
So great, so kind,
None can we find:
He gives us day and night.

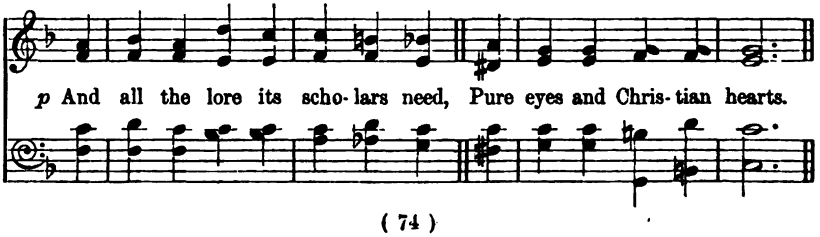
D. Middlemass, circa 1890.

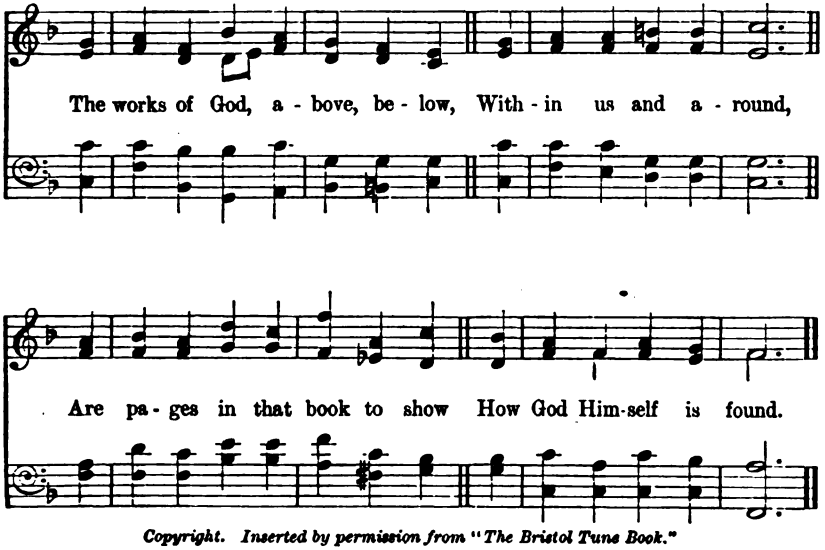
76

The invisible things of Him . . . are clearly seen, . . . by the things that are made.—Rom. i. 20.

Blenden. C.M. D. C. E. KETTLE, 1876.







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2 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.
p The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
cr. It steals in silence down;
But, where it lights, the favoured place,
By richest fruits is known.

f 3 One name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.
The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
p But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

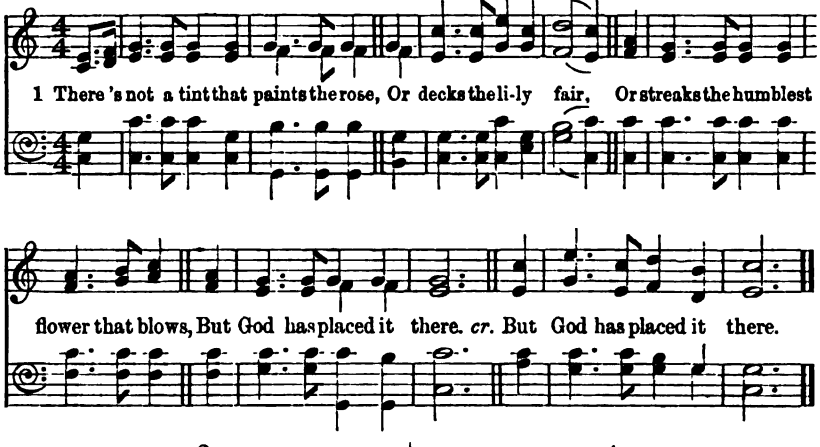
dim. 4 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.
Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
cr. Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

J. Keble, 1827.

77

Consider the wondrous works of God.—Job xxxvii. 14.

Wallace. C.M. Anon., *circa* 1840.



2.

There 's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
cr. Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

3.

p There 's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But God has given it birth.

4.

There 's not a place on earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
cr. For God is everywhere.

5.

f Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There He displays His boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

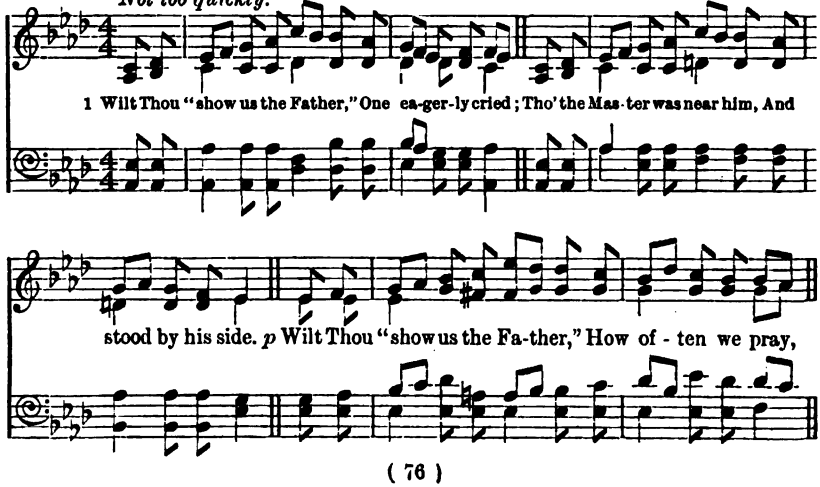
J. C. Wallace, 1793-1841.

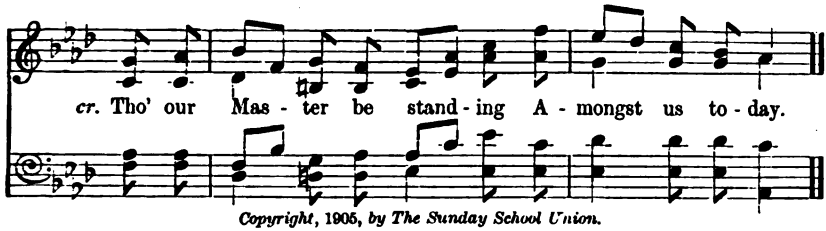
78

Show us the Father.—John xiv. 8.

Philip. [FIRST TUNE.] P.M. W. G. HANCOCK, 1905.

Not too quickly.





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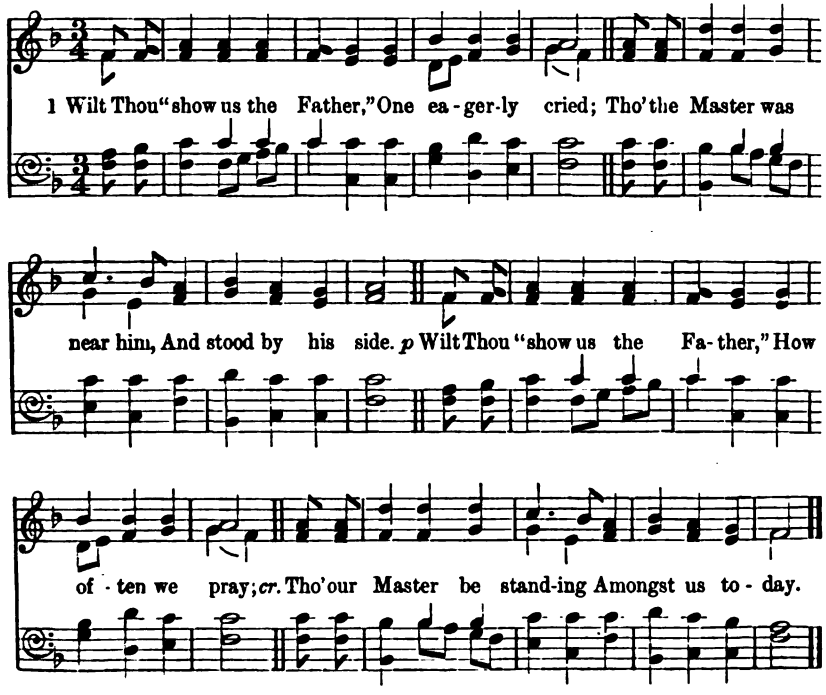
2 There's a blush of the orchard,
Which blossoms in May,
p That will touch the fair dimples
Of baby at play.
cr. And he knoweth the Father
Who Godhead can see
In the cheek of the nursling
And bloom of the tree.

3 In the heart where God's image
Hath ceased not to shine—
cr. In that heart there is heaven,
And love most divine!
The affection He hallows
The beautiful thought,
Are a part of God's nature
Our spirits have caught.

f 4 But the love of the Father
We see in the Son—
In the Fairest, the Highest,
p The Holiest One;
cr. Who hath lifted the children
From lowliest place,
To behold, in His kingdom,
The light of His face.

W. H. Parker, 1905.

Ems. [SECOND TUNE.] P.M. T. H. SCHROEDER, 1704.

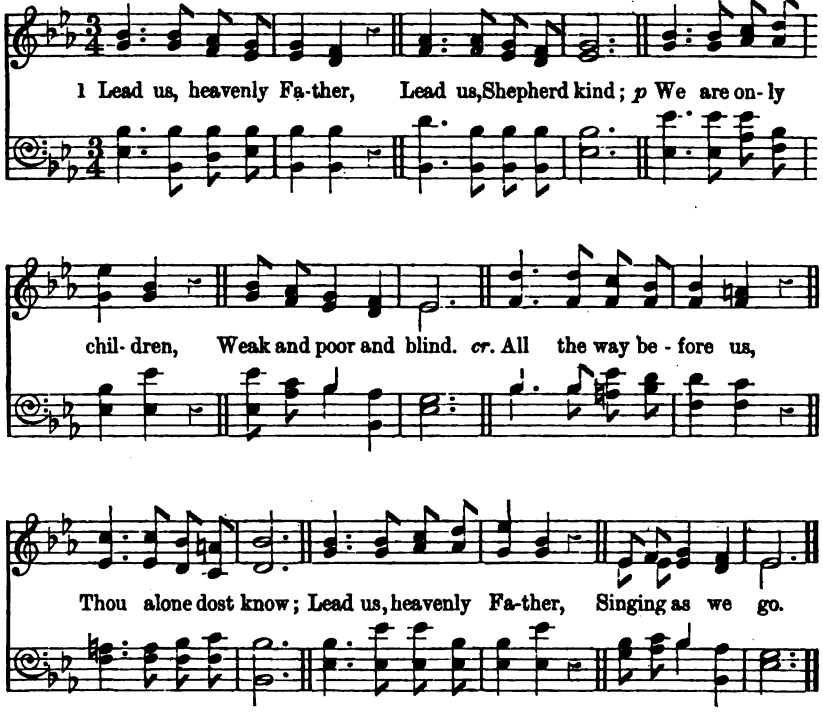


3. Our Father's Guiding Hand.

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

79 *He leadeth me.*—Psalm xxiii. 2.

Franconia. 6.5., 8 lines. Attributed to THOS. HASTINGS, Mus. Doc., 1784-1872.



f 2 Lead us, heavenly Father,
In our opening way;
Lead us in the morning
Of our little day;
cr. While our hearts are happy,
While our souls are free,
May we give our childhood
As a song to Thee.

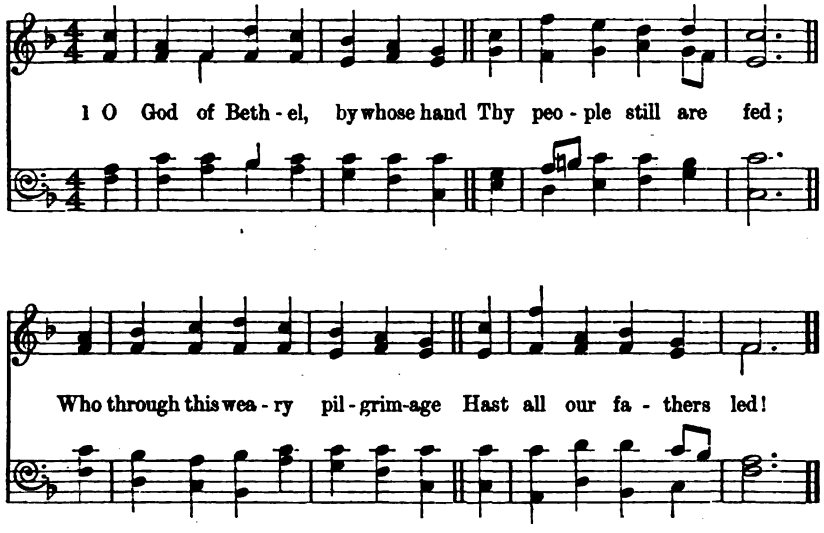
p 3 Lead us, heavenly Father,
As the way grows long;
f Be our strong salvation,
Be our joyous song.
Gladdened by Thy mercies,
p Chastened by Thy rod,
May we walk through all things
Humbly with our God.

4 Lead us, heavenly Father,
By Thy voices clear—
Through Thy prophets holy,
Through Thy Son so dear,—
Him who took the children
In His arms of love:
cr. May we all be gathered
In His home above.

Brooke Herford, 1875.

80 *The Lord is in the place.*—Gen. xxviii. 15.

Bedford. C.M. W. Wheall, Mus. Bac., 1699.



2.

Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
cr. God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4.

O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
dim. And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5.

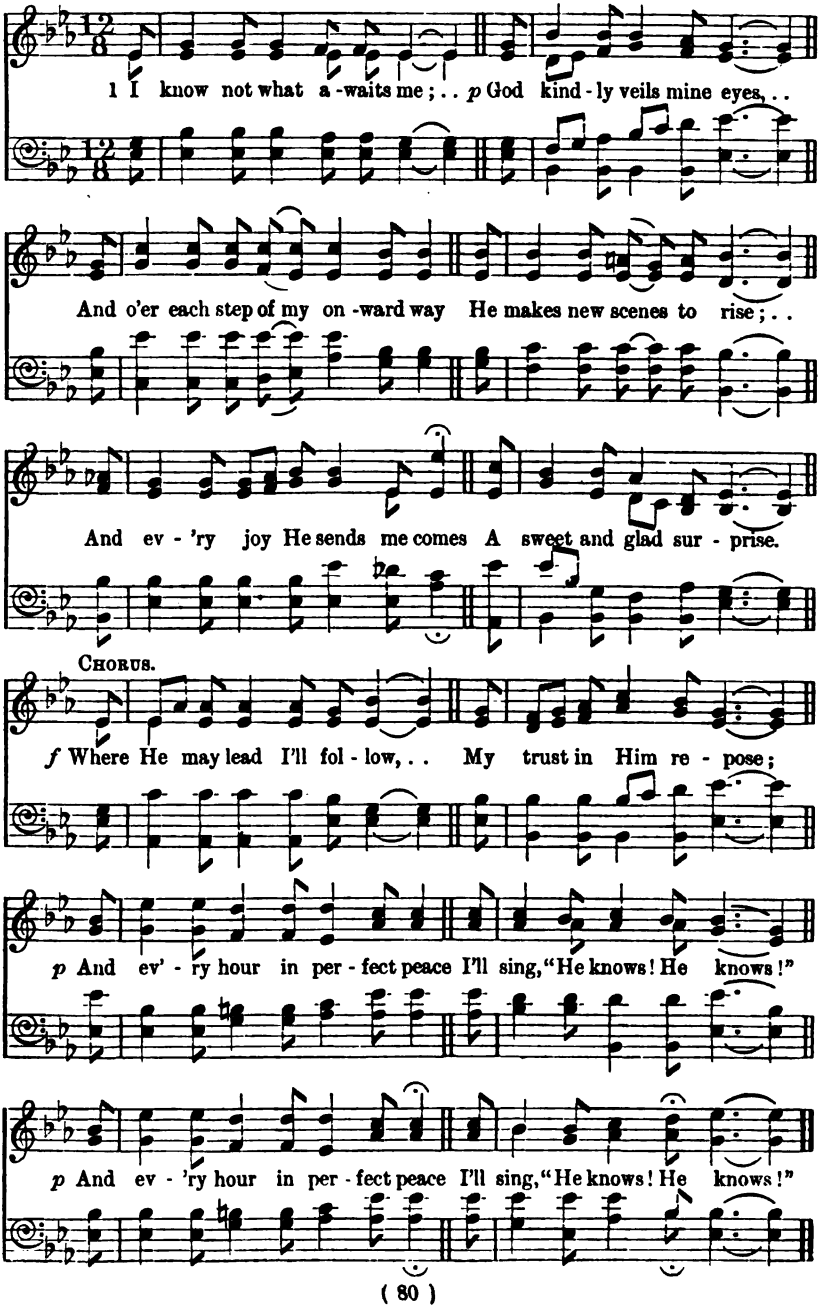
cr. Such blessings from Thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And Portion evermore.

P. Doddridge, 1736, *and J. Logan*, 1781

81

He knoweth the way that I take.—Job xxiii. 10.

He knows. P.M. P. P. Bliss, 1876.



2 One step I see before me;
'Tis all I need to see: [shines,
f The light of heav'n more brightly
When earth's illusions flee;
p And sweetly through the silence comes
His loving "Follow Me."
Where He may lead, etc.

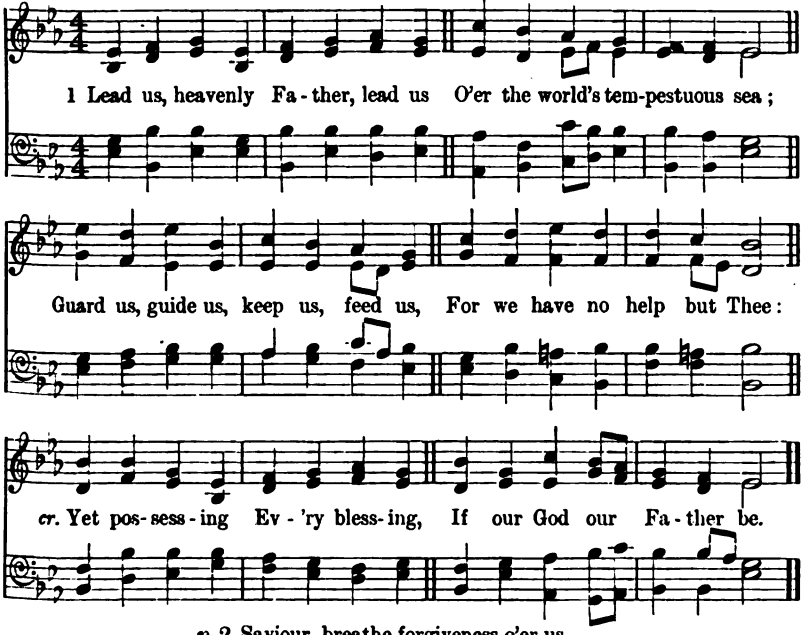
3 Oh, blissful lack of wisdom!
'Tis blessed not to know: [hand,
He holds me with His own right
And will not let me go;
dim. And lulls my troubled soul to rest
In Him who loves me so.
Where He may lead, etc.

cr. 4 So on I go—not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I'd rather walk in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light;
I'd rather walk by faith with Him,
Than go alone by sight.
Where He may lead, etc.

Mary G. Brainerd, circa 1870.

82 *The Comforter will guide you.*—John xvi. 7, 13.

St. Werburgh. 8.7.8.7.4.7. S. Webbe, 1740-1816.



p 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe:
dim. Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

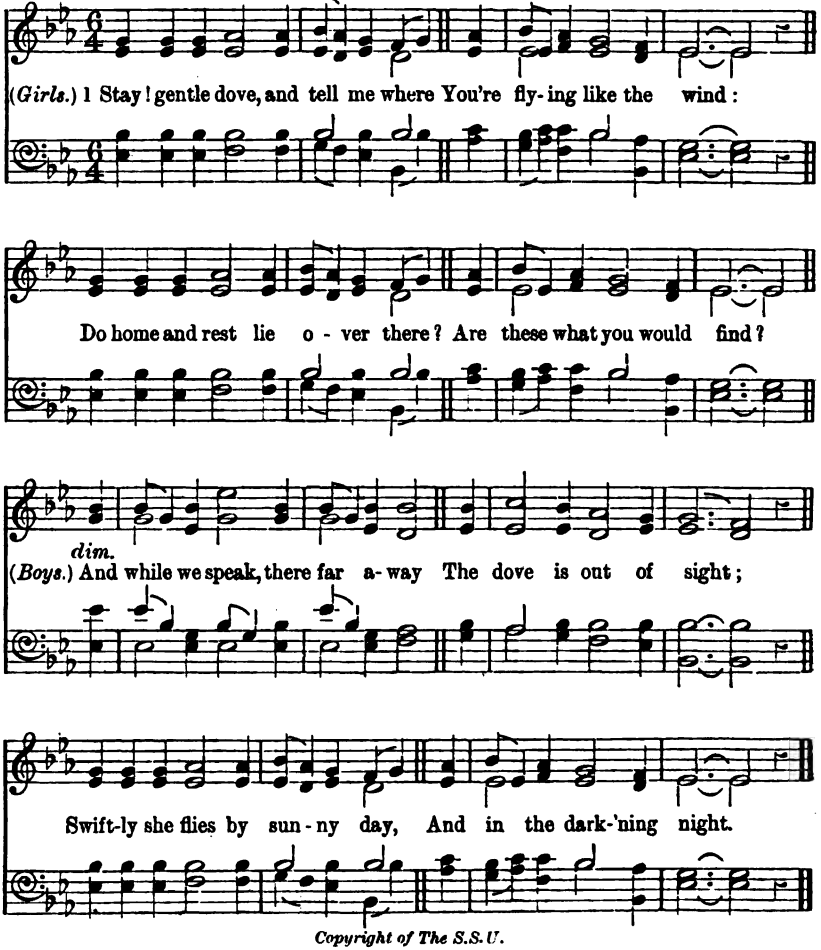
3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
cr. Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

James Edmeston, 1821.

83

He will be our Guide.—Psalm xlviii. 14.

Prospect. C.M. D. Anon. (16th Century).



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(Girls.)

p 2 No road has she, no guiding hand;
The path is all unknown:
How can she cross this foreign land,
A stranger and alone?

(Boys.)

cr. She has a friend we cannot see,
A guide she does not know;
The God who made her: it is He
Shows her the way to go.

(*All.*)

3 The God who guides the homing dove
And brings her to her nest,
dim. 'Tis He has promised in His love,
To lead me to my rest.
p My home is far, and out of sight;
No one can take me there:
f But I am travelling day and night,
In God Almighty's care.

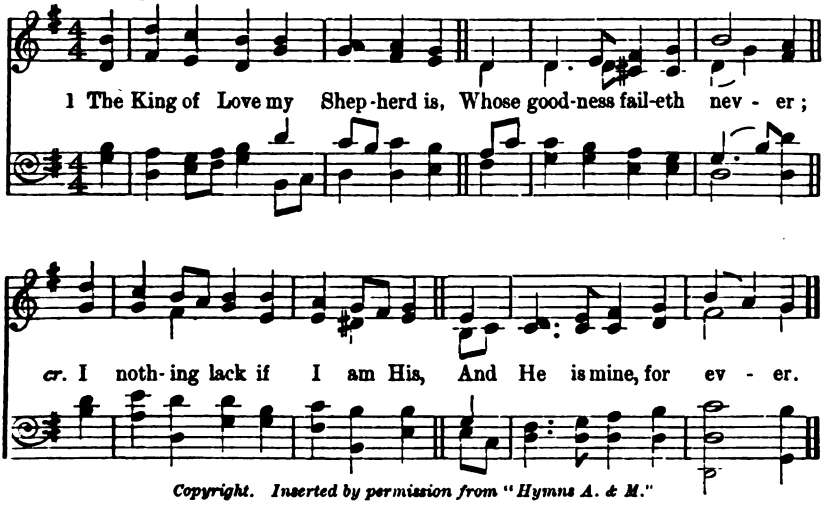
f 4 Like her, on wings of Faith and Hope,
I rise toward the light;
Then He directs my doubtful road,
And shows me which is right.
p I do not know, I cannot tell,
How long the road may be;
cr. But I am sure He'll guide me well,
Till that blest home I see.

Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, K.C.B., 1905.

84

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.—Isa. xl. 11.

Dominus regit me. 8.7.8.7. Iambic. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1868.



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2.
Where streams of living waters flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3.
p Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
cr. And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4.
p In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
cr. Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

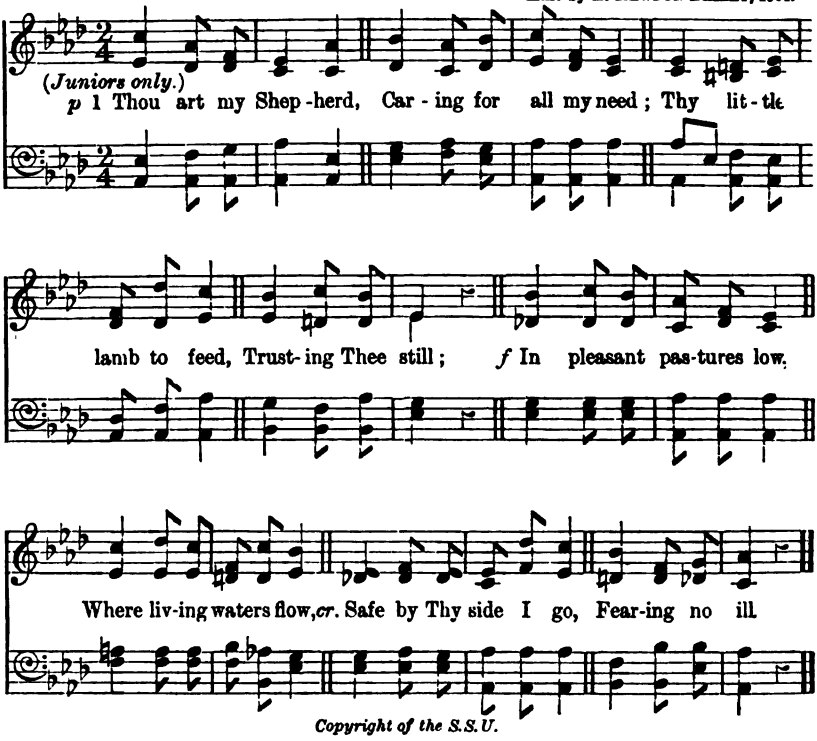
5.
And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
f Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise,
Within Thy house for ever!

Sir H. W. Baker, 1868.

85 Still Waters.

The Lord is my Shepherd.—Psalm xxiii. 1.

P.M. Thuringian Volkslied.
Har. by E. RAWDON BAILEY, 1904.



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(*All.*)

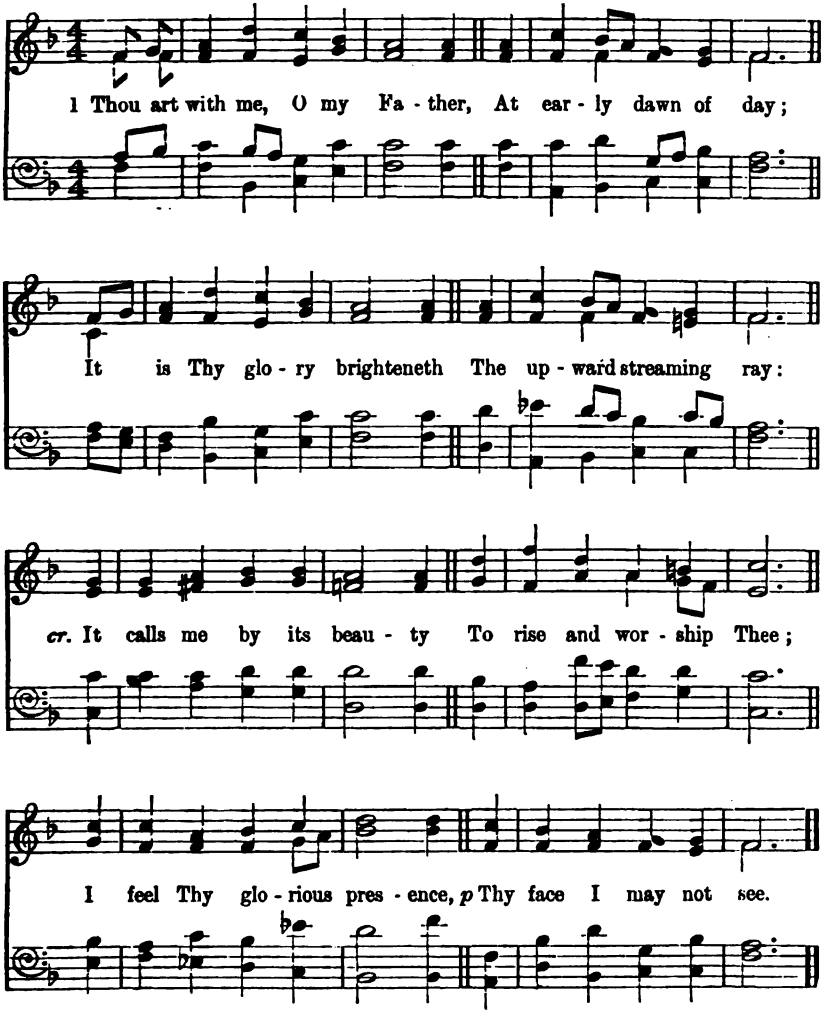
pp 2 Or if my way lie
Where death-shade lurking nigh,
My soul would terrify
With sudden chill:
cr. Yet I am not afraid,
While softly on my head
Thy tender hand is laid
I fear no ill.

mf 3 Goodness and mercy
Ever shall follow me,
cr. Till by Thy grace I see
Thy holy hill;
Lord, in that Home with Thee,
Joyful eternally,
Folded Thy flock shall be,
Safe from all ill.

M. E. Thalheimer, circa 1880, *and M. Scott-Haycraft* 1904.

86 *I am still with Thee.*—Psalm cxxxix. 18.

Munich. 8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. German, 1693.



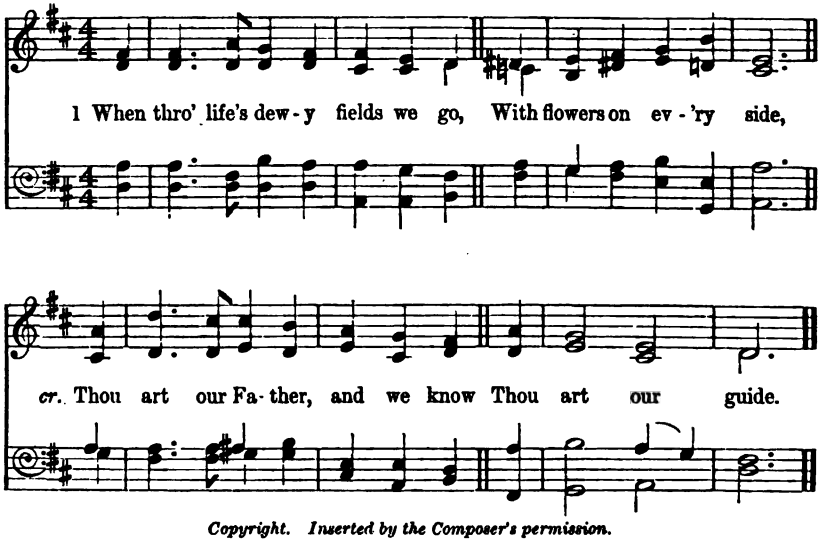
2 Thou art with me, O my Father,
In changing scenes of life,
p In loneliness of spirit,
In weariness of strife;
My sufferings and my comforts
Alternate at Thy will;
cr. I trust Thee, O my Father,
I trust Thee, and am still.

p 3 Thou art with me, O my Father,
In evening's darkening gloom;
dim. In night, when earth is sleeping,
Thy presence fills my room:
cr. The stars shine forth Thy message
Of kindness from above;
I love Thee, O my Father,
And feel that Thou art love.

Jane E. Saxby, 1849.

87 *He leadeth me.*—Psalm xxiii. 2.

Wreford. 8.6.8.4. E. S. Carter, 1874.



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2.

p When some rough, thorny road we climb,
And hope has gone away,
cr. Yet Thou art with us all the time,
By night and day.

3.

When friends are near, when love burns bright,
And no dark shadows fall,
cr. Then art Thou present in the light
That gladdens all.

4.

And when we try to do Thy will
With self and sin at strife,
p Lord, in that fight with deadly ill,
Be Thou our life!

5.

dim. When sorrow bids us stand apart,
And death is at the door,
cr. Then draw us yet more near Thy heart,
For evermore!

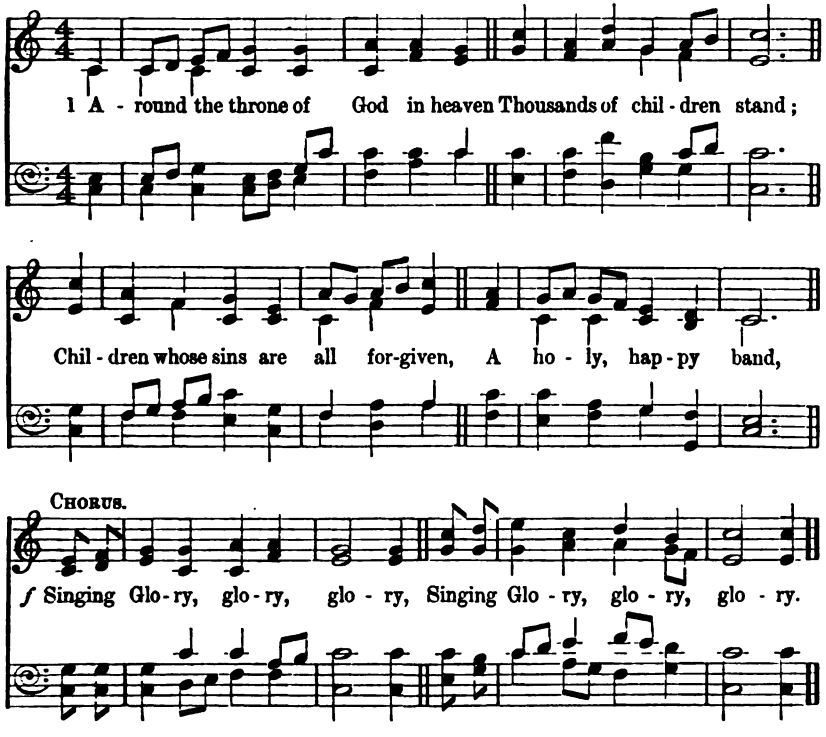
Annie Matheson, 1882

II. "Which art in heaven."

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

88 *Clothed with white robes.*—Rev. vii. 9.

Glory. C.M. and Chorus. Anon., *circa* 1840.



p 2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
How came those children there,
Singing Glory, glory, glory?

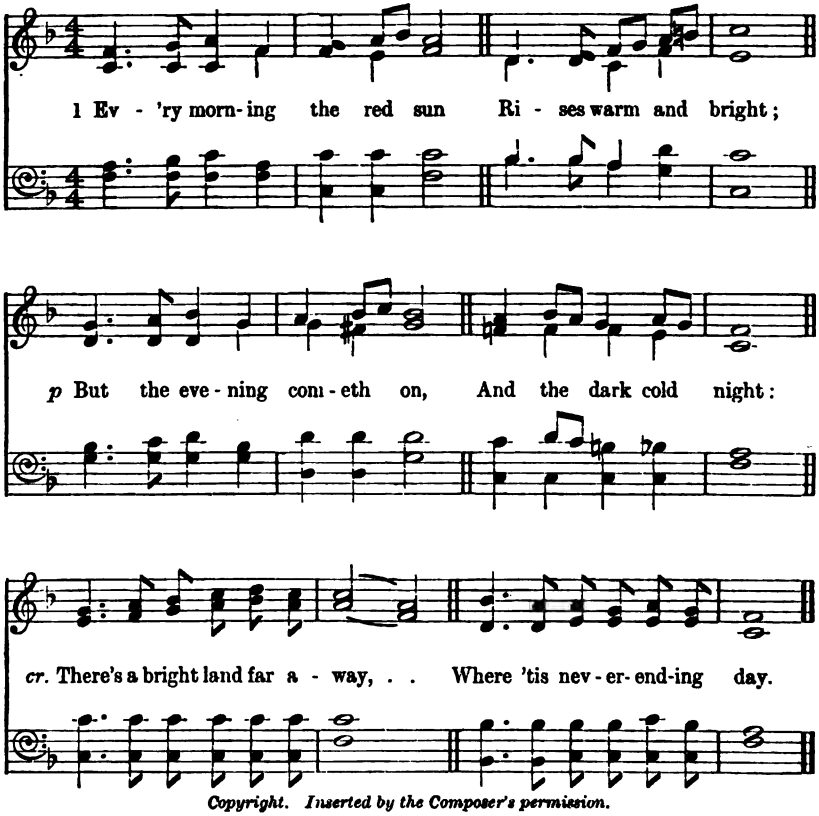
f 3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin,
Bathed in that precious, purple flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing Glory, glory, glory.

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
f So now they see His blessèd face
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing Glory, glory, glory.

Anne Shepherd, 1837.

89 *Thy sun shall no more go down.*—Isa. lx. 19.

Silksworth. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.5.7.5.7.7. CHARLES VINCENT, 1876.



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2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
p Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away:
cr. There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

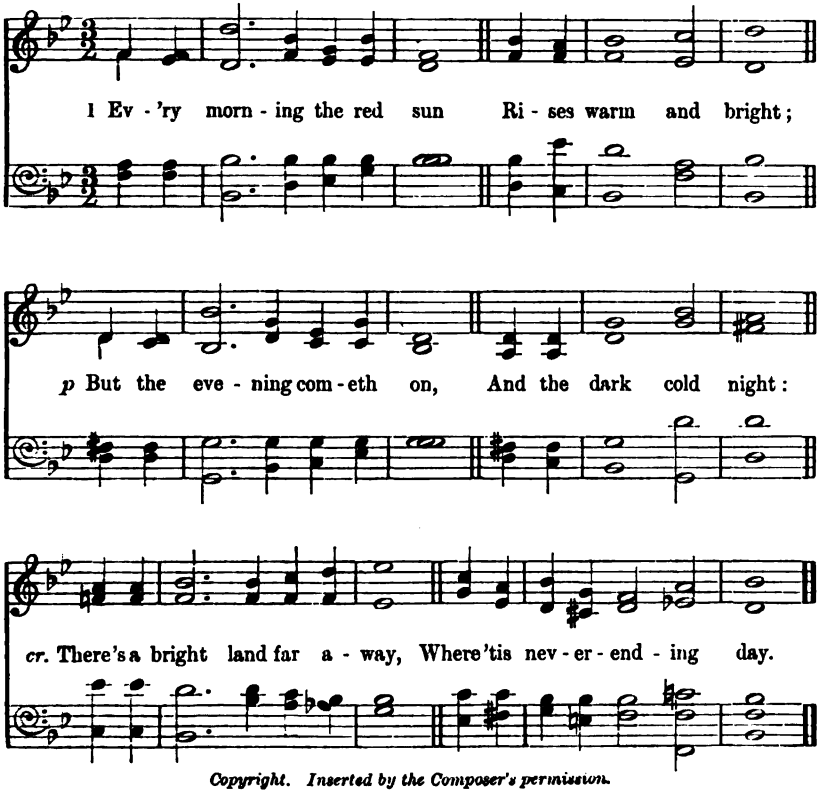
3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long;
p But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song.
cr. There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

f 4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him;
p But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim:
cr. There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

p 5 Who shall go to that fair land?
f All who love the right;
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white:
cr. For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

C. Frances Alexander, 1848.

St. Silas. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.5.7.5.7.7. EDWIN MOSS, 1875.



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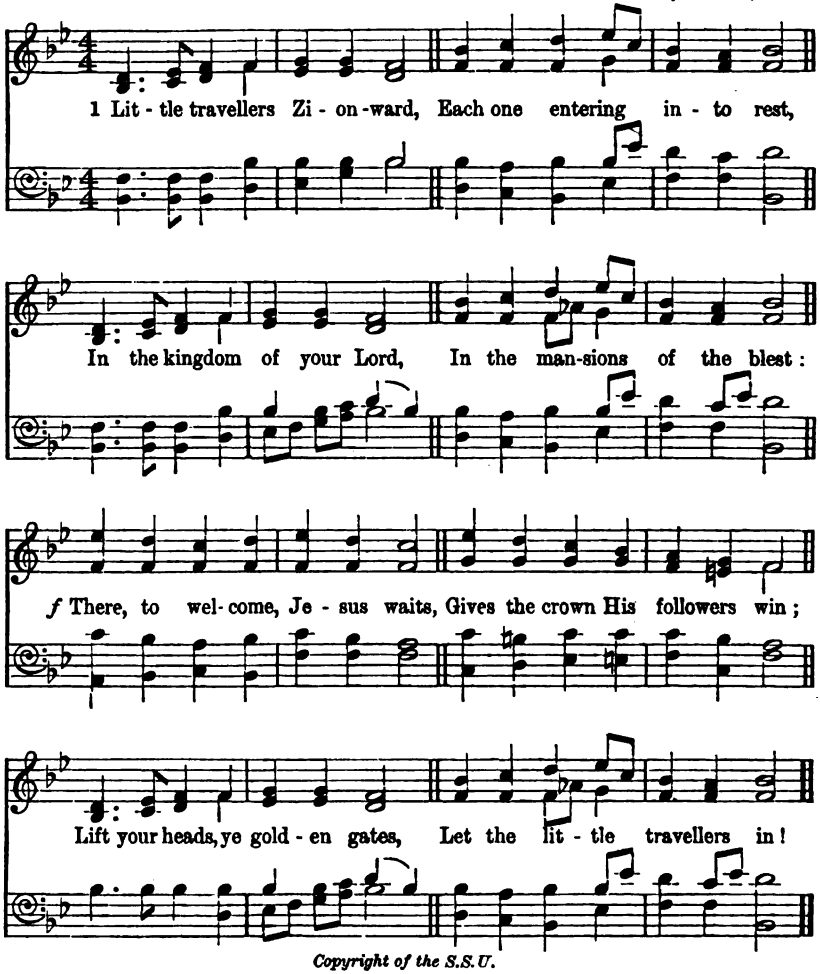
90 *A rest for the people of God.*—Heb. iv. 9.

Lausanne. 7's., 8 lines. Anon. Har. by E. R. B., 1905.



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p 2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached the heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
cr. "I from Greenland's frozen land,"
"I from India's sultry plain,"
"I from Afric's barren sand,"
"I from islands of the main."

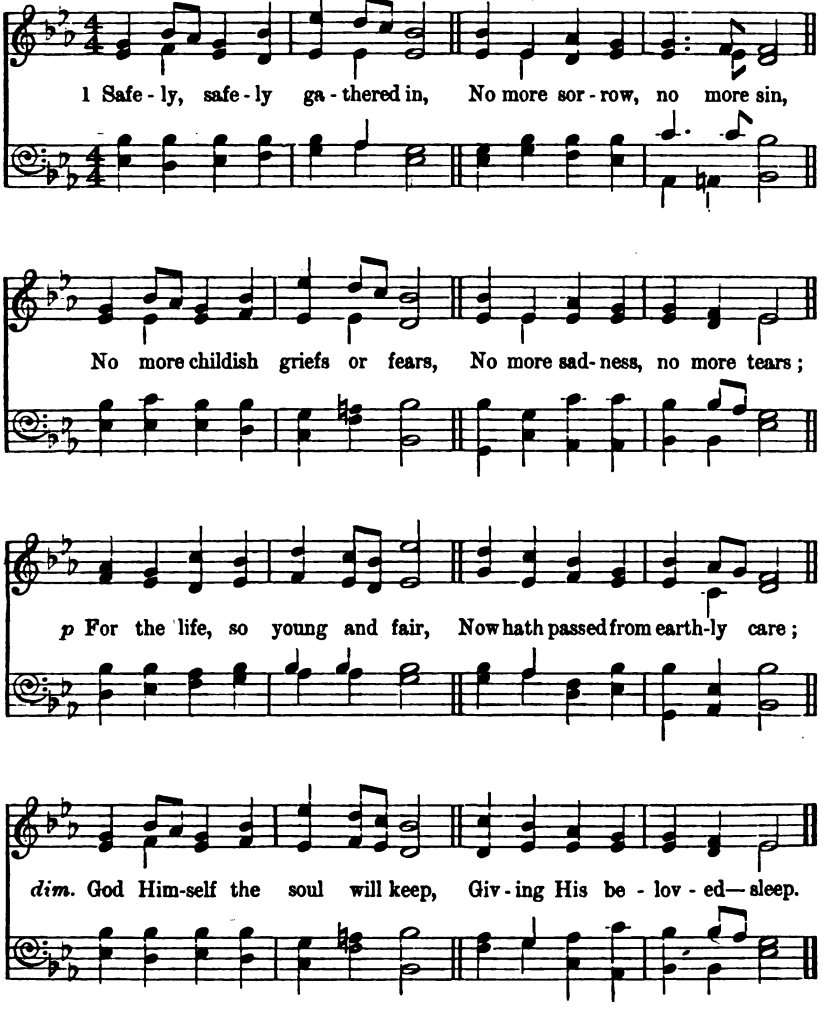
3 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky."
Each the welcome "Come!" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin;
ff Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

Jas. Edmeston, 1846.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Syria," No. 575.

91 *God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.*—Rev. xxi. 4.

Lichfield. 7's., 8 lines. R. W. Beaty, 1830.
Attributed also to John Richardson.



f 2 Safely, safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
Passed beyond all grief and pain,
Death, for thee, is truest gain;
cr. For our loss we must not weep,
Nor our loved one long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

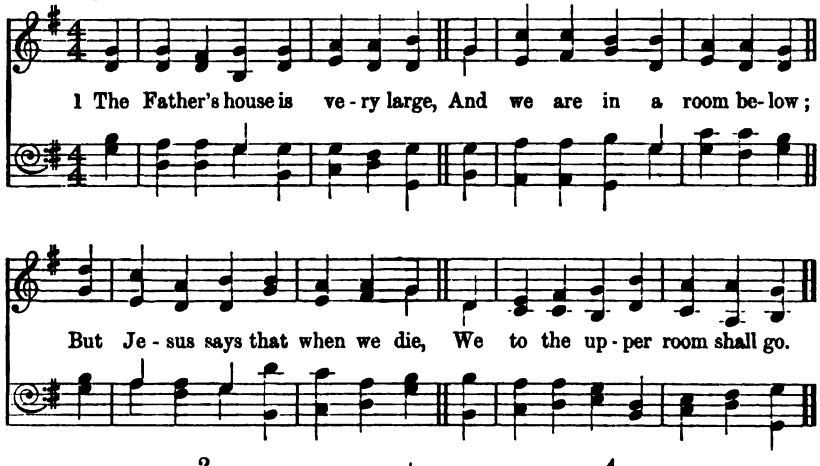
3 Safely, safely gathered in,
No more sorrow, no more sin;
cr. God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this young fresh life,
Which awaits us now above,
Resting in the Saviour's love,
f Jesu, grant that we may meet
There, adoring at Thy feet.

Henrietta O. Dobree, 1881.

92

In my Father's house are many mansions.—John xiv. 2.

Tallis' Canon. L.M. THOMAS TALLIS, 1520-1585.



2.

p Dark is the passage through the grave,
cr. But Jesus went before us there;
That He, in some bright upper room,
A place for children might prepare.

3.

He lived on earth a little child,
p He died upon the cruel tree:
He said, "I will not leave you long,
But where I am there you shall be."

4.

cr. We will not fear the passage dark,
But think of Him, our Saviour dear;
Yet if we do not love Him now,
How can these words be sweet to hear?

5.

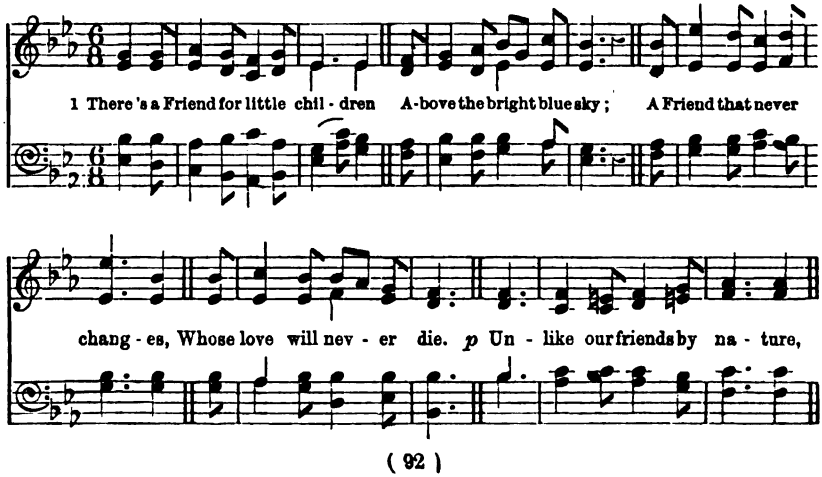
f Love but the Lord, and all is bright;
Love but the Lord, and earth is fair;
Love but the Lord, the Father's house
Is here, and there, and everywhere.

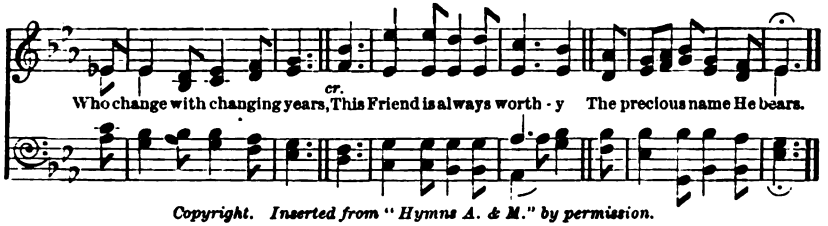
J. Gage Pigg, circa 1880.

93

A friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—Prov. xviii. 24.

In Memoriam. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. Sir JOHN STAINER, 1868.





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p 2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour,
And Abba Father, cry;
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free,
dim. Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

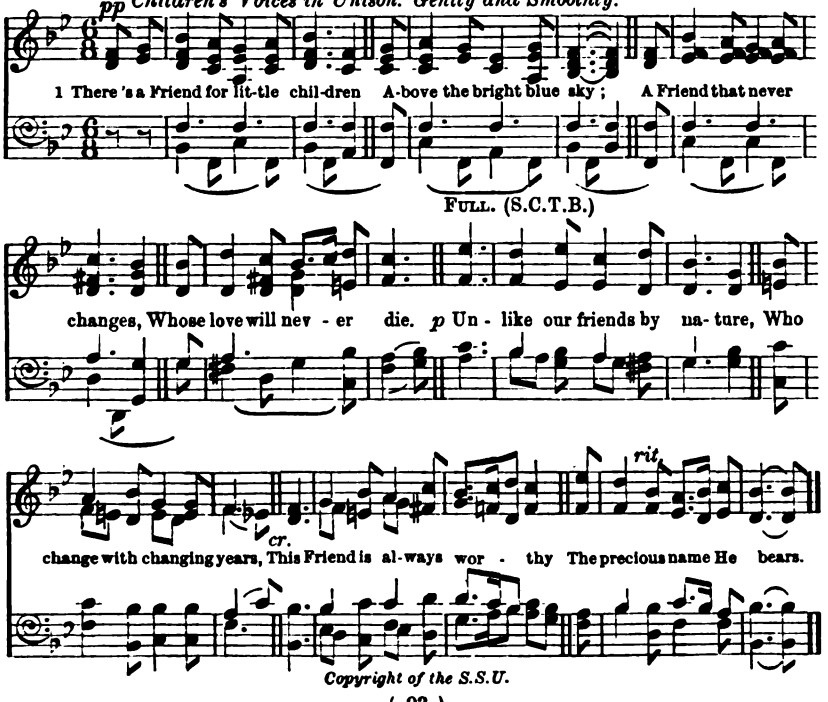
3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
f Where Jesus reigns in glory—
A home of peace and joy.
cr. No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier, there.

4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by and by:
f A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

5 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music
And palms of victory.
cr. All, all above is treasured
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

Albert Midlane, 1859.

Vectis. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. CAREY BONNER, 1904.



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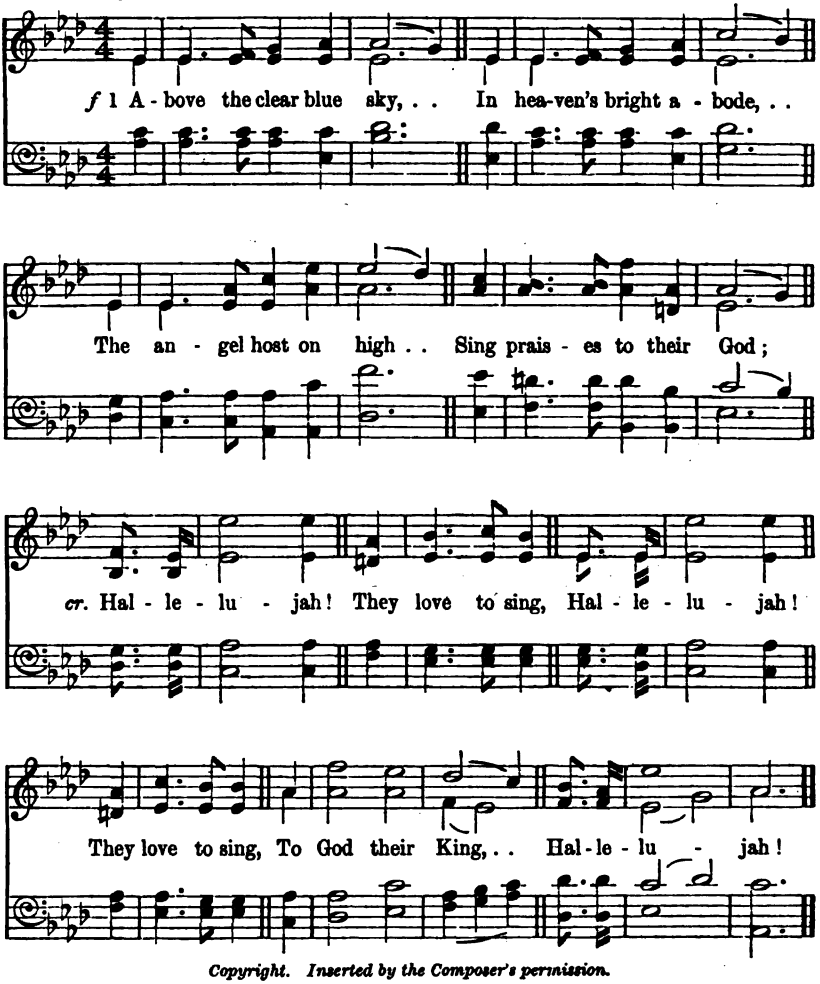
B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

94 *Bless the Lord, ye His angels.*—Psalm ciii. 20.

Cobham. [FIRST TUNE.] 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. W. H. HARPER, *circa* 1880.



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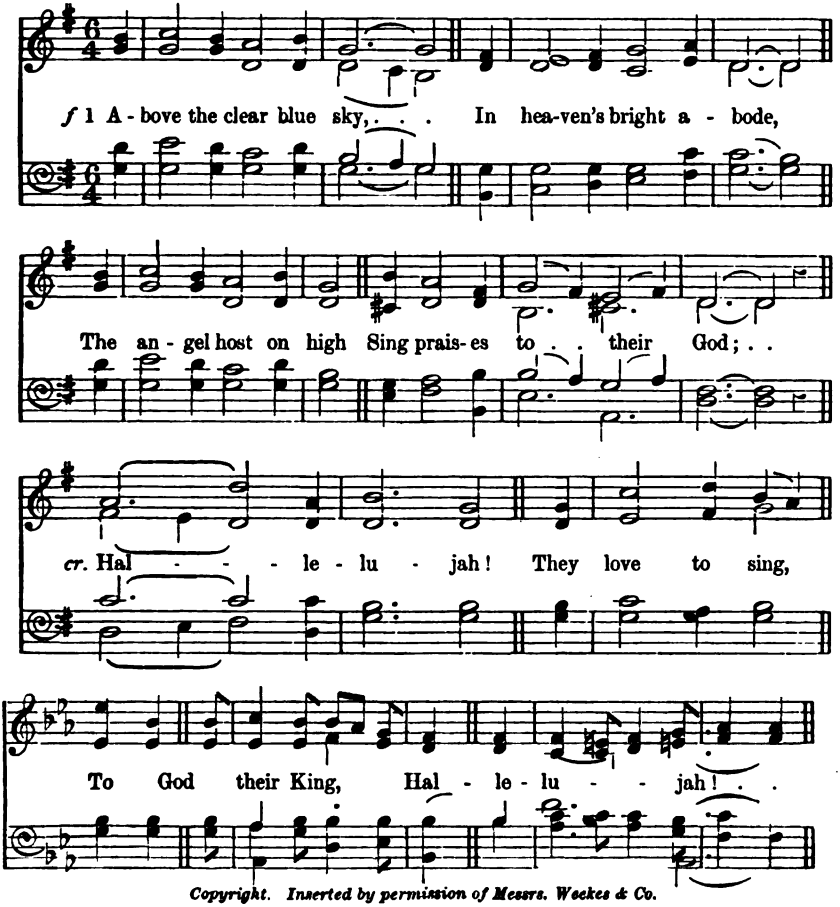
p 2 But God from youthful tongues,
On earth receiveth praise,
f We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise
cr. Hallelujah!
We too will sing
To God our King,
Hallelujah!

3 O blessed Lord, Thy truth
In love to us impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art;
cr. Hallelujah!
Then shall we sing
To God our King,
Hallelujah!

cr. 4 O may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around;
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound
Hallelujah!
All then shall sing
To God their King,
Hallelujah!

J. Chandler, 1841.

Children's Voices. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. Dr. E. J. HOPKINS, 1868.



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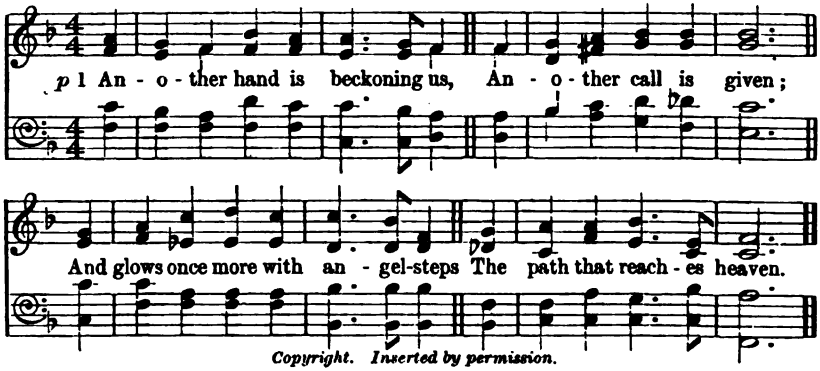
95 *The maid is not dead, but sleepeth.*—Matt. ix. 24.

Daleburst. C.M. A. COTTMAN, 1872.



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2 Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled;
cr. That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.

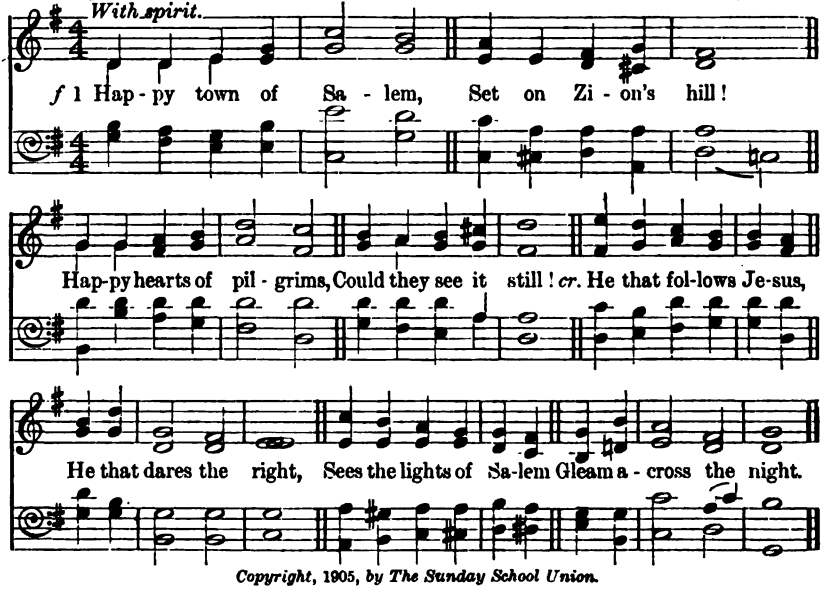
3 Fold her,* O Father! in Thine arms,
And let her* henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

p 4 Still let her* mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
cr. And her* dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

(* Or "him" or "his.") *J. G. Whittier*, 1845.

96 *The City of my God . . . New Jerusalem.*—Rev. iii. 12.

Rutherglen. 6.5., 8 lines. A. BRYCE, 1905.



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This may also be sung to tune "Vespers," No. 136.

2 Happy town of Salem,
With the jasper wall,
In its many mansions
There is room for all.
p "Come to Me," says Jesus,
"I will give you rest,"
cr. And the town of Salem
Gathers all the blest.

(*Juniors only.*)

3 Happy town of Salem!
cr. Happy little feet
Of the children playing
In the golden street!
"Let them come," says Jesus,
"And forbid them not!"
pp But the proud in Salem
Have no part nor lot.

(*All.*)

f 4 Happy town of Salem,
With its open gates!
Happy are the pilgrims
Whom a welcome waits!
In the name of Jesus
They an entrance claim,
And the guards of Salem
Answer "In His name."

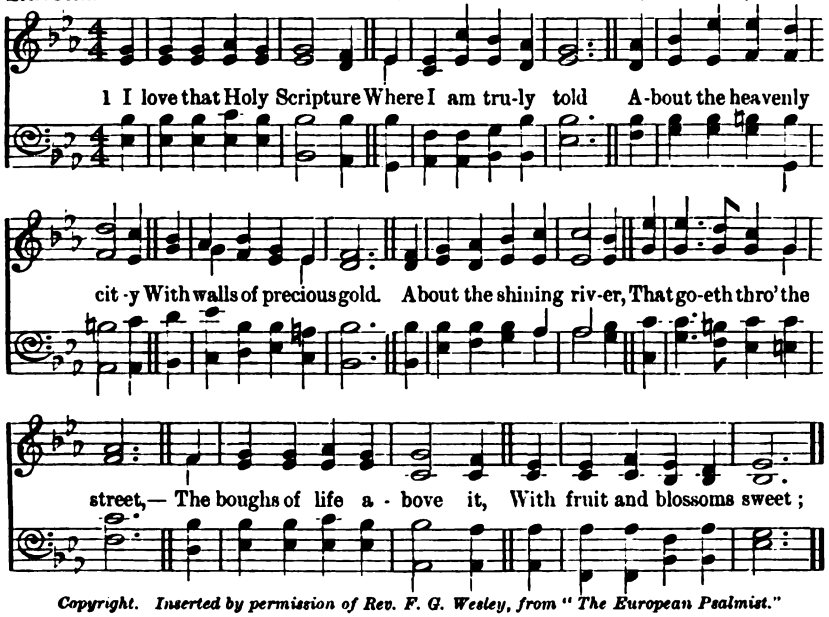
5 Happy town of Salem,
p Vision true of peace,
Seen above earth's strivings,
Steadfast when they cease!
cr. "Take thy cross," says Jesus,
And the narrow way
Brings the feet to Salem
At the break of day.

Louis F. Benson, D.D., 1897.

97

And the City was pure gold.—Rev. xxi. 18.

Aurelia. 7.6., 8 lines. S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1864.



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2 This world is sometimes happy,
With pleasant things I love;
cr. But it must be far better
To dwell in heaven above.
Not that the walls are golden,
The gates are always bright;
Not that the river poureth
Through every street its light.

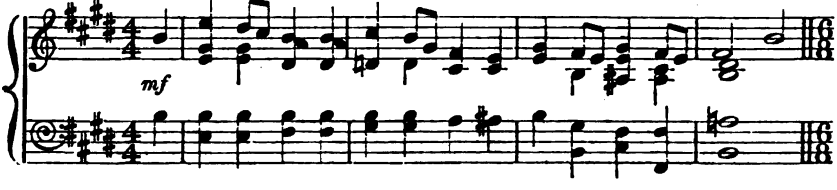
3 Not that a pleasant music
From golden harps is stirred,
And every sound is sweeter
Than ear hath ever heard.
f But there shall never enter
The dark, rude thoughts of sin,
dim. That here are always watching
To come the heart within.

4 And there we shall not find it
So very hard to be
Gentle and true and patient,
f For we the Lord shall see.
cr. And so we shall grow like Him,
All holy things to love;
Oh! it must be far better
To dwell in heaven above!

Helen Taylor, circa 1840.

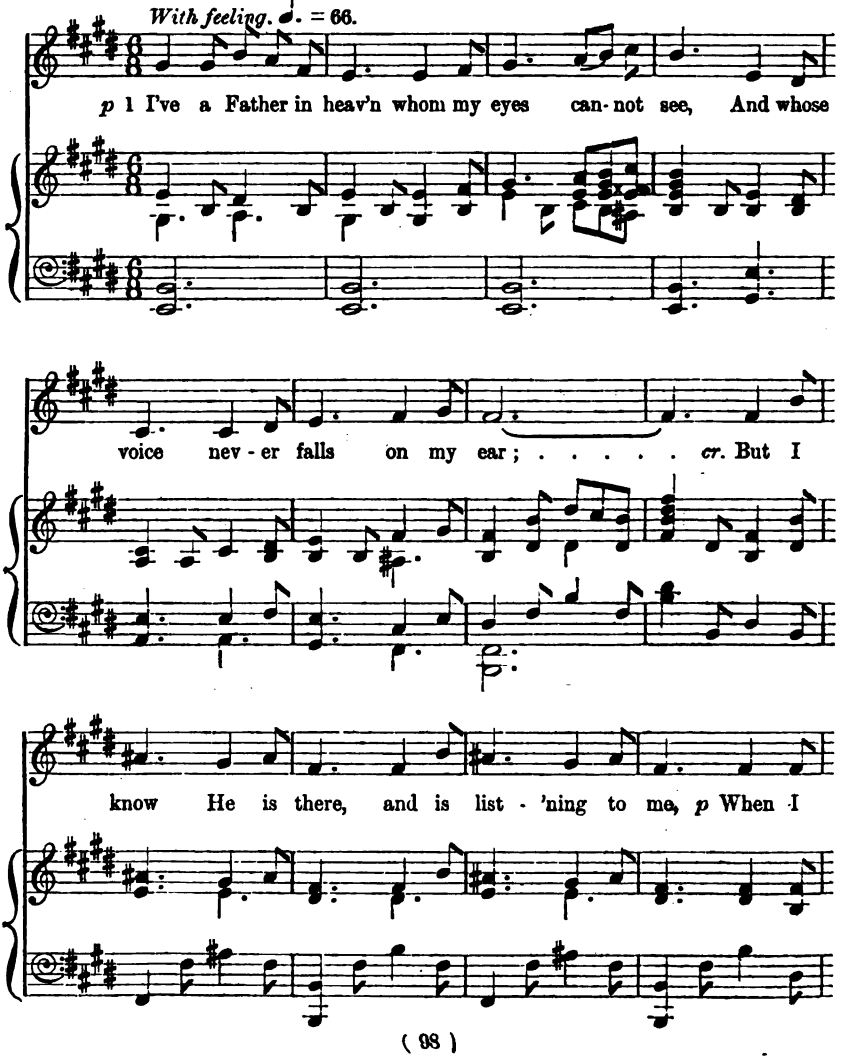
98 *Our Father in Heaven.*—Matt. vi. 9.

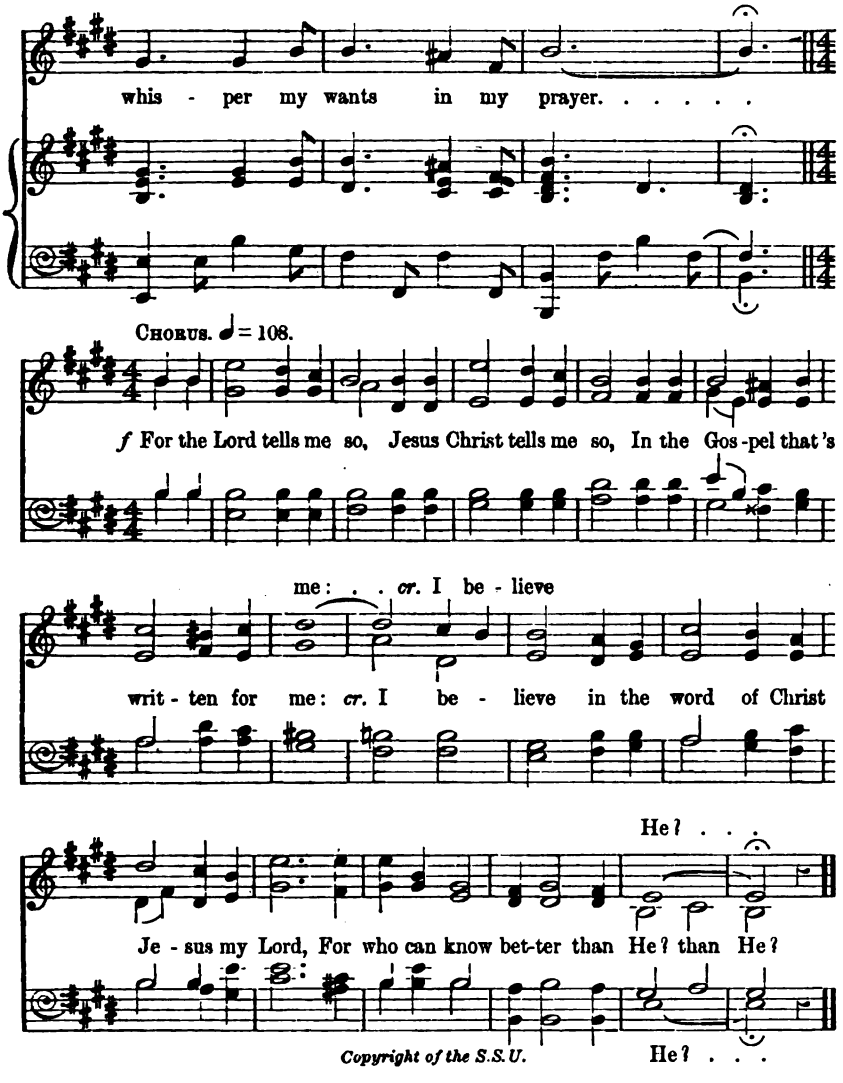
Barnaby. *Moderato.* ♩ = 108. P.M. THOMAS FACER, 1904.



SOLO (OR TREBLES IN UNISON).

With feeling. ♩. = 66.





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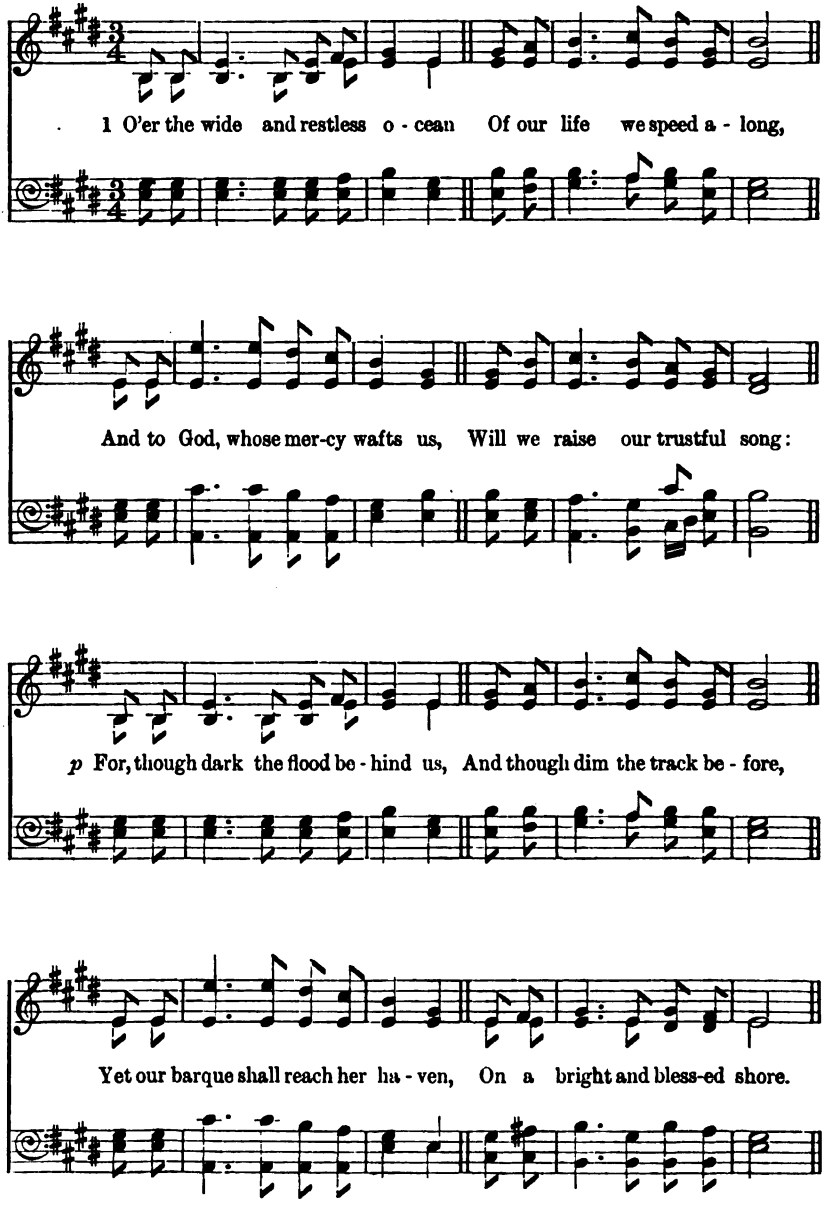
p 2 I've a Father in heaven who will always forgive,
When I turn from my folly and sin;
cr. Who will help me in love and obedience to live,
And the life everlasting to win.
For the Lord tells me so, etc.

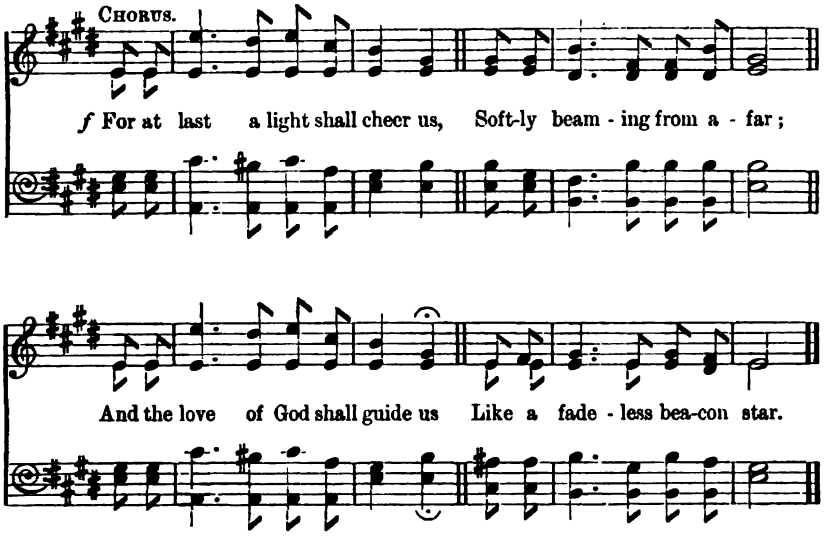
f 3 I've a Father in heaven who is mighty in power
Over all things that live or are dead;
cr. I will fear not, for He is my Fortress and Tower,
And His shield is held over my head.
For the Lord tells me so, etc.

Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, K.C.B., 1904.

99 *He bringeth them to their desired haven.*—Psalm cvii. 30.

Beacon Light. 8.7., 12 lines. G. F. Root, 1820-1895.





2 Never fear the angry surges
Beating o'er the reefs of sin;
But obey the voice of duty,
Keep alert the watch within.
cr. And still bravely steer right onwards,
Though the tempest sweep the sea,
Like the Christ, who rode in safety
Through the storm on Galilee.
For at last, etc.

3 To the call to keep our courses
True to nobleness and worth,
f Let our hearts be all as constant
As the needle to the north.
p And whate'er the fears and dangers,
That may cloud our changeful day,
cr. To the firm of heart and fearless,
Shall no peril bring dismay.
For at last, etc.

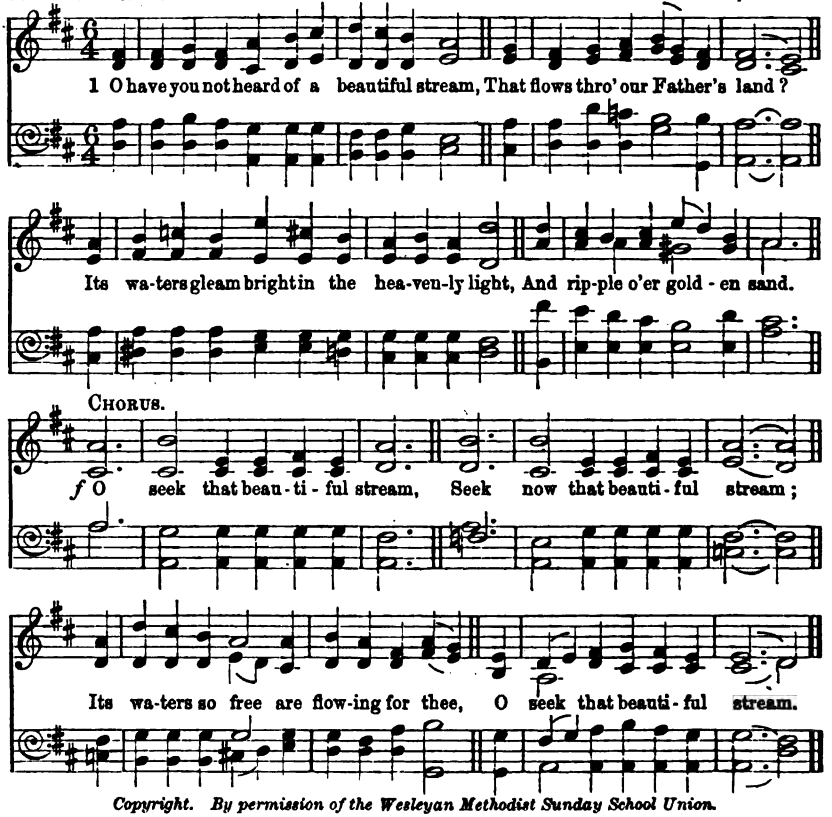
4 For our home is o'er the waters,
On a fair but distant strand;
And the Saviour is the pilot,
Who shall bring us safe to land,
f Where the waves shall break in music,
And the rough wind blow no more,
And a blissful welcome wait us
From the loved ones gone before.
For at last, etc.

A. N. Blatchford, 1878.

100 Beautiful Stream.

The river of life.—Rev. xxii. 1.

11.7.11.7. and Chorus. J. Baptiste Calkin, 1879.



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2 With murmuring sound doth it wander along
Through fields of eternal green,
Where songs of the blest in their haven of rest
p Float soft on the air serene.
O seek, etc.

3 Its fountains are deep, and its waters are pure,
And sweet to the weary soul;
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone:
O come where its bright waves roll.
O seek, etc.

f 4 This beautiful stream is the river of life,
It flows for all nations free;
A balm for each wound in its waters is found,
O sinner, it flows for thee.
O seek, etc.

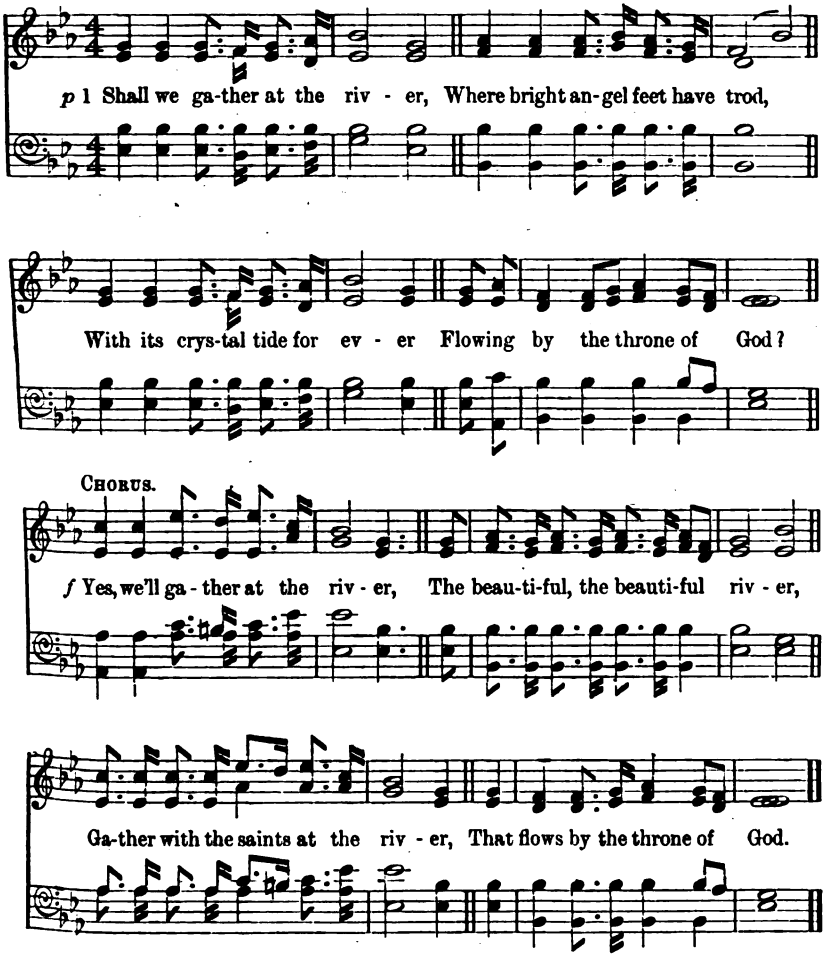
5 O will you not drink of that beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, "Come, all ye weary ones, home,
And wander in sin no more."
O seek, etc.

R. Torrey, circa 1870.

101

A pure river.—Rev. xxii. 1.

Shall we gather. 8.7.8.7. and Chorus. ROBT. LOWRY, 1865.



2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
cr. We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
f Saints whom death will never sever
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.

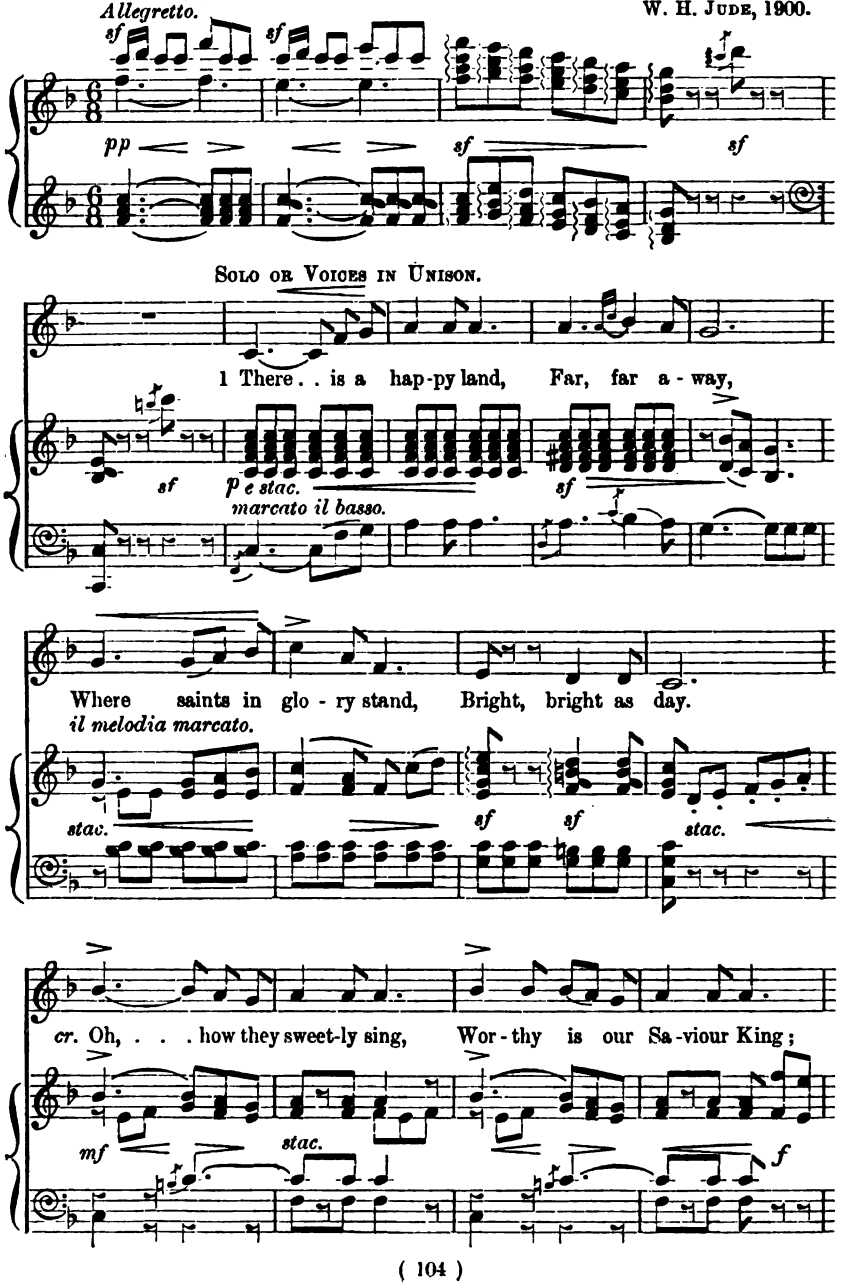
f 5 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather, etc.
Robt. Lowry, 1865.

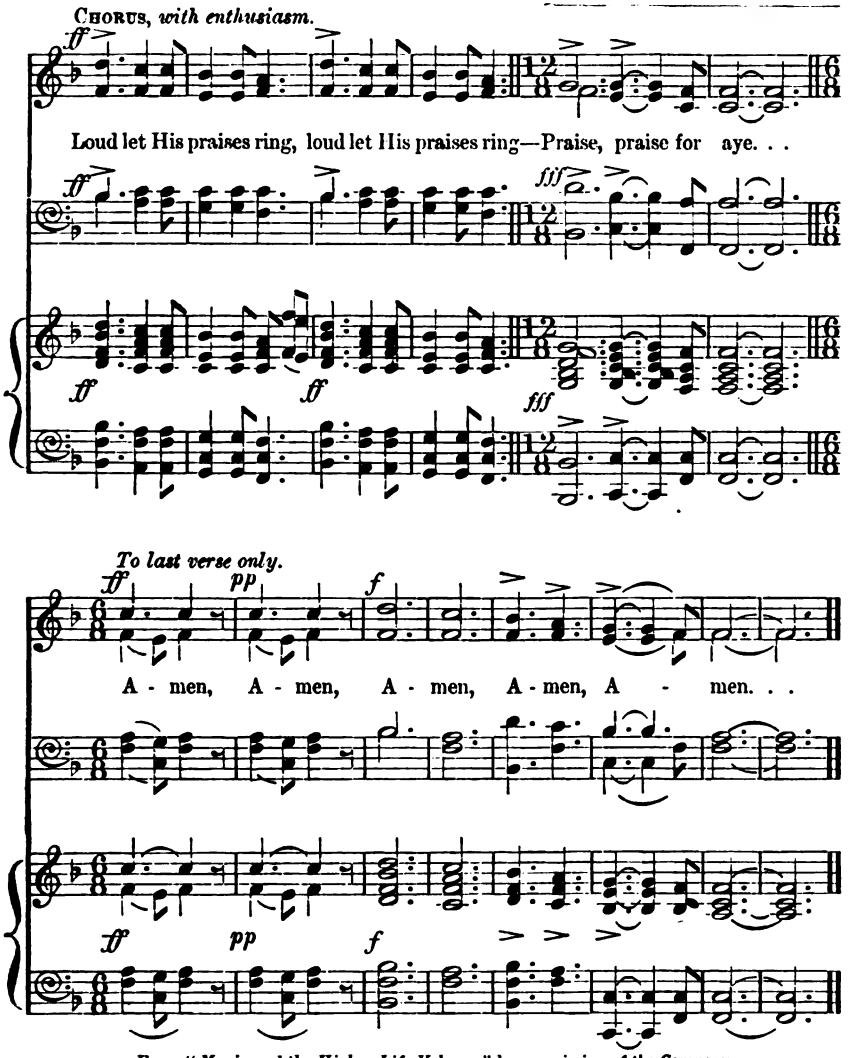
102

A new Heaven.—Rev. xxi. 1.

There is a happy land. [FIRST TUNE.] 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.

W. H. JUDE, 1900.





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2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
f Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

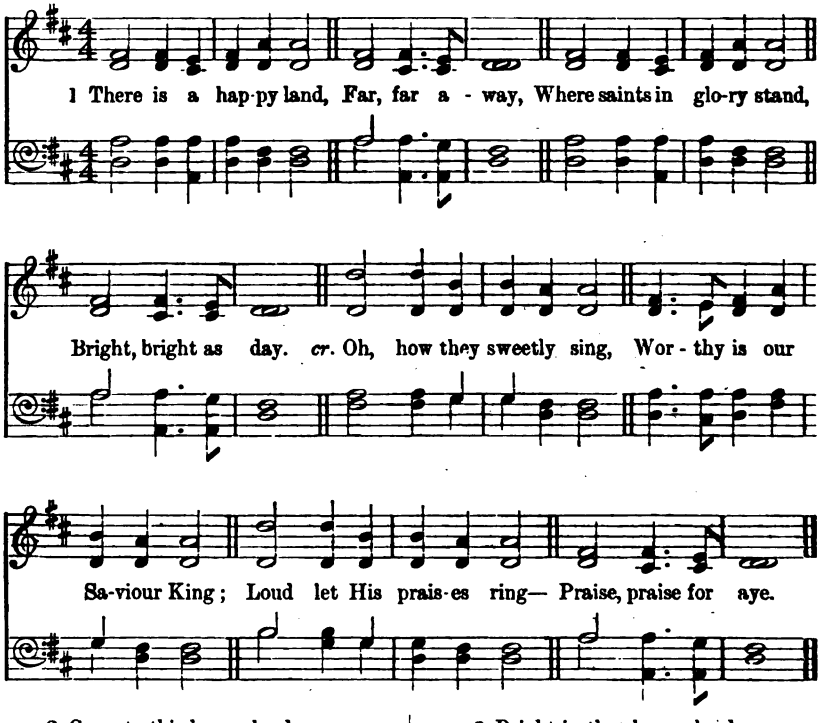
3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
cr. On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

Andrew Young, 1843.

102

A new Heaven.—Rev. xxi. 1.

Happy Land. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4. Indian Air (date uncertain).



2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
f Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
cr. On then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

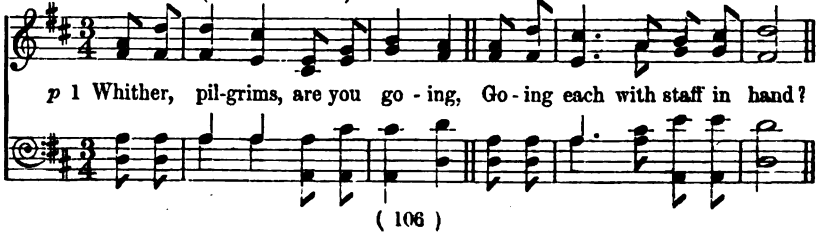
Andrew Young, 1843.

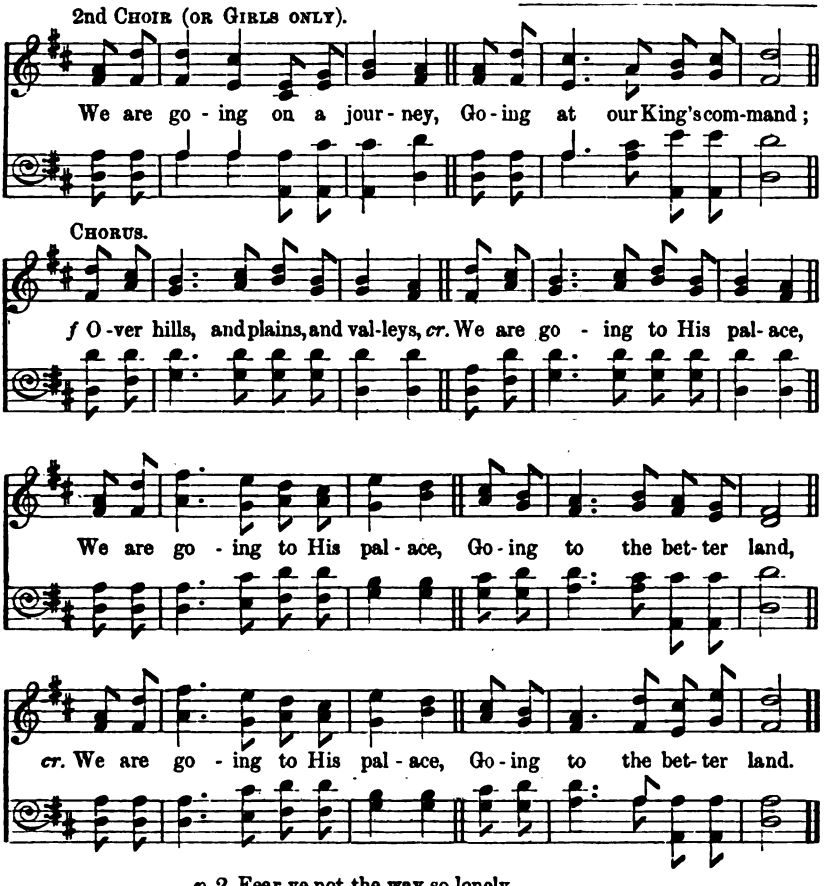
103

Strangers and pilgrims . . . they desire a better country.—Heb. xi. 13, 16.

Pilgrim. P.M.

1st CHOIR (OR BOYS ONLY). W. B. BRADBURY, 1861.





p 2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You a little feeble band?
f No, for friends, unseen, are near us,
Holy angels round us stand.
Chorus— cr. Christ our Leader walks beside us,
He will guard and He will guide us,
Guide us to the better land.

p 3 Tell us, pilgrims, what you hope for
In that far-off better land?
f Spotless robes, and crowns of glory
From a Saviour's loving hand.
Chorus— cr. We shall drink of life's clear river,
We shall dwell with God for ever,
In that bright, that better land.

p 4 Pilgrims, may we travel with you
To that bright and better land?
f Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Welcome to our pilgrim band.
Chorus— cr. Come, oh come, and do not leave us,
Christ is waiting to receive us,
In that bright, that better land.

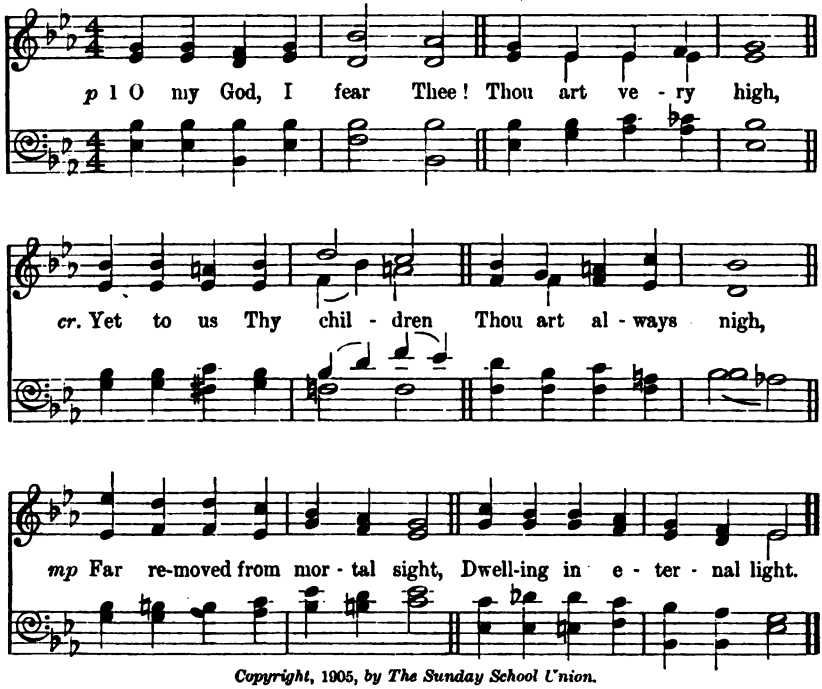
Fanny Van Alstyne (?) 1861.

III. "Hallowed be Thy Name."

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

104 *Perfect love casteth out fear.*—1 John iv. 18.

Lomond. 6.5.6.5.7.7. A. Bryce, 1905.



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p 2 O my God, I fear Thee!
cr. Yet I come in prayer,
For my Saviour tells me
I need not despair;
f Tells me of a Father's love,
And a home prepared above.

mf 3 Never earthly father
Loveth like to Thee;
p Thou dost guide and pardon
Guilty ones like me;
cr. Sending down Thy Holy Son,
That all sinners might be won.

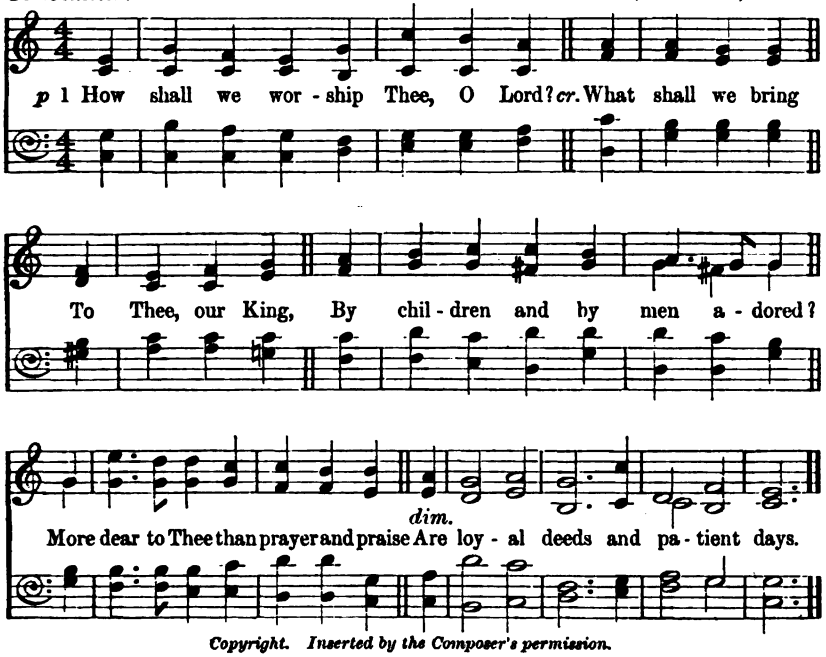
4 O my God, I fear Thee!
p Holy, just, and true,
cr. But, my heavenly Father,
I will love Thee too;
f Guide me till this life be past,
Take me to Thyself at last.

Henrietta A. O. Dobree, 1881.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

105 *Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? . . . He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness.*—Psalm xv. 1, 2.

Constantia. 8.4.4.8.8.8. J. F. BRIDGE, Mus. Doc., 1887.



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2 What can we give? Thou dost desire
f A steadfast will,
Obedient still,
And faithful work that does not tire:
More dear to Thee than prayer and praise
dim. Are loyal deeds and patient days.

f 3 How easy in the golden light
Of summer hours,
Among the flowers,
To bless Thee for a world so bright!
dim. More dear to Thee than prayer and praise
Are loyal deeds and patient days.

p 4 When sorrow darkens all our sky,
Life's blossoms lost
In sudden frost,
And all our courage like to die,
cr. O help us still Thy name to praise
By loyal deeds and patient days.

5 In life, in death, in joy and pain,
May we adore
Thee more and more,
cr. Till love turns all our loss to gain,
And tunes the years to perfect praise
In loyal deeds and patient days.

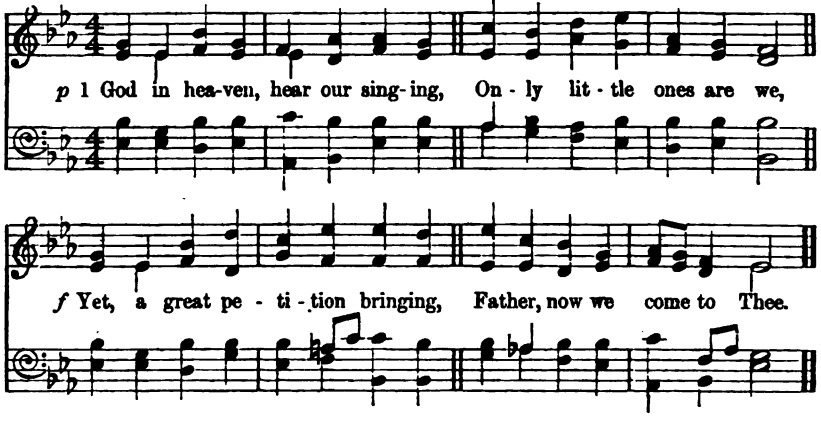
Annie Matheson, 1882.

IV. "Thy Kingdom Come."

A. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

106 *Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory.*—Matt. vi. 13.

Sharon. 8.7.8.7. W. BOYCE, Mus. Doc., 1710-1779.



f 2 Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee,
Let the world in Thee find rest;
Let all know Thee, and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blest.

3 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
cr. Make on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above.

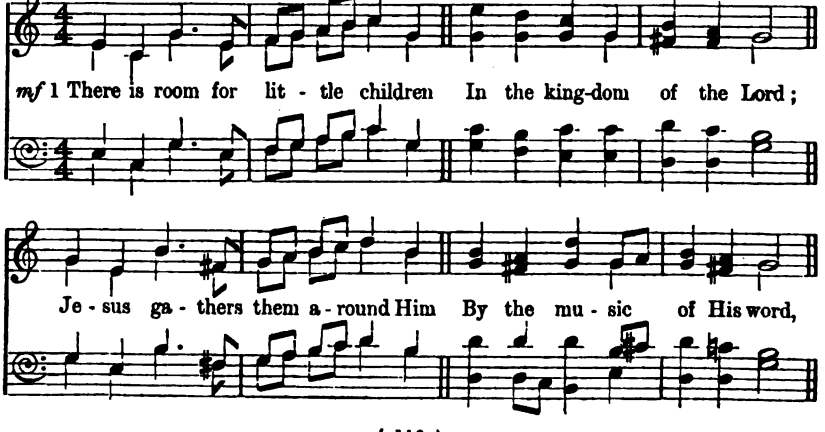
4 Send Thy Spirit's mighty shower,
Bring the heathen to Thy Throne,
ff For the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory, are Thine Own.

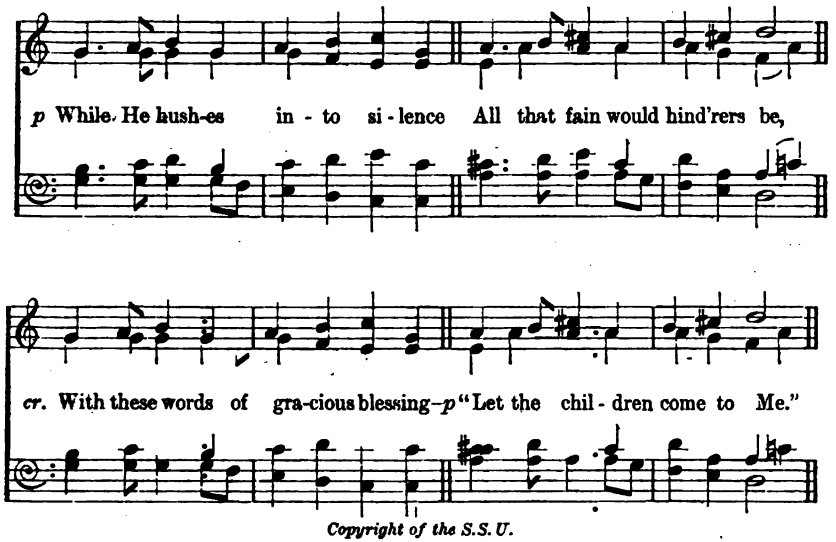
Frances R. Havergal, 1869.

107 *Of such is the kingdom of heaven.*—Mark x. 14.

Kingsbridge. 8.7., 8 lines. FREDERIC A. ELY, Mus. Bac. (Lond.), 1904.

With spirit. ♩ = 116.





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f 2 There is need for little children
In the churches of His grace;
Need for young and cheerful voices,
Nothing can supply their place.
cr. If their hearts are drawn to Jesus,
And their lives show forth His praise,
Their hosannas are the sweetest
Human lips can ever raise.

3 There is grace for little children
p In their Saviour's gentle touch;
He will lay His hands upon them,
For His Kingdom is of such.
Though the seat they take be lowly,
cr. They shall see His glorious face;
And shall hear Him call them near Him,
To the highest, happiest place.

ff 4 So there's room for all our children
In the household of the Lord;
Jesus gathers them around Him
By the music of His word,
p While He hushes into silence
All that fain would hind'rers be,
cr. With these words of gracious blessing—
"Let the children come to Me."

W. T. Adey, 1895.

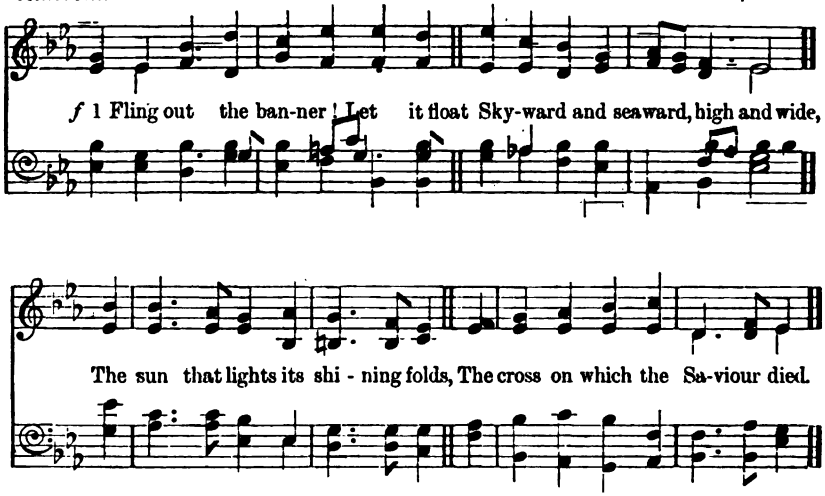
This hymn may also be sung to tune "Deerhurst," No. 165.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

108

Lift ye up a banner.—Isa. xiii. 2.

Waltham. L.M. J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872.



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2.

Fling out the banner! (*p*) Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3.

f Fling out the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations crowding to be born
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4.

Fling out the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

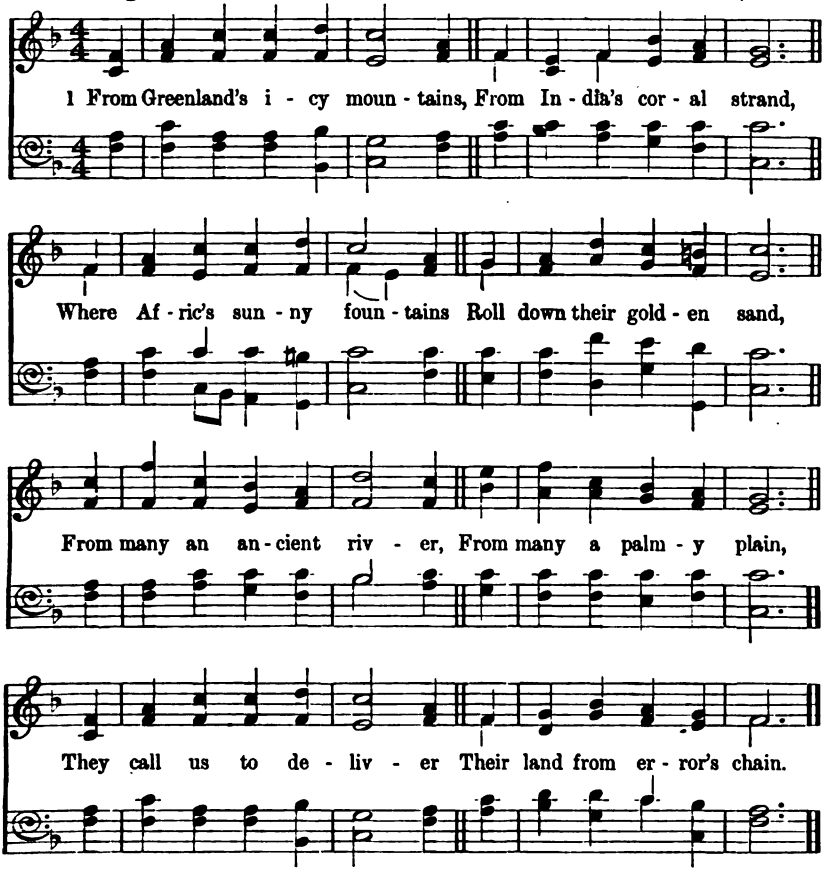
5.

f Fling out the banner! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine:
cr. Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

G. W. Doane, 1848.

109 *The Gospel must first be published among all nations.*—Mark xiii. 10.

Missionary. 7.6., 8 lines. LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc., 1824.



p 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
dim. In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;—
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

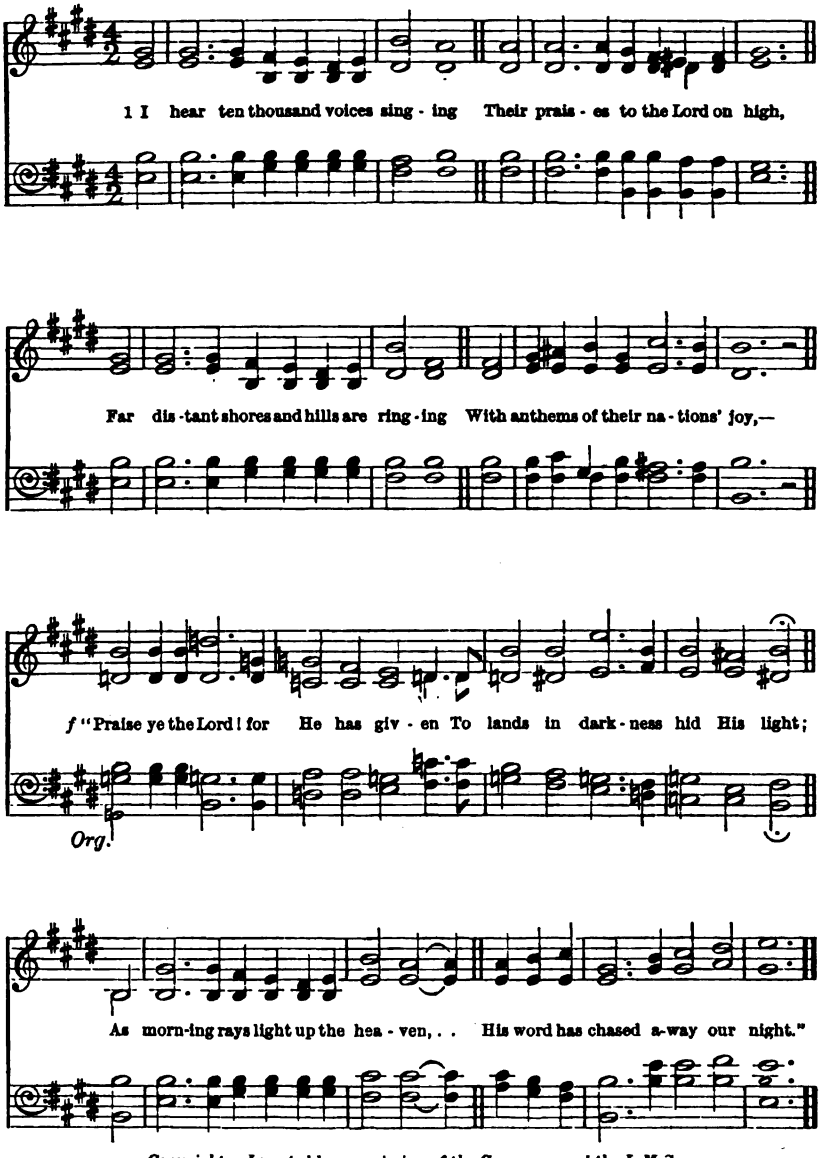
3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
f Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
cr. Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

f 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
cr. Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

R. Heber, 1819.

110 *From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, My Name shall be great among the Gentiles.*—Mal. i. 11.

Maunder. 9.8.9.8.9.8.9.8. J. H. MAUNDER, 1894.



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2 On China's shores I hear His praises
From lips that once kissed idol stones,
Soon as His banner He upraises,
The Spirit moves the breathless bones,—
f "Speed, speed Thy work o'er land and ocean;
The Lord in triumph has gone forth;
The nations hear with strange emotion,
From east to west, from south to north."

3 The song has sounded o'er the waters,
And India's plains re-echo joy;
p Beneath the moon sit India's daughters,
Soft singing, as the wheel they ply—
cr. "Thanks to Thee, Lord! for hopes of glory,
For peace on earth to us revealed;
Our cherished idols fell before Thee,
Thy Spirit has our pardon sealed."

4 On Afric's sunny shore glad voices
Wake up the morn of Jubilee;
The Negro, once a slave, rejoices,
Who's freed by Christ is doubly free,—
ff "Sing, brothers, sing! yet many a nation
Shall hear the voice of God and live:
E'en we are heralds of salvation;
The word He gave, we'll freely give."

5 O'er prairies wild the song is spreading,
Where once the war-cry sounded loud,
p But now the evening sun is shedding
His rays upon a praying crowd,—
"Lord of all worlds, Eternal Spirit!
Thy light upon our darkness shed!
cr. For Thy dear love, for Jesu's merit,
From joyful hearts be worship paid."

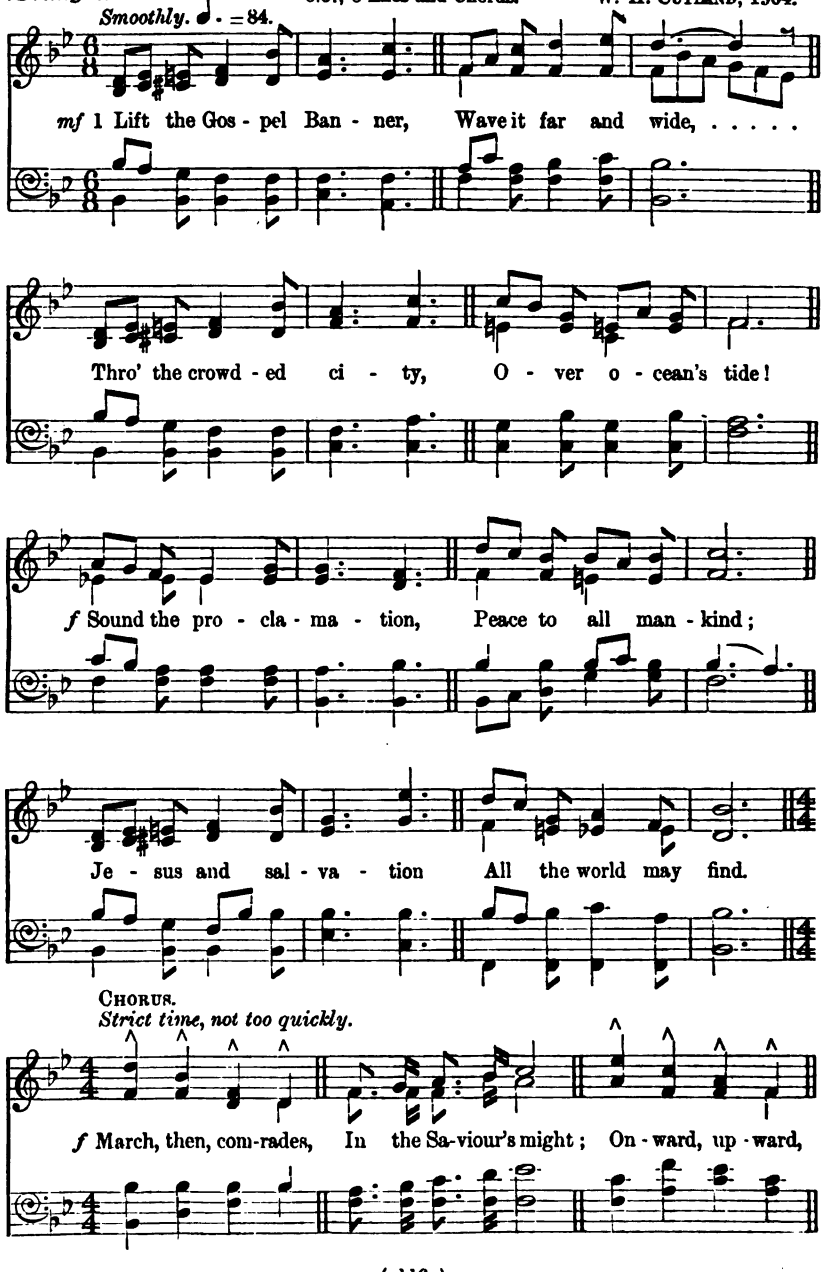
6 Hark! hark! a louder sound is booming
O'er heaven and earth, o'er land and sea,
cr. The angel's trump proclaims His coming,
Our day of endless Jubilee—
ff "Hail to Thee, Lord! Thy people praise Thee,
In every land Thy Name we sing,
On heaven's eternal throne upraise Thee:
Take Thou Thy power, Thou glorious King!"

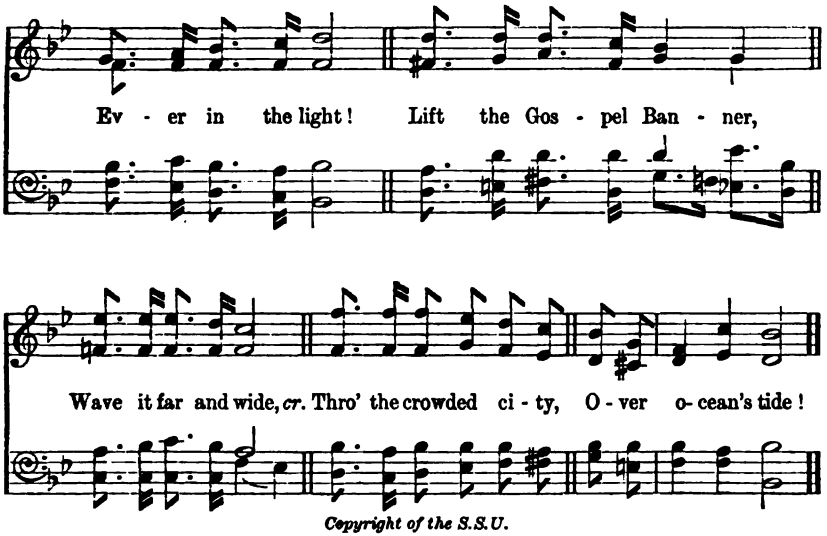
H. W. Fox, 1848.

111

Preach the Gospel to every creature.—Mark xii. 15.

Evangel. 6.5., 8 lines and Chorus. W. H. CUTLAND, 1904.





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mf 2 Let us raise the fallen
Lend th' oppress'd a hand,
Teach the Christly lesson
All may understand:
Go where hard'ning vices
Have their strongest hold,
pp Like a sweet dove gentle,
f Like a lion bold.
March, then, etc.

f 3 Lift the Gospel standard,
Spread the Gospel light,
Let the blessed radiance
Flame o'er heathen night!
mp Love is God's own sunshine,
Such as angels prove;
dim. Conquer men by kindness—
God Himself is love.
March, then, etc.

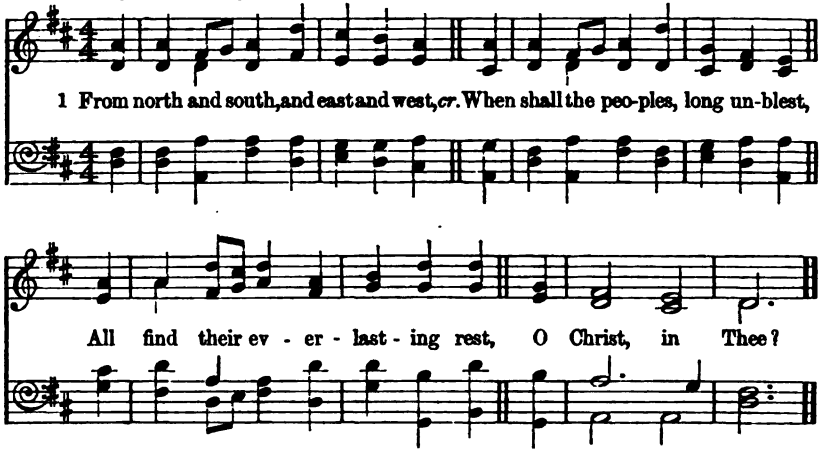
f 4 Let us rise to action,
Work with one design,
Work with Christ, and triumph
In the work divine;
cr. Vict'ry's palm awaits us,
Let us then work on
Till we hear the welcome
"Faithful ones, well done!"
March, then, etc.

B. Gough, 1879.

112

They shall . . . sit down in the kingdom of God.—Luke xiii. 29.

Avenue. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.8.8.4. J. S. BACH, 1685-1750.



2 When shall the climes of ageless snow
Be with the gospel light aglow,
And all men their Redeemer know,
O Christ, in Thee?

p 3 When on each southern balmy coast
Shall ransomed men, in countless host,
cr. Rise, heart and voice, to make sweet boast,
O Christ, in Thee?

4 O when, in all the orient lands,
From cities white and flaming sands,
Shall man lift dedicated hands,
O Christ, to Thee?

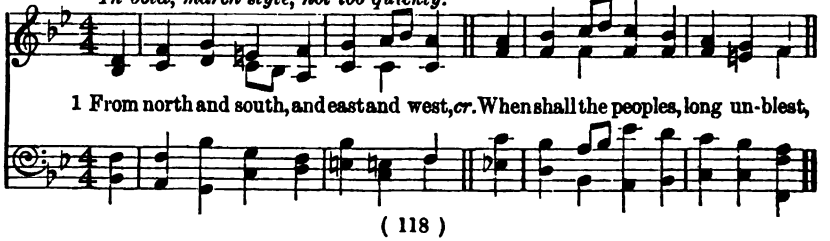
5 O when shall heathen darkness roll
Away in light from pole to pole,
cr. And endless day by every soul
Be found in Thee?

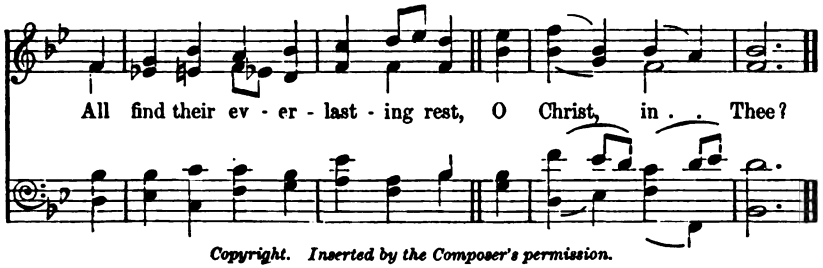
f 6 Bring, Lord, the long-predicted hour,
The ages' diadem and flower,
When all shall find their Refuge, Tower,
And Home in Thee!

G. T. Coster, 1864.

Shiloh. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.8.8.4. CAREY BONNER, 1893.

In bold, march style, not too quickly.





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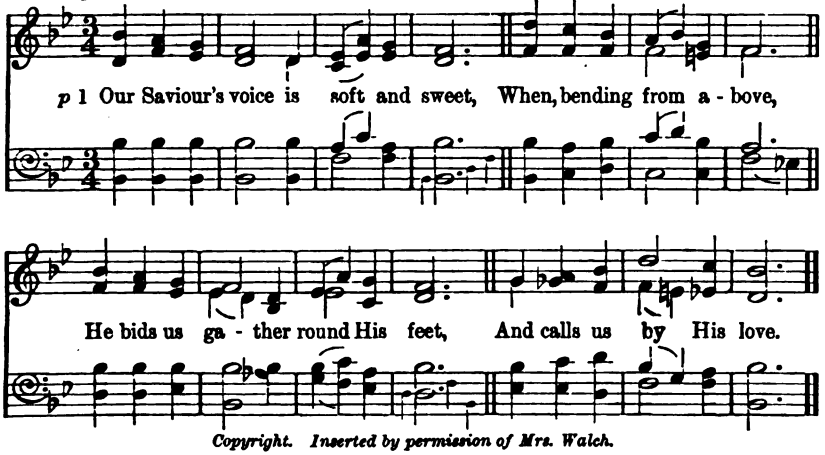
113 *Suffer the little children to come unto Me.*—Mark x. 14.

Sawley. C.M. J. WALCH, 1871.



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2 He leads to heaven where angels dwell,
He saves from endless woe:
Our lips, our lives, can never tell
How much to Christ we owe.

3 But while our youthful hearts rejoice
That thus He bids us come;
p Jesus, we cry with pleading voice,—
Bring heathen wanderers home.

p 4 They never heard the Saviour's name,
They have not learnt His way,
They do not know His grace, who came
To take their sins away.

f 5 Dear Saviour, let the joyful sound
In distant lands be heard;
And oh, wherever sin is found,
Send forth Thy pardoning word.

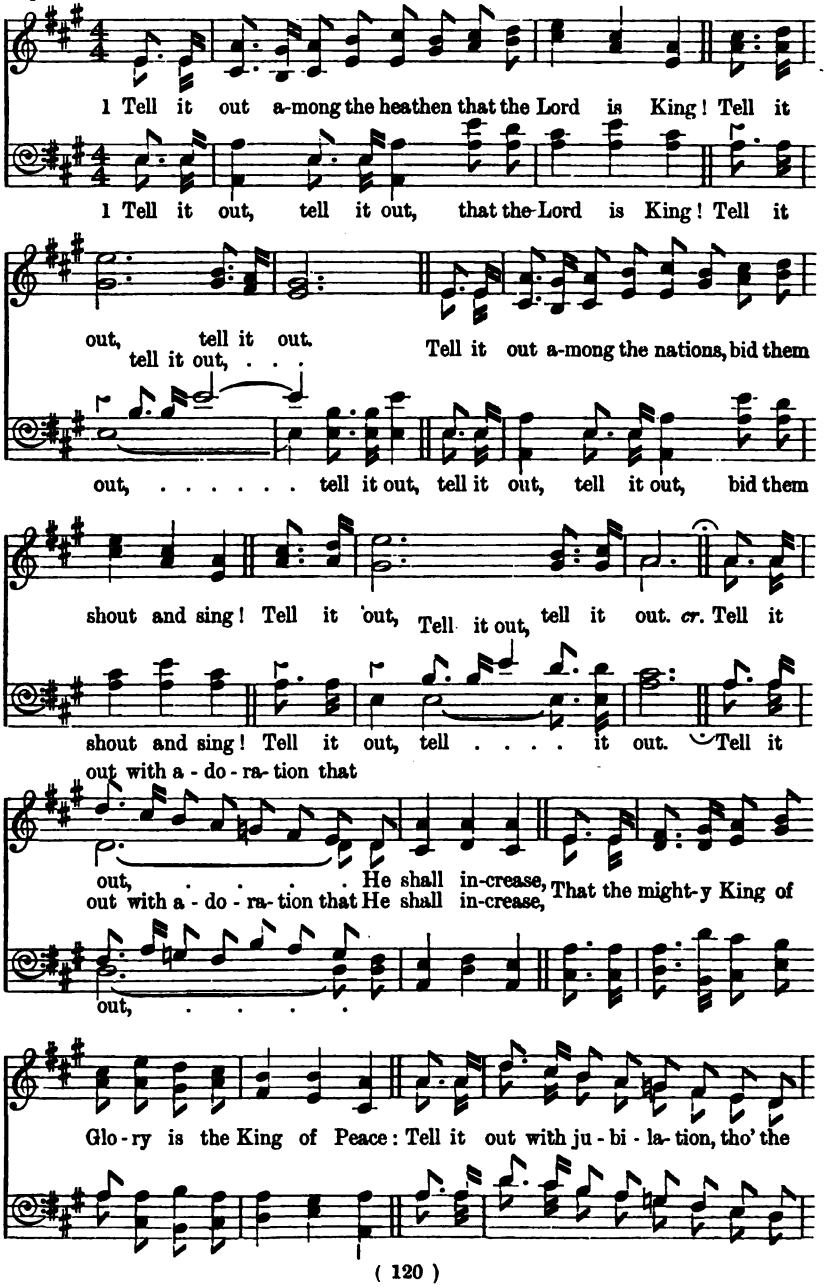
6 And if our lips may breathe the prayer,
Though raised in trembling fear,
cr. Oh, let Thy power our hearts prepare,
And choose some heralds here.

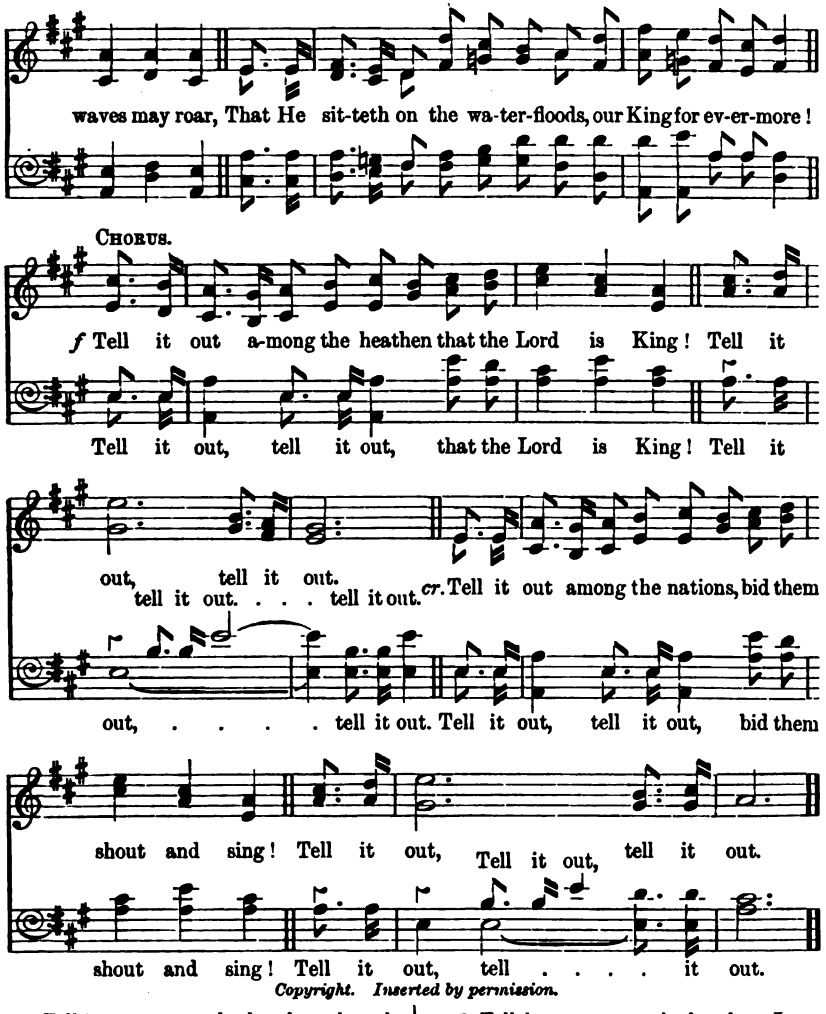
Elizabeth Parson, 1812-1873.

114

Say among the heathen, The Lord reigneth.—Psalm xcvi. 10.

Epenetus. P.M. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1874.





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2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns;
Tell it out, tell it out,
Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their chains!
Tell it out, tell it out.

p Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives!
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinful that He came to save;

cr. Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er the grave.
Tell it out, etc.

3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above!
Tell it out, tell it out.
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love!
Tell it out, tell it out.
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home!

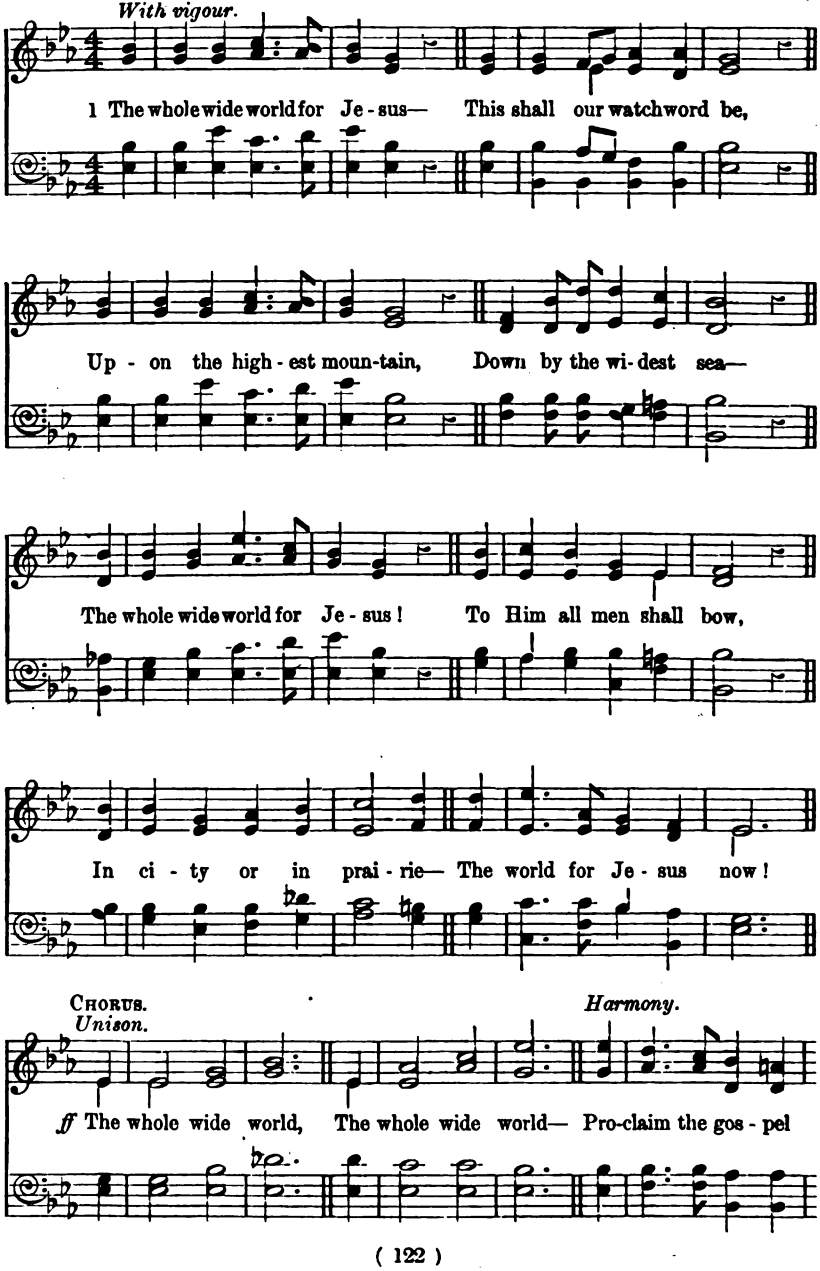
cr. Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam!
Like the sound of many waters, let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea!
Tell it out, etc.

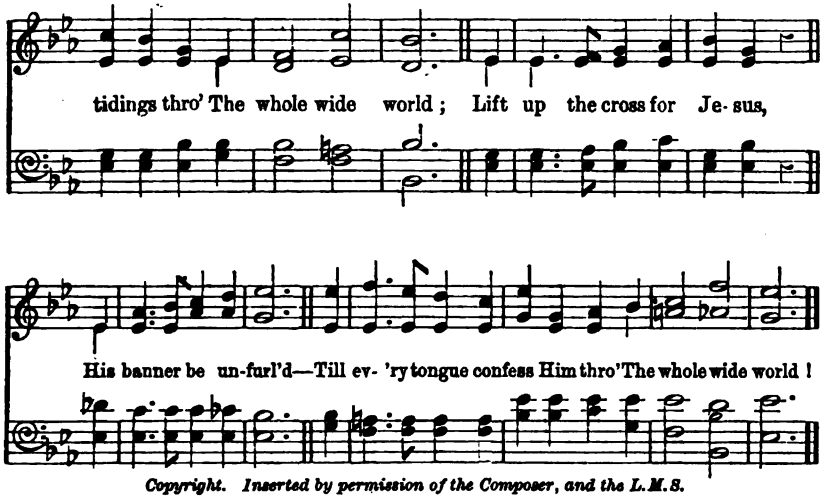
Frances R. Havergal, 1872.

115

The Saviour of the world.—1 John iv. 14.

The Whole Wide World. 7.6., 8 lines with Chorus. J. H. Maunder, 1894.





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2 The whole wide world for Jesus,
Inspires us with the thought
That ev'ry son of Adam
Should by His blood be bought;
The whole wide world for Jesus!
O faint not by the way!
cr. The cross shall surely conquer
In this our glorious day.
The whole wide, etc.

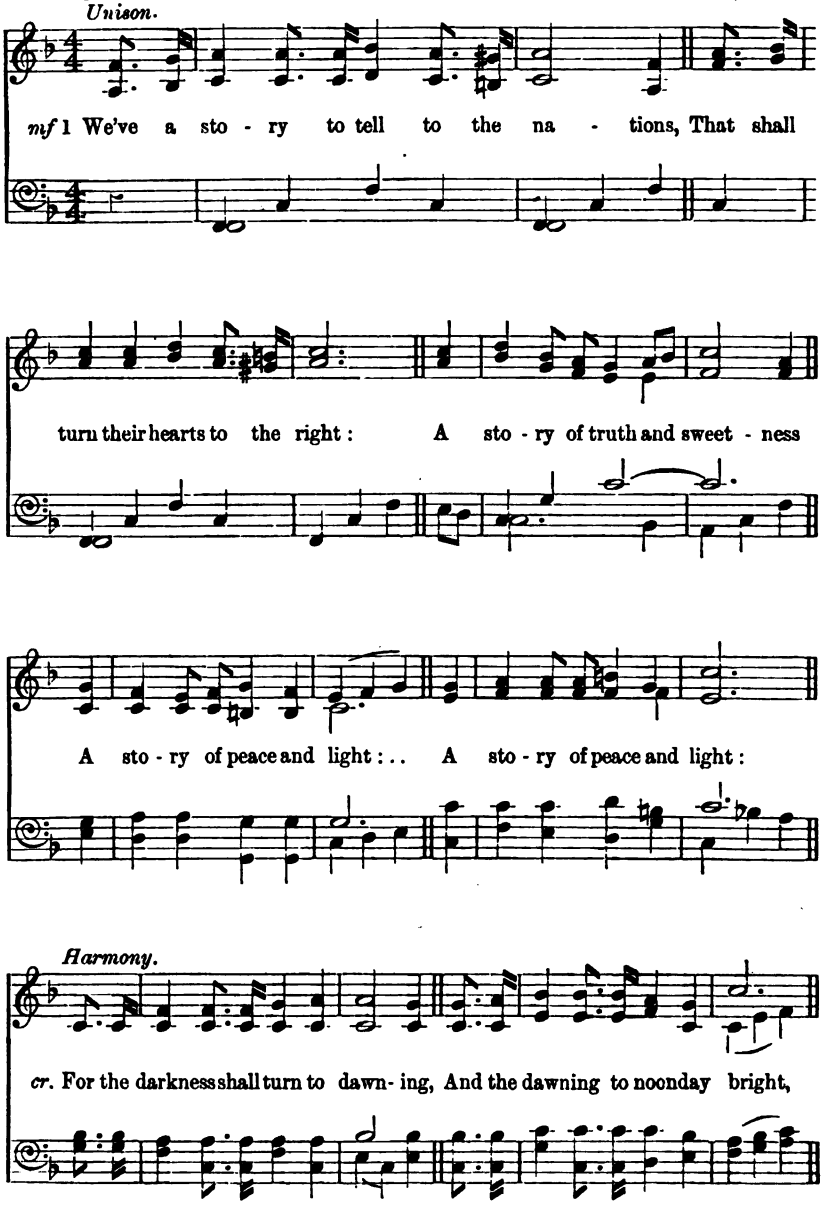
f 3 The whole wide world for Jesus—
The marching order sound—
Go ye and preach the Gospel
Wherever man is found,
The whole wide world for Jesus,
Our banner is unfurl'd—
cr. We battle now for Jesus,
And faith demands the world!
The whole wide, etc.

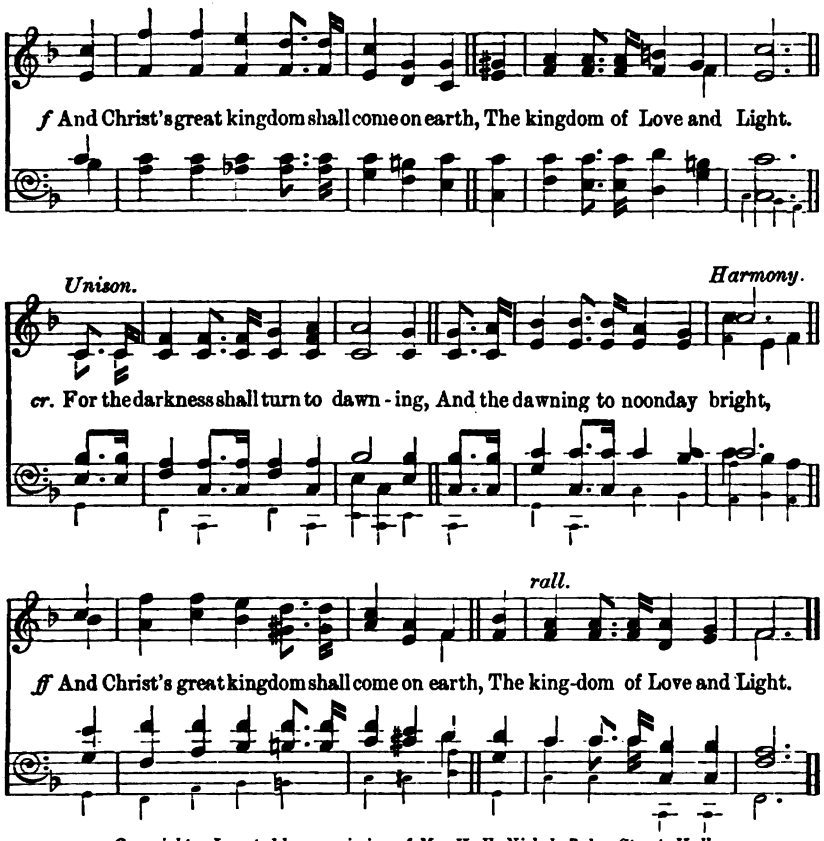
p 4 The whole wide world for Jesus—
In the Father's house above
Are many wondrous mansions—
Mansions of light and love;
cr. The whole wide world for Jesus!
Ride forth, O conqu'ring King,
Through all the mighty nations
The world to glory bring!
The whole wide, etc.

Anon., circa 1890.

116 *The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.*—Isa. ix. 2.

Message. P.M. H. Ernest Nichol, Mus. Bac., 1896.





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2 We've a song to be sung to the nations,
That shall lift their hearts to the Lord:
cr. A song that shall conquer evil,
And shatter the spear and sword:
For the darkness, etc.

3 We've a message to give to the nations,
That the Lord who reigneth above
Hath sent us His Son to save us,
And show us that God is love:
For the darkness, etc.

p 4 We've a Saviour to show to the nations,
Who the path of sorrow has trod,
cr. That all of the world's great peoples
Might come to the truth of God:
For the darkness, etc.

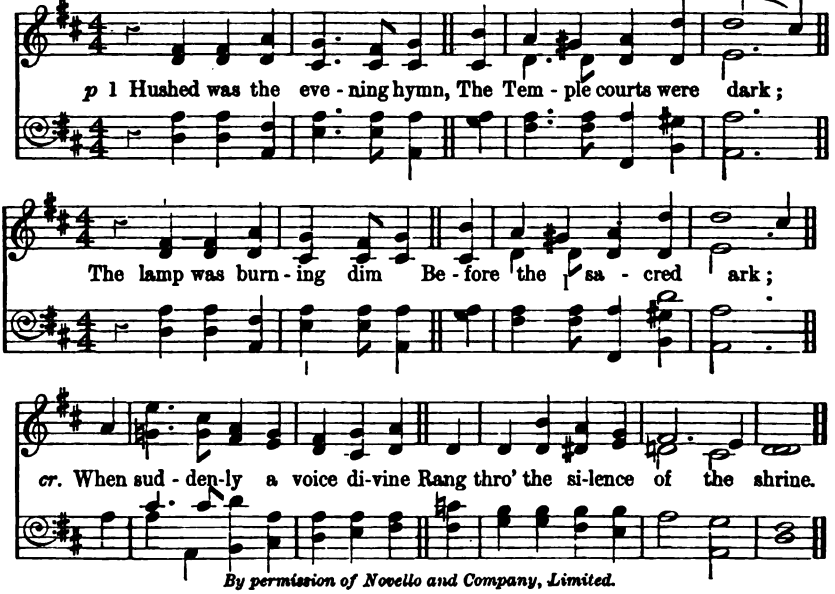
Colin Sterne, 1896.

V. Thy will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven.

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

117 *Speak; for Thy servant heareth.*—1 Sam. iii. 10.

Hushed was the Evening Hymn. 6.6.6.6.8.8. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1874.



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2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the Temple child,
The little Levite kept;
p And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
f The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
p Each whisper of Thy word:
cr. Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
p A lowly heart that waits,
When in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates.
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

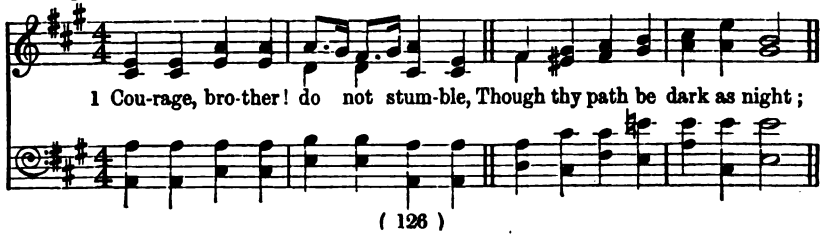
5 Oh! give me Samuel's mind;
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death;
cr. That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

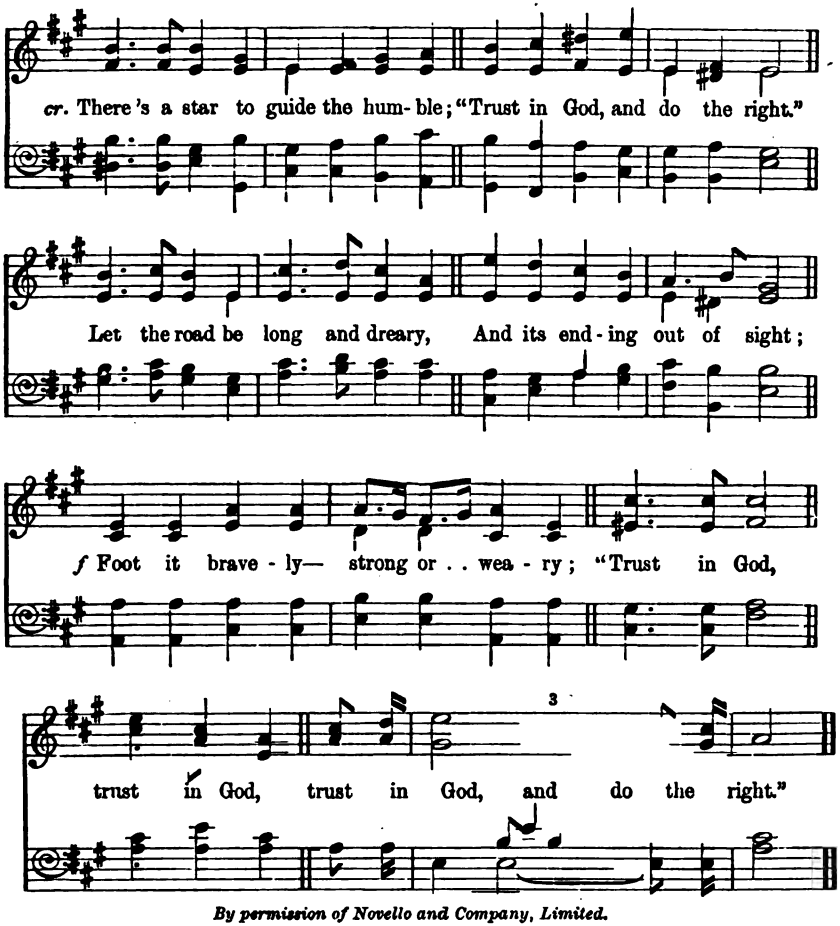
J. D. Burns, 1856.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

118 *Be strong, and of a good courage.*—Josh. i. 6.

Courage, Brother! 8.7., 8 lines. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1872.





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2 Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Trust no forms of guilty passion,
p Fiends can look like angels bright:
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

3 Trust no party, sect, or faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight,
But in every word and action
"Trust in God, and do the right."
p Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
f Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

4 Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
cr. Star upon our path abiding,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
cr. There's a star to guide the humble;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

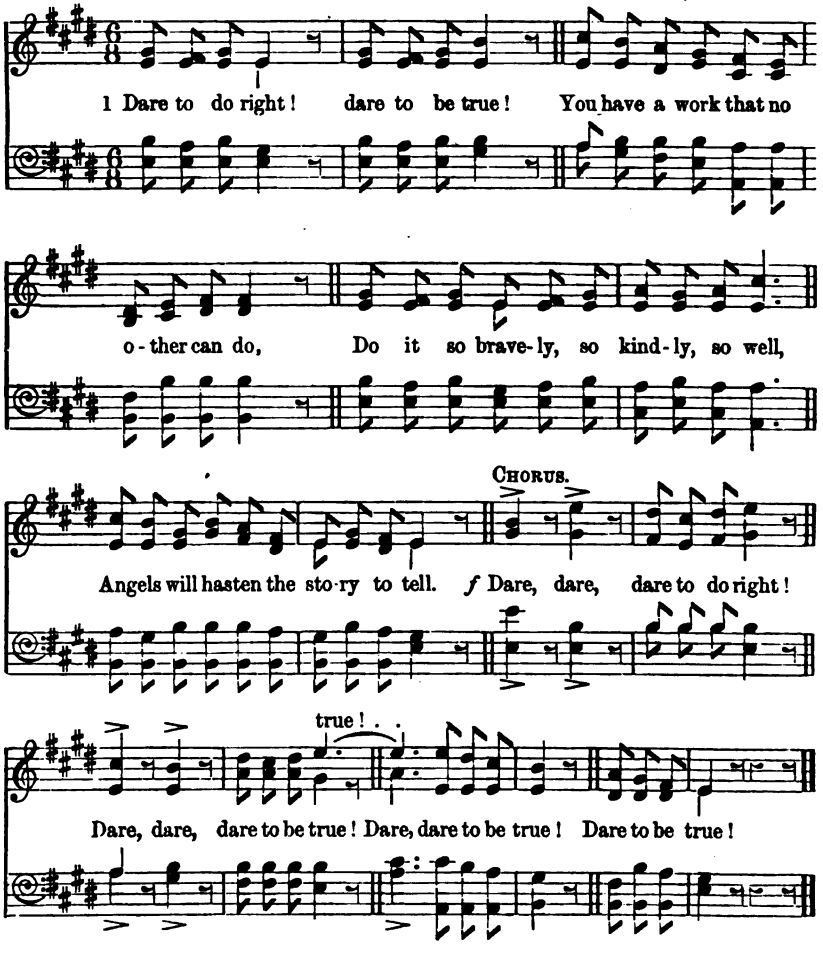
Norman Macleod, 1857.

This hymn—taking four lines as a verse—may also be sung to tune "Slingsby," No. 127.

119

Thou shalt do that which is right.—Deut. vi. 18.

Dare to do right! P.M. W. B. BRADBURY, *circa* 1860.



2 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you;
cr. Stand by your conscience, your honour, your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.
Dare to do right, etc.

3 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
God, who created you, cares for you too;
p Treasures the tears that His striving ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair of your head.
Dare to do right, etc.

4 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
p Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then—
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels, and men.
Dare to do right, etc.

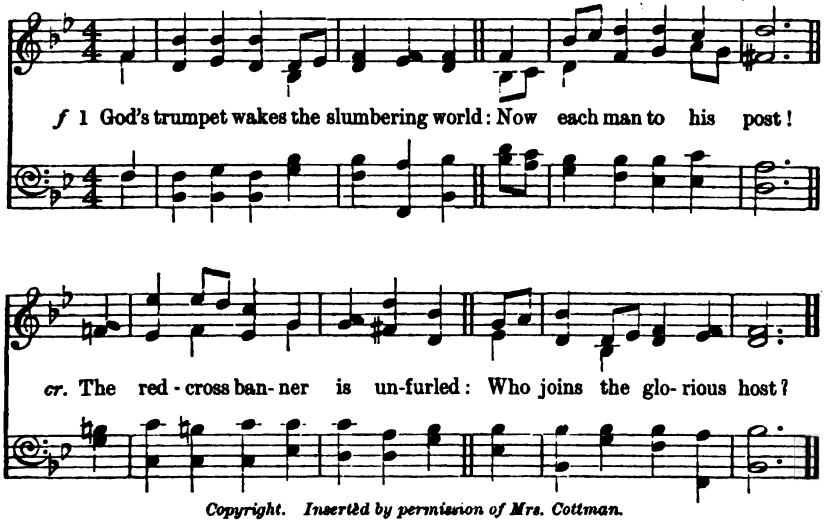
5 Dare to do right! dare to be true!
cr. Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you through;
City and mansion and throne all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and do right?
Dare to do right, etc.

Geo. Lansing Taylor, circa 1860.

120

Who is on the Lord's side?—Ex. xxxii. 26.

Mirfield. C.M. ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1876.



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2 He who, in fealty to the truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth,—
f He joins the noble host.

3 He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—
f He joins the sacred host.

p 4 He who, with calm undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
cr. But, though defeated, battles still,—
He joins the faithful host.

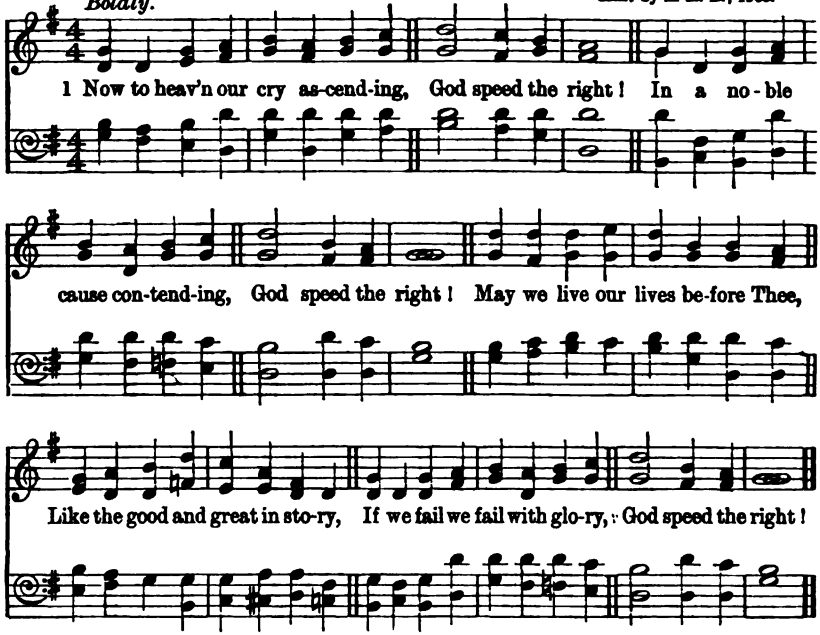
p 5 He who is ready for the Cross,
The cause despised loves most,
cr. And shuns not pain or shame or loss,—
He joins the martyr host.

S. Longfellow, 1819-1892.

121

Hear the right, O Lord.—Psalm xvii. 1.

Weimar. 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. From a German Chorale. Har. by E. R. B., 1905.



Copyright, 1905, by The Sunday School Union.

2 Be that cry again repeated,
God speed the right!
cr. Ne'er despairing, though defeated,—
God speed the right!
cr. Be our zeal in heaven recorded,
All our loving toil rewarded,
And success on earth accorded,—
God speed the right!

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
cr. No event or danger fearing,
God speed the right!
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
Never from the truth receding,
f And in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right!

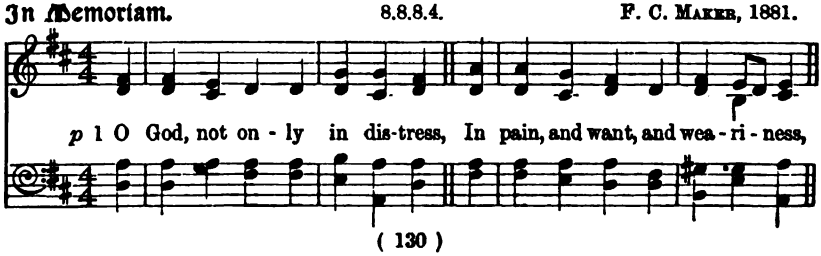
4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!
Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
cr. There's no power on earth can stay it,—
Proudly let us then obey it,
God speed the right!

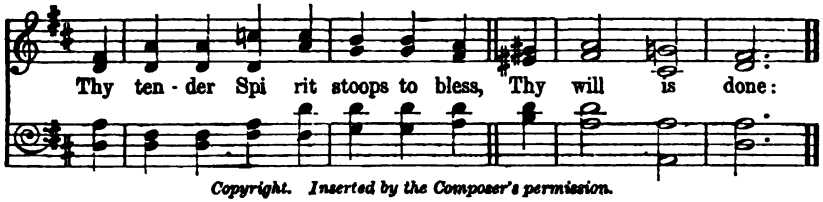
W. E. Hickson, 1810-1870.

122

The ways of the Lord are right.—Hos. xiv. 9.

In Memoriam. 8.8.8.4. F. C. Maker, 1881.





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2 But oftener on the wings of peace
And girt about with tenderness,
cr. Thou comest, and all troubles cease,
Thy will is done.

3 In all that Nature hath supplied,
In flowers along the country side,
In morning light, in eventide,
Thy will is done.

f 4 In youthful days, when joys increase,
In light, in hope, in happiness,
dim. In quiet times of trustful peace,
Thy will is done.

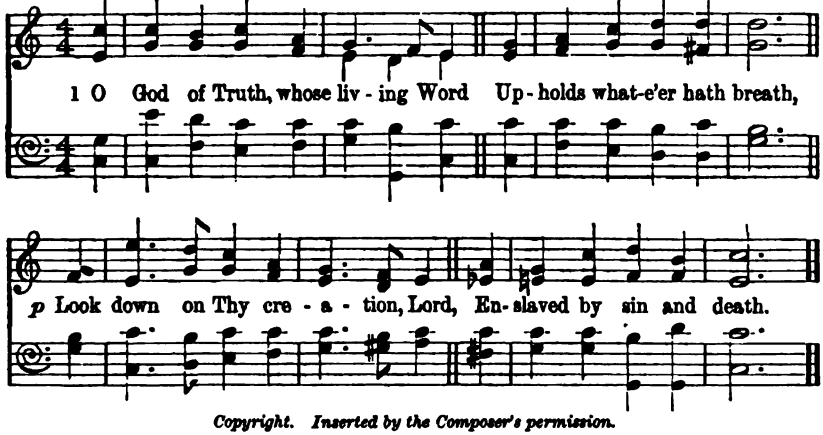
p 5 And when the burdened heart can bring
Its sorrow to Thy feet, and cling
cr. Till hope surpasses sorrowing,
Thy will is done.

6 Thy will is pure, O Lord, and just,
p And we, frail creatures of the dust,
cr. Through good or ill, can only trust
Thy will is done.

F. Smith, circa 1890.

123 *Thou desirest truth in the inward parts.*—Psalm li. 6.

St. Saviour. C.M. F. G. Baker, 1876.



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2 Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
f May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

p 3 Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white!

cr. 4 Then, God of Truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

5 Still smite! still burn! till naught is left
But God's own truth and love;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.

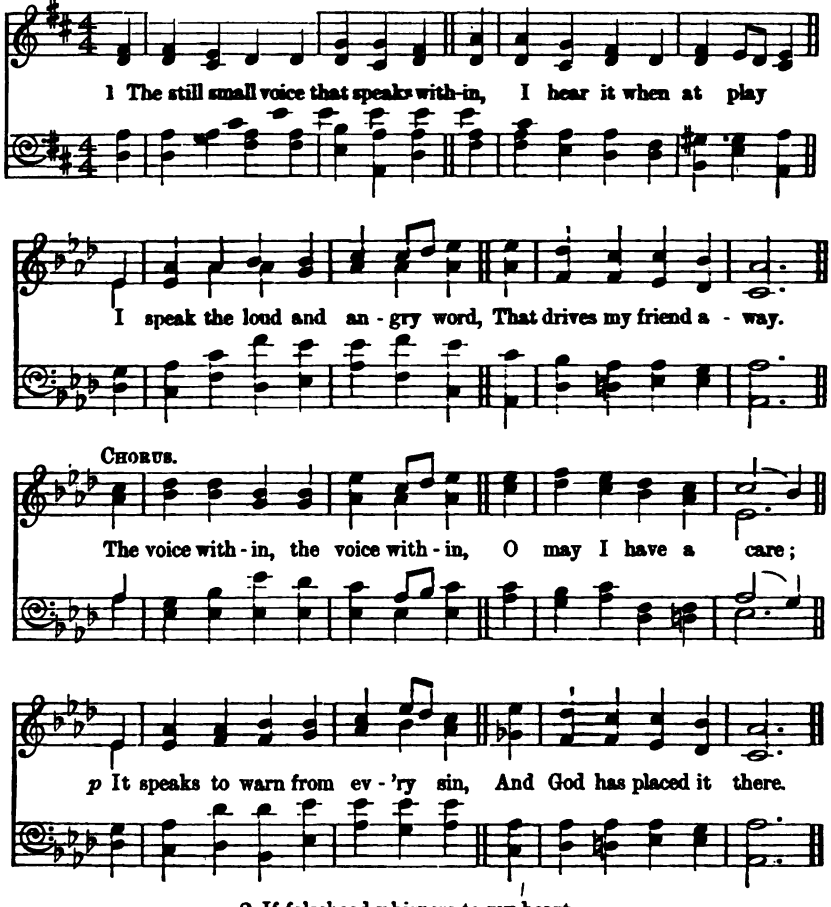
f 6 Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

T. Hughes, 1823-1896.

124

The voice of God.—Gen. iii. 8.

Silcam. C.M. D. Giovanni Giorgetti, 1745-1804.



2 If falsehood whispers to my heart
To tell a coward lie,
To hide some careless thing I've done,
dim. I hear the sad voice nigh.
The voice, etc.

m 3 If selfishness would bid me keep
What I should gladly share,
I hear again the inner voice,
cr. And then with shame forbear.
The voice, etc.

mf 4 I thank Thee, Father, for this friend,
Whom I would always heed;
O may I hear the slightest tone
In every time of need.
The voice, etc.

Frances Fagan, circa 1870.

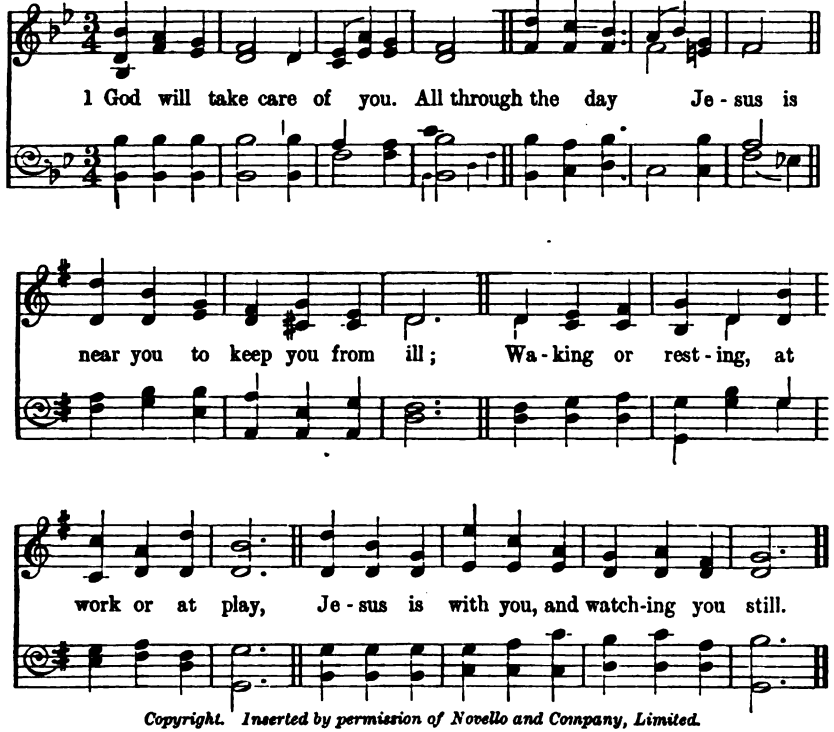
VI. "Give us this day our daily bread."

1. Day by Day.

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

125 *He careth for you.*—1 Pet. v. 7.

Brombam. 10's. T. RICHARD MATTHEWS, *circa* 1870.



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p 2 He will take care of you. All through the night
Jesus the Shepherd His little one keeps;
cr. Darkness to Him is the same as the light,
He never slumbers, and He never sleeps.

3 He will take care of you, all through the year,
Crowning each day with His kindness and love;
f Sending you blessings, and shielding from fear,
Leading you on to the bright home above.

4 He will take care of you, yes, to the end;
Nothing can alter His love for His own:
f Children, be glad that you have such a Friend;
He will not leave you one moment alone.

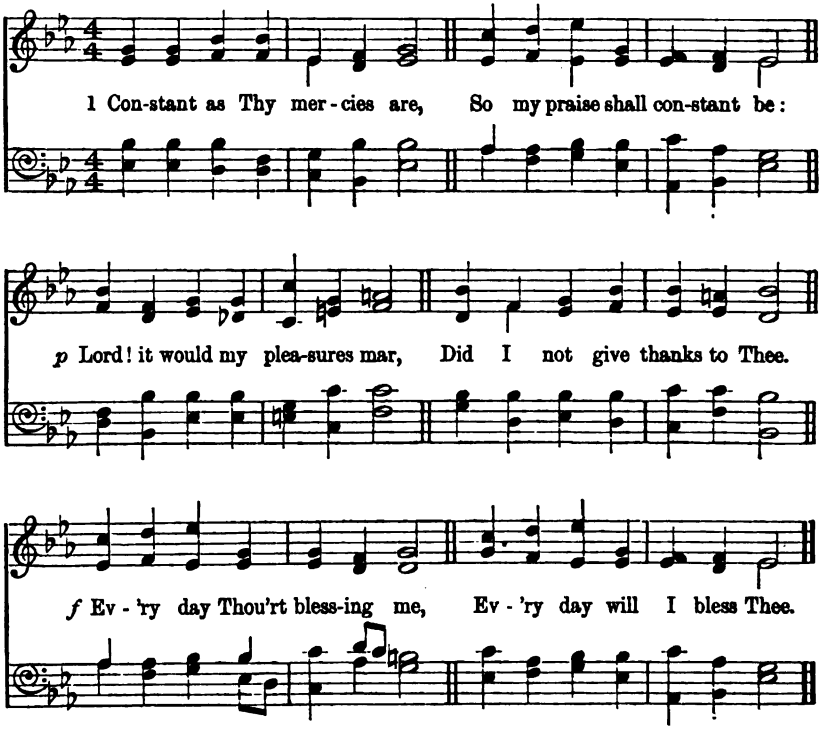
Frances R. Havergal, 1881.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

126

Every day will I bless Thee.—Psalm cxlv. 2.

Nassau. 7's., 6 lines. JOHANN ROSENMÜLLER, 1615-1685.



p 2 Every morn Thy gentle hand
Lifts the curtains of mine eyes;
cr. While the sun at Thy command
Bids me to new life arise.
f Every day Thou'rt blessing me,
Every day will I bless Thee.

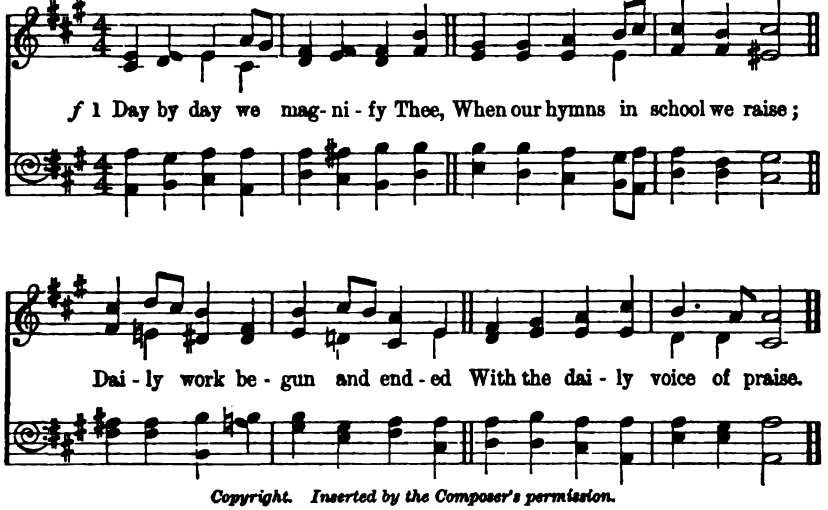
3 Every hour Thy boundless mind
Holds me in its mighty thought:
And Thy heart, so true and kind,
Beats still for the soul it sought.
f Every day Thou'rt blessing me,
Every day will I bless Thee.

p 4 Every night Thou dost afford
Sleep and full security.
m Thou dost never slumber, Lord;
But Thou thinkest still for me.
f Night and day Thou'rt blessing me,
Day and night will I bless Thee.

F. Leonard, circa 1870.

127 *Let such as love Thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.*—Psalm xl. 16.

Slingsby. 8.7.8.7. E. S. Carter, 1874.



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2 Day by day we magnify Thee,
When, as each new day is born,
On our knees at home we bless Thee
For the mercies of the morn.

p 3 Day by day we magnify Thee
In our hymns before we sleep;
Angels hear them, watching by us,
Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.

4 Day by day we magnify Thee
Not in words of praise alone;
dim. Truthful lips and meek obedience
Show Thy glory in Thine own.

5 Day by day we magnify Thee
When for Jesus' sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

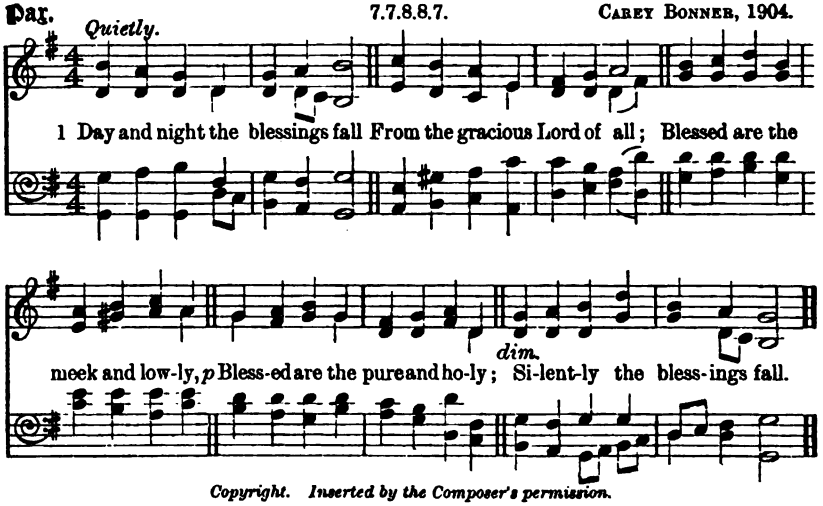
6 Day by day we magnify Thee,
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labours,
Waiting for Thy day in peace.

f 7 Then on that eternal morning,
With the great redeemèd host,
cr. May we fully magnify Thee—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

John Ellerton, 1858.

128 *Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits.*—Psalm lxviii. 19.

Par. 7.7.8.8.7. CAREY BONNER, 1904.



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f 2 Day and night the genial powers,
Fill the earth with fruit and flowers;
Tender, mystic light from heaven
Warms the morn and flushes even,
In this lovely world of ours.

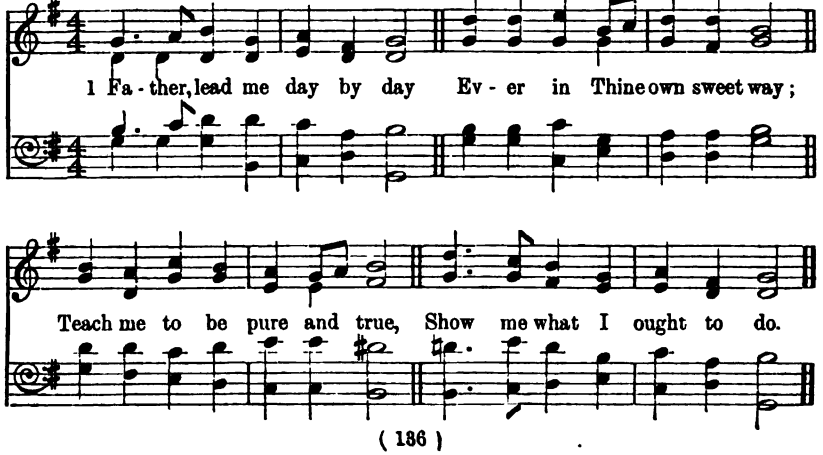
f 3 Day and night the blessings fall,
Love and wisdom for us all;
Wondrous signs of love are round us,
Wondrous truths of God have found us;
And of Christ who loveth all.

4 God of all things good and fair,
Make our daily lives Thy care;
p Make us gentle, kind and lowly,
Always pure, and good, and holy;
dim. Father, hear Thy children's prayer.

Mrs. C. S. Lunn, circa 1890.

129 *In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.*—Prov. iii. 6.

St. Martin. 7's. Old French Melody, 12th Century.



f 2 When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that Thou canst save;
Keep me safe by Thy dear side;
Let me in Thy love abide.

cr. 3 When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
p And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with Thy mighty hand.

f 4 When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember Thee;
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

p 5 When my work seems hard and dry,
f May I press on cheerily;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.

6 May I see the good and bright,
When they pass before my sight;
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.

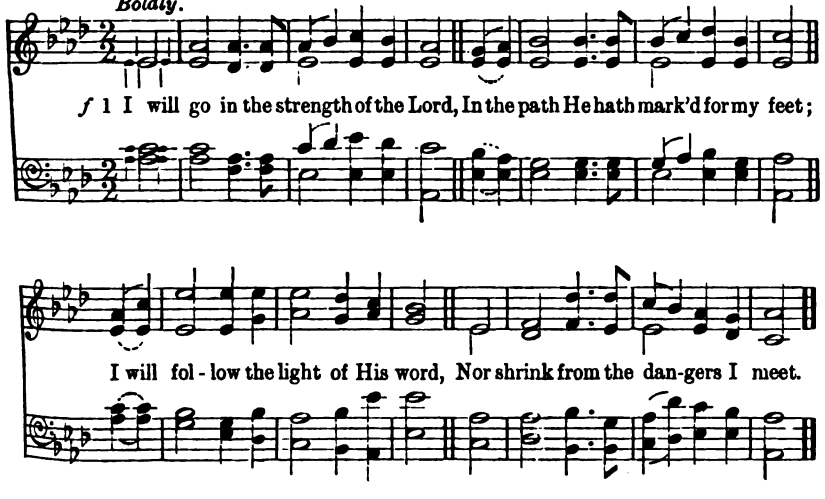
7 May I do the good I know,
Be Thy loving child below,
f Then at last go home to Thee,
Evermore Thy child to be.

John Page Hopps, 1877.

130

I will go in the strength of the Lord God.—Psalm lxxi. 16.

Celeste. P.M. Anon., *circa* 1850.



2 His presence my steps shall attend;
His fulness my wants shall supply;
cr. On Him, till my journey shall end,
My hope shall securely rely.

3 I will go in the strength of the Lord
To the work He appoints me to do;
In the joy which His smile shall afford.
My soul shall her vigour renew.

4 His wisdom shall guard me from harm,
His power my sufficiency prove:
I trust His omnipotent arm;
I rest in His covenant love.

f 5 I will go in the strength of the Lord
To each conflict which faith may require;
And His grace, as my shield and reward,
My courage and zeal shall inspire.

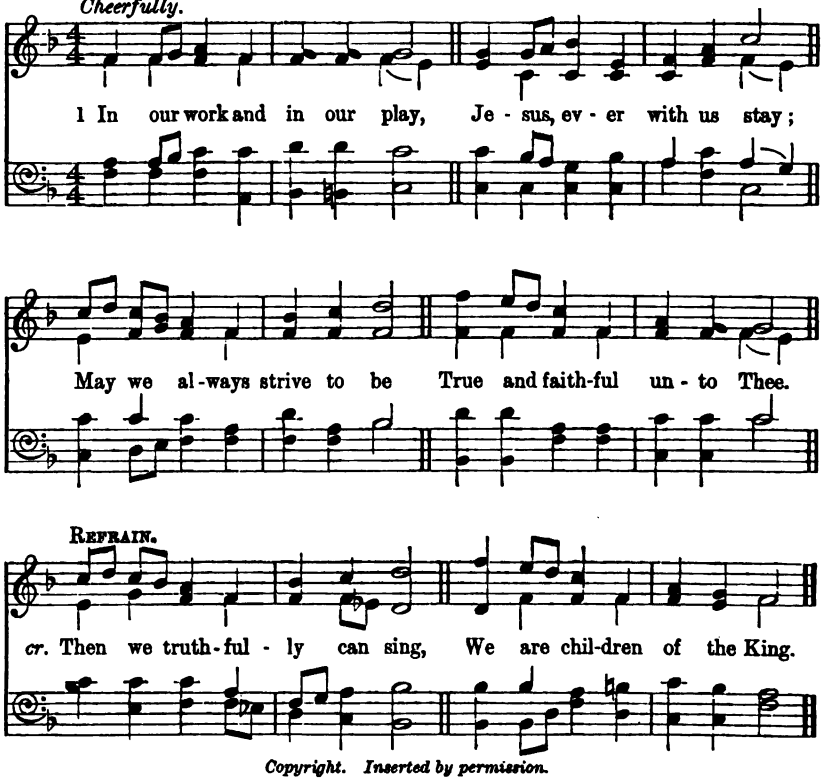
cr. 6 If He give the word of command
To meet and encounter the foe,
With sling and with stone in my hand,
In the strength of the Lord I will go!

E. Turney, 1861.

131

Abide with us.—Luke xxiv. 29.

Rosslyn. 7's. and Refrain. Adapted and Har. by C. B., 1896.



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p 2 May we in Thy strength subdue
Evil tempers, words untrue,
Thoughts impure and deeds unkind,
All things hateful to Thy mind.
Then we, etc.

mf 3 Jesus, from Thy throne above
Deign to fill us with Thy love,
cr. So that all around may see
We belong, dear Lord, to Thee.
Then we, etc.

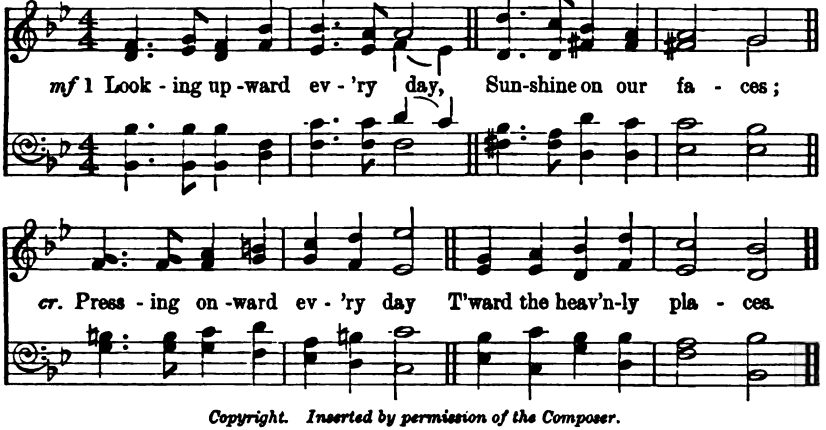
f 4 Children of the King are we!
May we loyal to Him be;
Try to please Him every day,
In our work and in our play.
Then we, etc.

W. G. Wills, circa 1860.

132

I will direct my prayer unto Thee and will look up.—Psalm v. 3.

Wimbledon. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.6.7.6., Trochaic. HENRY LAHEE, 1881.



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p 2 Growing every day in awe,
For Thy name is holy;
Learning every day to love
With a love more lowly.

mp 3 Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;
cr. Growing every day more true
Unto one another.

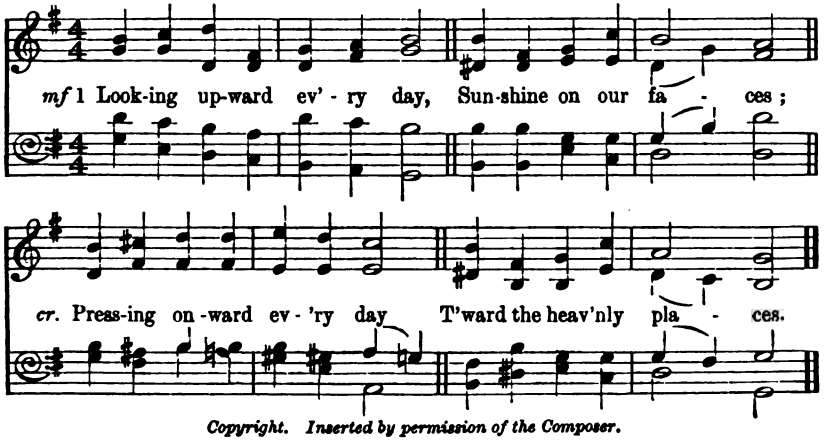
f 4 Every day more gratefully
Kindnesses receiving,
p Every day more readily
Injuries forgiving.

5 Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder;
f Running swifter every day,
Growing purer, kinder.

p 6 Lord, so pray we every day,
Hear us in Thy pity,
cr. That we enter in at last
To the Holy City.

Mary Butler, 1881.

Excelsior. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6.7.6., Trochaic. JOSIAH BOOTH, 1887.



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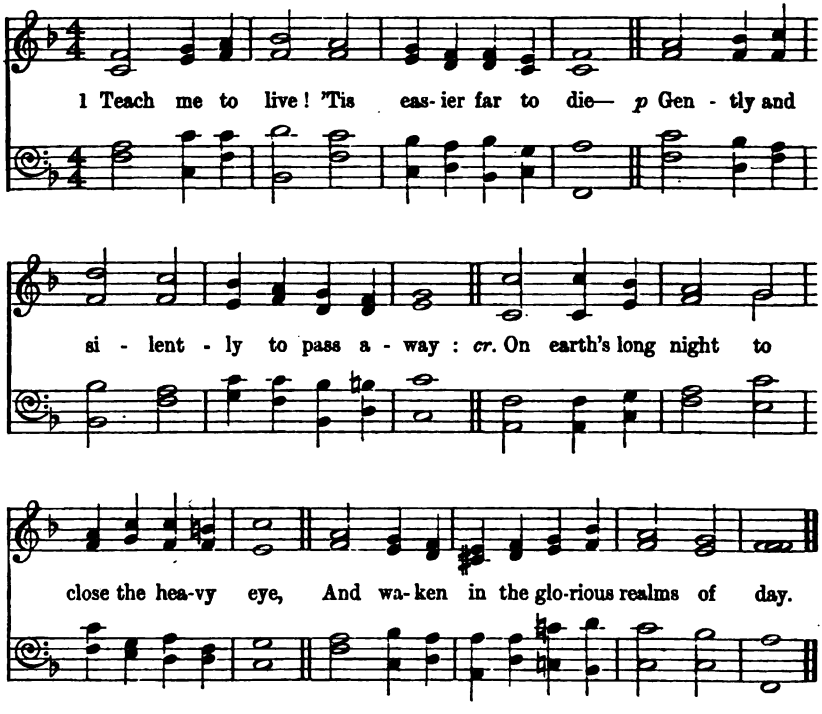
138

That we should be to the praise of His glory.—Eph. i. 12.

Toulon. 10's. CLAUDE GOUDIMEL, 1510-1572.



2 Teach me that harder lesson—how to live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life:
f Arm me for conflict new, fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

3 Teach me to live for self and sin no more,
But use the time remaining to me yet;
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

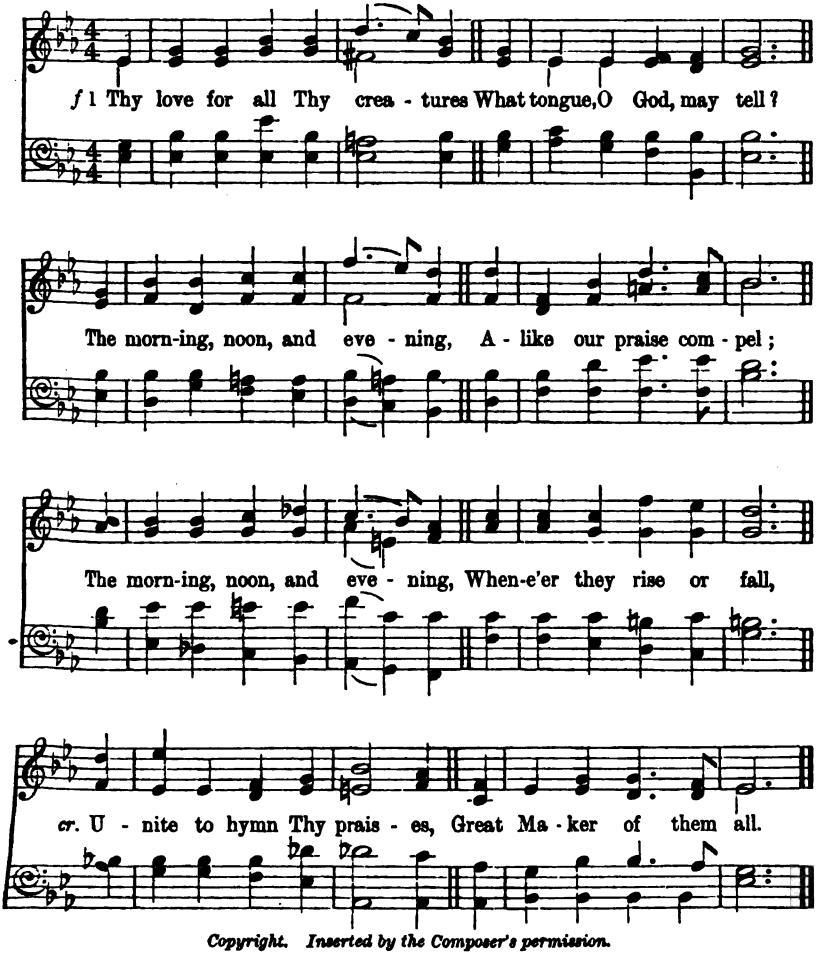
cr. 4 Teach me to live! no idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ;
f Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

5 Teach me to live! with kindly words for all,
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom,
cr. Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy call
Summons my spirit to its heavenly home.

Ellen E. Burman, 1862.

134 *The heavens declare the glory of God.*—Psalm xix. 1.

St. Rinian. 7.6., 8 lines. H. A. Prothero, 1881.



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2 Behold! the sun in splendour
Hath lit his fires on high,
The farther on his journey,
The higher in the sky;
p And when again he sinketh
Beneath the western wave,
cr. A radiant crown of glory,
Shall kindle o'er his grave.

3 May we to whom in mercy
A brighter light is given,
The farther on our journey,
The nearer be to heaven;
p And when the shades of evening
Shall lengthen o'er our heads,
cr. May rays of heavenly glory
Illume our dying beds.

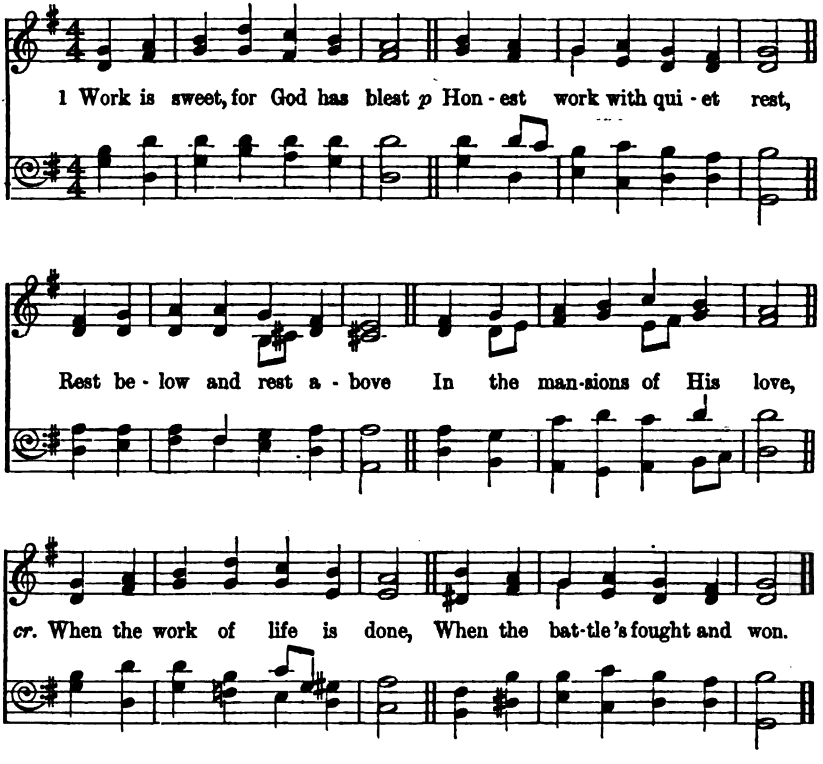
f 4 Shine! shine! Thou Sun Eternal,
And cast a ray divine;
On those who hymn Thy praises,
Both now and ever shine;
For then no cloud of evening
Shall gather round the past,
cr. But Thou, O Christ, shalt light us
Safe Home,—safe Home at last.

G. Thring, 1866.

135

There are six days in which men ought to work.—Luke xiii. 14.

Cassel. 7's., 6 lines. J. THOMMEN's *Liederschatz*, 1745.



f 2 Work ye, then, while yet 'tis day,
Work, ye Christians, while ye may,
Work for all that's great and good,
Working for your daily food,
Working whilst the golden hours,
Health, and strength, and youth are yours.

m 3 Working not alone for gold,
Not the work that's bought and sold,
Not the work that worketh strife,
But the working of a life
Careless both of good or ill,
If ye can but do His will.

p 4 Working ere the day is gone,
Working till your work is done,
Not as traffickers at marts,
cr. But as fitteth honest hearts,
Working till your spirits rest
With the spirits of the blest.

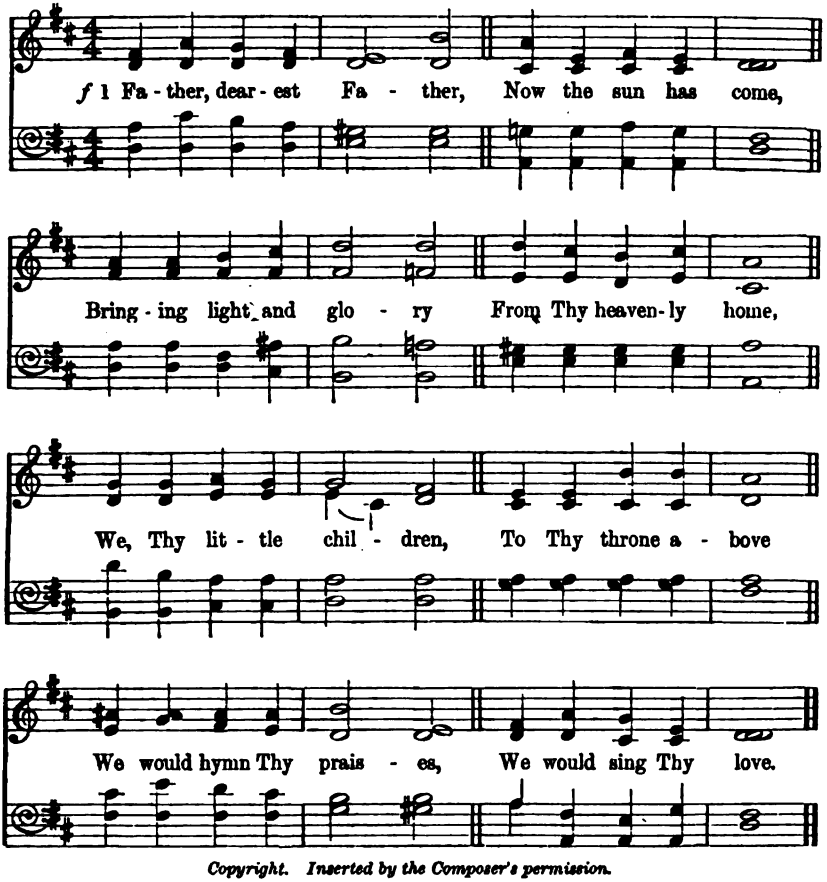
G. Thring, 1866.

2. At Day Dawn.

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

136 *My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord.*—Psalm v. 3.

Vespers. 6.5., 8 lines. H. A. PROTHERO, 1881.



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f 2 Thou art wise and loving,
Thou art great and strong;
Glad when we do rightly,
p Grieved when we do wrong,
Hear us, holy Father,
As to Thee we pray,
Asking Thee to keep us
Safe from harm to-day.

p 3 As our Saviour Jesus,
When a little child,
Gentle was, and holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild,
He shall be our copy,
We will try to be
Patient and obedient,
Loving, kind as He.

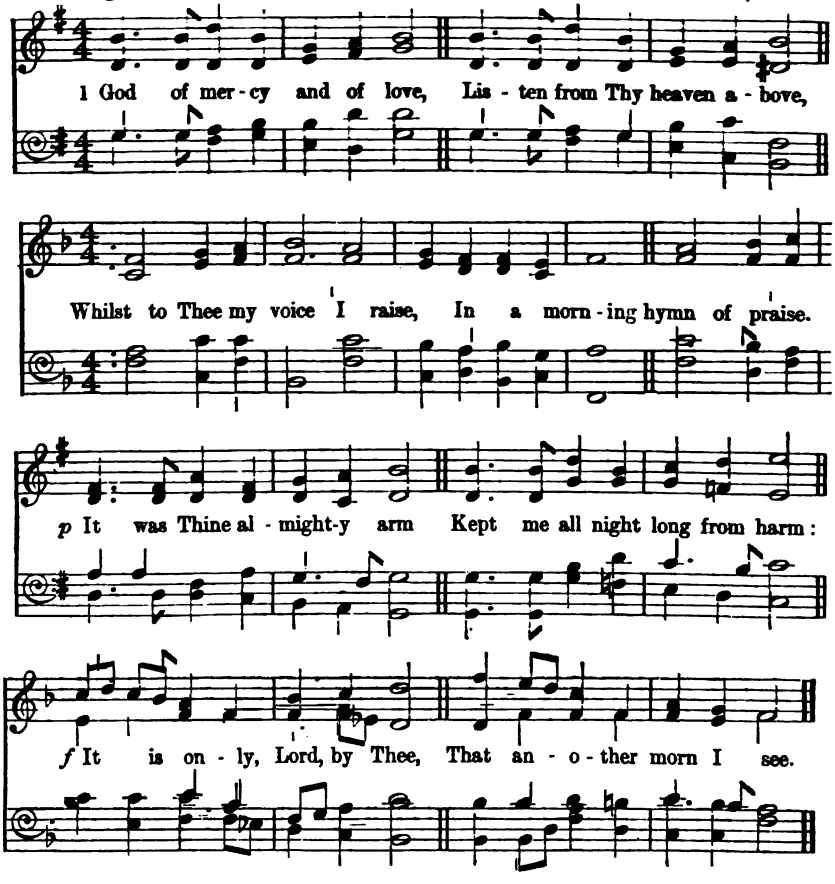
cr. 4 Father God, our Father,
Guide us every hour,
Keep us safe and shield us
From temptation's power
p So, when night returneth,
Holier may we be,
Kept from sin and sorrow,
All the nearer Thee!

Mark Evans, circa 1870

137

God of mercy.—Psalm lix. 10.

St. George's, Windsor. 7's, 8 lines. Sir Geo. J. Elvey, 1858.



f 2 Lo! the happy light of day
Drives the shadows all away;
Lo! it brings again to sight
All things beautiful and bright:
p White clouds sailing in the air,
Little flowers so fresh and fair;
cr. Greenest fields and rippling streams,
Glittering in the morning beams.

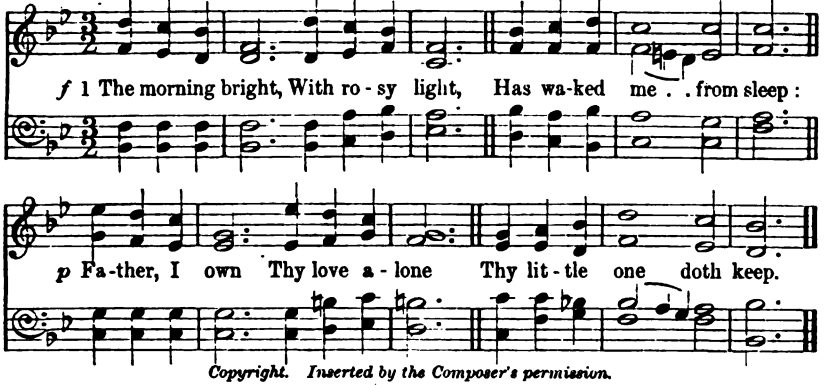
p 3 Father, keep me all day long
Fron all hurtful things and wrong;
Make me Thy obedient child;
Make me loving, gentle, mild.
cr. Hark! the birds are singing gay:
Let me sing as well as they,
Praise to Him who reigns above,
For His mercies and His love.

From "The S.S. Gift," circa 1840.

138

I will sing of Thy mercy in the morning.—Psalm lix. 16.

Batbersage. 4.4.6.4.4.6. or C.M. R. Jackson, 1894.



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p 2 All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my Guard and Guide:
My sins forgive,
cr. And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

3 O make Thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
cr. Make me like Thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face.

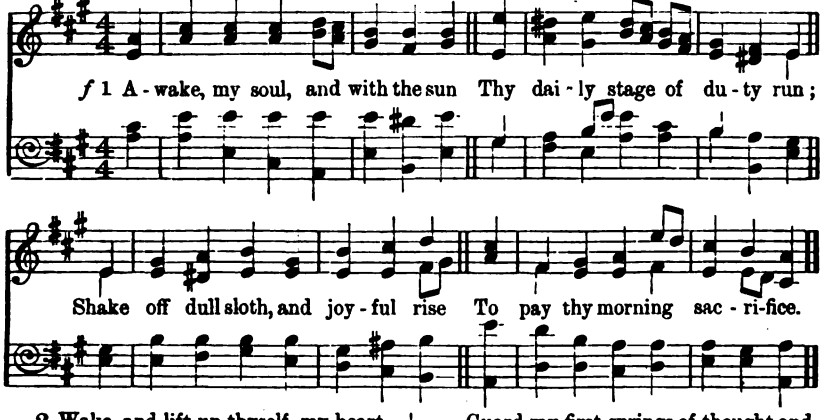
T. O. Summers, 1845.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

139

Man goeth forth unto his . . . labour, until the evening.—Psalm civ. 23.

Morning Hymn. L.M. F. H. Barthélémon, 1819.



2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

3 May I, like them, in God delight;
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like them, my Maker's will,
And celebrate His glories still.

p 4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

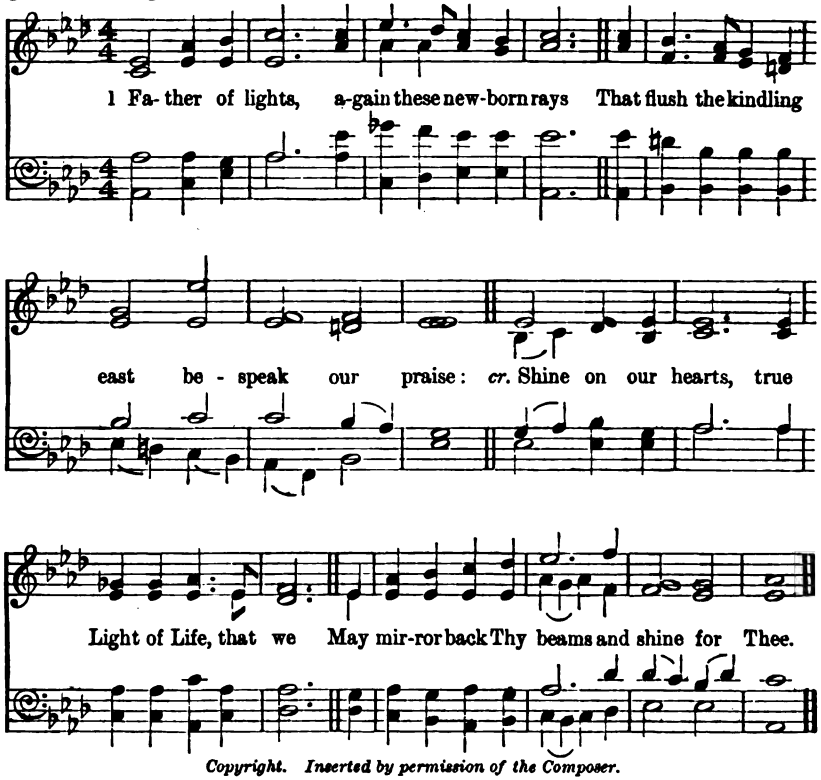
f 6 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Thomas Ken, 1695.

140

The Father of lights.—Jas. i. 17.

Father of Lights. 10's. P. H. Diemer, 1885.



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f 2 God of the day! teach us to walk in light
With guileless hearts, as in our Father's sight;
To hate the works of darkness, and to be
True to ourselves, our fellow-man, and Thee.

3 God of our time! Thy latest gift—this day,
dim. We render back to Thee, and humbly lay
Upon Thine altar; consecrate its hours,
That we may work Thy will with all our powers.

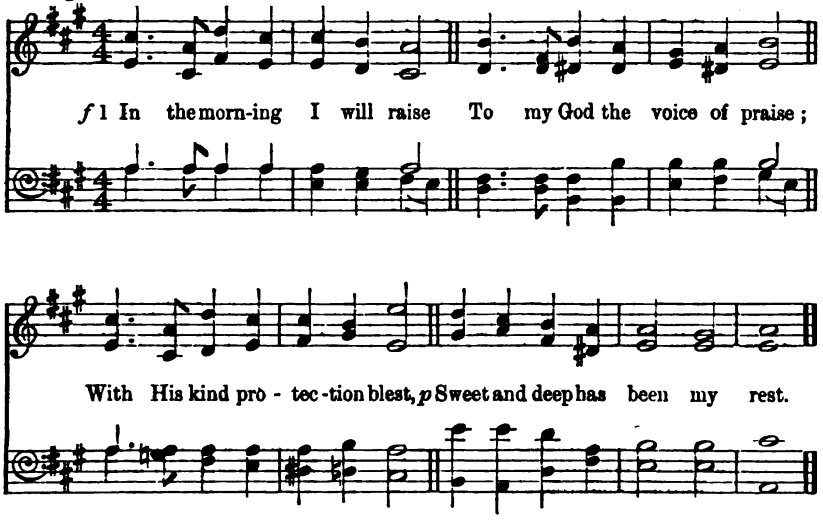
cr. 4 God of our homes! we own Thee Master there,
May all be ordered in Thy faith and fear;
Unseen but felt, Oh! may Thy presence prove
p The bond of peace, the pledge of joy and love.

p 5 And when at last life's eventide shall come,
And the night gathers round our earthly home,
cr. O be Thy face unveiled, our morning star,
Herald of dawn in sunnier climes afar.

W. Hay M. H. Aitken. 1885.

141 *My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord.*—Psalm v. 3.

Ellingham. 7's. S. N. Godfrey, *circa* 1875.



f 2 In the morning I will pray
For His blessing on the day;
dim. What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

p 3 Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, oh, shine!

4 Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in Thee,
f And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

5 Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep my eyes, O God, from tears,
Every step Thy grace attend,
And my soul from death defend!

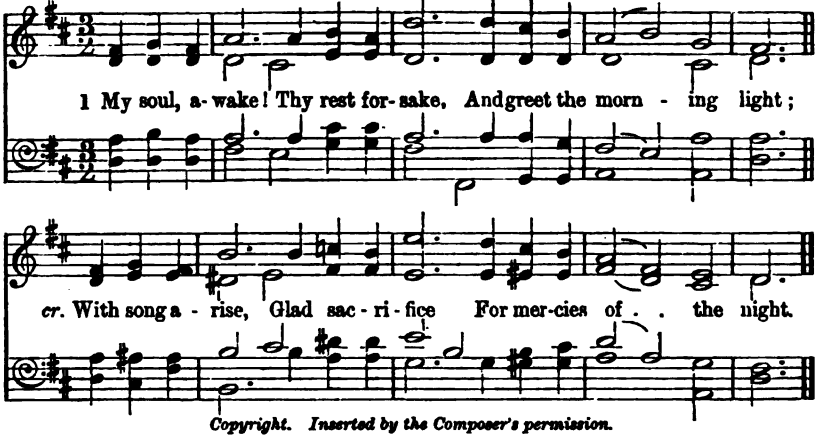
p 6 Then, when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light;
dim. Thou wilt peace around diffuse
Gently as the evening dews.

W. H. Furness, 1840.

142

I will awake early.—Psalm lvii. 8.

Bracondale. [FIRST TUNE.] 4.4.6.4.4.6. or C.M. J. BOOTH, 1887.



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f 2 With courage drest,
Strong-hearted, blest,
Fulfil thy work abroad.
Fearless and true,
Thy way pursue,
A happy child of God.

p 3 Amid the strife
Of daily life,
Amid its noontide heat,
Fear not to miss
Thy secret bliss,
The rest of sonship sweet.

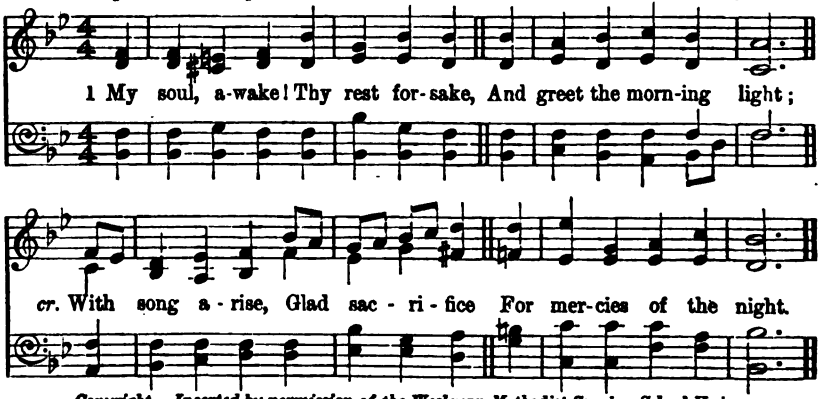
4 In liberty
Of holy glee,
Accept thy childhood's part;
cr. And thou shalt find,
By faith enshrined,
The Father in thy heart.

p 5 O blessèd rest,
With such a Guest
Life's duty grows divine,
Dross becomes gold,
cr. And, as of old,
The water turns to wine.

f 6 Eternal praise
To Thee we raise,
Who deign'st with man to dwell;
Great Word of God,
ff Jehovah! Lord!
Adored Immanuel!

Jane E. Livock, 1881.

Sharon. [SECOND TUNE.] 4.4.6.4.4.6. or C.M. T. WALLHEAD, 1879.



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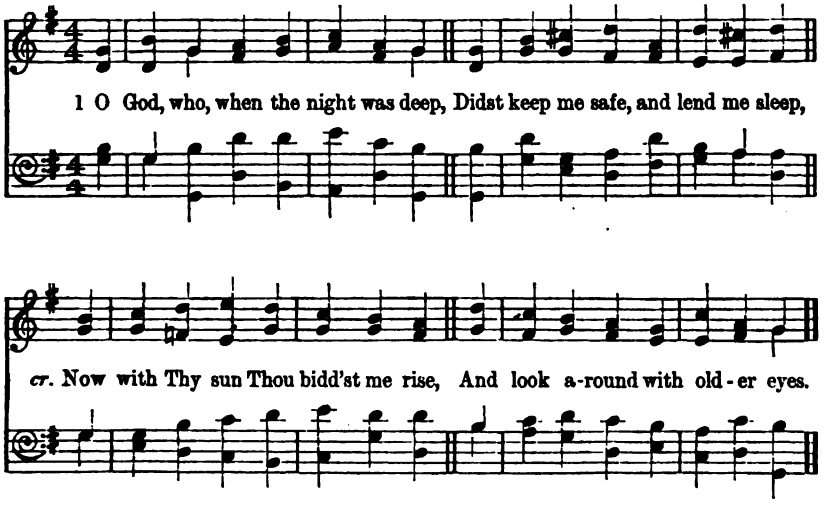
143

Thou makest me dwell in safety.—Psalm iv. 8.

Angel's Hymn. L.M. ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1583-1625.



2.

Each blessèd morning Thou dost give,
p I have one morning less to live:
cr. O help me so this day to spend,
To make me fitter for the end.

3.

O bid all evil wishes fly,
The fretful word, and idle eye;
Help me to think in all I do,
"God sees me: would He have it so?"

4.

Make my first wish and thought to be
For others sooner than for me;
p And let me pardon them, as I
Hope for God's pardon when I die.

5.

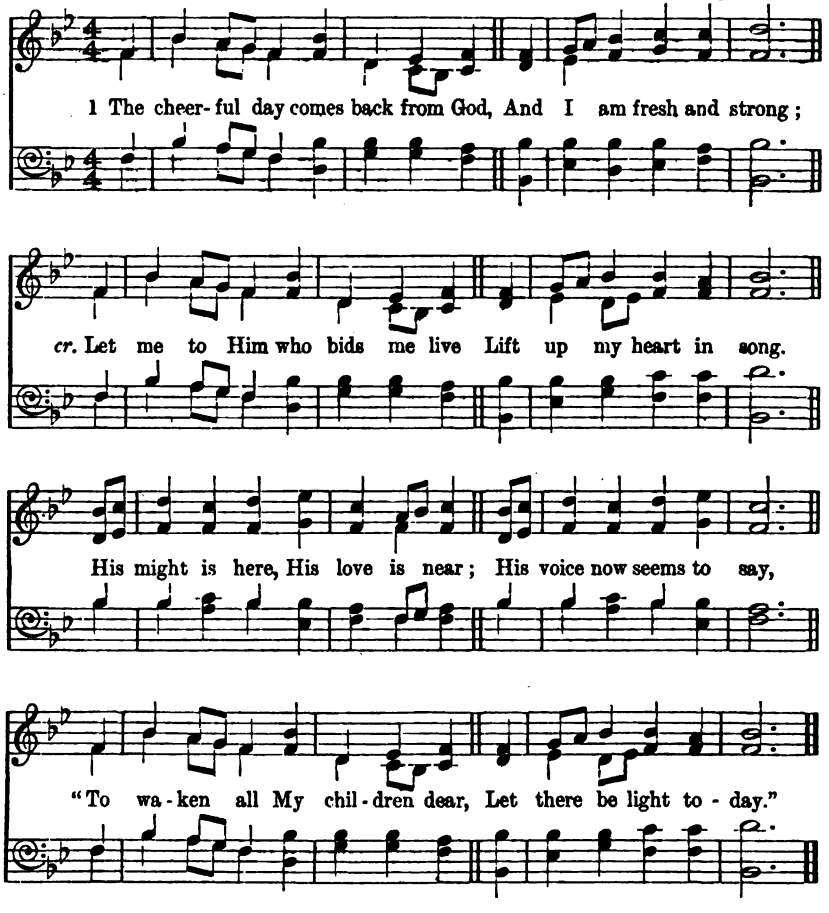
f Be with me when I work and play,
Be with me now; and every day
Be near me; when I pray Thee, hear;
p And when I pray not, Lord, be near.

F. T. Palgrave, 1870.

144

God said, Let there be light.—Gen. i. 3.

Ellacombe. C.M. D. CONRAD KOCHER'S *Zionsharfe*, 1854.



2.

f And I go forth with bounding step,
The present God to view;
I see Him in each blade of grass—
In every drop of dew.
cr. His might is here, His love is near,
His voice doth surely say,
"To waken all My children dear,
Let there be light to-day."

3.

He gives me back the light, that I
His glorious world may see,
And learn to work, and learn to live
In cheerful piety.
Nor would He have my young life grave,
cr. But guileless, glad, and free;
A child am I, and not a slave;
Thrice thankful let me be.

4.

p Search me, O God, and know my heart,
My secret purpose try;
Nor let me ever shun Thy light,
Though often wrong am I;
cr. But rather now, with open brow,
I look, O Lord, to Thee,
Right meekly glad, for, Jesus, Thou
Art light and life to me.

Anon., 1840.

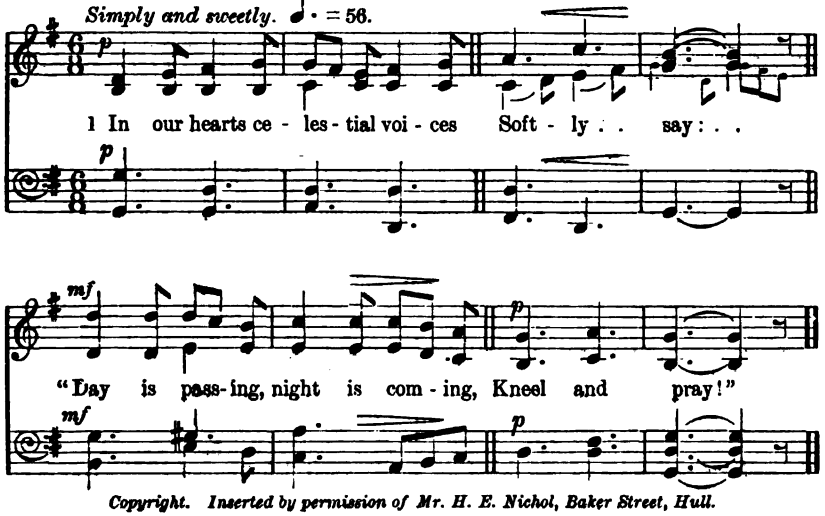
3. At Eventide.

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

145 *Thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety.*—Psalm iv. 8.

Corelli. 8.8.8.3. H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus. Bac. (Oxon.), 1903.

TREBLES IN UNISON, OR TREBLES AND ALTOS.



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2.
cr. Father, we obey the summons,
Hear our cry!
Pity us, and help our weakness,
Thou Most High!

3.
For the joys that most we cherish
Praised be Thou!
Good and gentle art Thou ever,
Hear us now!

4.
p Coming morrows we may never
Live to see;
All we ask Thee is to keep us
Safe with Thee.

5.
May our dreams be of Thy kingdom
Full of grace,—
Where at last we hope to meet Thee
Face to face.

6.
p We are only little children
Kneeling here,—
cr. And we want our loving Father
Always near!

7.
Take us in Thy arms and keep us
As Thine own,
Gather us like little sunbeams
Round Thy throne.

8.
f There, when all our prayers are ended,
Faults forgiven,
May we live with Thee for ever
Up in heaven!

Marie Corelli, 1902 (*by kind permission*).

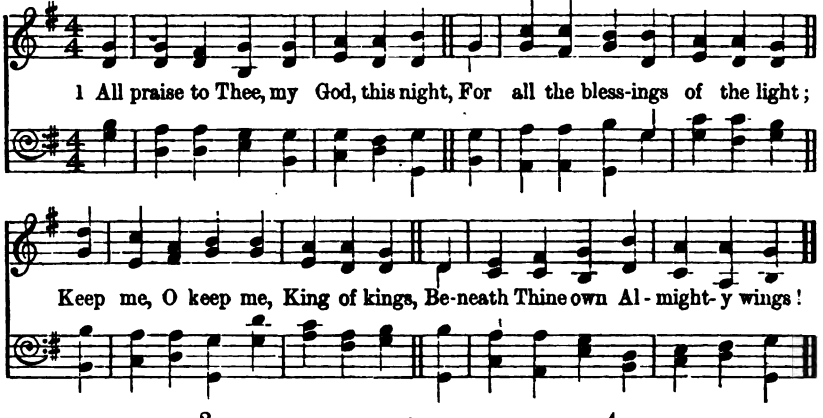
Verses 2 to 7 may be taken alternately by the Girls and the Boys, all joining in closing verse.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

146

Under His wings shalt thou trust.—Psalm xci. 4.

Tallis' Canon. L.M. THOMAS TALLIS, 1520-1585.



2.

p Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3.

f Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
p Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

4.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
cr. Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5.

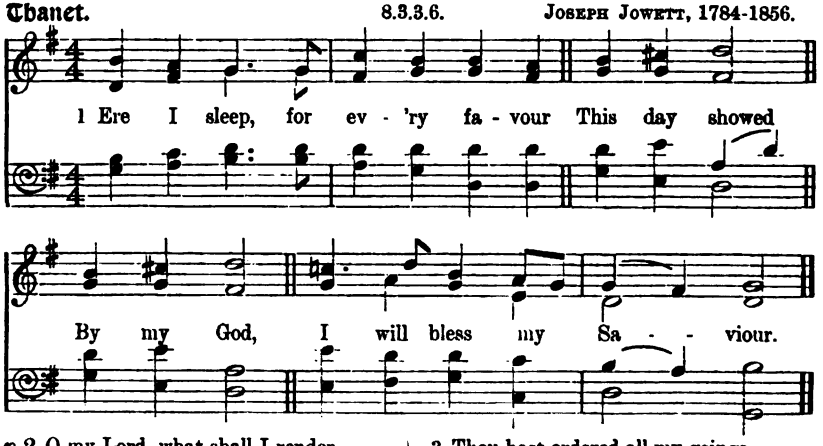
f Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1695 (*revd.* 1709).

147

Every day will I bless Thee.—Psalm cxlv. 2.

Thanet. 8.3.3.6. JOSEPH JOWETT, 1784-1856.



p 2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy Name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender?

3 Thou hast ordered all my goings
In Thy way,
Heard me pray,
Sanctified my doings.

4 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

p 5 Visit me with Thy salvation,
Let Thy care
Now be near
Round my habitation.

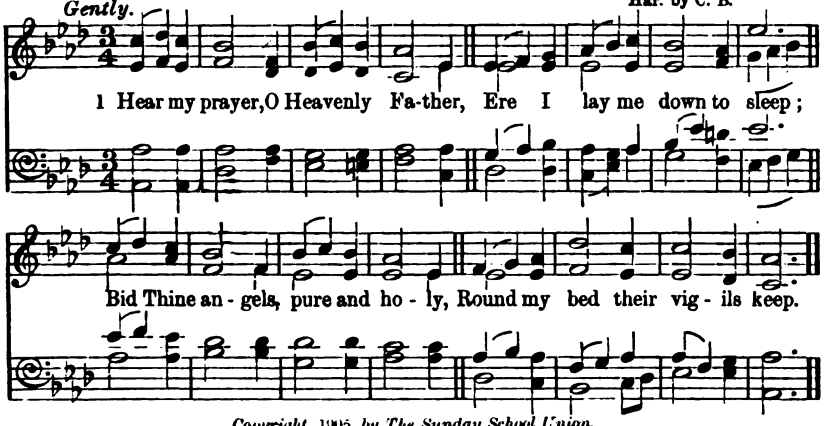
f 6 Thou my rock, my guard, my tower
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me, with all Thy power.

p 7 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
cr. Let me rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number.

J. Cennick, 1741.

148 *Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.*—Isa. xxvi. 3.

Newlyn. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7.8.7. MARGUERITE GRAY, 1905.
Har. by C. B.



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p 2 Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
cr. Down before the Cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

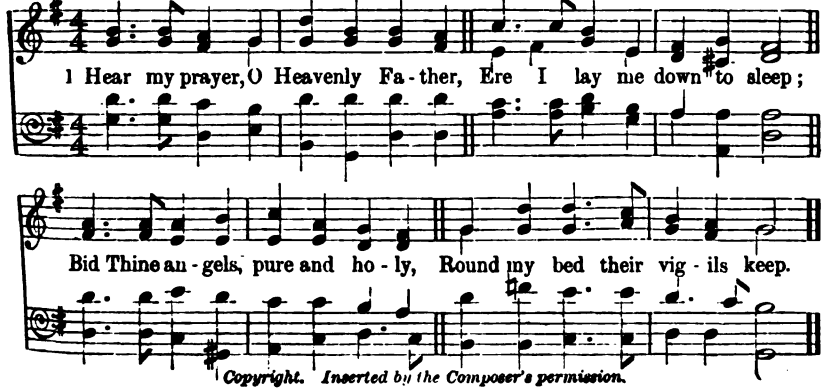
3 Keep me through this night of peril
Underneath its boundless shade;
dim. Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

f 4 None can measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None can bound the tender mercies
Which Thy Holy Son has bought.

p 5 Pardon all my past transgressions,
Give me strength for days to come;
cr. Guide and guard me with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bid me home.

Harriet Parr, 1856.

St. Mabyn. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7.8.7. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN, 1876.



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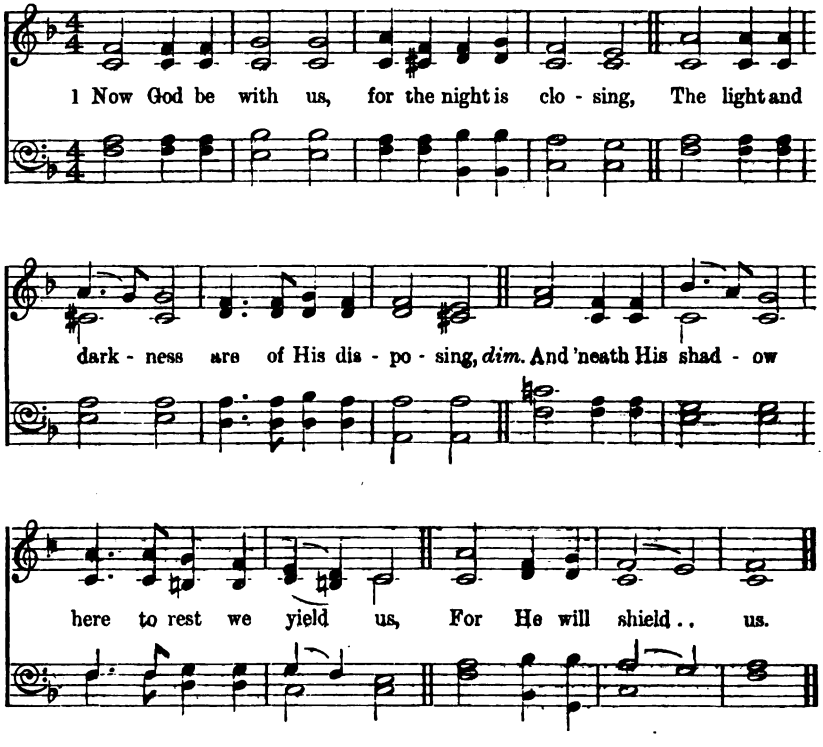
149 *In the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge.*—Psalm lvii. 1.

Integer Vitæ. 11.11.11.5. FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING, 1778-1813.



p 2 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
f All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing,
Thy praise pursuing.

p 3 As Thy belovèd, soothe the sick, and weeping;
And bid the sufferer lose his griefs in sleeping;
pp Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
cr. But Thy dear presence will not leave us lonely
Who seek Thee only.

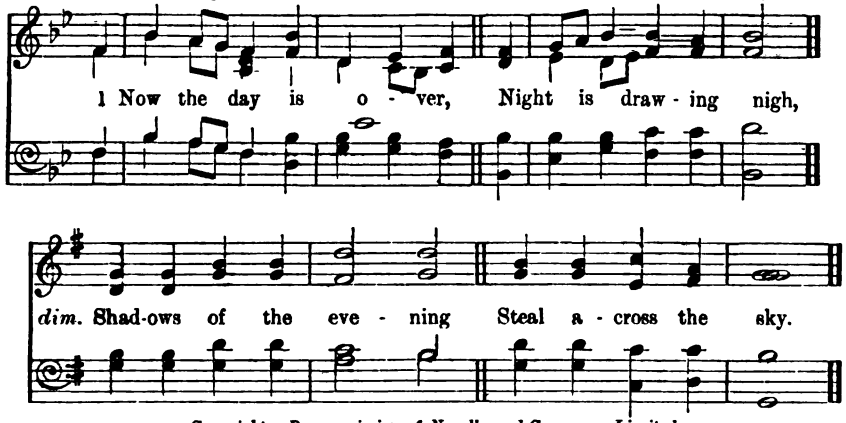
f 5 Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
cr. Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

From *Petrus Herbert*, tr. *Catherine Winkworth*, 1865.

150

When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid.—Prov. iii. 24.

North Coates. [FIRST TUNE.] 6.5.6.5. T. RICHARD MATTHEWS, 1862.



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p 2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

p 4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

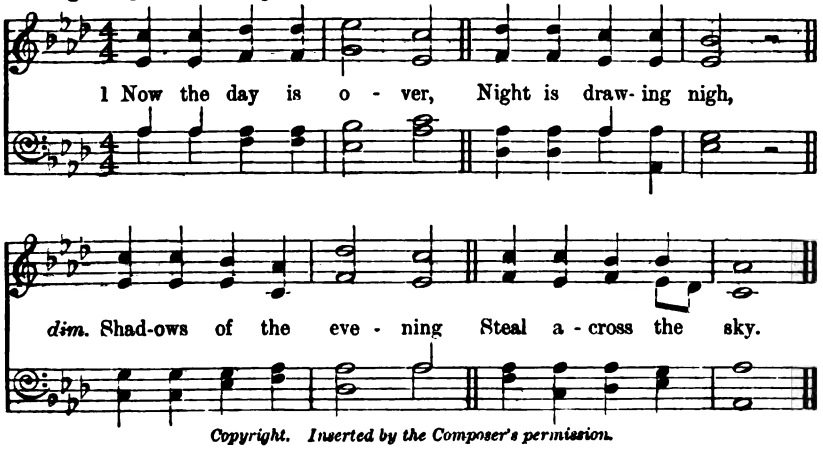
pp 5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who planned some evil
From their sin restrain.

cr. 6 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

f 7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865.

Eudoria. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.5.6.5. S. BARING-GOULD, 1865.



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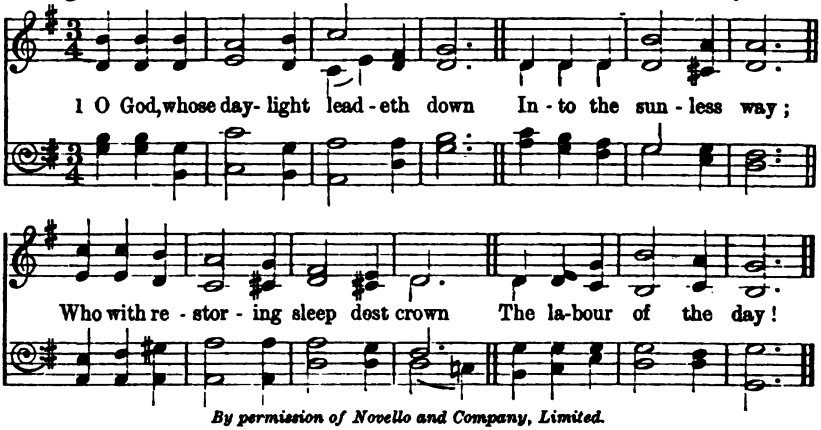
151

I will . . . manifest Myself to him.—John xiv. 21.

St. Agnes. C.M. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1866.



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dim. 2 What I have done, Lord, make it clean
With Thy forgiveness dear;
cr. That so to-day what might have been,
To-morrow may appear.

p 3 And when my thought is all astray,
Yet think Thou on in me;
cr. That with the new, unsullied day,
My soul rise fresh and free.

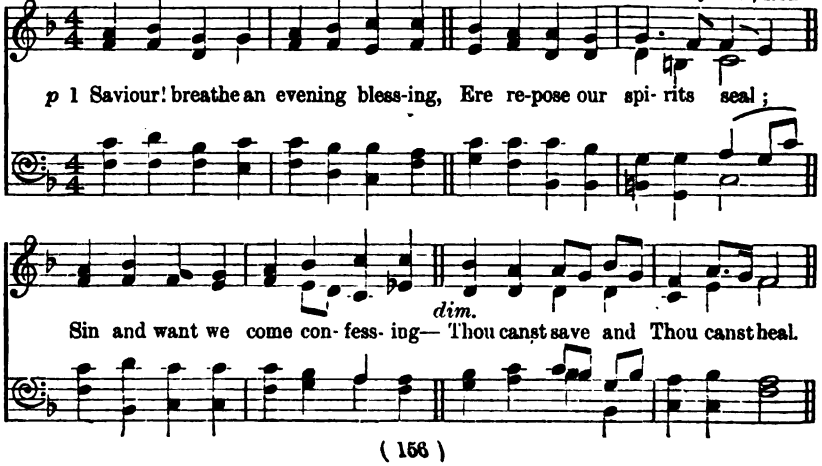
4 Nor let me wander all in vain
Through dreams that mock and flee,
cr. But even in visions of the brain
Go wandering toward Thee.

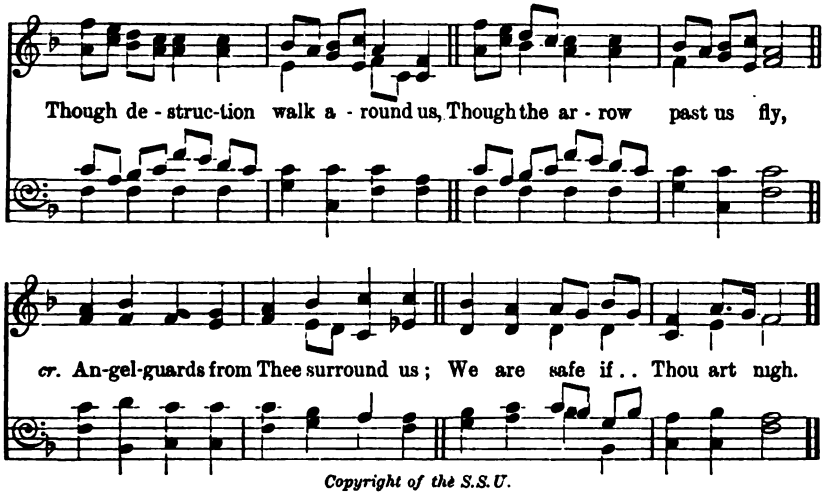
George MacDonald, 1860.

152

Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.—Psalm xci. 10.

Oldenburg. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7., 8 lines. Air by Mozart. Har. by C. B., 1904.





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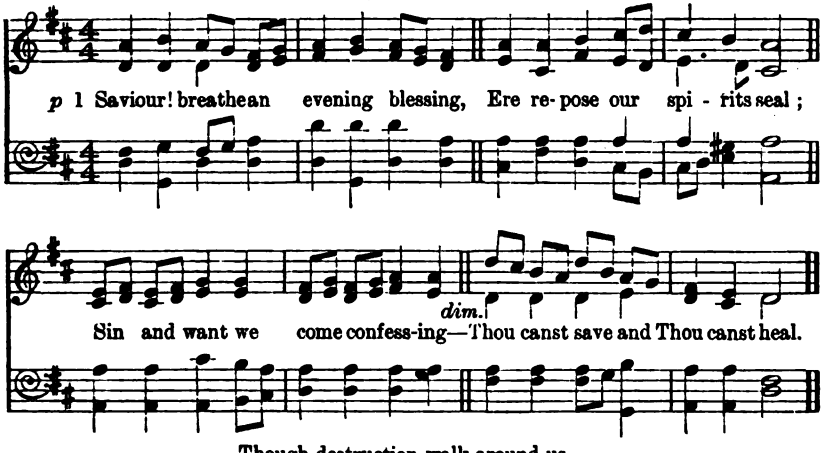
p 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
cr. Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.
pp Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
cr. May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston, 1820.

May also be taken as a four-lined hymn.

Sicilian Mariners. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7.8.7. Italian Air.

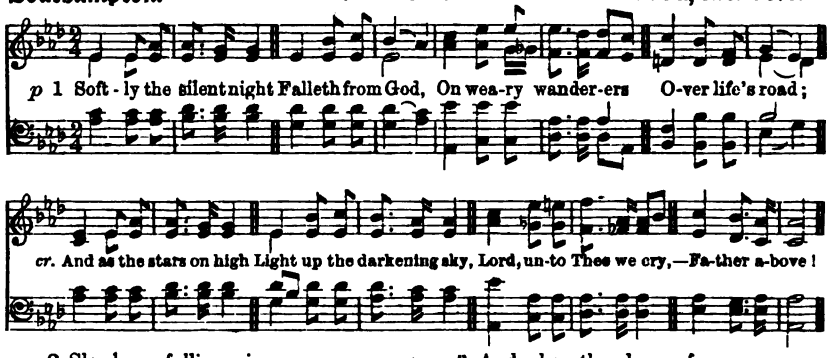


Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
cr. Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

153

Thou makest the day dark with night.—Amos v. 8.

Southampton. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. Anon., *circa* 1870.



p 2 Slowly on falling wing
Daylight has passed;
Sleep, like an angel kind,
Folds us at last.
Peace be our lot this night,
cr. Safe be our slumber light,
Watched by Thine angels bright,
Father above!

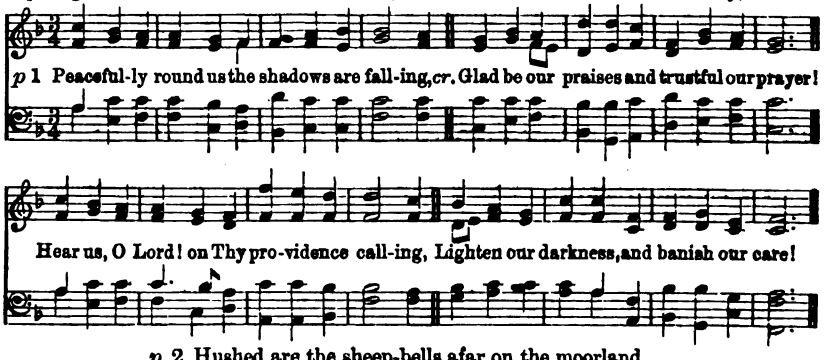
cr. 3 And when the gleam of morn
Touches our eyes,
And the returning day
Bids us arise,—
f Happy beneath Thy will,
Steadfast in joy or ill,
Lord, may we serve Thee still,
Father above!

A. N. Blatchford, 1875.

154

The shadows of the evening are stretched out.—Jer. vi. 4.

Springfield. 11.10.11.10. Dactyllic. Anon. in Dr. MAURICE'S Choral Harmony, 1853.



p 2 Hushed are the sheep-bells afar on the moorland,
O'er the still meadows the night breezes sweep,
dim. Faint fall the footsteps in city and hamlet,
Safely the children are folded in sleep.

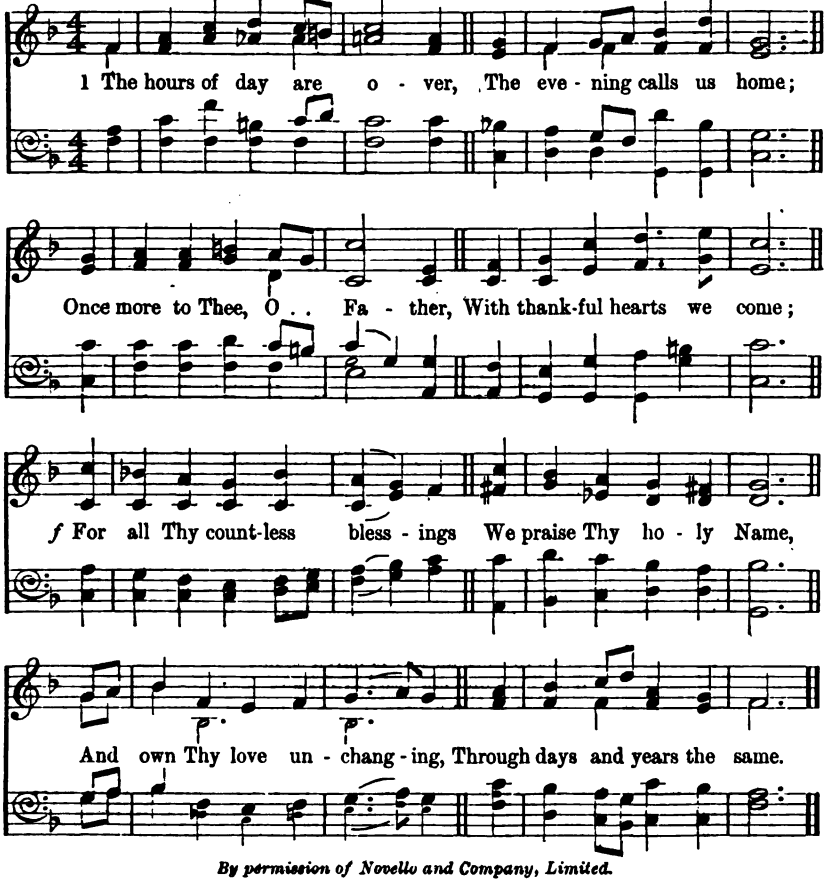
p 3 Softly may weary ones rest from their duty,
cr. Bright be the dreams of the troubled and worn!
While through the shade beam the stars in their beauty,
Watching the world till the breaking of morn.

4 Lord of the night! let Thine angels befriend us
Sunshine and gloom are alike unto Thee.
cr. Lord of the day! let Thy Spirit attend us,
Bless us, and keep us wherever we be!

A. N. Blatchford, 1880.

155 *Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.*—Psalm ciii. 2.

Day of Rest. 7.6., 8 lines. J. W. Elliott, 1875.



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2 For life and health, and shelter
From harm throughout the day,
The kindness of our teachers,
The gladness of our play;
For all the dear affection
Of parents, brothers, friends,
cr. To Him our thanks we render
Who these and all things sends.

p 3 But these, O Lord, can show us
Thy goodness but in part;
Thy love would lead us onward
To know Thee as Thou art:
f Thy Son came down from heaven
To take away our sin,
p Thy Spirit dwells among us
To make us clean within.

f 4 For this, O Lord, we bless Thee,
For this, we thank Thee most,—
The cleansing of the sinful,
The saving of the lost;
The Teacher ever present,
The Friend for ever nigh,
cr. The Home prepared by Jesus
For us above the sky.

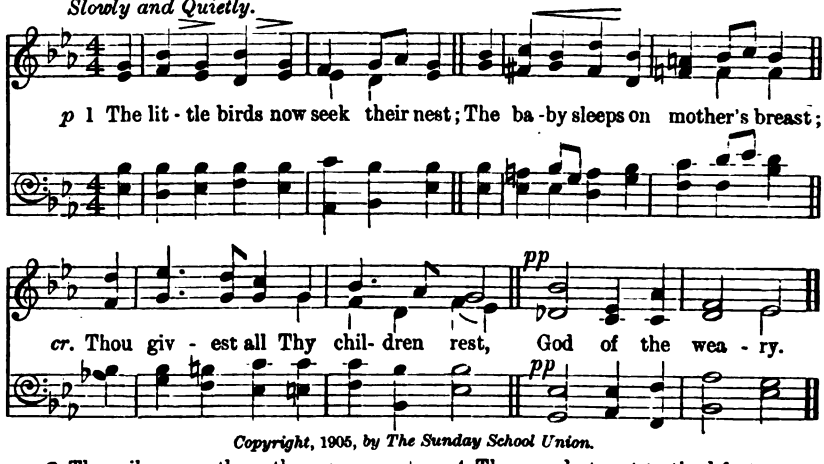
p 5 Lord, gather all Thy children
To meet Thee there at last,
When earthly tasks are ended,
And earthly days are past;
cr. With all our dear ones round us
In that eternal home,
Where death no more shall part us,
And night shall never come!

J. Ellerton, 1858.

156 *Thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.*—Prov. iii. 24.

Morven. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.8.8.5. A. BRYCE, 1905.

Slowly and Quietly.



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2 The sailor prayeth on the sea:
The little ones at mother's knee;
Now comes the penitent to Thee,
p God of the weary.

cr. 3 The orphan puts away his fears;
The troubled hopes for happier years;
Thou driest all the mourner's tears,
p God of the weary.

p 4 Thou sendest rest to tired feet,
To little toilers slumber sweet,
To aching hearts repose complete,
God of the weary.

5 In grief, perplexity, or pain,
None ever come to Thee in vain;
Thou makest life a joy again,
p God of the weary.

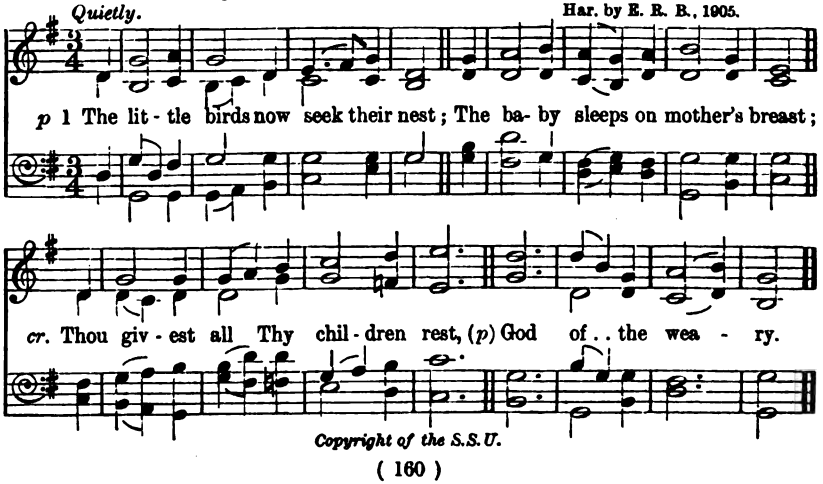
cr. 6 We sleep that we may wake renewed,
To serve Thee as Thy children should,
With love, and zeal, and gratitude,
p God of the weary.

Matilda Betham-Edwards, 1873.

The Little Birds. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.8.8.5. W. J. KIRKPATRICK, *circa* 1880.

Har. by E. R. B., 1905.

Quietly.



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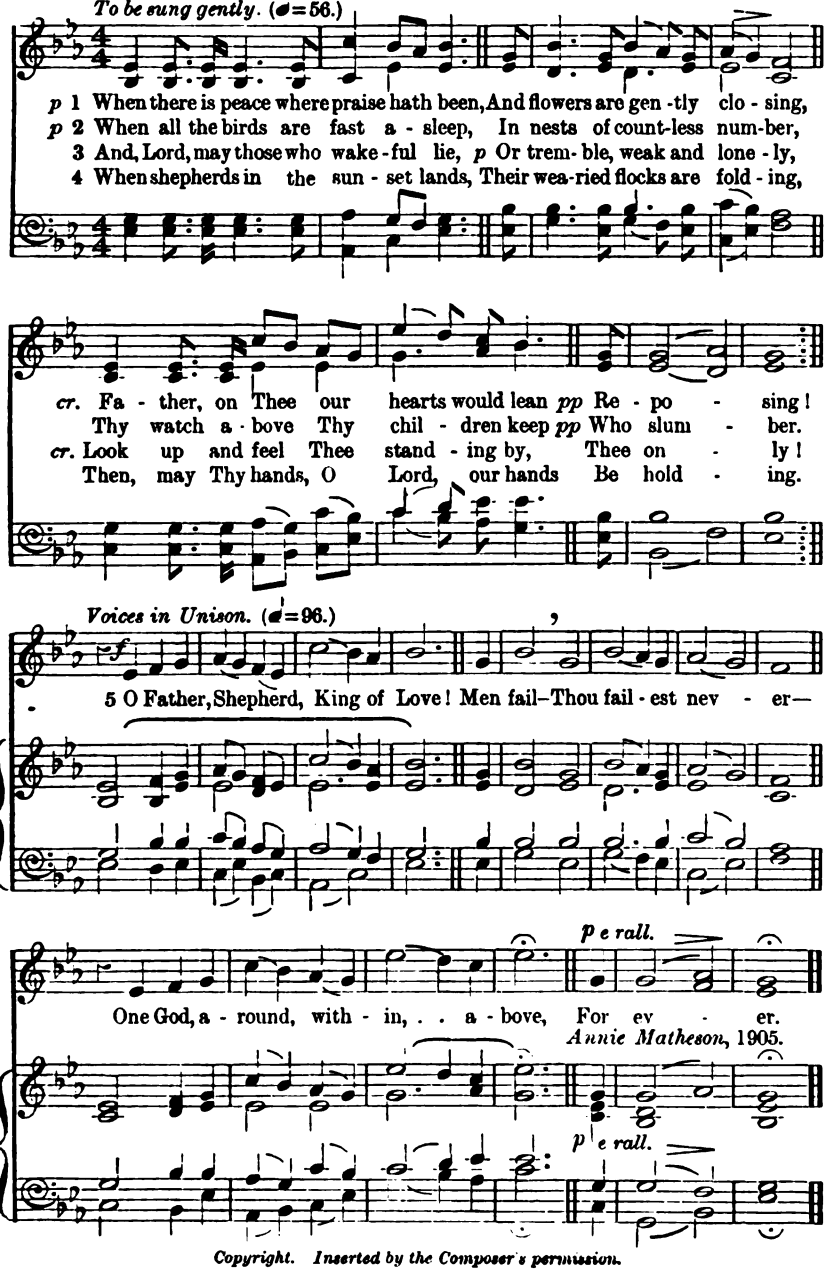
157 *He that keepeth thee will not slumber.*—Psalm cxxi. 4.

Evensong. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7.8.3. H. WALFORD DAVIES, Mus. Doc., 1905.



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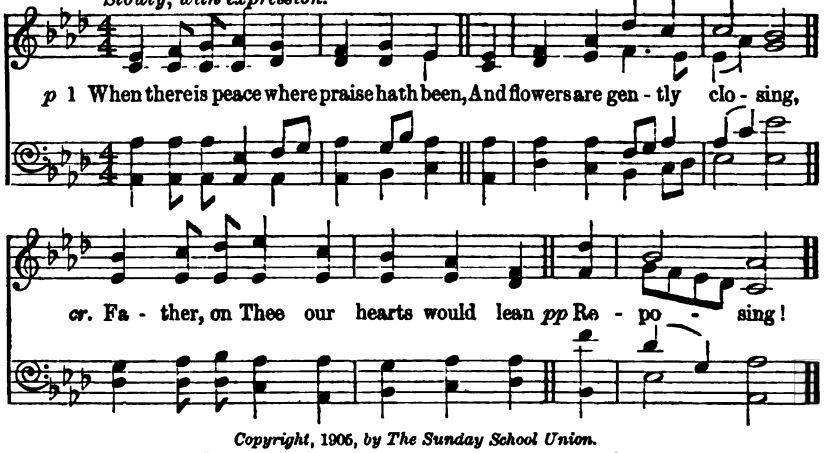
157 *He that keepeth thee will not slumber.*—Psalm cxxi. 4.

Pax vobiscum. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7.8.3. KATE FIELD, 1905.

Slowly, with expression.



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2.

p When all the birds are fast asleep,
In nests of countless number,
Thy watch above Thy children keep
pp Who slumber.

3.

And, Lord, may those who wakeful lie,
p Or tremble, weak and lonely,
cr. Look up and feel Thee standing by,
Thee only!

4.

When shepherds in all sunset lands
Their wearied flocks are folding,
Then, may Thy hands, O Lord, our hands
Be holding.

5.

O Father, Shepherd, King of Love!
cr. Men fail—Thou failest never—
One God, around, within, above,
For ever!

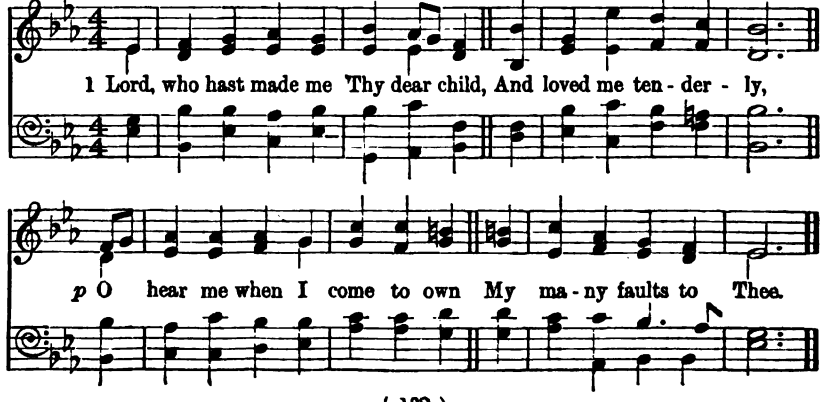
Annie Matheson, 1905.

VII. "And forgive us our Debts as we forgive our Debtors."

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

158 *Who forgiveth all thine iniquities.*—Psalm ciii. 3.

Horsley. C.M. W. HORSLEY, Mus. Bac., 1844.



2 How often I have thought that I
A better child would be,
More gentle, loving, kind, and true,
And pleasing unto Thee!

dim. 3 And yet I have not conquered sin,
Nor striven as I should;
I have not always looked to Thee
When trying to be good.

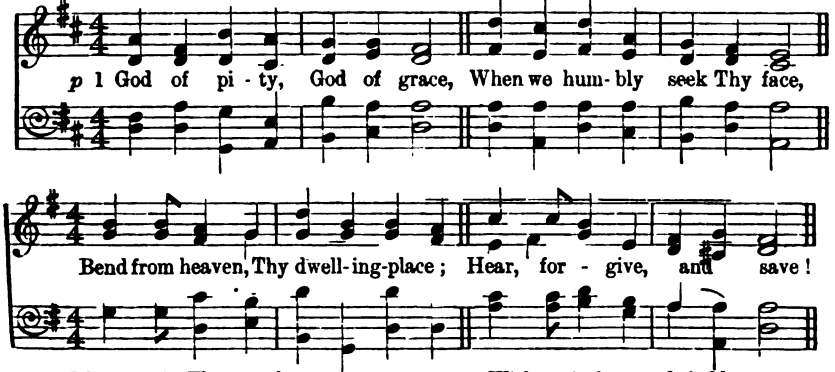
cr. 4 Yet turn not from me, dearest Lord,
But all my faults forgive,
And grant that I may love Thee more
Each day on earth I live.

E. C. W., 1872.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

159 *When Thou hearest, forgive.*—1 Kings viii. 30.

Capetown. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.7.7.5. FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1847.



2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before Thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat;
Look from heaven and save!

f 3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill:
Lord, accept and save!

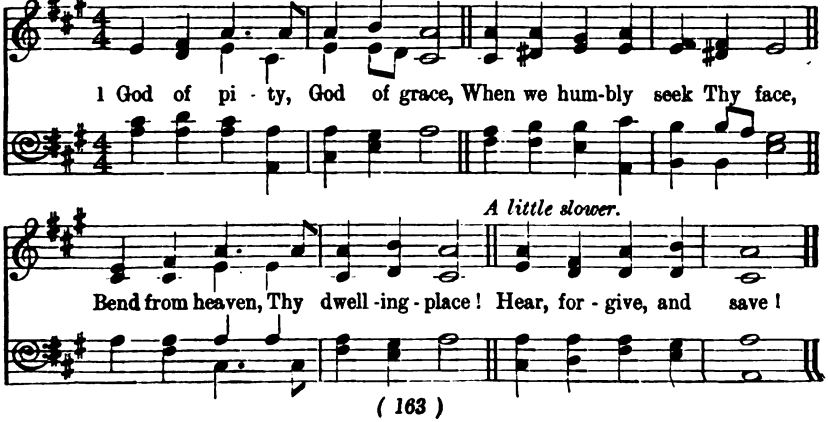
p 4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold:
Lord, forgive and save!

pp 5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess:
Jesus, hear and save!

cr. 6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee,
From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive, and save!

Eliza F. Morris, 1858.

St. Ambrose. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.7.7.5. Gregorian Tone.

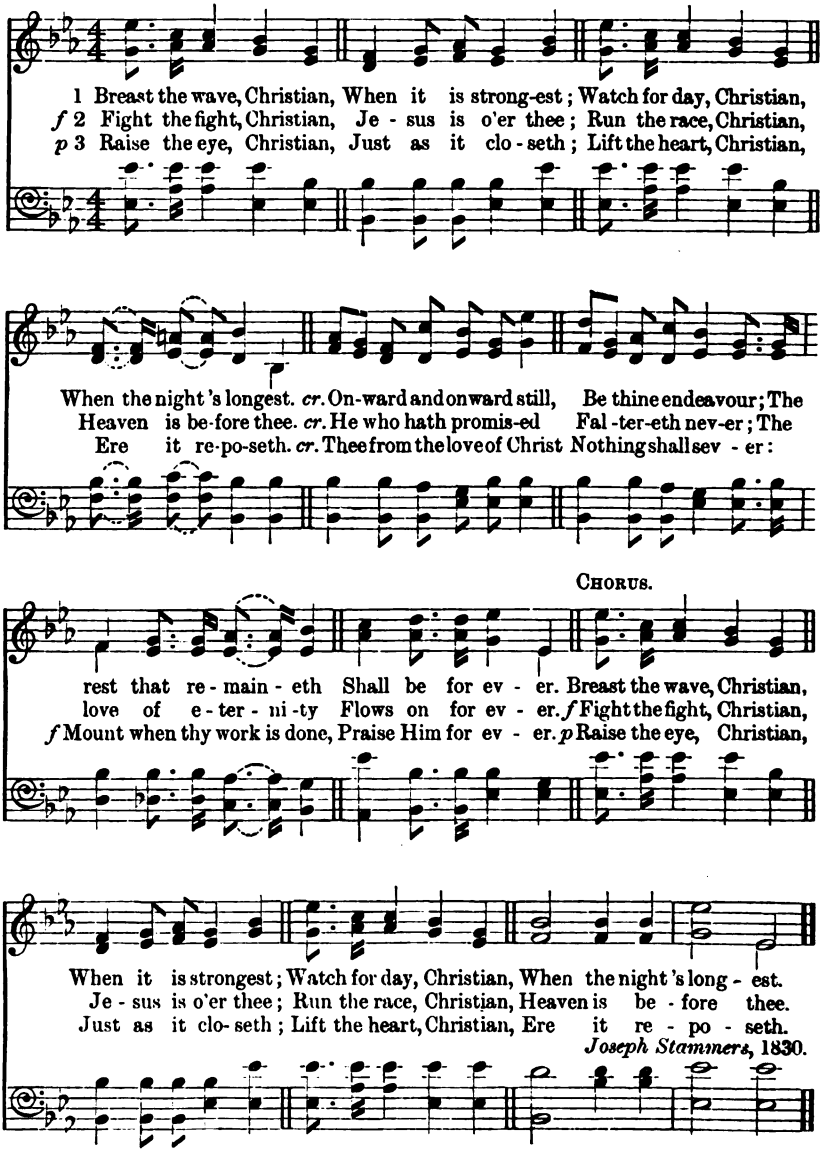


VIII. "Lead us not into Temptation."

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

160 *Watch ye, quit you like men, be strong.*—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

Breast the wave, Christian. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. with Chorus. HENRY BURNET, *circa* 1840.

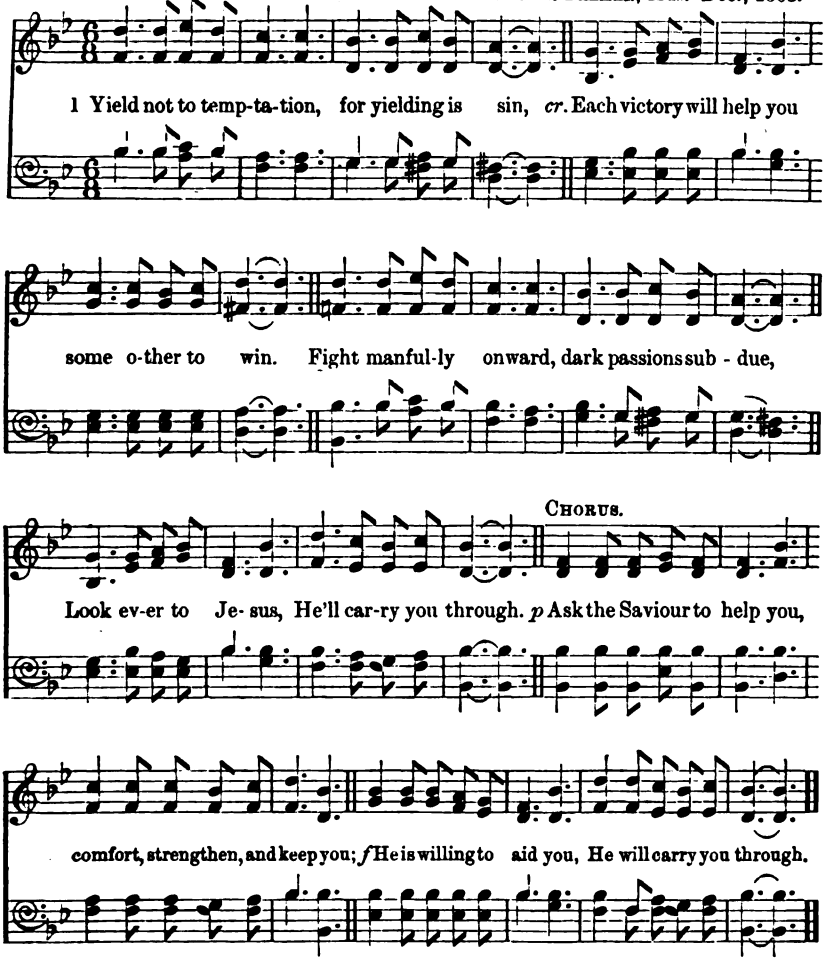


161 *Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.*—Rom. xii. 21.

Yield not to temptation.

11.11.11.11. with Chorus.

HORATIO R. PALMER, Mus. Doc., 1868.



2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
p God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain,
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true;
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour, etc.

f 3 To him that o'ercometh, God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down,
cr. He, who is the Saviour, our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
Ask the Saviour, etc.

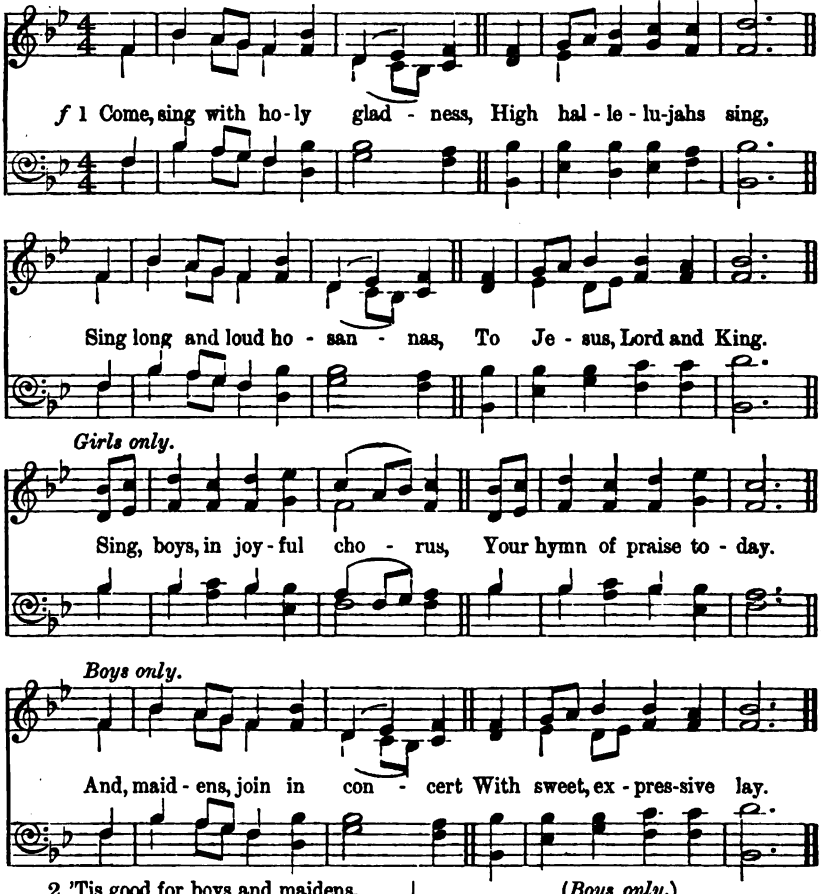
Horatio R. Palmer, 1868.

IX. "For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory."

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

162 *Hosanna in the highest.*—Matt. xxi. 9.

Ellacombe. 7.6., 8 lines. CONRAD KOCHER'S *Zionsharfe*, 1855.



2 'Tis good for boys and maidens,
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing;
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King.

cr. For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden,
The one Redeemer blest.

(*Girls only.*)

3 O boys, be strong in Jesus;
To toil for Him is gain;
And Jesus wrought with Joseph,
With chisel, saw, and plane.

(*Boys only.*)

O maidens, live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's son;

p Be patient, pure, and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

f 4 Soon in the golden city
The boys and girls shall play,
And through the radiant mansions
Rejoice in endless day.

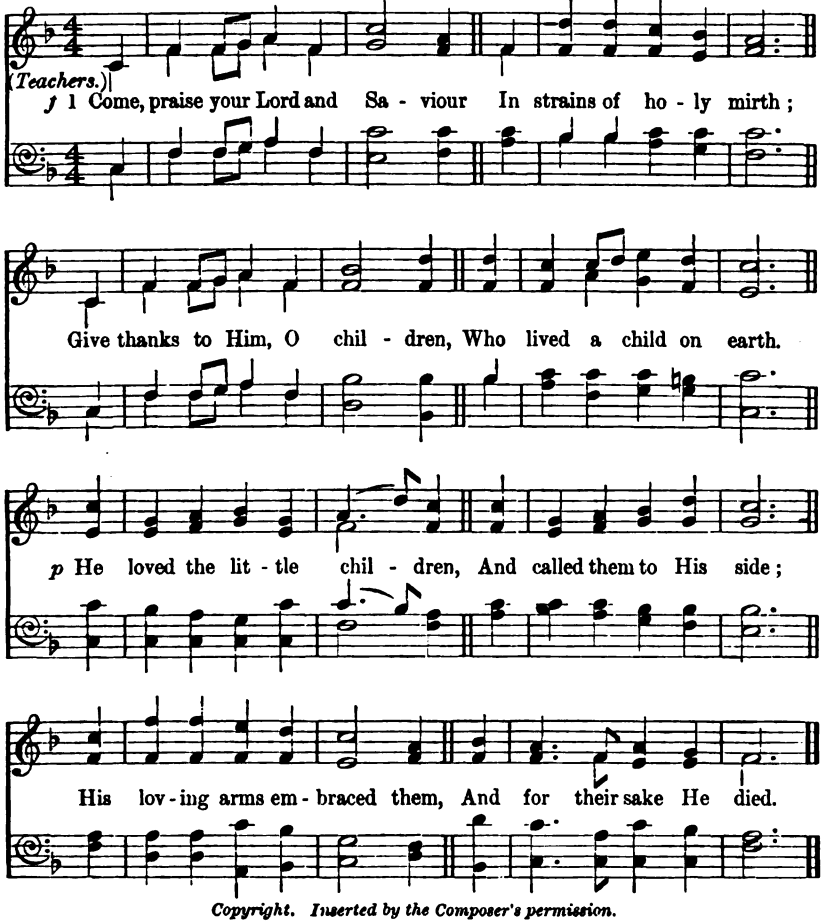
cr. O Christ, prepare Thy children,
With that triumphant throng,
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing the eternal song.

John J. Daniell, 1868.

163

Who did no sin.—1 Peter ii. 22.

Lymington. 7.6., 8 lines. R. Jackson, 1875.



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(Boys only.)

f 2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy,
For Thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless boy.
Make us, like Thee, obedient,
Like Thee, from sin-stains free,
Like Thee, in God's own temple,
In lowly home like Thee.

(Girls only.)

3 O Jesus, we too praise Thee,
The lowly maiden's son;
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one:
Oh! give that best adornment
That Christian maid can wear,
dim. The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in Thee so fair.

(All.)

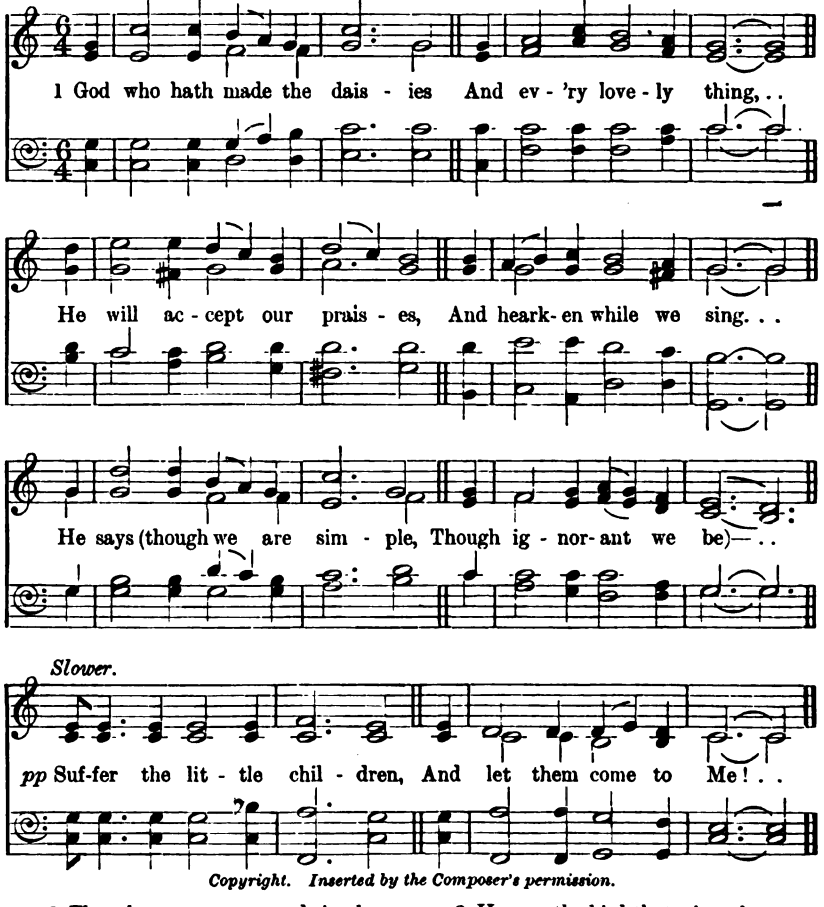
f 4 O Lord, with voices blended
We sing our songs of praise;
Be Thou the light and pattern
Of all our childhood's days:
And lead us ever onward,
That, while we stay below,
We may, like Thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow.

W. W. How, 1872.

164

Suffer little children to come unto Me.—Matt. xix. 14.

Watermouth. 7.6., 8 lines. R. Jackson, 1890.



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2 Though we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold;
cr. The children in the temple,
He heard in days of old.
p And if our hearts be humble,
He says to you and me—
pp Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me!

3 He sees the bird that wingeth
Its way o'er earth and sky,
He hears the lark that singeth
Up in the heaven so high;
p But sees the heart's low breathing,
And says (well pleased to see)—
pp Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me!

f 4 Therefore we will come near Him,
And solemnly we'll sing,
No cause to shrink or fear Him,
We'll make our voices ring;
For in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me—
pp Suffer the little children,
And let them come to Me!

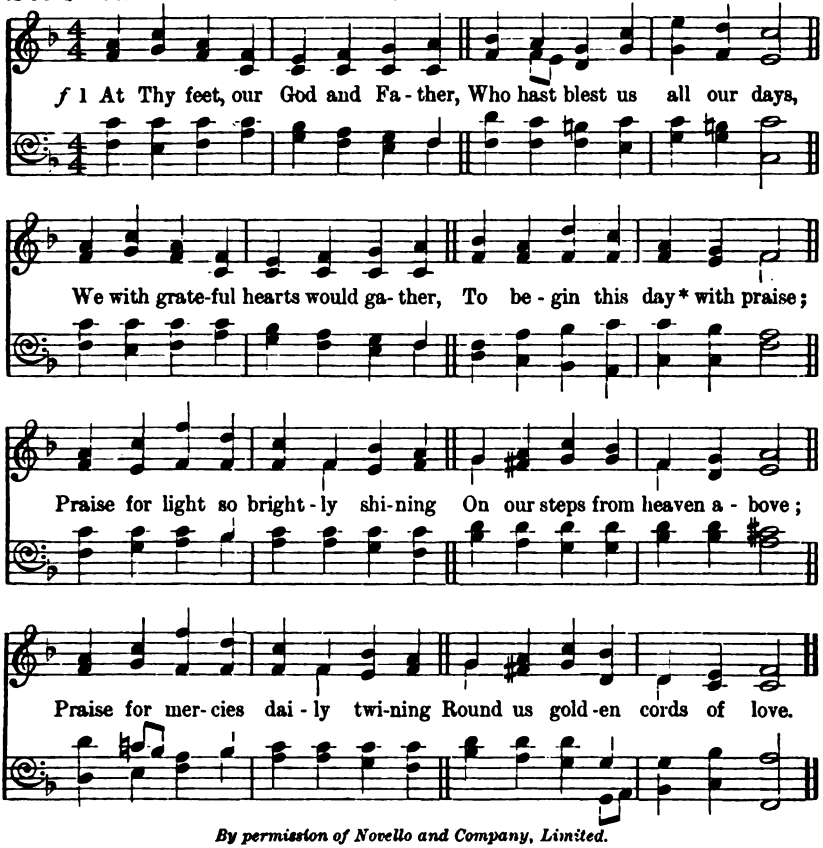
E. Paxton Hood, circa 1852.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

165 Deerhurst.

Bring your sacrifices every morning.—Amos iv. 4.

8.7., 8 lines. JAMES LANGRAN, Mus. Bac., 1863.



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p 2 Jesus, for Thy love most tender
On the cross for sinners shown,
We would praise Thee, and surrender
All our hearts to be Thine own.

cr. With so blest a friend provided,
We upon our way would go;
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter,
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter
When we know it comes from Thee.
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,

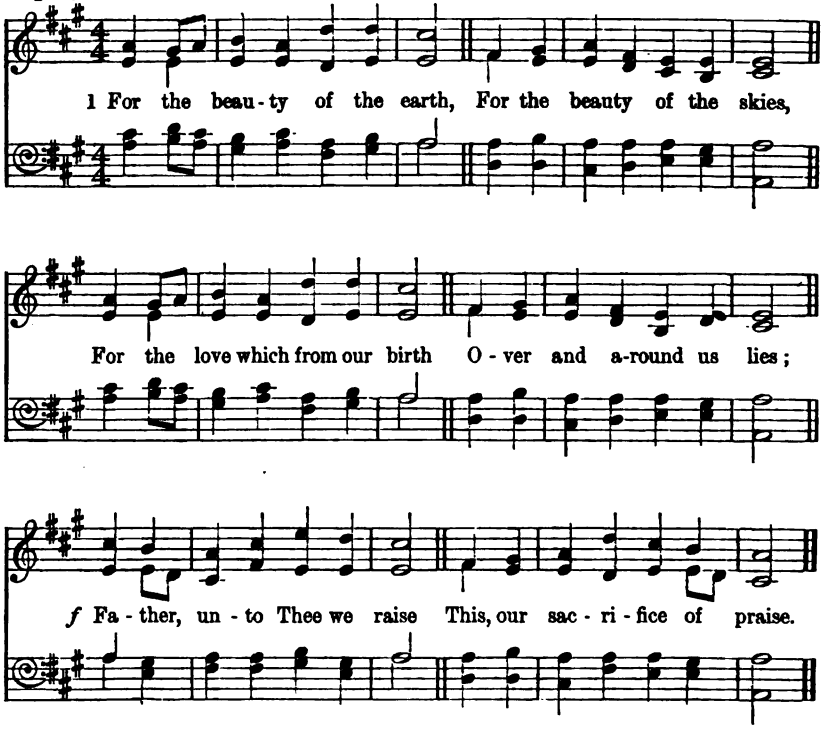
cr. Till Thy glory breaks before us
Through the city's open gate.

J. D. Burns, 1823-1864.

* "Week" or "year" may be substituted.

166 *By Him let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually.*—Heb. xiii. 15.

Dix. [FIRST TUNE.] 7's., 6 lines. CONRAD KOCHER, 1786-1872.



2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light;
f Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

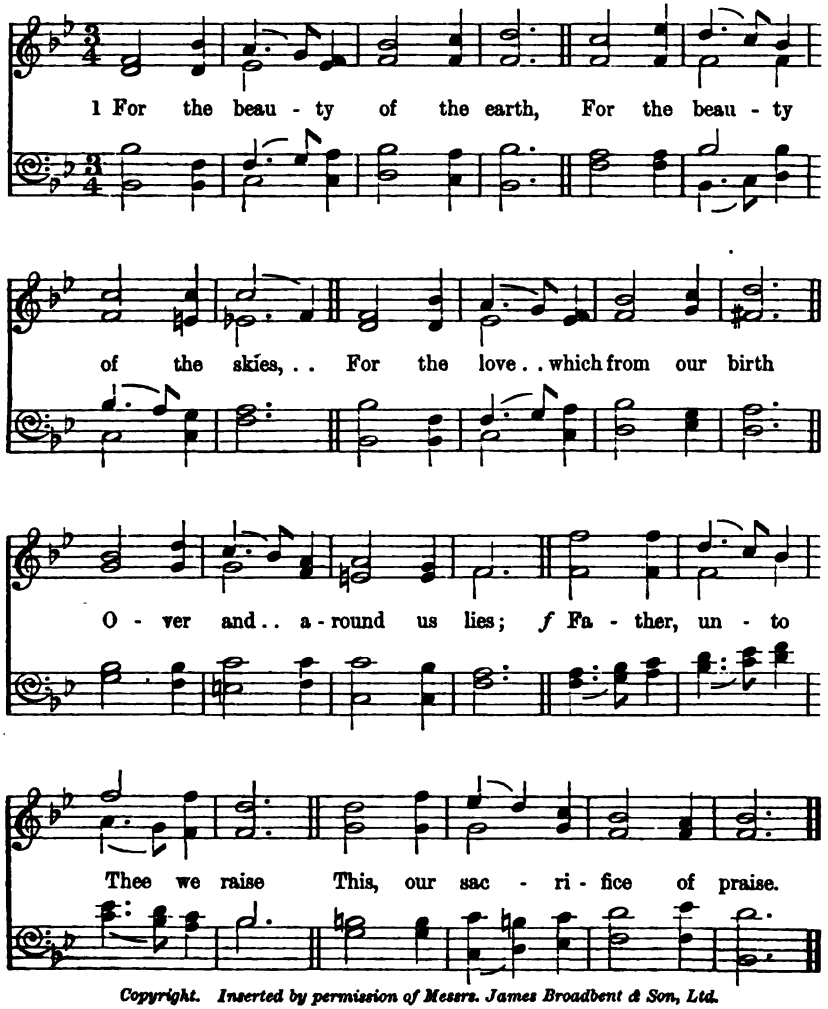
3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
dim. Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild;
f Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

f 4 For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven;
cr. Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

5 For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love;
cr. Father, unto Thee we raise
This, our sacrifice of praise.

F. S. Pierpoint, 1864.

Shirley. [SECOND TUNE.] 7's., 6 lines. F. A. CHALLINOR, Mus. Doc., 1903.



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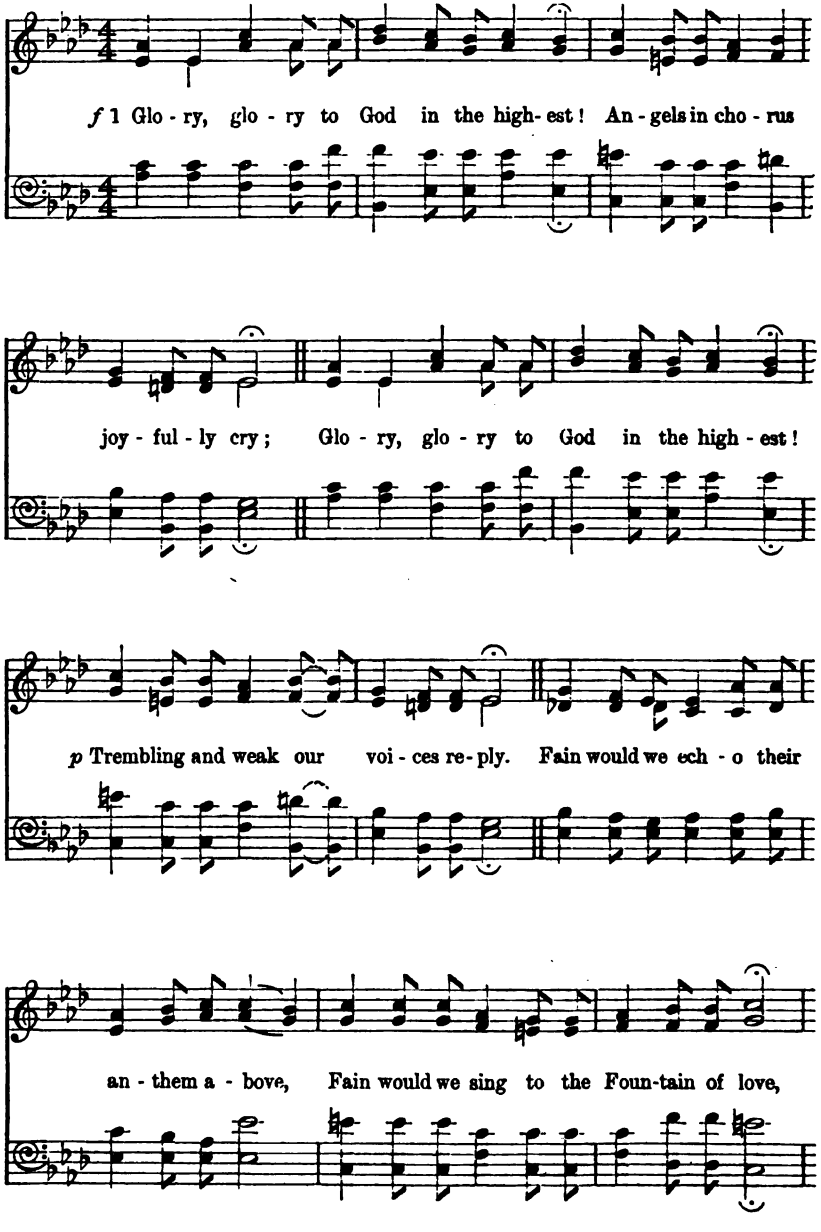
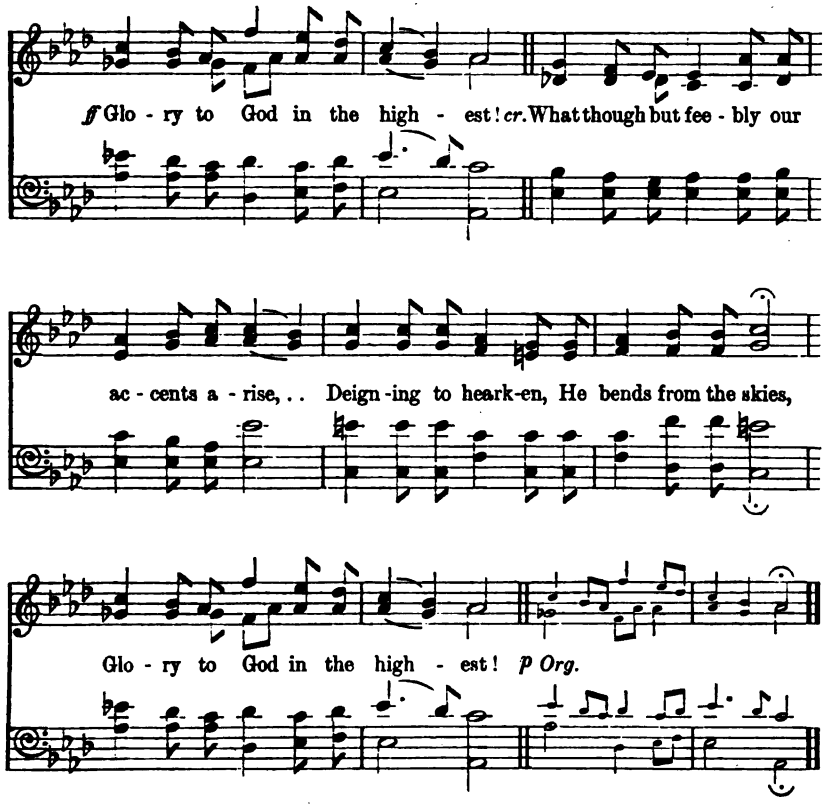
167

Glory to God in the highest.—Luke ii. 14.

Glory to God. P.M. FRANZ P. SCHUBERT, 1797-1858.





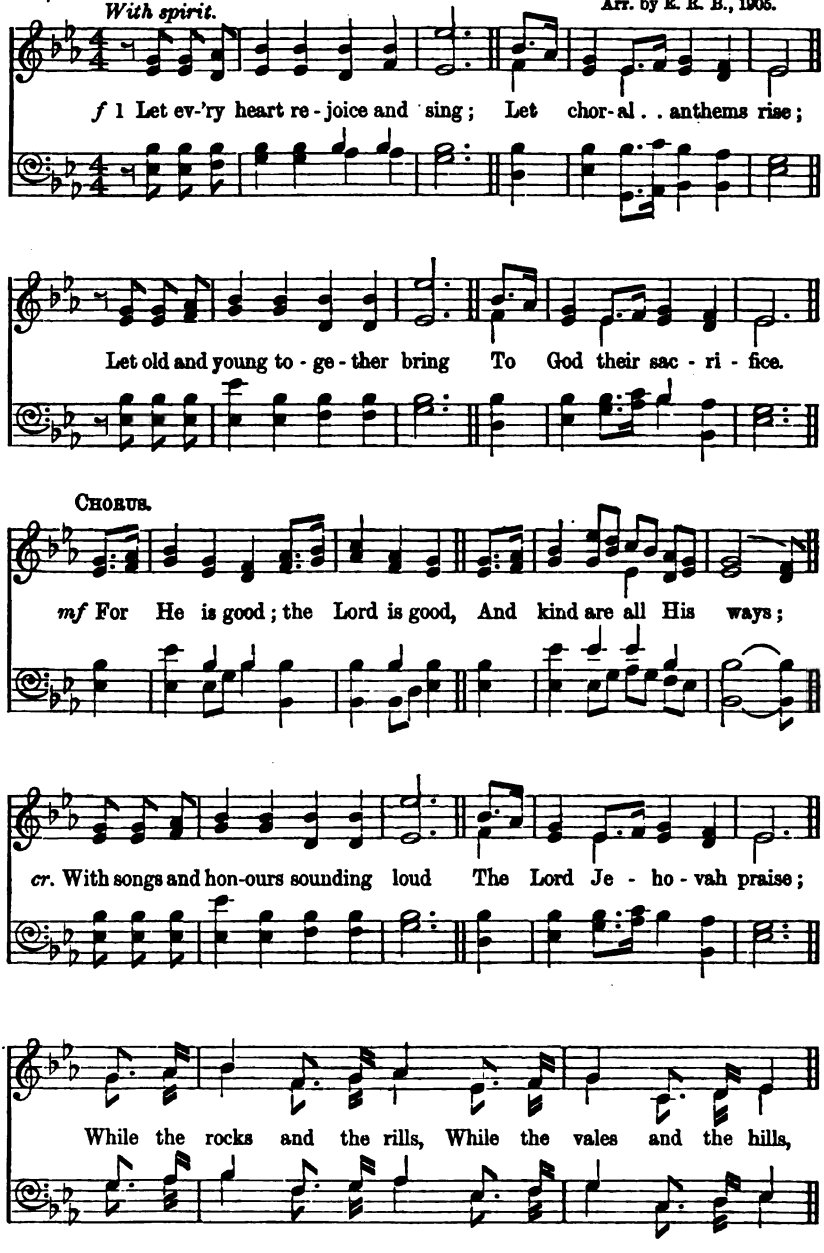
2 Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Bright beaming stars of midnight proclaim;
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
All nature peals forth in praise to His name.
p Warbles the woodland, and whispers the breeze,
f Roar out the torrents and tempest-toss'd seas,
Glory to God in the highest!
cr. Loud His creation, still ceaseless prolongs,
Praise to her Maker in all her glad songs,
Glory to God in the highest!

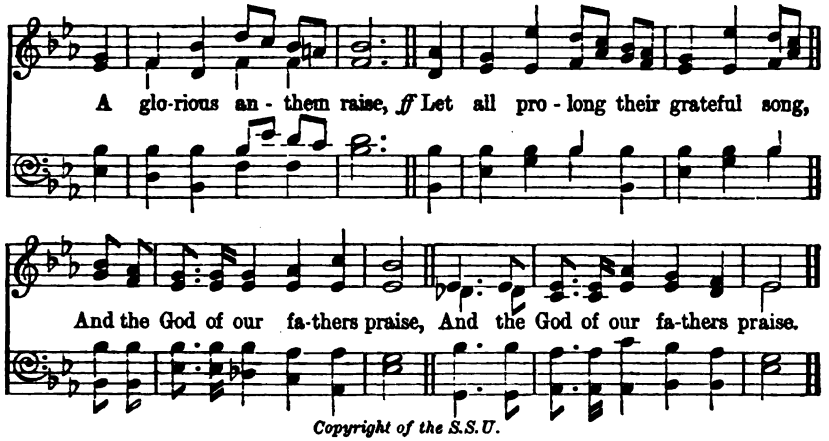
f 3 Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Joining the choir, our tribute we bring;
Glory, glory to God in the highest!
Mortals, break silence, gratefully sing;
Reigning in majesty thronèd above,
Yours is the royalest gift of His love.
Glory to God in the highest!
cr. Spread through creation, His grandeur we trace,
Only in man He revealeth His grace,
Glory to God in the highest!

W. Tidd Matson, 1833-1901.

168 *My mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips.*—Psalm lxiii. 5.

Carmina sacra. C.M. with Chorus. Geo. J. Webb, 1803-1887.
Arr. by E. R. B., 1905.





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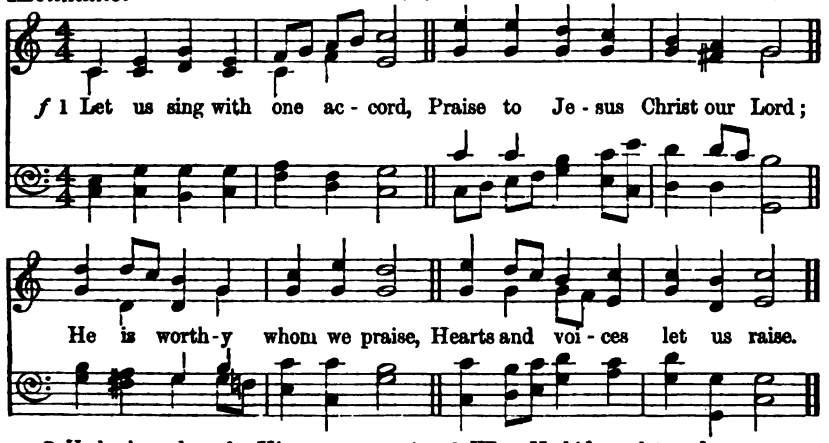
2 He bids the sun to rise and set;
In heaven His power is known;
cr. And earth subdued to Him shall yet
Bow low before His throne.
For He is good, etc.

H. S. Washburn, 1842.

169

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.—Rev. v. 12.

Monkland. 7's. German.



2 He hath made us by His power,
He hath kept us to this hour,
cr. He redeemed us from the grave,
He who died now lives to save.

3 What He bids us, let us do;
Where He leads us, let us go;
As He loves us, let us love
All below, and all above.

(*Juniors only.*)

p 4 Dear to Him is childhood's prayer;
Children's hearts to Him are dear:

(*All.*)

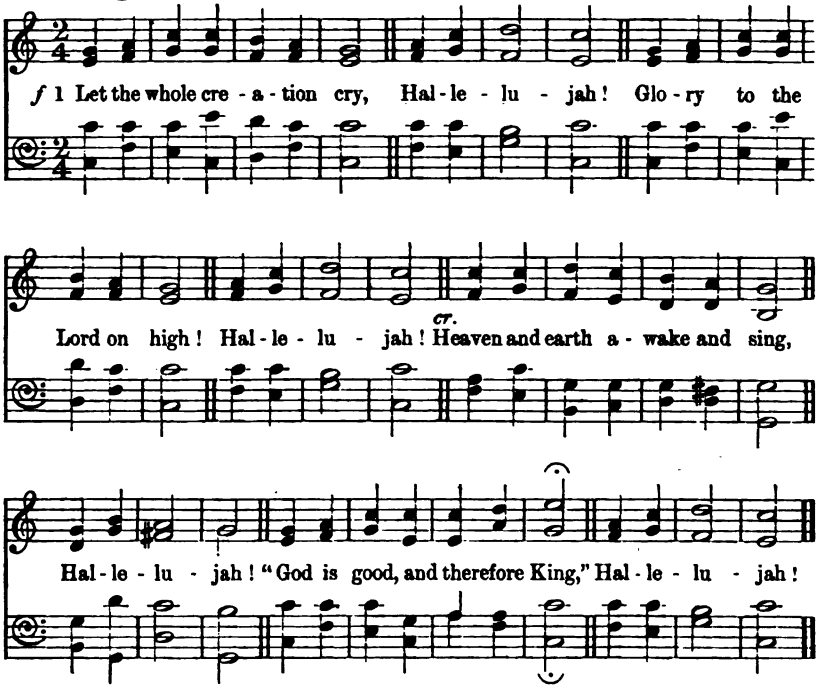
cr. Hearts and voices let us raise,
He is worthy whom we praise.

(?) *Dorothy A. Thrupp*, 1838.

170

Bless the Lord, all His works in all places.—Psalm ciii. 22.

Easter Hymn. 7.4., 8 lines. W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc., *circa* 1860.



2 Praise Him all ye hosts above,
Hallelujah!
Ever bright and fair in love,
Hallelujah!
Sun and moon uplift your voice,
Hallelujah!
p Night and stars in God rejoice,
Hallelujah!

3 Chant His honour, ocean fair!
Hallelujah!
p Earth, soft rushing through the air;
Hallelujah!
f Sunshine, darkness, cloud, and storm,
Hallelujah!
Rain and snow His praise perform,
Hallelujah!

p 4 Let the blossoms of the earth,
Hallelujah!
Join the universal mirth!
Hallelujah!
Birds, with morn and dew elate,
Hallelujah!
cr. Sing with joy at heaven's gate,
Hallelujah!

f 5 Men and women, young and old,
Hallelujah!
Raise the anthem manifold;
Hallelujah!
p And let children's happy hearts
Hallelujah!
In this worship bear their parts,
Hallelujah!

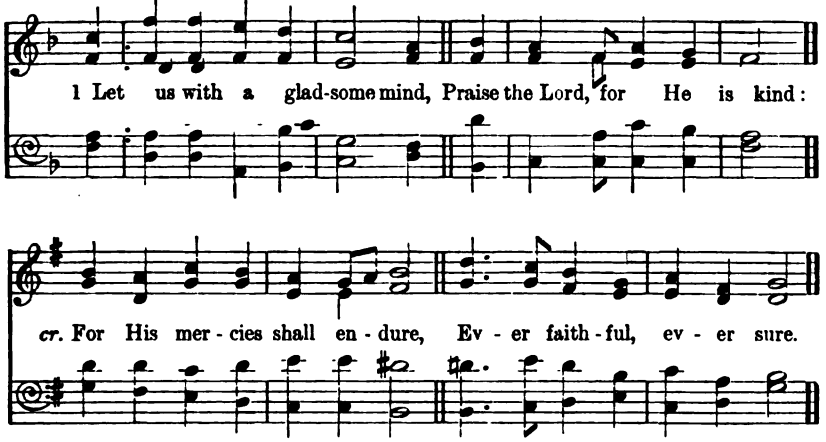
6 From the north to southern pole
Hallelujah!
cr. Let the mighty chorus roll—
Hallelujah!
p Holy, holy, holy One,
Hallelujah!
f Glory be to God alone!
Hallelujah!

Stopford A. Brooke, 1881.

171

His mercy endureth for ever.—Psalm cxxxvi. 1.

St. Martin. [FIRST TUNE.] 7's. Old French Melody, 12th Century.



2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
cr For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
cr. For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

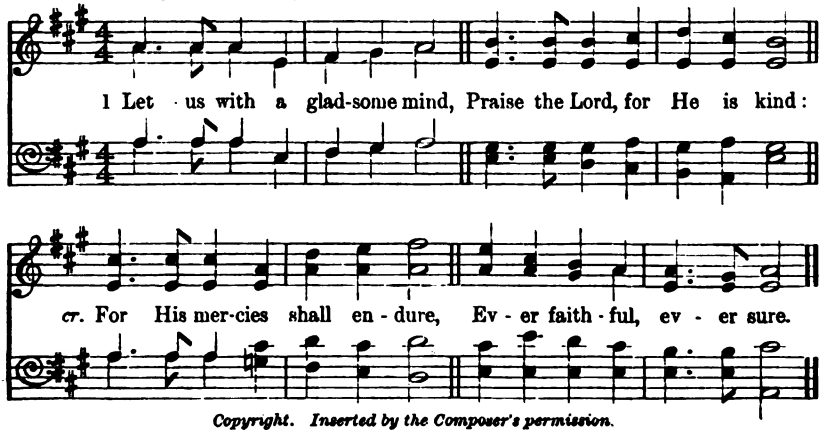
4 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
cr. For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

p 5 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery:
cr. For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

f 6 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
cr. For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton, 1645.

Cressbrook. [SECOND TUNE.] 7's. R. JACKSON, 1894.



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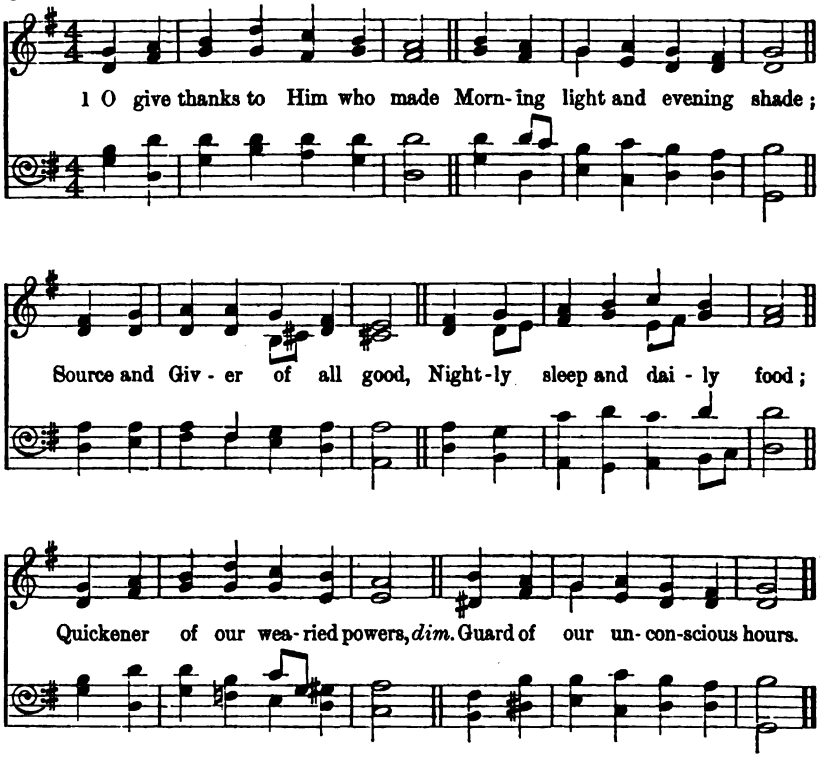
172

It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.—Psalm c. 3.

Cassel. 7's., 6 lines. JOHANN THOMMEN'S *Liederschatz*, 1745.



f 2 O give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing;
His, our warm and sentient frame;
His, the mind's immortal flame:
O how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal mind!

3 O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship:
And all creatures are His care;
p Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed; (*cr.*) but who can
Speak the Father's love to man!

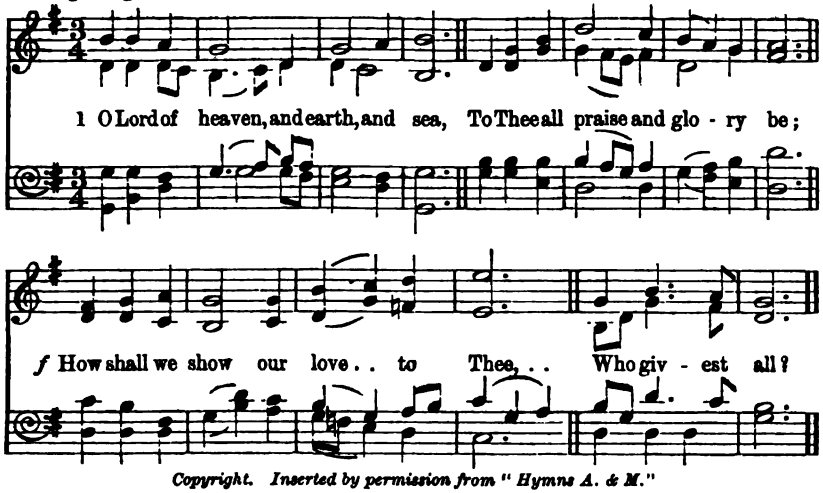
p 4 O give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came, for sinful man to die;
cr. In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

173 Almsgiving.

Freely ye have received, freely give.—Matt. x. 8.

8.8.8.4. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1868.



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2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
cr. And freely with that blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of Heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

p 7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,
cr. We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

f 8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all;

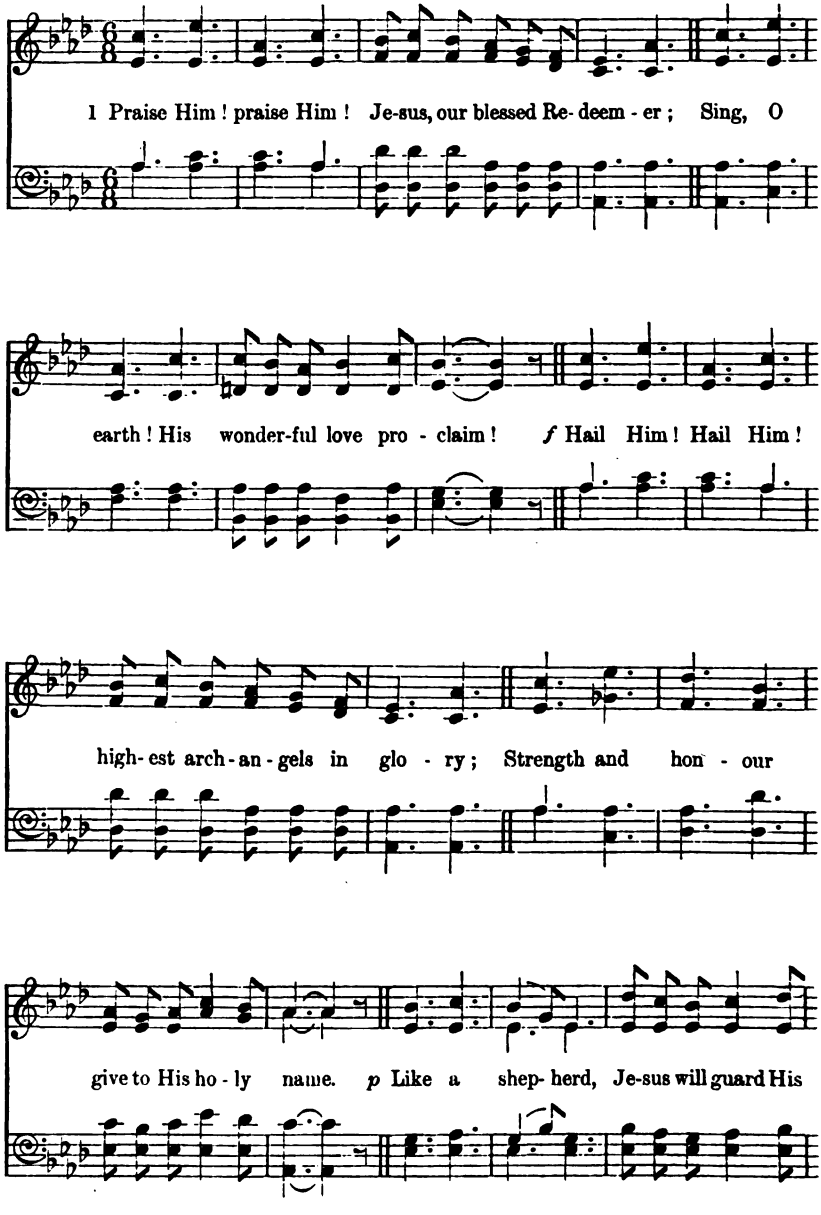
cr. 9 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give:
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all!

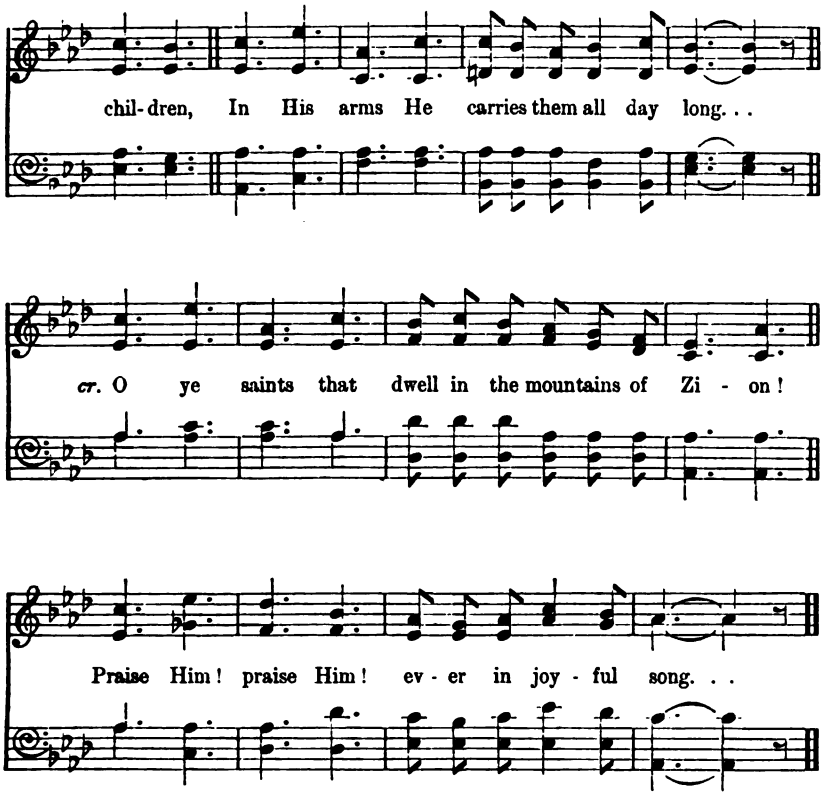
Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

174

Worthy is the Lamb.—Rev. v. 12.

Praise Him! Praise Him! P.M. CHESTER G. ALLEN, *circa* 1870.





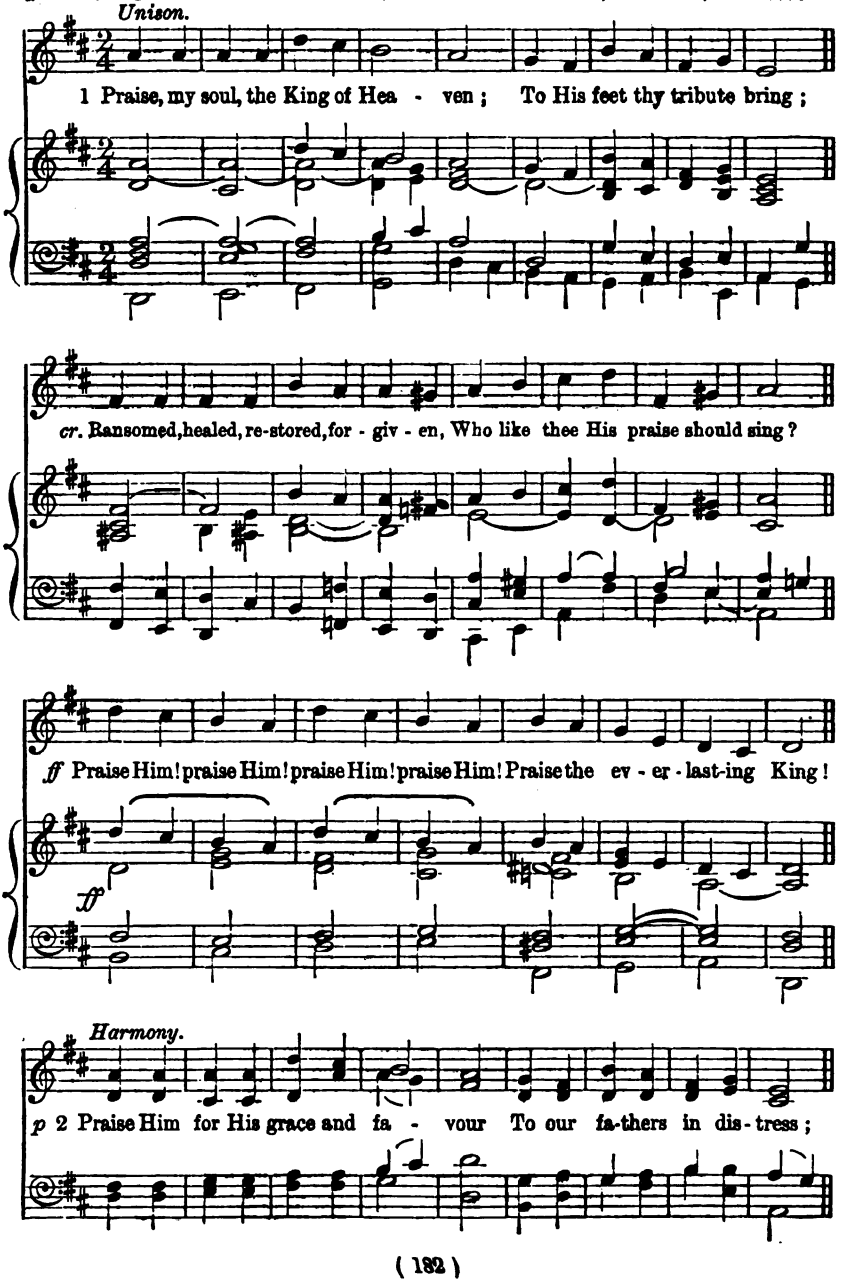
2 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessèd Redeemer,
p For our sins He suffered and bled and died!
cr. He, our Rock, our hope of eternal salvation,
Hail Him! Hail Him! Jesus, the Crucified;—
p Loving Saviour, meekly enduring sorrow,
Crowned with thorns that cruelly pierced His brow;
Once for us rejected, despised, and forsaken,
f Prince of glory, ever triumphant now.

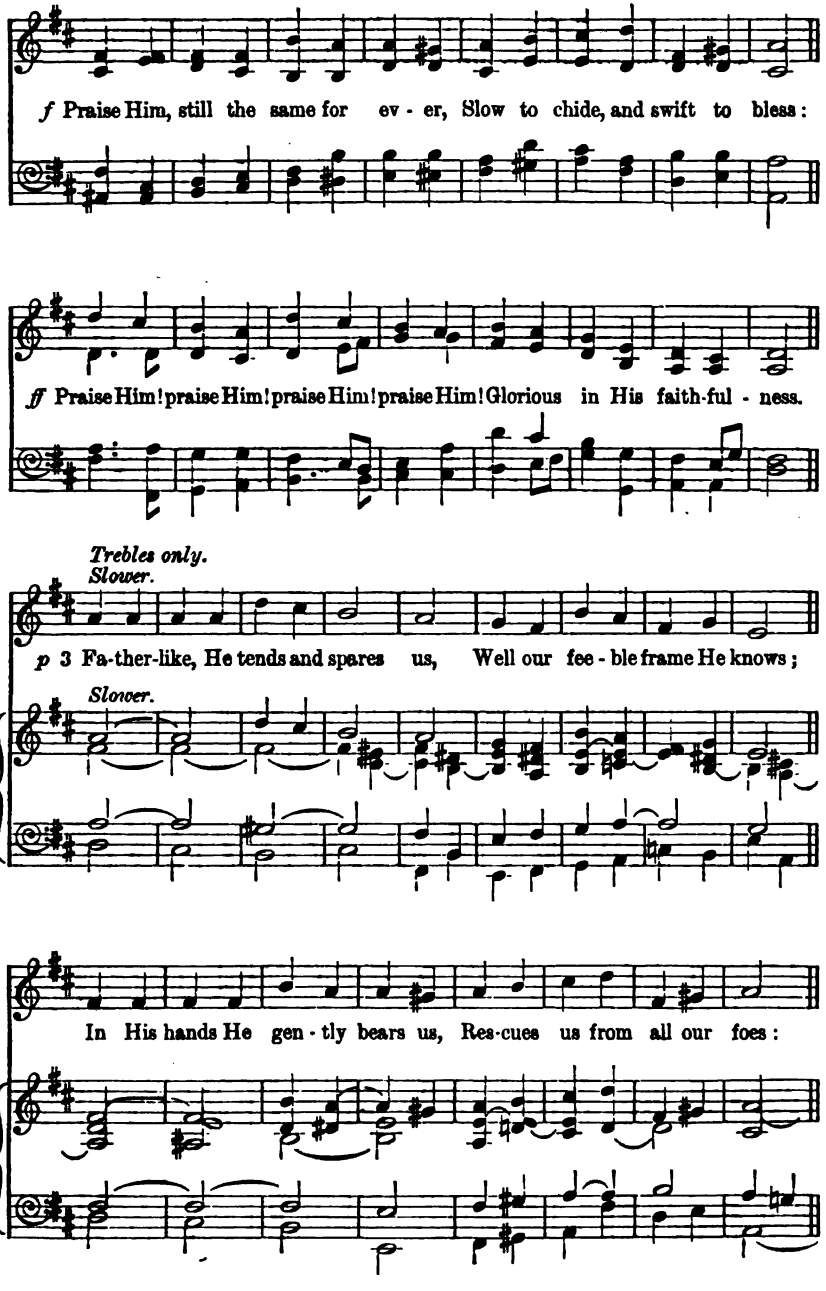
3 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessèd Redeemer,
Heavenly portals, loud with hosannas ring!
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever;
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet and Priest and King!
f Death is vanquished! Tell it with joy, ye faithful;
Where is now thy victory, boasting grave?
cr. Jesus lives! no longer thy portals are cheerless;
Jesus lives, the mighty and strong to save.

Fanny J. Crosby, 1869.

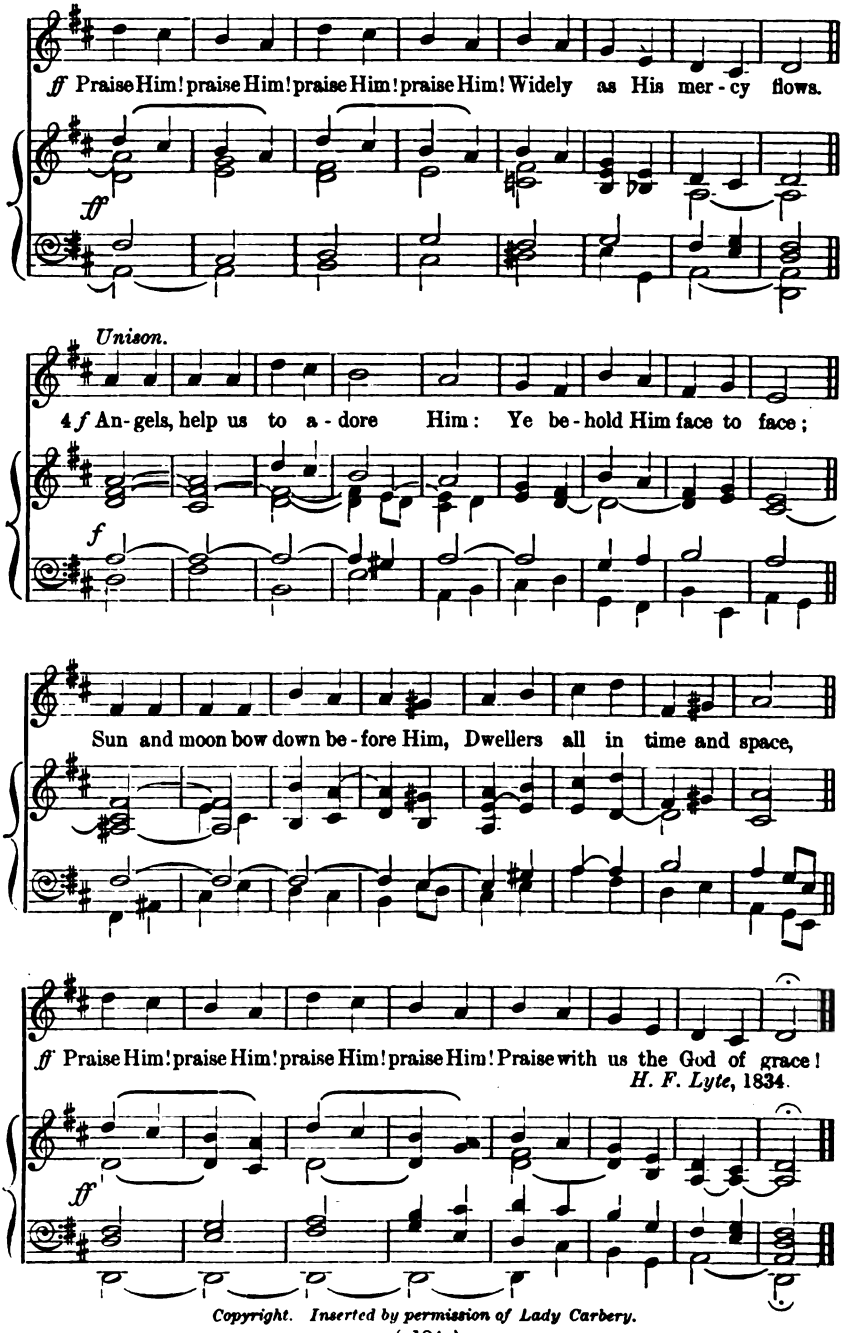
175 *Bless the Lord, O my soul.*—Psalm ciii. 1.

Praise, my soul. 8.7.8.7.4.7. Sir JOHN GOSS, Mus. Doc., 1800-1880.




f Praise Him, still the same for ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
ff Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Glorious in His faith-ful - ness.
Trebles only.
Slower.
p 3 Fa-ther-like, He tends and spares us, Well our fee - ble frame He knows;
Slower.
In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes:

"FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, THE POWER, AND THE GLORY."



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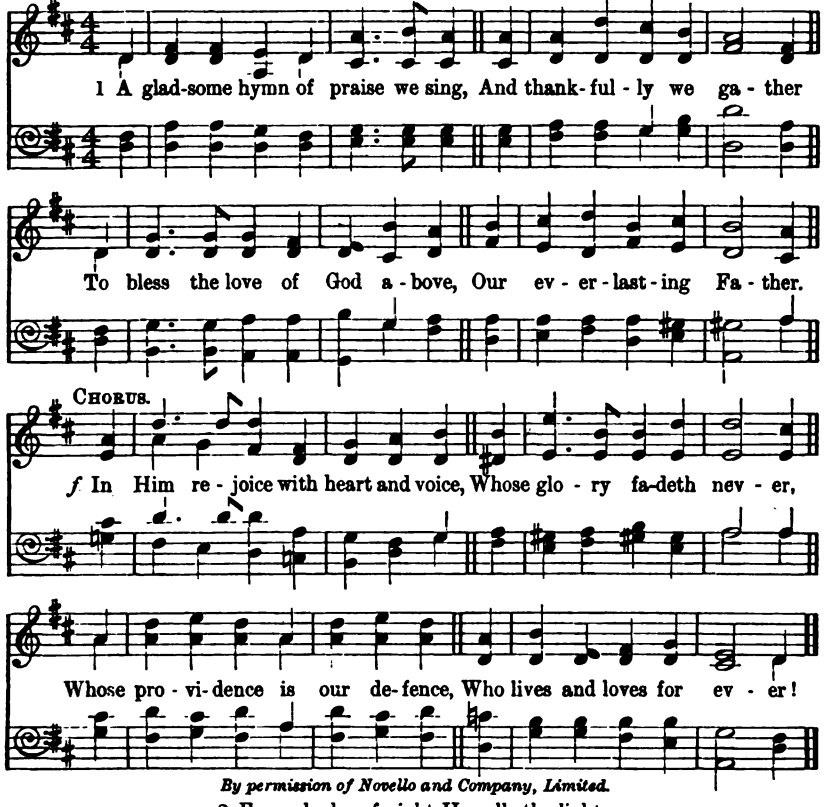
176 *Rejoice in the Lord alway.*—Phil. iv. 4.

The Blessed Name. 8.7.8.7. with Chorus. Sir JOSEPH BARNBY, 1891.



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mp 2 From shades of night He calls the light,
And from the sod the flower;
From every cloud His blessings break,
In sunshine or in shower.
In Him rejoice, etc.

3 Full in His sight His children stand,
By His strong arm defended,
And He, whose wisdom guides the world
Our footsteps hath attended.
In Him rejoice, etc.

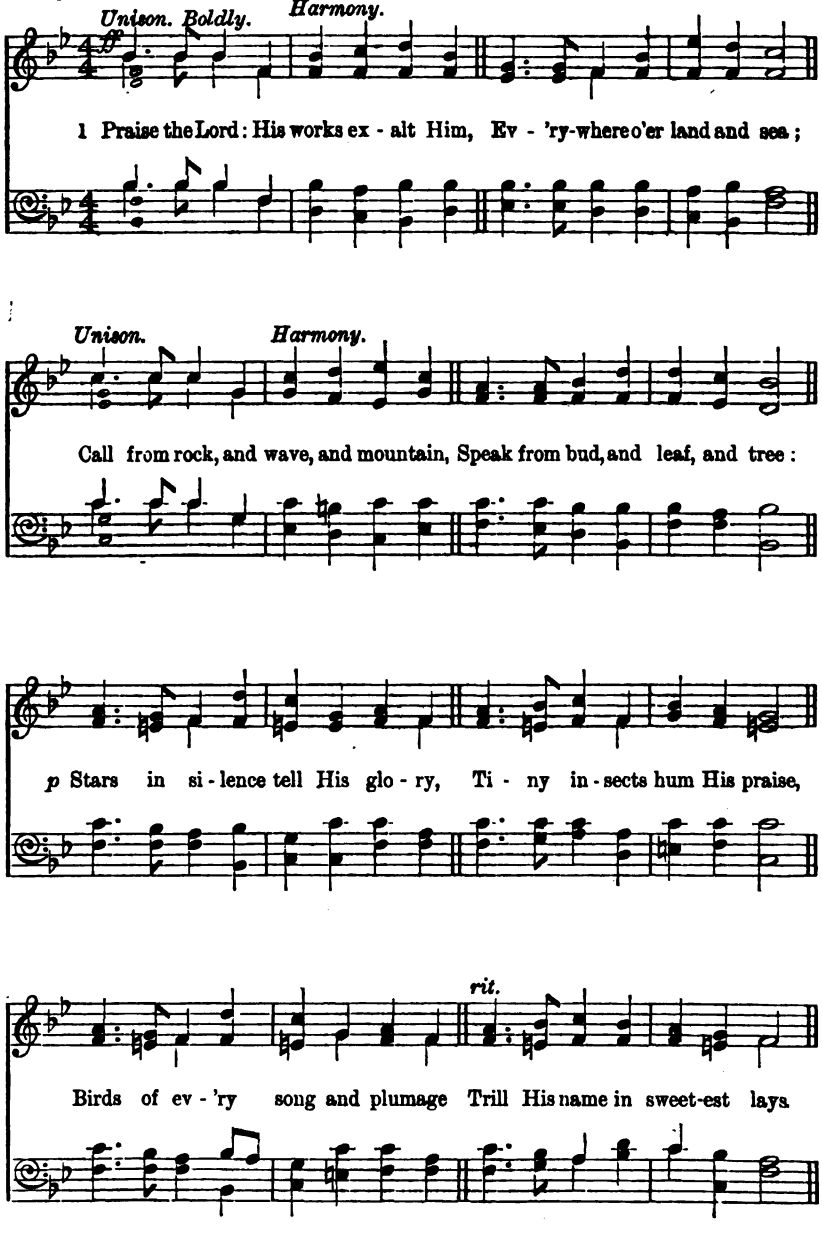
4 For nothing falls unknown to Him,—
Or care, or joy, or sorrow;
cr. And He whose mercy ruled the past,
Will be our stay to-morrow.
In Him rejoice, etc.

f 5 Then praise the Lord with one accord,
To His great name give glory,
And of His never-changing love,
Repeat the wondrous story!
In Him rejoice, etc.

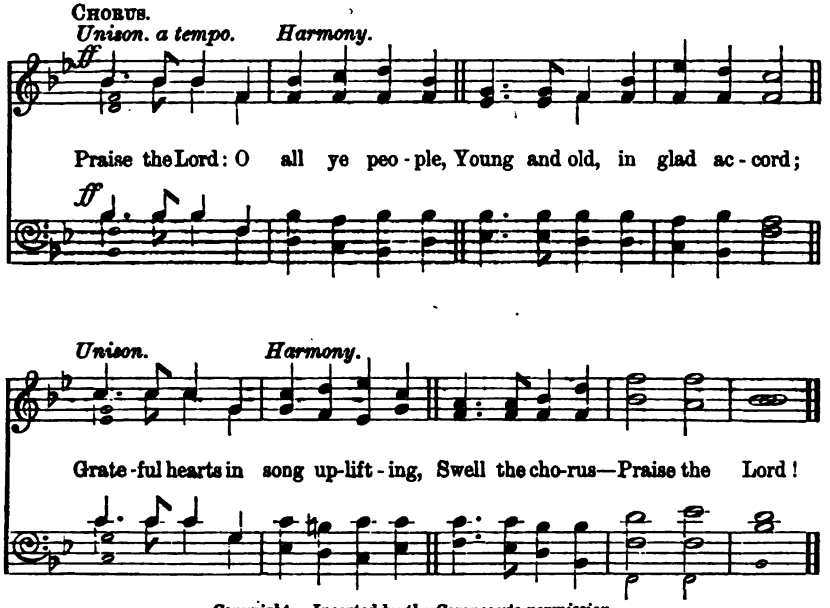
A. N. Blatchford, 1876.

177 *Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.*—Psalm cl. 6.

Morgenlied. 8.7., 12 lines. F. C. MAKER.



"FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, THE POWER, AND THE GLORY."



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2.

Praise the Lord: His tender mercy
Broods o'er ev'ry living thing;
dim. Calling all the world to nestle
Safe beneath His sheltering wing.
pp Bruised and broken hearts He healeth,
List'neth to the orphan's prayer,
Ev'ry cry and sigh He noteth,
For His love is ev'rywhere.
Praise the Lord, etc.

3.

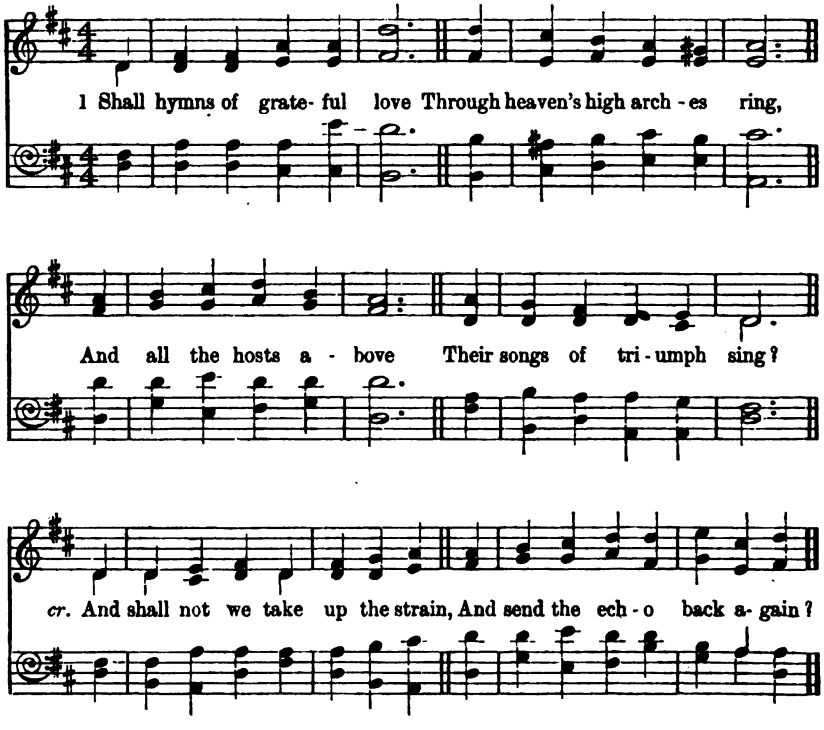
Praise the Lord: His great Redemption
Reaches where no thought can climb:
Rebel man restored, forgiven,
Conquered by a love sublime!
Who can sing that wondrous story?
p Vainly choicest notes I bring;
cr. Lend your golden harps, ye seraphs,
While my Saviour's love I sing.
Praise the Lord, etc.

Robert Walmsley, 1890.

178

And they sung a new song.—Rev. v. 9.

Adoration or **St. John's.** 6.6.6.6.8.8. Rev. W. H. Havergal, 1793-1870.



2 Shall every ransomed tribe
Of Adam's scattered race
f To Christ all power ascribe,
Who saved them by His grace?
cr. And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

3 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with His blood,
cr. And all the love record
That led them home to God?
f And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

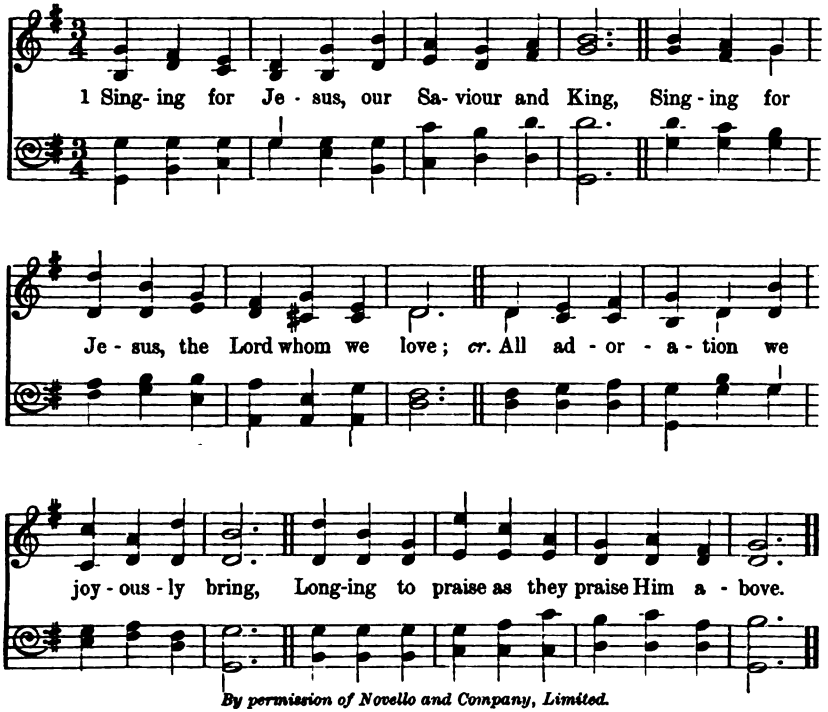
f 4 O spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation through His name,
cr. Till the whole world take up the strain
And send the echo back again.

J. J. Cummins, 1839.

179

With my song will I praise Him.—Psalm xxviii. 7.

Brombam. 10's. T. Richard Matthews, *circa* 1870.



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p 2 Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend,
Telling His love and His marvellous grace;
Love from eternity, love without end,
Love for the loveless, the sinful and base.

3 Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
Many to love Him, and join in the song;
Calling the weary and wandering in,
Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

4 Singing for Jesus, our Life and our Light;
Singing for Him as we press to the mark;
Singing for Him when the morning is bright,
Singing, still singing, for Him in the dark.

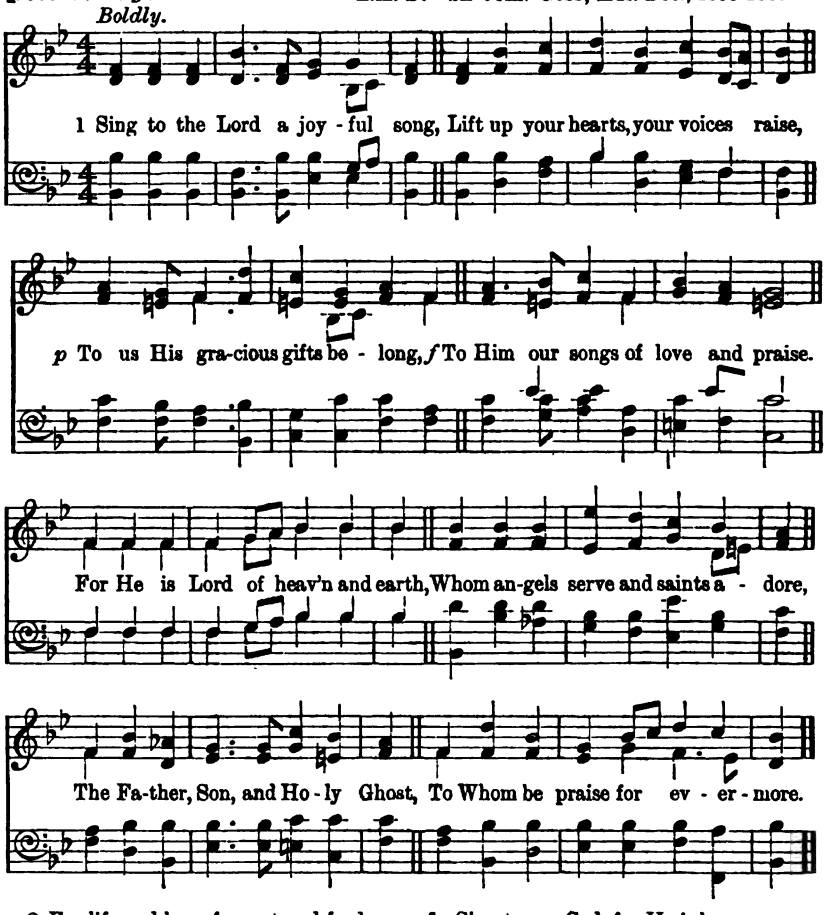
5 Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives;
Singing for wonder and praise that He died,
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.

6 Singing for Jesus, oh, singing with joy!
Thus will we praise Him and tell out His love,
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus for ever above.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-1879.

180 *O magnify the Lord with me, let us exalt His name together.*—Psalm xxxiv. 3.

Peterborough. L.M. D. Sir JOHN GOSS, Mus. Doc., 1800-1880.



2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
cr. Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His name, for it is fair.
For He is, etc.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do;
f Praise ye our God, for He is great:
Trust in His name, for it is true.
For He is, etc.

4 For joys untold that from above
Cheer those who love His sweet employ,
f Sing to our God, for He is love;
Exalt His name, for it is joy.
For He is, etc.

5 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
p That inner life which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die;

Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

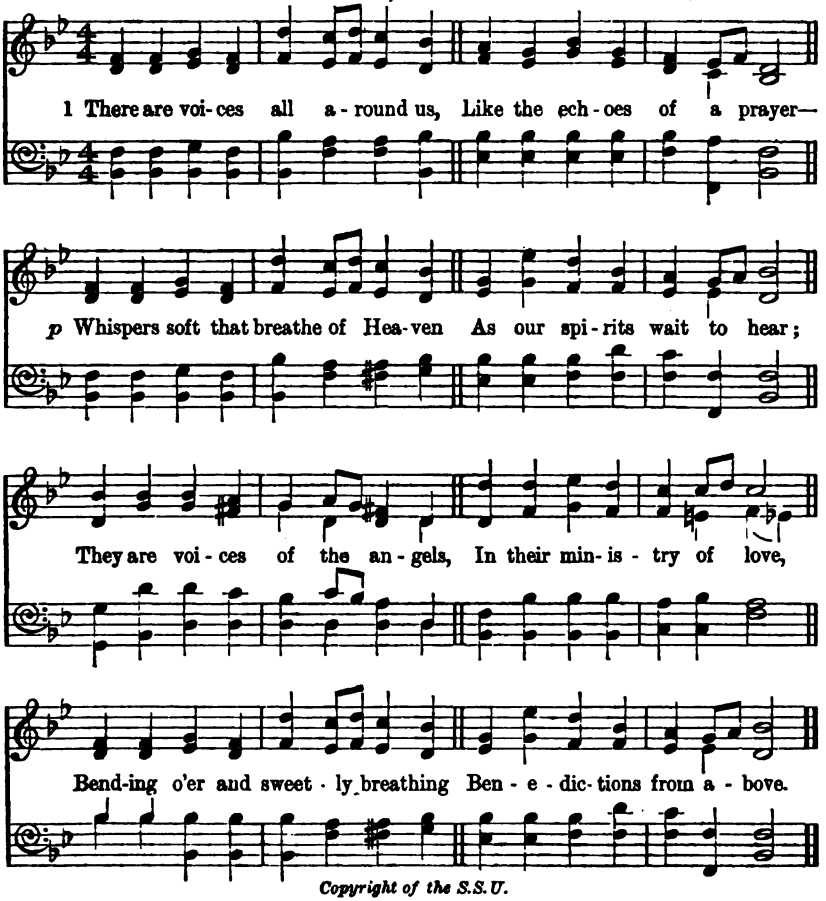
J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

This hymn (omitting Refrain) may also be sung as a four-lined L.M., to tune "Hampstead," No. 62.

181

Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister?—Heb. i. 14.

Beecher. 8.7., 8 lines. JOHN ZUNDEL, 1815-1882.



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f 2 Lord! we praise Thee for the angels
Sent to meet us on our way,
Flitting in between the shadows
With a bright and helpful ray;
For their messages of mercy,
In the tones of love addressed,
p When the way seems dark before us,
And our spirits are distressed.

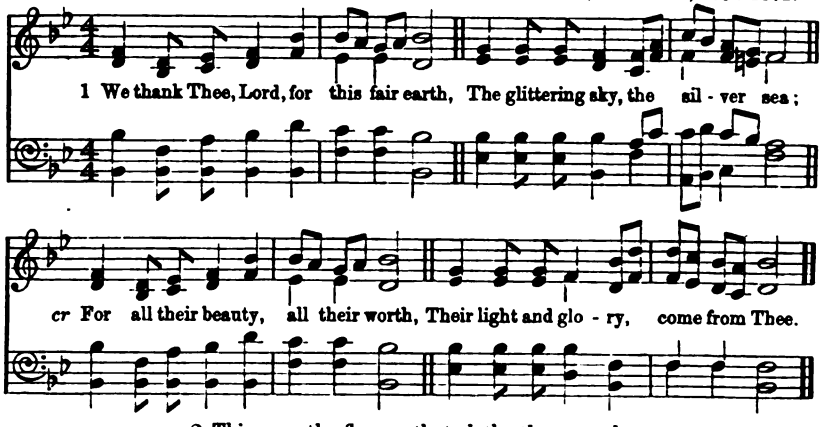
f 3 Lord! we praise Thee for the angels
Sent to dry the mourner's tear;
p For the hush of sorrow's murmur
As they whisper Thou art near;
For their faithful, gentle chastening,
Brightening every gloomy thought—
Hanging round, like golden pictures,
Bits of Heaven they have brought.

W. H. Parker, 1905.

182

He hath made everything beautiful in his time.—Eccl. iii. 11.

Ernan. L.M. LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc., 1792-1872.



2 Thine are the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
Thou glorious Father, in Thy sight,
p Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

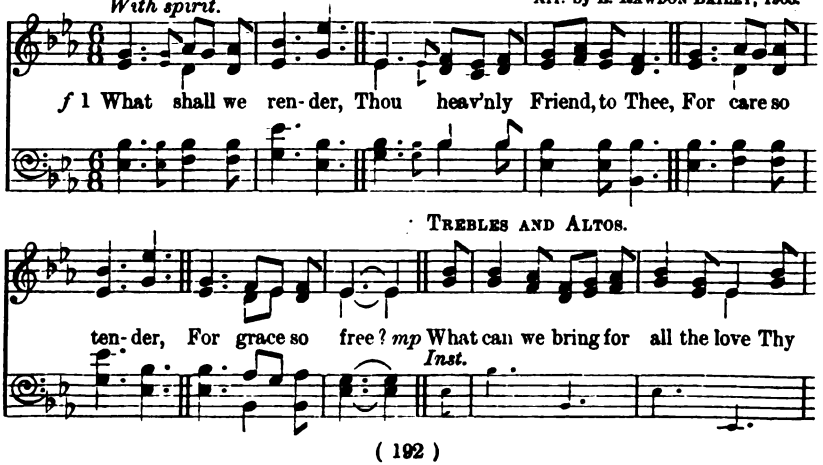
4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
cr. Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to Heaven.

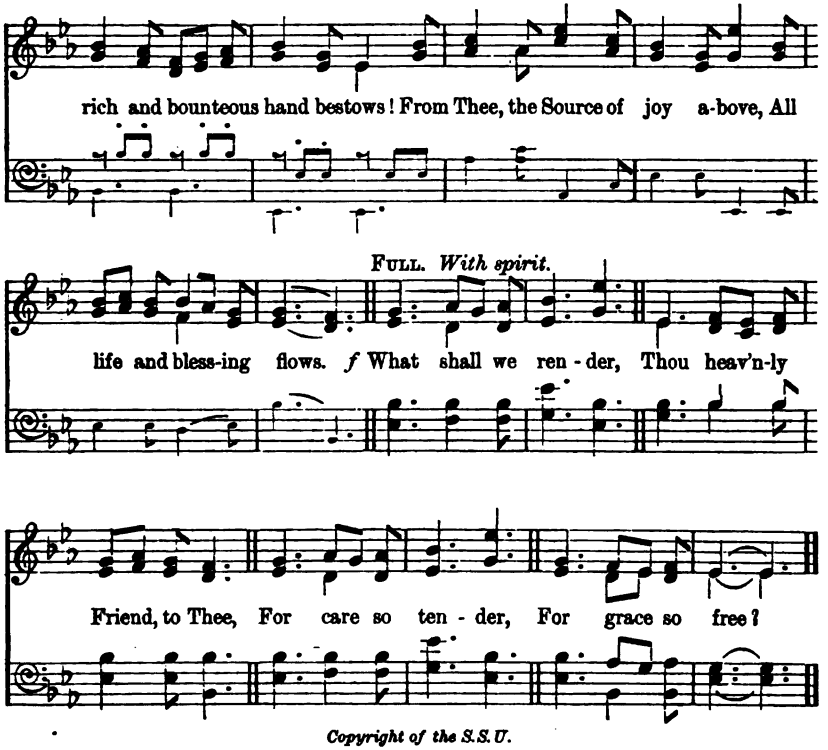
G. E. L. Cotton, 1856.

183

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?—Psalm cxvi. 12.

What shall we Render? P.M. MOZART, 1756-1791.
Arr. by E. RAWDON BAILEY, 1903.





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2 Lo! th' lofty mountains
High to Thee their summits raise;
p Sweet sparkling fountains
Whisper Thy praise.
mp The pleasant fruits, the smiling flowers,
To Thee their grateful offerings bring;
cr. And cheerful birds, with all their powers,
To Thee sweet anthems sing.
f What shall we render,
Thou heav'nly Friend, to Thee,
For care so tender,
For grace so free?

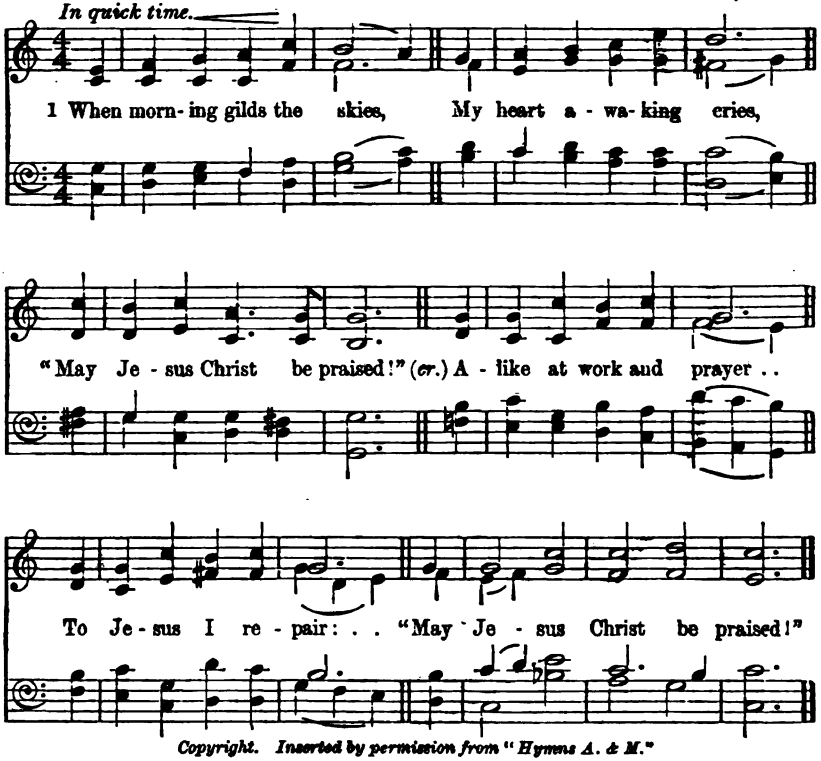
f 3 Earth's thousand voices
Warble Thy lovely name;
Nature rejoices,
Praise to proclaim.
mp Since we have spirits that must live,
When all things else shall fade and die,
May we eternal honour give,
And sing Thy praise on high!
ff Then shall we render
True honour, Lord, to Thee,
For care so tender,
For grace so free!

Elizabeth Parson, 1840.

184

Daily shall He be praised.—Psalm lxxii. 15.

Laudes Domini. 6.6.6.6.6.6. Sir Joseph Barnby, 1868.



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2.

p When sleep her balm denies,
dim. My silent spirit sighs,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p When evil thoughts molest,
cr. With this I shield my breast,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

3.

p Does sadness fill my mind,
cr. A solace here I find,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
p Or fades my earthly bliss,
cr. My comfort still is this,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

4.

cr. The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
f The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear:
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

5.

To God, the Word, on high,
The hosts of angels cry,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
f Let mortals too upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise:
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

6.

Let earth's wide circle round,
In joyful notes resound,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
cr. Let air, and sea, and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

7.

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
ff Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

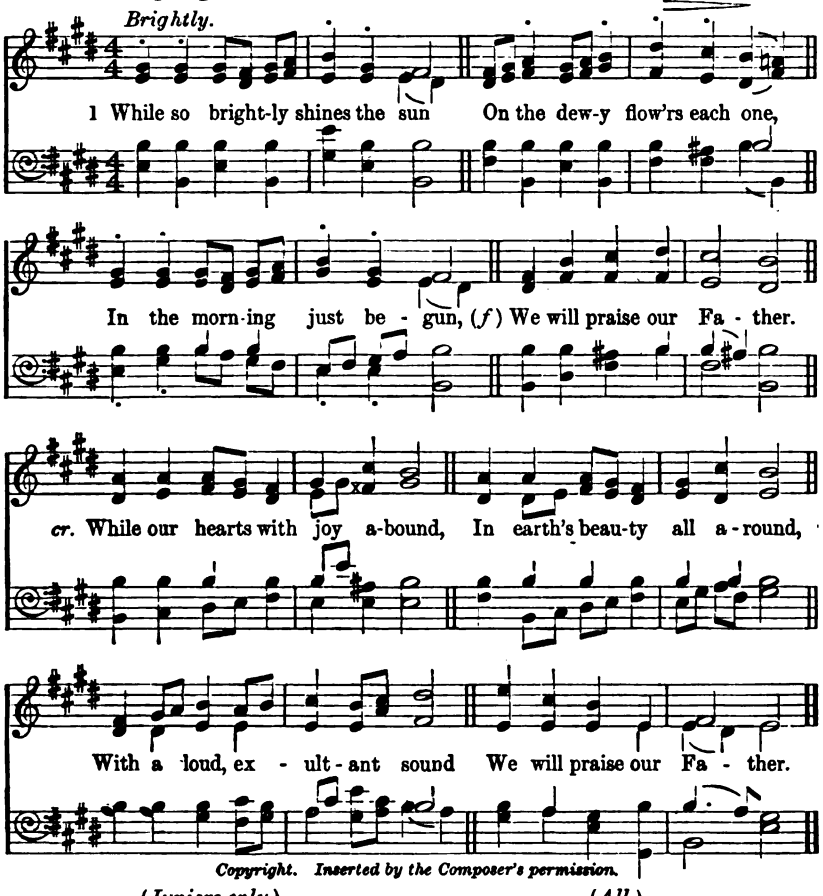
Edward Caswall (from the Latin), 1849.

185

Our Father.—Matt. vi. 9.

While so Brightly Shines the Sun.

7.7.7.6.7.7.7.6. CAREY BONNER, 1896.



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(*Juniors only.*)

p 2 Butterflies in bright array,
Winging swiftly on their way,—
cr. Even they in measure pay
Praise to God our Father;
And each busy honey-bee,
Gath'ring sweets of plant and tree,
Humming so contentedly,
Praises God our Father.

(*All.*)

3 Birds in long and thrilling strain,
On the hilltop and the plain,
cr. Sing their grateful songs again
Unto God our Father.
All things wonderful and fair
Speak His goodness and His care,
f And they join us ev'rywhere,
When we praise our Father.

4 For our friends who guide our feet
Into paths of peace complete,
To His gracious mercy-seat,
We would bless our Father.
cr. Oh, through all our length of days,
May our lives unceasing raise
Songs and perfumes full of praise
Unto God our Father!

Emily Jane Moore, 1896.

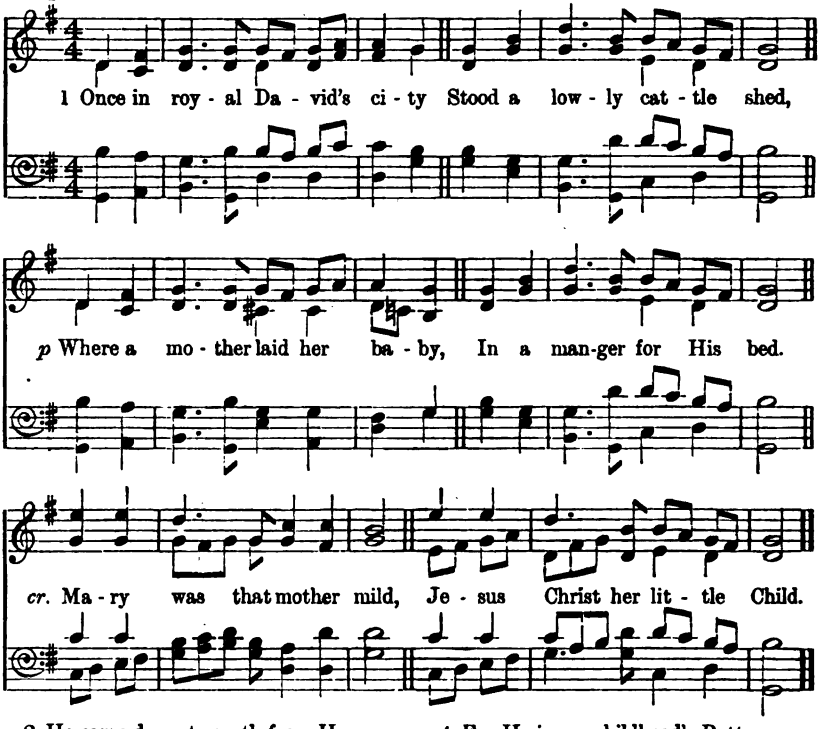
II. Jesus: "The Old, Old Story."

1. The Babe of Bethlehem.

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

186 *For unto you is born, in the city of David, a Saviour, . . . Christ the Lord.*—Luke ii. 11.

Irby. 8.7.8.7.7.7. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc., 1858.



2 He came down to earth from Heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
p And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And through all His wondrous child-
He would honour and obey, [hood
p Love and watch the lowly mother
In whose gentle arms He lay.
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
p He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
f And He shareth in our gladness.

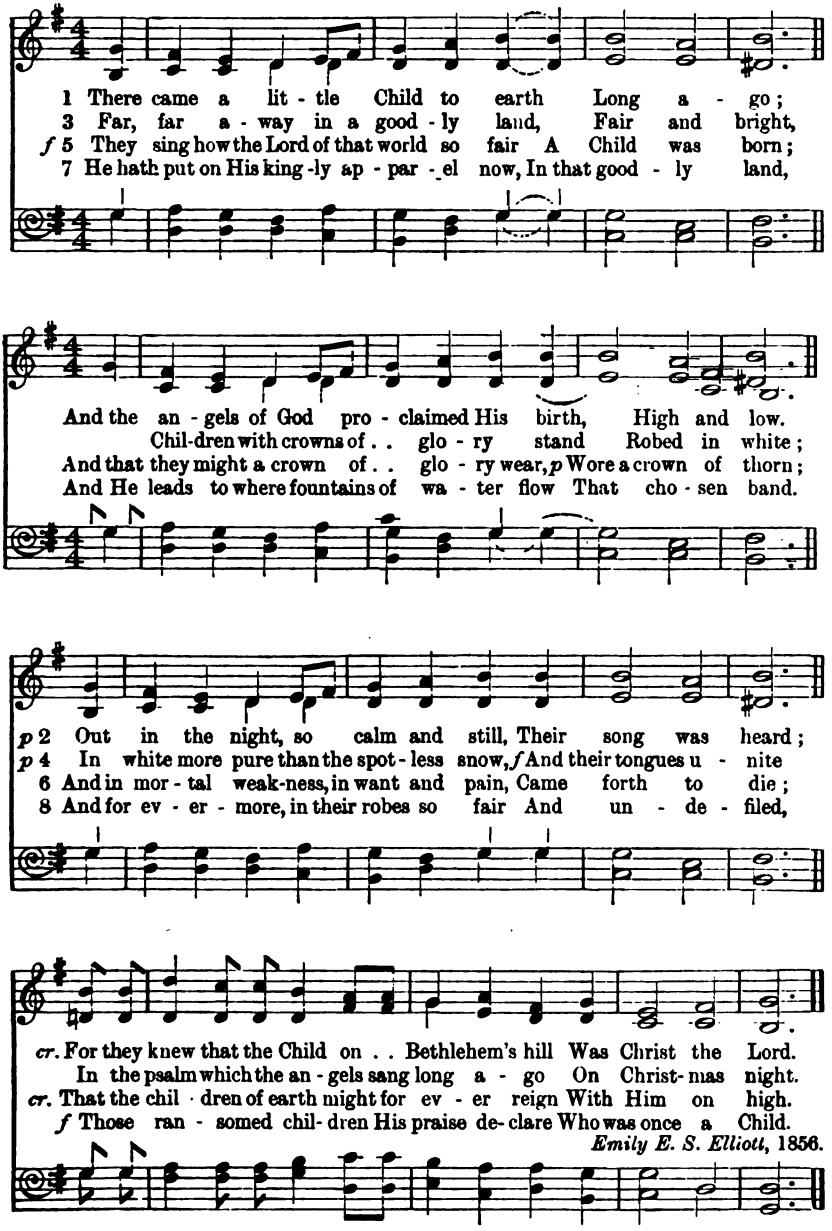
f 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in Heaven above;
cr. And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
cr. We shall see Him; but in Heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
f All in white shall wait around.

C. Frances Alexander, 1848.

187 *Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.*—Luke ii. 12.

Christmas. P.M. R. Norton Matthews, 1891.



Emily E. S. Elliott, 1856.

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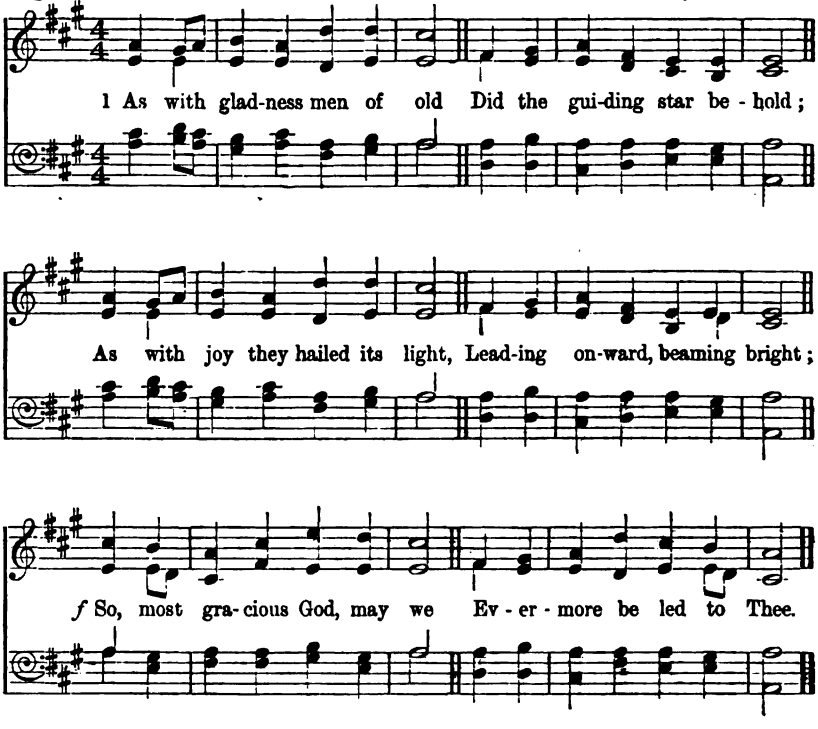
B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

188 *When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.*—Matt. ii. 10.

Dix. 7's., 6 lines. CONRAD KOCHER, 1786-1872.



2.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
p There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
f So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
cr. So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

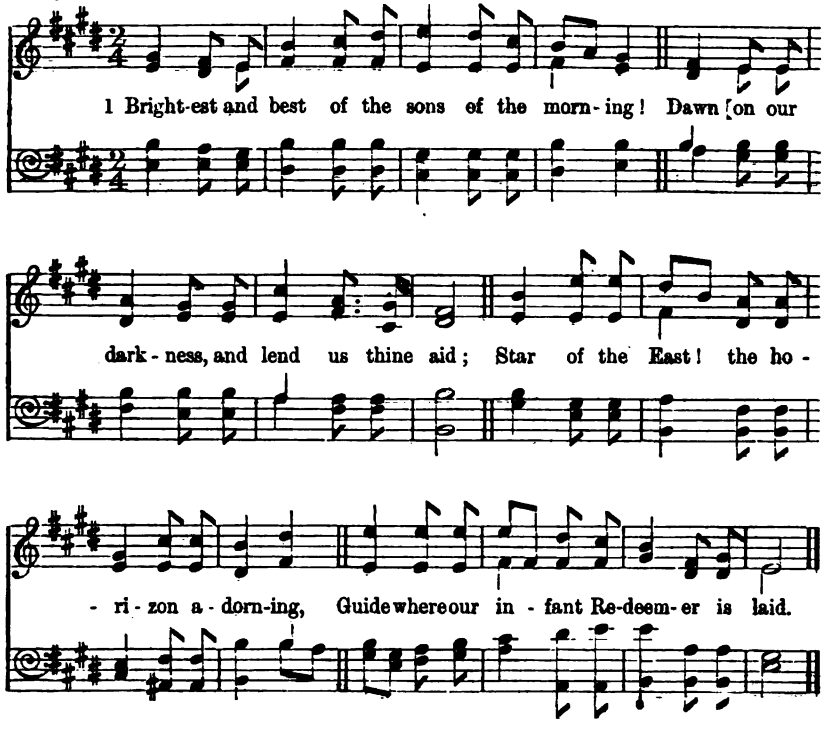
4.

p Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
cr. And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

W. C. Dix, 1861.

189 *We have seen His star in the East.*—Matt. ii. 2.

Epiphany Hymn. 11.10.11.10. J. F. Thrupp, *circa* 1870.



2.

p Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall,
cr. Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3.

p Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
f Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5.

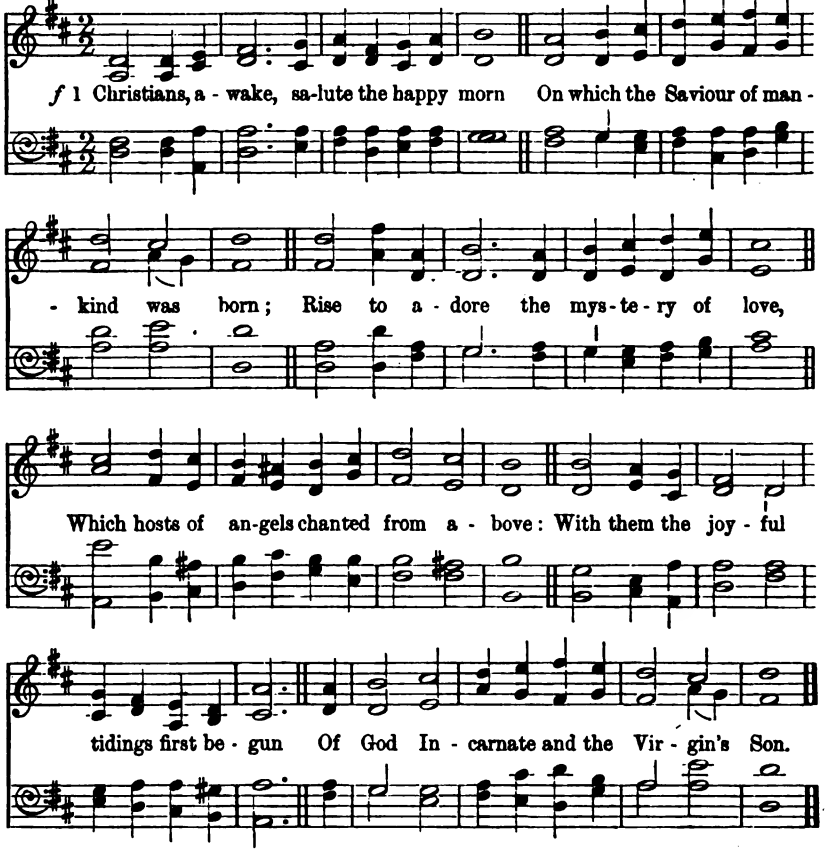
f Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East! the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

R. Heber, 1811.

190

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.—Luke ii. 10.

Yorkshire. 10's., 6 lines. JOHN WAINWRIGHT, 1723-1768.



2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' angelic herald's voice:
"Behold I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
cr. This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

f 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
cr. The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men goodwill.

4 O may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind:
dim. Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
cr. Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

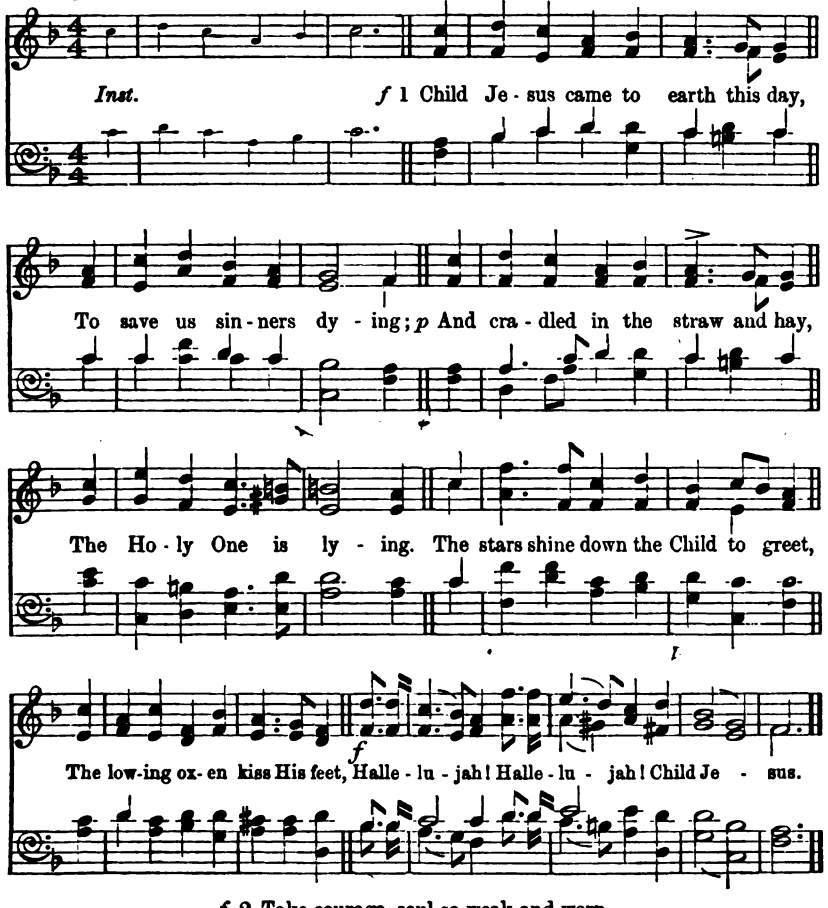
f 5 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng;
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
ff Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

Dr. Byrom, 1773.

191

The child . . . was called JESUS.—Luke ii. 21.

Child Jesus. P.M. NIELS W. GADE, 1817-1890.



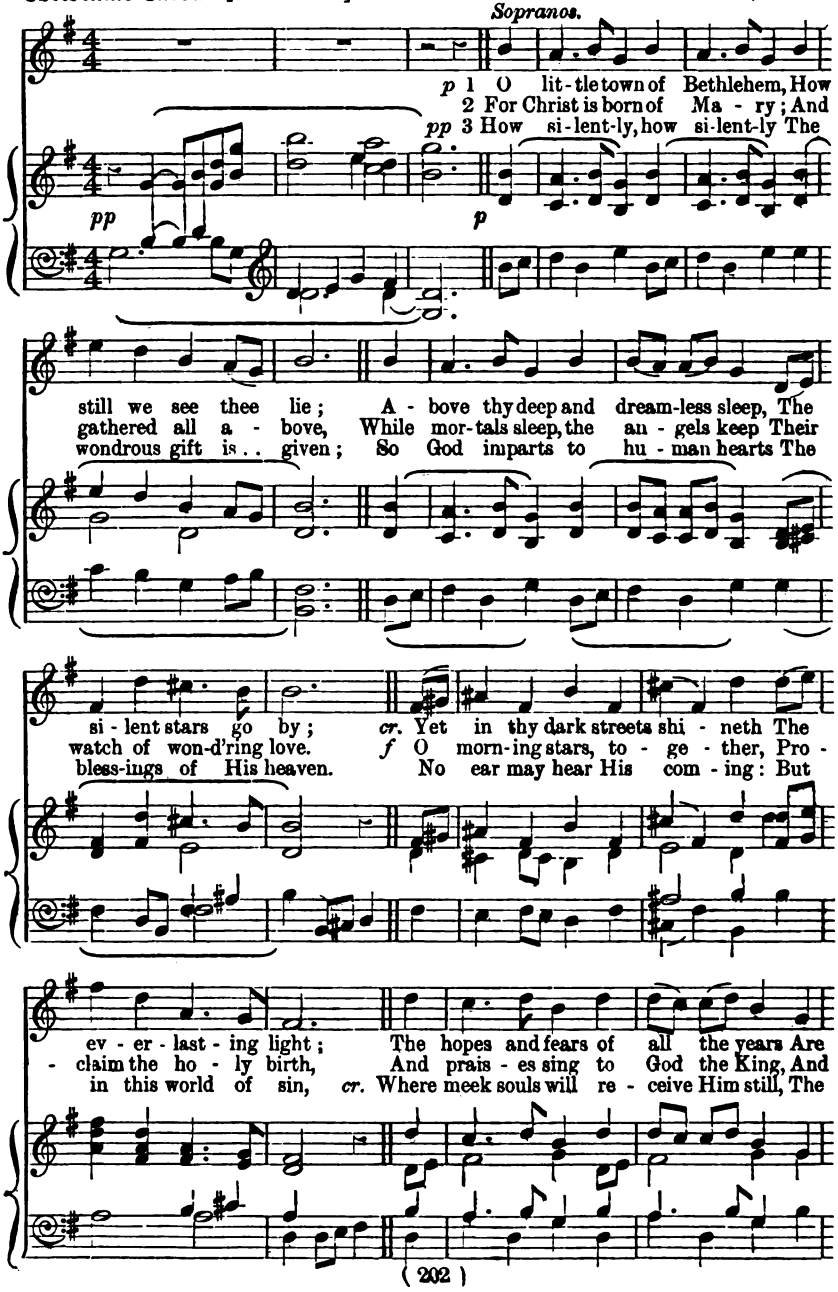
f 2 Take courage, soul so weak and worn,
Thy sorrows have departed;
A Child in David's town is born,
p To heal the broken-hearted.
cr. Then let us haste this Child to find,
And children be in heart and mind.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Child Jesus.

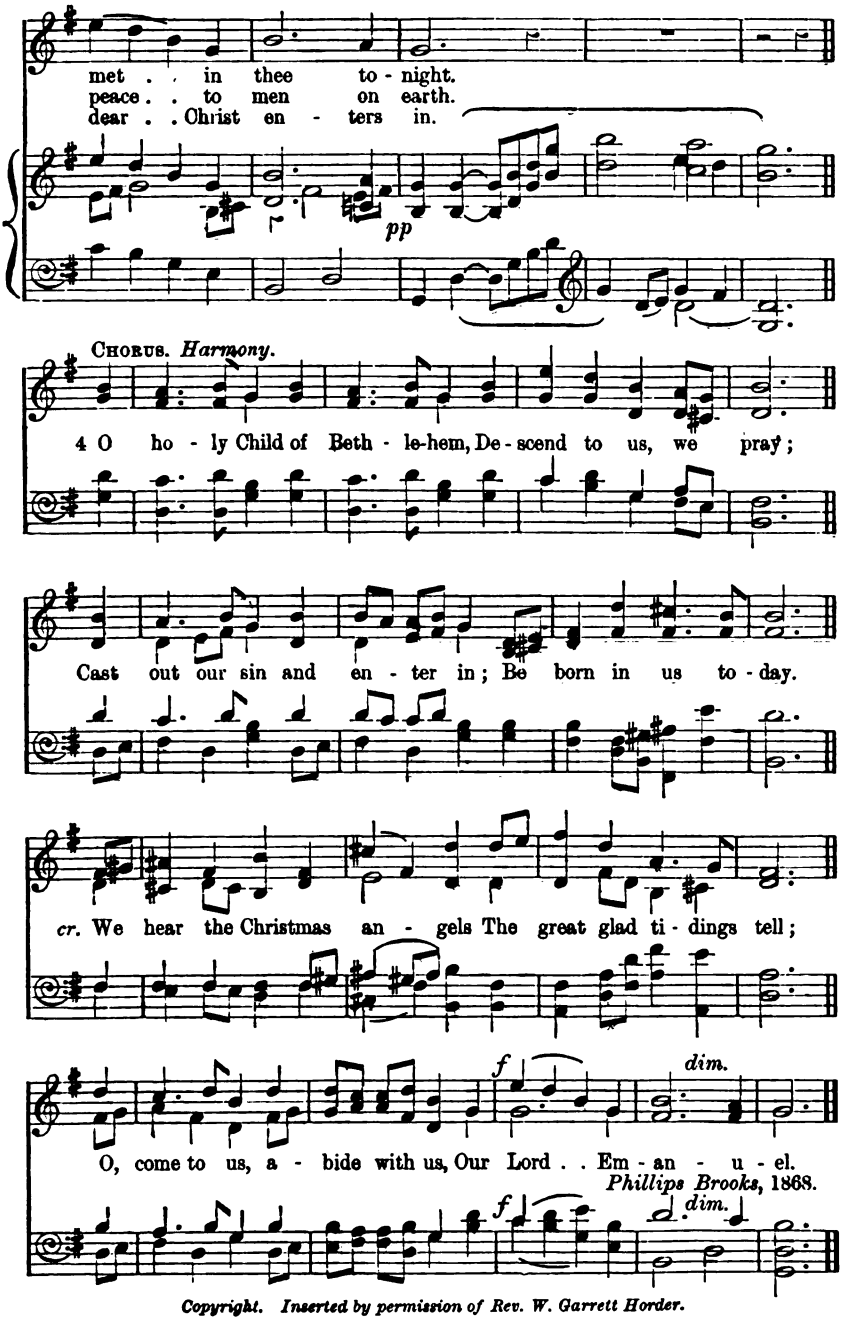
Translated from *Hans Andersen*, 1805-1875.

192 *The city of David which is called Bethlehem.*—Luke ii. 4.

8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

Christmas Carol. [FIRST TUNE.] H. WALFORD DAVIES, Mus. Doc., 1905.





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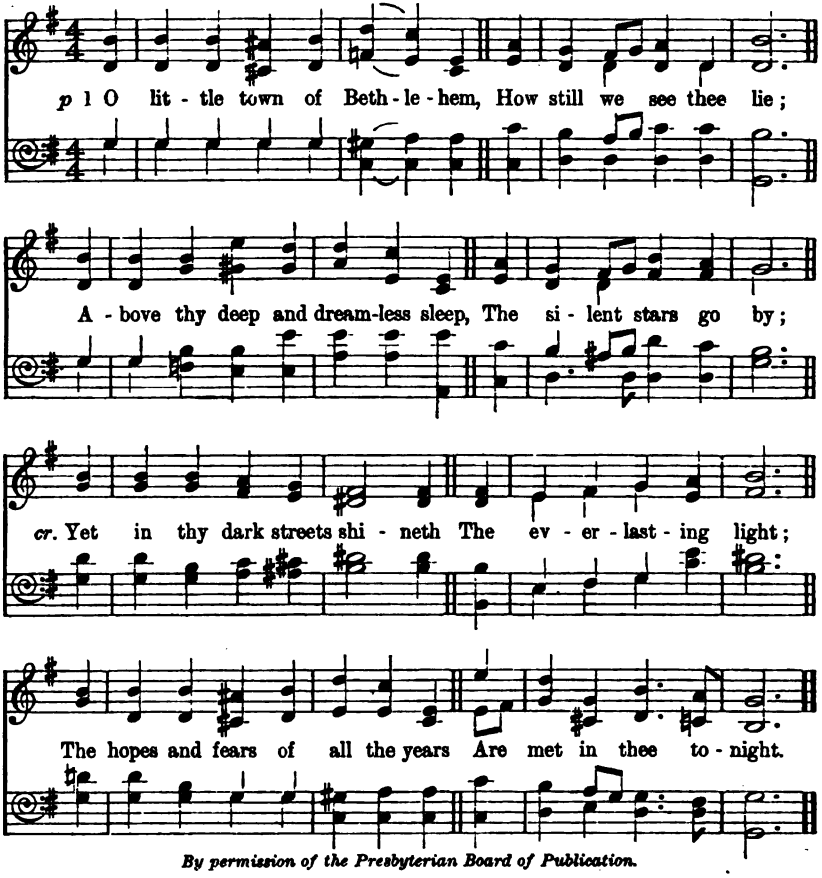
192

The city of David which is called Bethlehem.—Luke ii. 4.

8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

O little Town of Bethlehem. [SECOND TUNE.]

LEWIS H. REDNER, 1868.



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2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
f O morning stars, together,
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

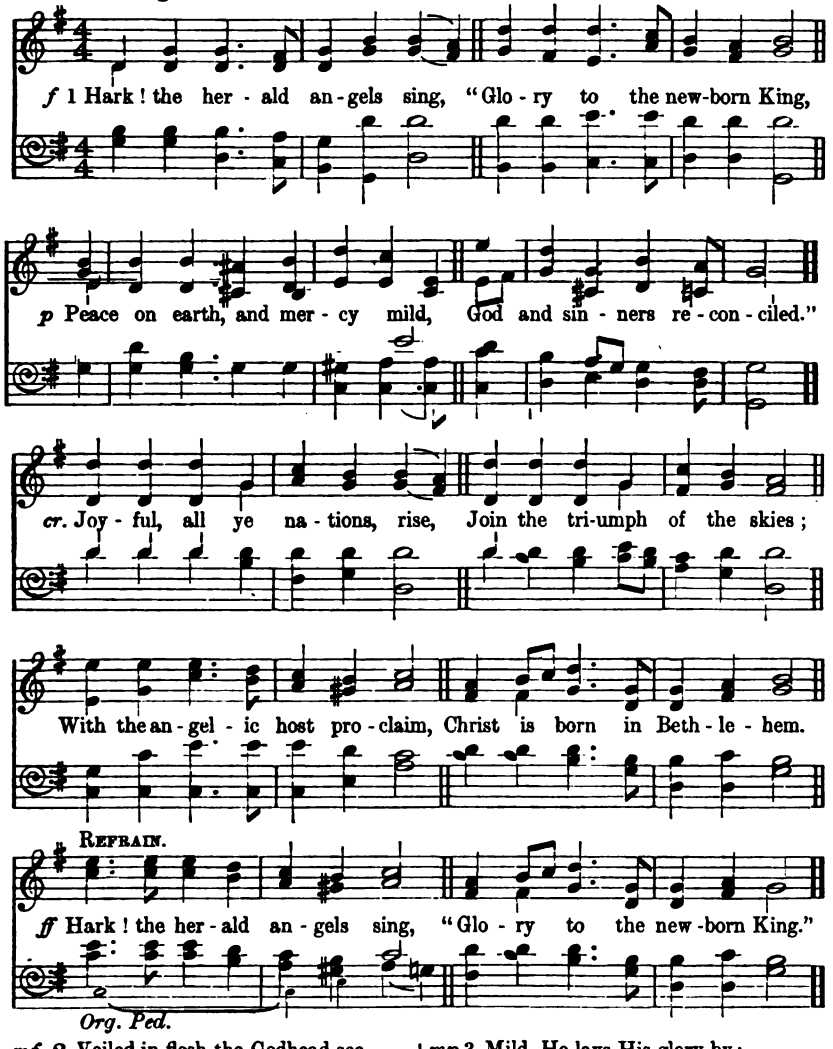
pp 3 How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming:
But in this world of sin, [still,
cr. Where meek souls will receive Him
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
cr. We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emanuel.

Phillips Brooks, 1868.

193 *Unto you is born . . . a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*—Luke ii. 11.

Christmas Hymn. 7's., 8 lines with Refrain. MENDELSSOHN, 1809-1847.



mf 2 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus, our Emanuel, here. [peace!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of
f Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

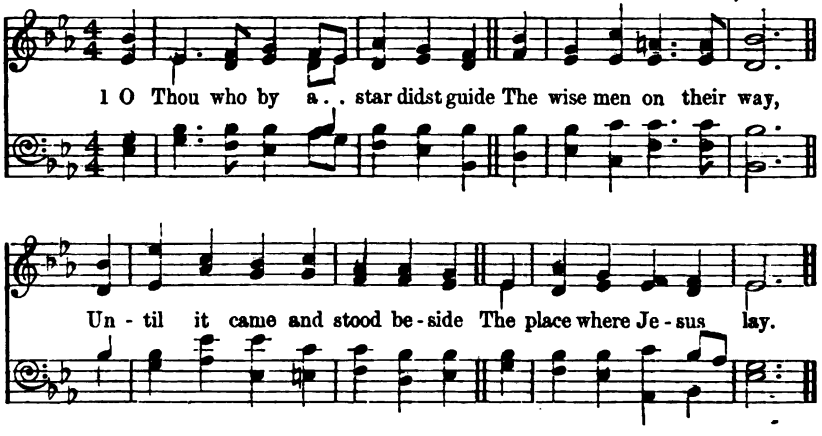
mp 3 Mild, He lays His glory by;
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
cr. Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed;
Bruise in us the serpent's head.
ff Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

C. Wesley (alt.), 1739.

194

Lo, the star . . . went before them.—Matt. ii. 9.

St. Bernard. C.M. JOHN RICHARDSON, 1851.



p 2 Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
cr. Thy Holy Spirit when they need
Will show them how to go.

3 As yet we know Thee but in part,
But still we trust Thy word,
That blessèd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

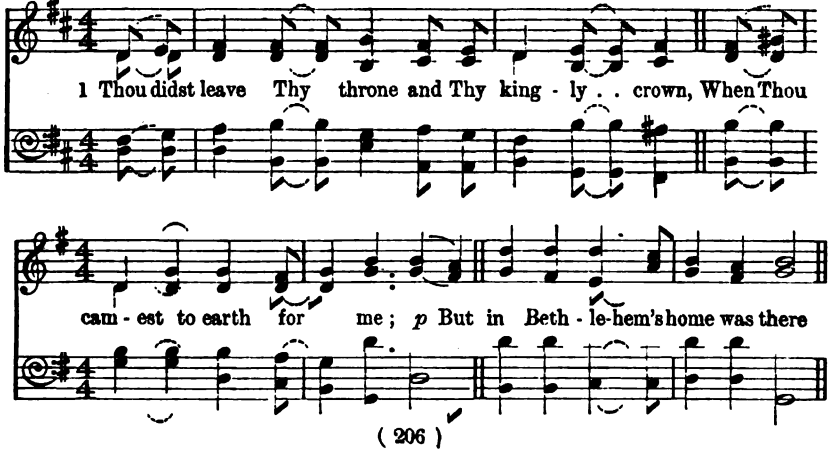
p 4 O Saviour, give us then Thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
cr. That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter as Thou art.

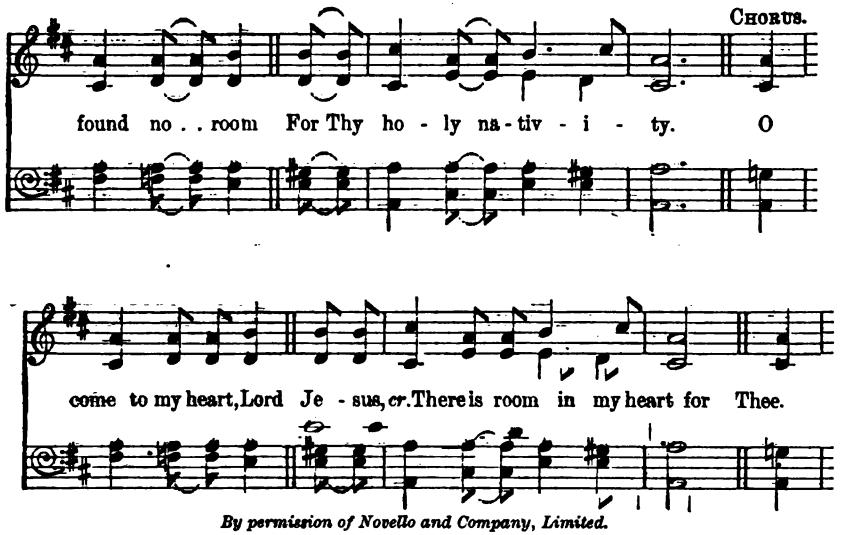
J. M. Neale, 1842.

195

There was no room for them in the inn.—Luke ii. 7.

Margaret. P.M. T. RICHARD MATTHEWS, *circa* 1870.





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2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree,
p But of lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
O come, etc.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
pp But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God!
In the deserts of Galilee.
O come, etc.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living Word
That should set Thy people free;
dim. But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
O come, etc.

f 5 When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing
At Thy coming to victory;
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee";

Chorus—

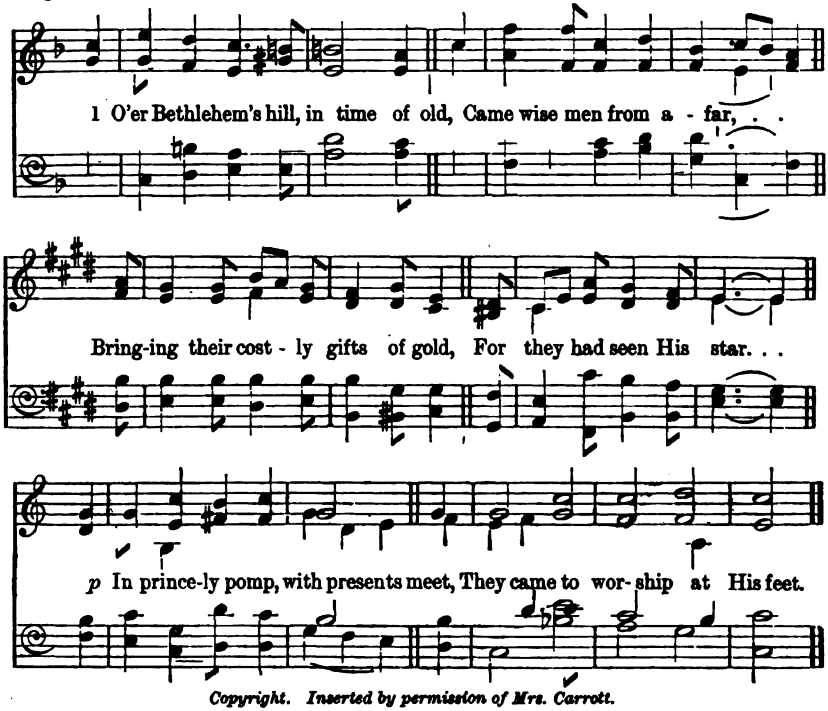
ff And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1870.

196 Magi.

They presented unto Him gifts.—Matt. ii. 11.

8.6.8.6.8.8. LIVESEY CARROTT, 1884.



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2 The silvery lamp through all the night
Led on their eager way,
Until upon His lowly home
Was shed its gentle ray;
f And there they found the infant King,
And on the ground fell worshipping.

3 So, gracious Spirit, by Thy light
Shine Thou upon our way,
To guide our feet to Christ the Lord,
Who would our homage pay;
cr. For He who is the children's King
Will not disdain what children bring.

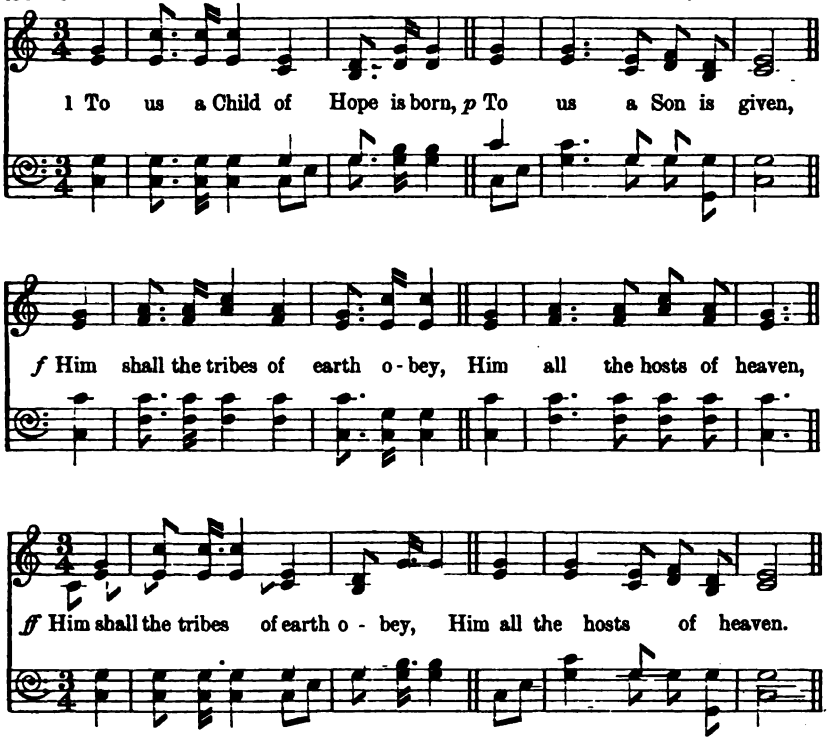
p 4 Not as wise men, in princely robes,
With offerings rich and rare:
We come with empty hands, O Lord,
Burdened with sin and care,—
pp With hands that wrought Thy misery;
cr. And yet Thou bidd'st us come to Thee.

5 For gifts: we give ourselves to Thee,
Our hearts shall be Thy throne;
For gold: we give Thee all our love,
O make it all Thine own!
cr. As incense sweet Thy praise we sing,
And bless Thy name, our Saviour King.

Mark Guy Pearse, 1879.

197 *For unto us a Child is born.*—Isa. ix. 6.

Zerah. C.M. LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc., 1792-1872.



2.

p His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
cr. The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
ff The Wonderful, etc.

3.

cr. His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.
ff Justice, etc.

4.

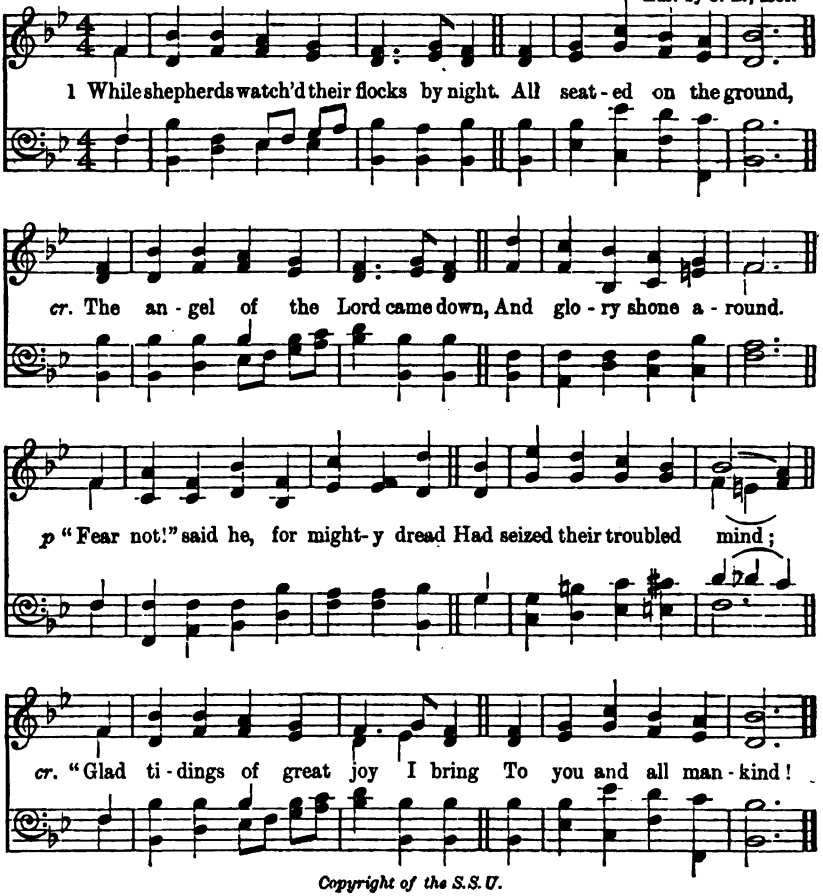
To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.
ff The Wonderful, etc.

J. Morrison, 1781 (*altd.*).

198

Shepherds . . . keeping watch over their flock by night.—Luke ii. 8.

Seraph. C.M. D. Old Melody. Har. by C. B., 1904.



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2 "To you, in David's town this day,
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
p All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

cr. 3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
f "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

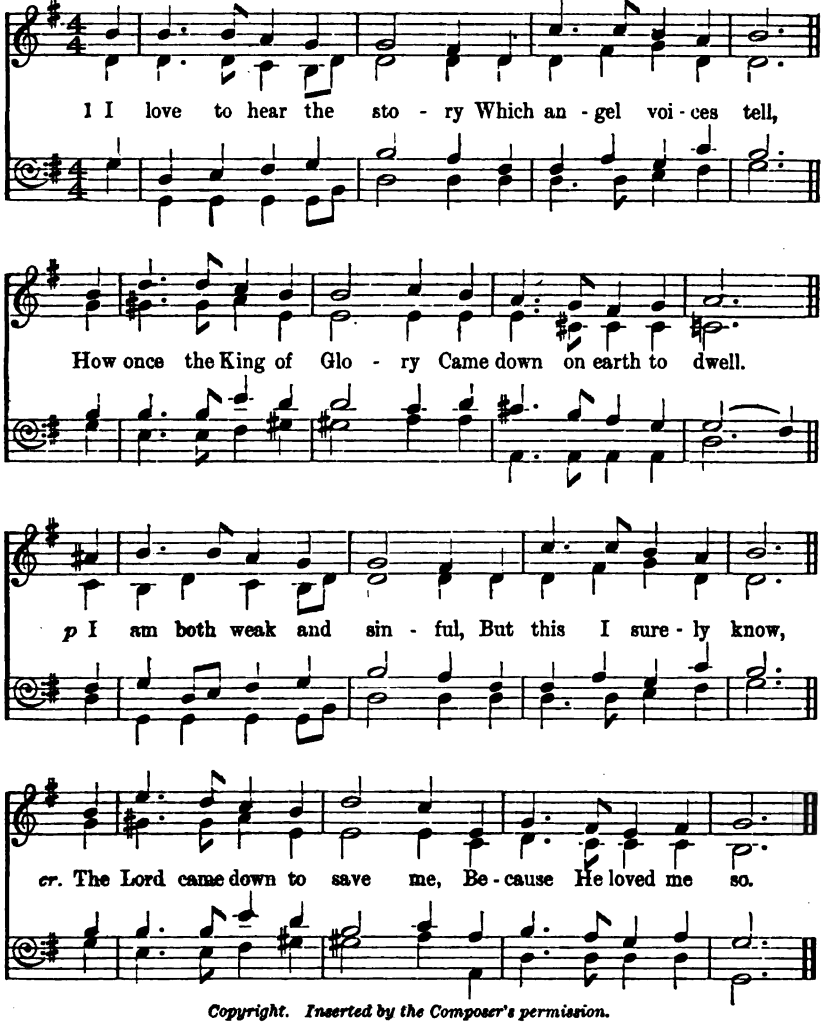
N. Tate, 1702.

2. The Boy of Nazareth.

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

199 *Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.*—Gal. ii. 20.

Angel's Story. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.6., 8 lines. A. H. MANN, MUS. D. (Oxon.), 1881.



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2 I knew my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
p To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
cr. And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
p And though I cannot see Him,
cr. I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

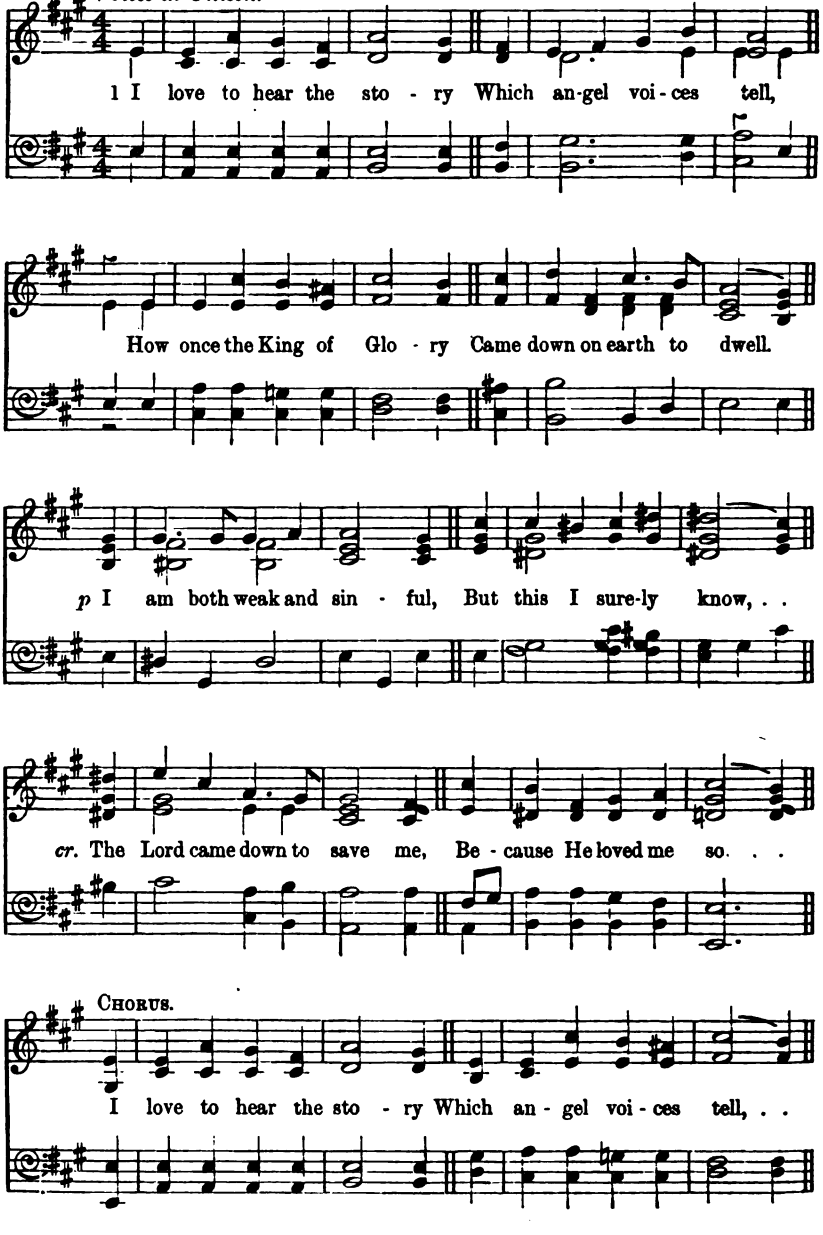
Emily H. Miller.

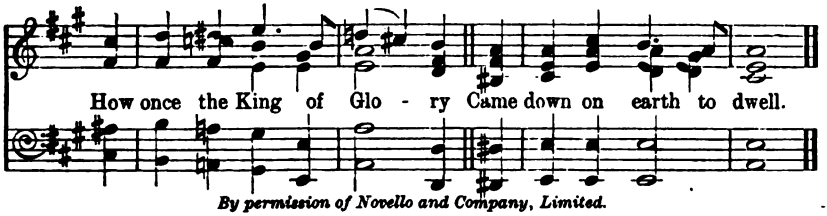
199 *Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.*—Gal. ii. 20.

7.6., 8 lines and Chorus.

I love to hear the Story. [SECOND TUNE.] FREDERIC CLAY, 1838-1889.

Voices in Unison.





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2 I know my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
p To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
cr. And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.
I love, etc.

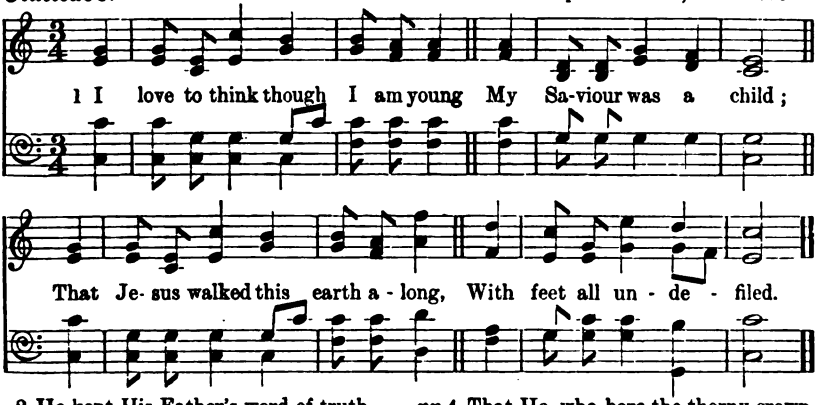
3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
p And though I cannot see Him,
cr. I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.
I love, etc.

Emily H. Miller, 1867.

200 Gratitude.

And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit.—Luke ii. 40.

C.M. From *Templi Carmina, circa* 1850.



2 He kept His Father's word of truth,
As I am taught to do;
cr. And while He walked the paths of youth,
He walked in wisdom too.

3 I love to think that He who spake
And made the blind to see,
And called the sleeping dead to wake,
p Was once a child like me.

pp 4 That He, who bore the thorny crown,
And tasted death's despair,
Had a kind mother like my own!
And knew her love and care.

5 I know 'twas all for love of me
That He became a child;
And left the heaven so fair to see,
And trod earth's pathway wild.

6 Then, Saviour, who wast once a child,
A child may come to Thee;
cr. And oh! in all Thy mercy mild,
Dear Saviour, come to me.

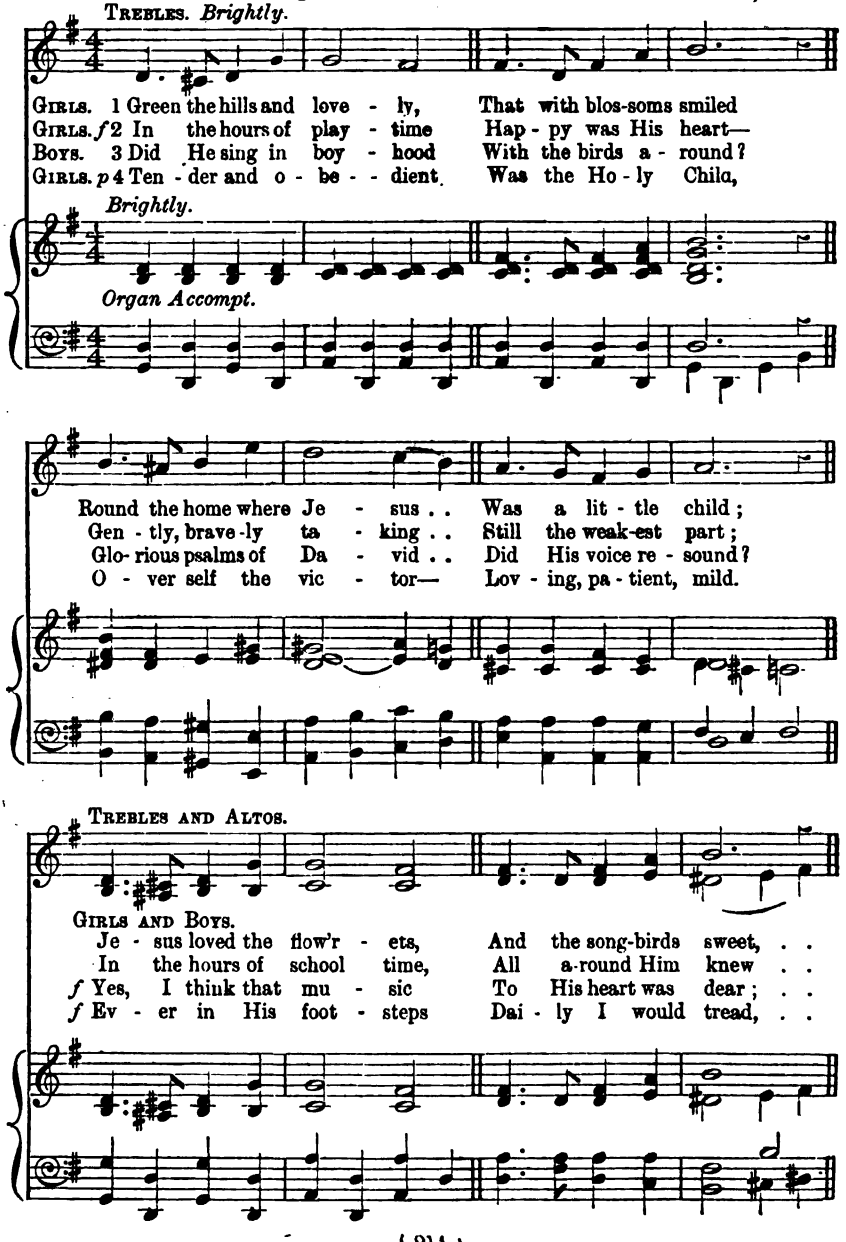
E. Paxton Hood, 1820-1885.

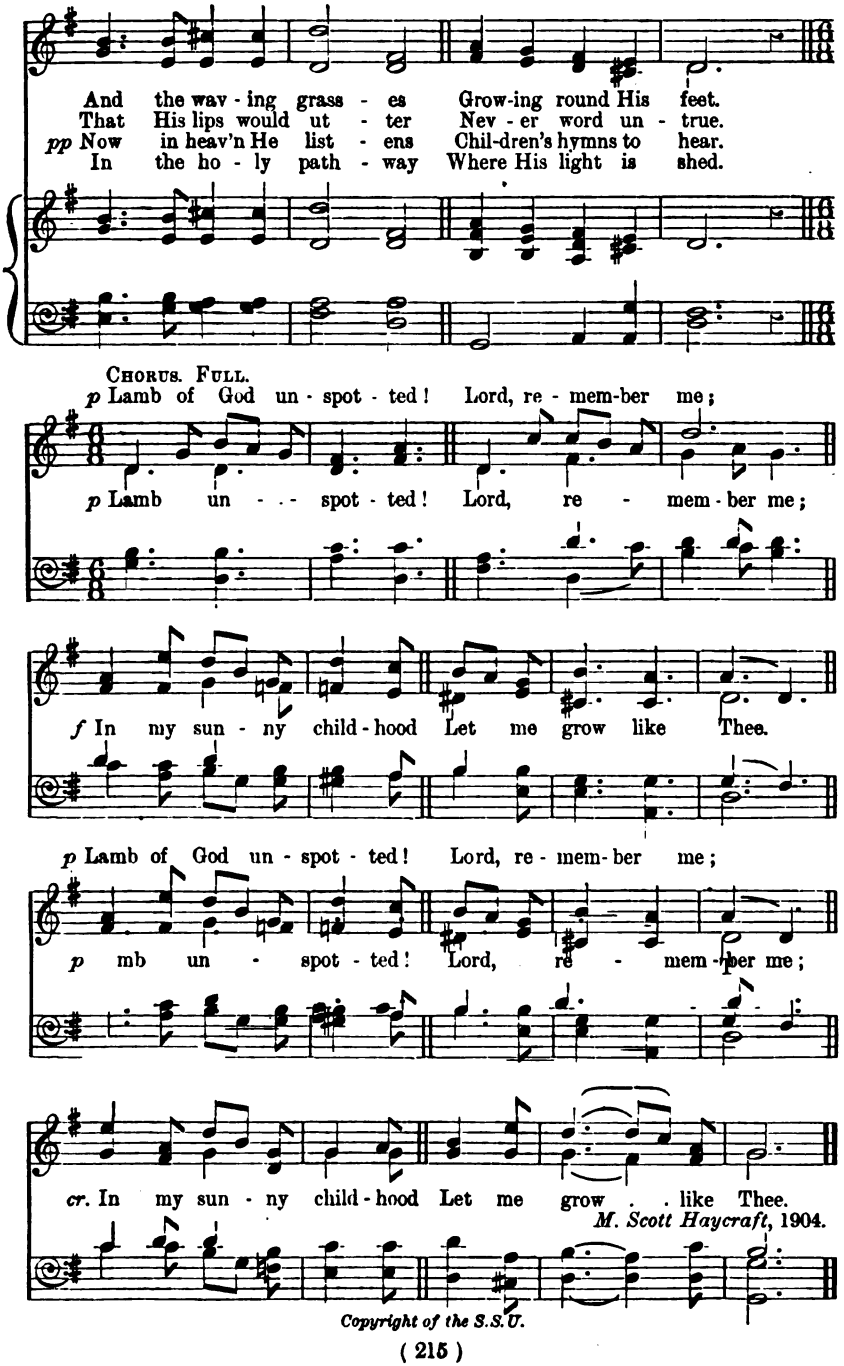
B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

201

The holy child Jesus.—Acts iv. 30.

Green the hills and lovely. P.M. W. H. BENNETT, 1904.





M. Scott Haycraft, 1904.

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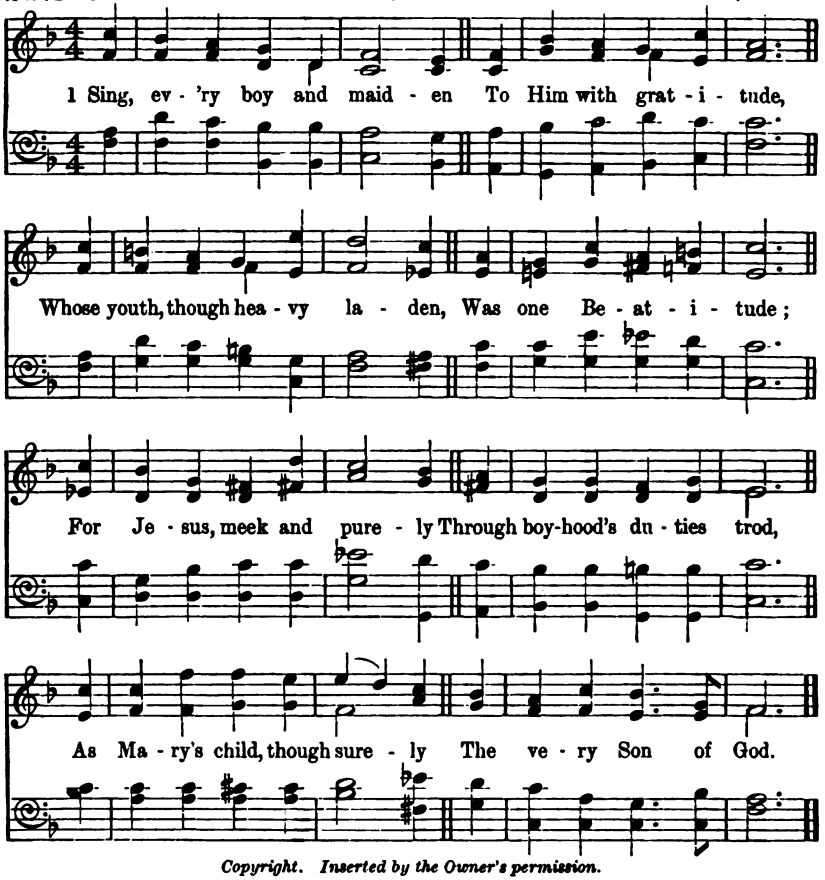
202

He went down to Nazareth.—Luke ii. 51.

St. Ewen. 7.6., 8 lines. ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1872.



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2 The helper of His mother,
A faithful Hebrew lad,
For sister and for brother
Christ wrought with spirit glad;
And made that cottage lowly,
That work-bench by the door,
p A labour-lesson holy
To love for evermore.

p 3 All reverently obeying
He bore His daily part
Toward her who kept each saying
Safe in her wondering heart.
cr. Along the ways where Nature
Spoke low, by hill and glen,
He grew in wisdom, stature,
And grace with God and men.

f 4 Oh, sing! ye tired and tearful,
What this sweet story saith;
For all that 's brave and cheerful
Comes out of Nazareth!
Let serving hands fly faster,
New years new burdens bring,—
Enough! if like our Master,
The Carpenter and King!

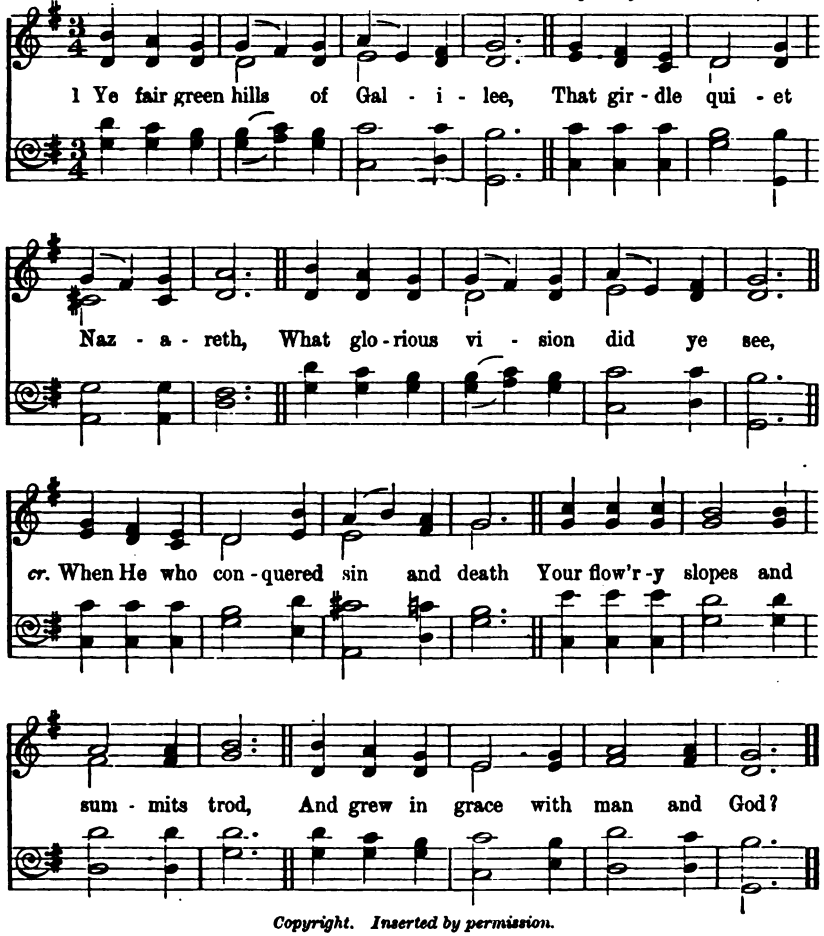
M. W. Stryker, D.D., 1885.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Ellacombe," No. 162.

203

He went down with them, and came to Nazareth.—Luke ii. 51.

St. Catherine. 8's., 6 lines. H. F. Hemy, 1864. Adapted by J. G. Walton, 1874.



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p 2 We saw no glory crown His head,
As childhood ripened into youth;
No angels on His errands sped;
cr. He wrought no sign. But meekness, truth,
And duty marked each step He trod,
And love to man, and love to God.

p 3 Jesus! my Saviour, Master, King,
Who didst for me the burden bear,
While saints in heaven Thy glory sing,
Let me on earth Thy likeness wear.
p Mine be the path Thy feet have trod,—
Duty, and love to man and God.

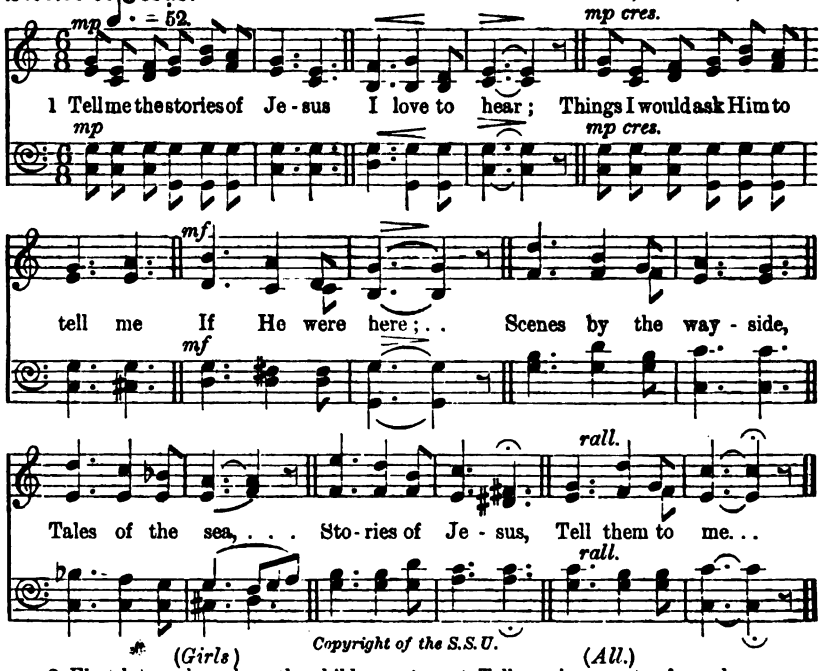
E. R. Conder, D.D., 1887.

3. "Who went about doing good."

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

204 "*Things*" *concerning Jesus of Nazareth.*—Luke xxiv. 19.

Stories of Jesus. P.M. F. A. Challinor, Mus. Doc., 1904.



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(*Girls*)

p 2 First let me hear how the children
Stood round His knee;
And I shall fancy His blessing
Resting on me;
cr. Words full of kindness,
Deeds full of grace,
All in the lovelight
Of Jesu's face.

(*Boys.*)

3 Into the city I'd follow
The children's band,
Waving a branch of the palm-tree
High in my hand;
One of His heralds,
Yes, I would sing
f Loudest hosannas!
Jesus is King!

(*All.*)

pp 4 Tell me, in accents of wonder,
How rolled the sea,
Tossing the boat in a tempest
On Galilee!
cr. And how the Master,
Ready and kind,
Chided the billows,
And hushed the wind.

(*Girls.*)

p 5 Tell how the sparrow that twitters
On yonder tree,
And the sweet meadow-side lily
May speak to me—
cr. Give me their message,
For I would hear
How Jesus taught us
Our Father's care.

(*All.*)

pp Show me that scene in the garden,
Of bitter pain;
And of the cross where my Saviour
For me was slain—
cr. Sad ones or bright ones,
So that they be
Stories of Jesus,
Tell them to me.

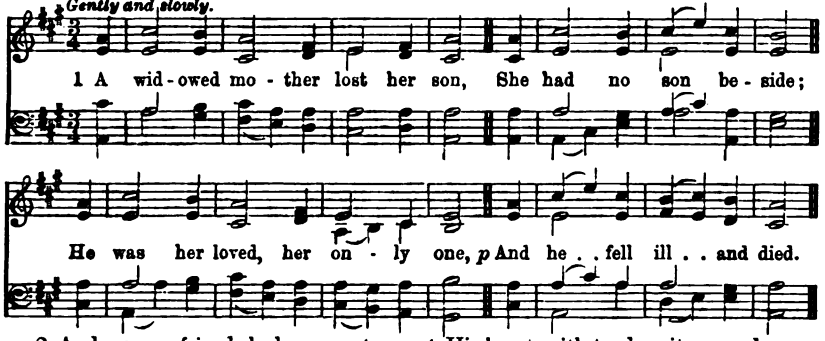
W. H. Parker, 1904.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

205

He went into a city called Nain.—Luke vii. 11.

Balerma. C.M. R. SIMPSON, *circa* 1837.



p 2 And many a friend shed many a tear,
But none had power to save;
They placed the body on a bier,
To bear it to the grave.

cr. 3 When lo! a company appears,
A band by Jesus led:—
Jesus can dry the mourners' tears,
Jesus can raise the dead!

4 His heart, with tender pity moved,
Felt for the widow's grief; [proved
"Weep not," He said, and soon He
His hand could give relief.

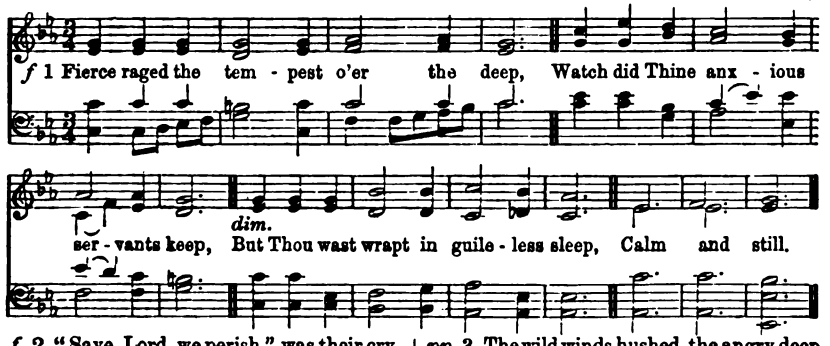
5 He touched the bier,—the mourners'
Are fixed upon the Lord; [eyes
"Young man, I say to thee arise!"
Is His almighty word.

f 6 He rises up,—he speaks,—he lives;
No tear need now be shed;
cr. Christ to the widowed mother gives
The child she mourned as dead. *Dorothy A. Thrupp*, 1840.

206

And there was a great calm.—Mark iv. 39.

St. Alfred. 8.8.8.3. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus. Doc., 1862.



f 2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"Oh, save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
p "Peace, be still."

pp 3 The wild winds hushed, the angry deep
Sank, like a little child to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
dim. Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

G. Thring, 1862.

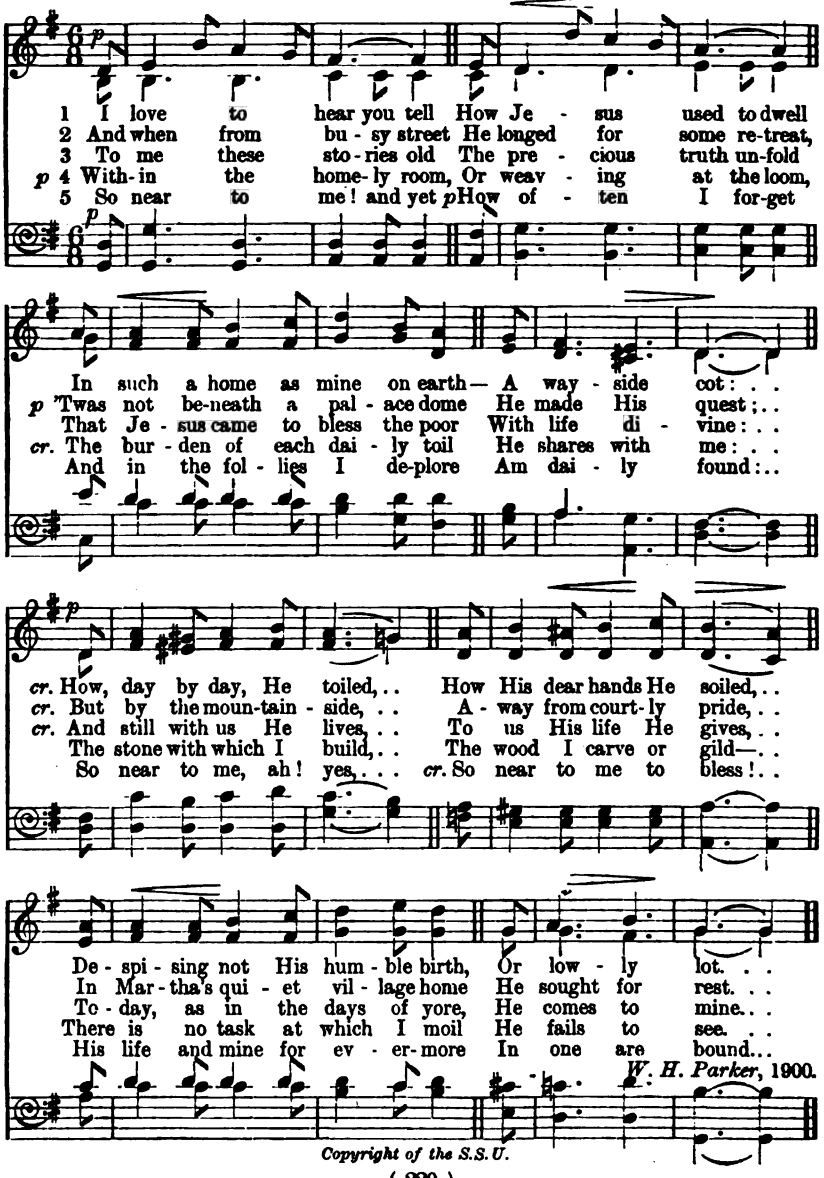
207

And He came to Nazareth.—Luke ii. 51.

Ever with Jesus.

P.M. H. Ernest Nichol, Mus. Bac., 1900.

1 I love to hear you tell . . . How Je - sus used to dwell . .
2 And when from bu - sy street . . He longed for some re - treat, . .
3 To me these sto - ries old . . . The pre-cious truth un - fold . .
p 4 With-in the home-ly room, . . Or weav-ing at the loom, . .
5 So near to me! and yet . . . *p* How of - ten I for - get . .



W. H. Parker, 1900.

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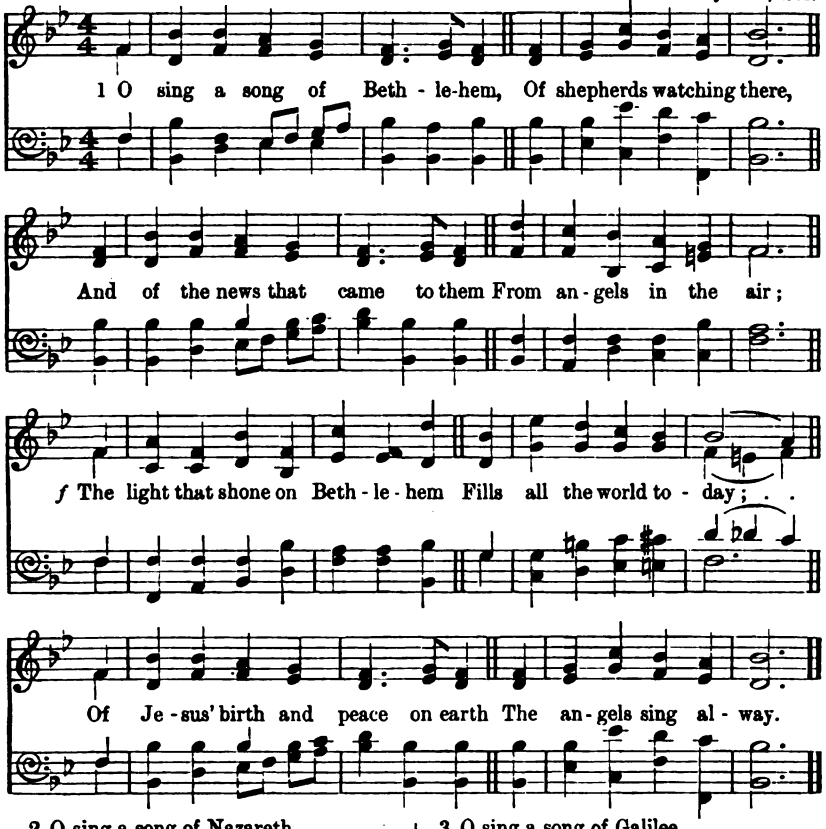
208 *

The city . . . called Bethlehem, The place . . . called Calvary.—
Luke ii. 4, and xxiii. 33.

Scrapb. C.M. D.

Old Melody.
Har. by C. B., 1904.



2 O sing a song of Nazareth,
Of sunny days of joy,
O sing of fragrant flowers' breath,
And of the sinless Boy:
cr. For now the flowers of Nazareth
In every heart may grow,
Now spreads the fame of His dear Name
On all the winds that blow.

3 O sing a song of Galilee,
Of lake and woods and hill,
Of Him who walked upon the sea
And bade the waves be still:
p For though, like waves on Galilee,
Dark seas of trouble roll,
f When faith has heard the Master's word,
Falls peace upon the soul.

p 4 O sing a song of Calvary,
Its glory and dismay;
Of Him who hung upon the tree
And took our sins away;
cr. For He who died on Calvary
Is risen from the grave,
And Christ our Lord, by heaven adored,
Is mighty now to save.

Louis F. Benson, D.D., 1897.

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* The following passages may fittingly be read before the verses as indicated.

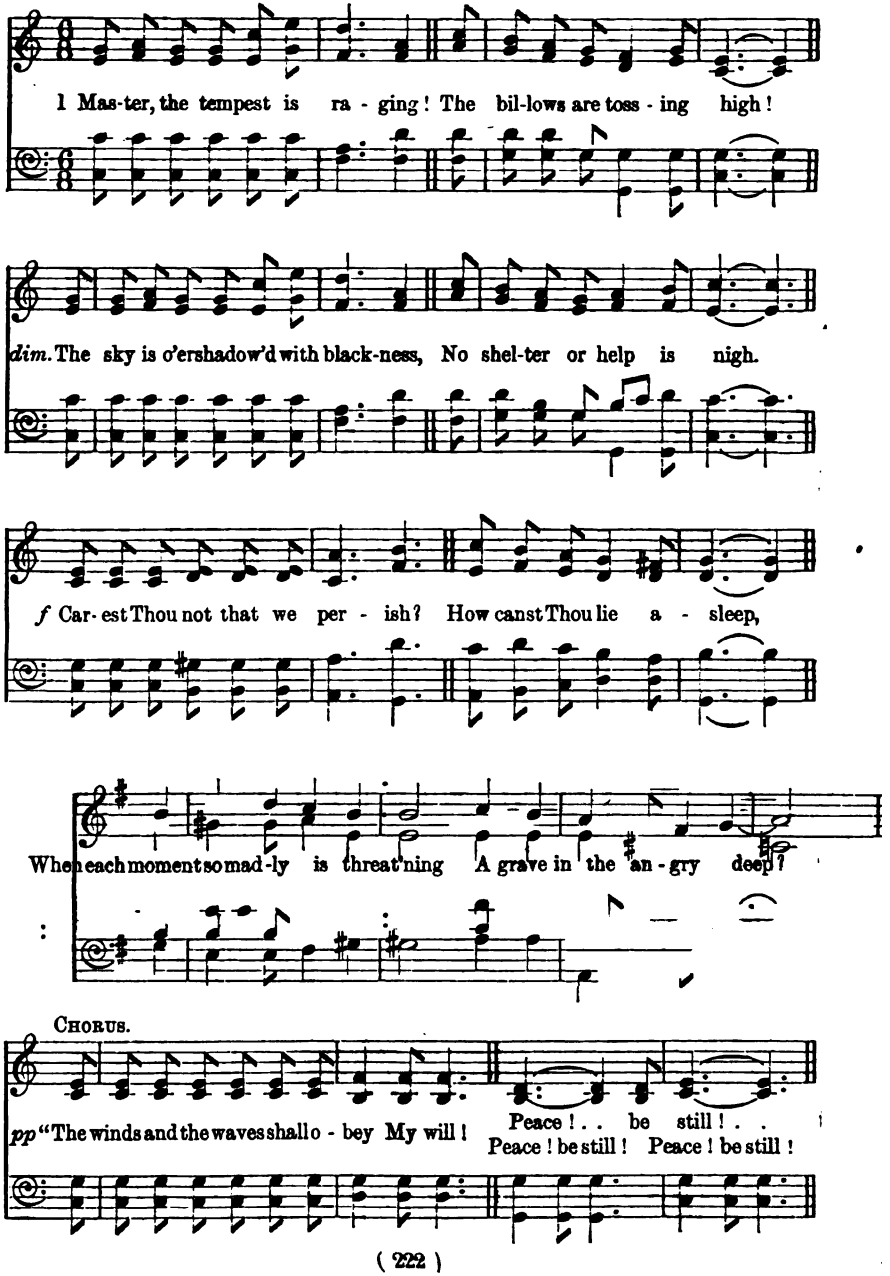
Before verse 1. Luke ii. 8 to 11.
,, ,, 2. Luke ii. 40 and 51 and 52.
Before verse 3. Mark vi. 45 to 50.
,, ,, 4. Luke xxiii. 33 and 34.

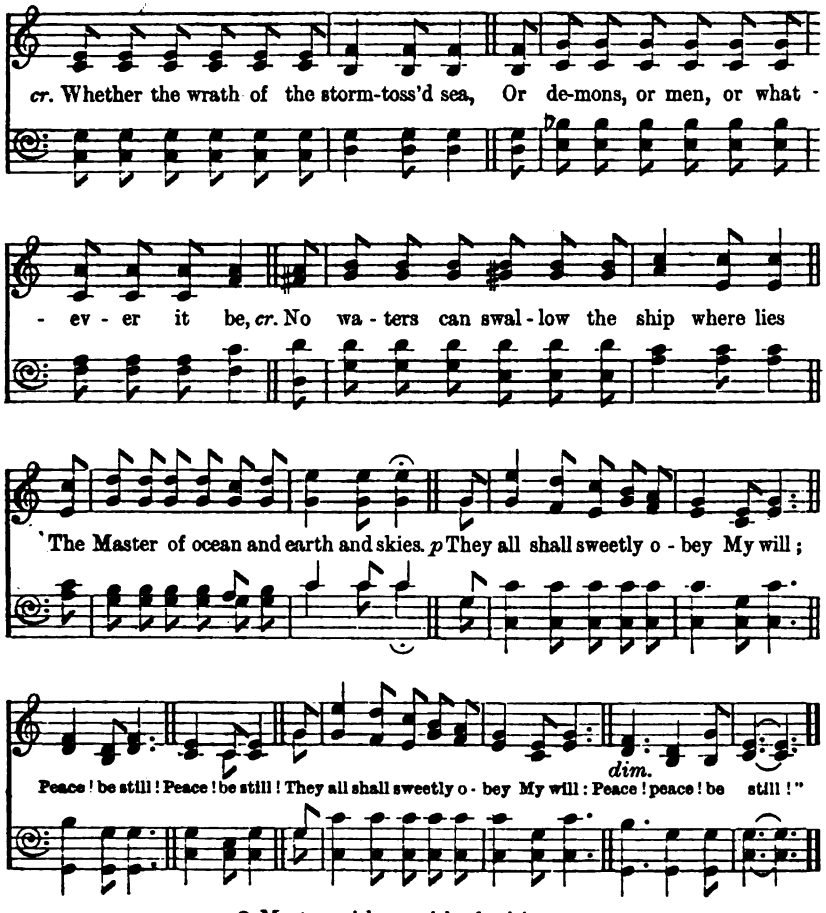
209

Peace, be still.—Mark iv. 39.

Peace! be Still!

P.M. HORATIO R. PALMER, Mus. Doc., 1874.





p 2 Master, with anguish of spirit,
I bow in my grief to-day!
The depths of my sad heart are troubled;
f Oh, waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul,
And I perish! I perish! dear Master:
Oh, hasten, and take control!
The winds, etc.

3 Master, the terror is over,
dim. The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast;
Linger, O blessed Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
cr. And with joy I shall make the blest harbour,
And rest on the blissful shore.
The winds, etc.

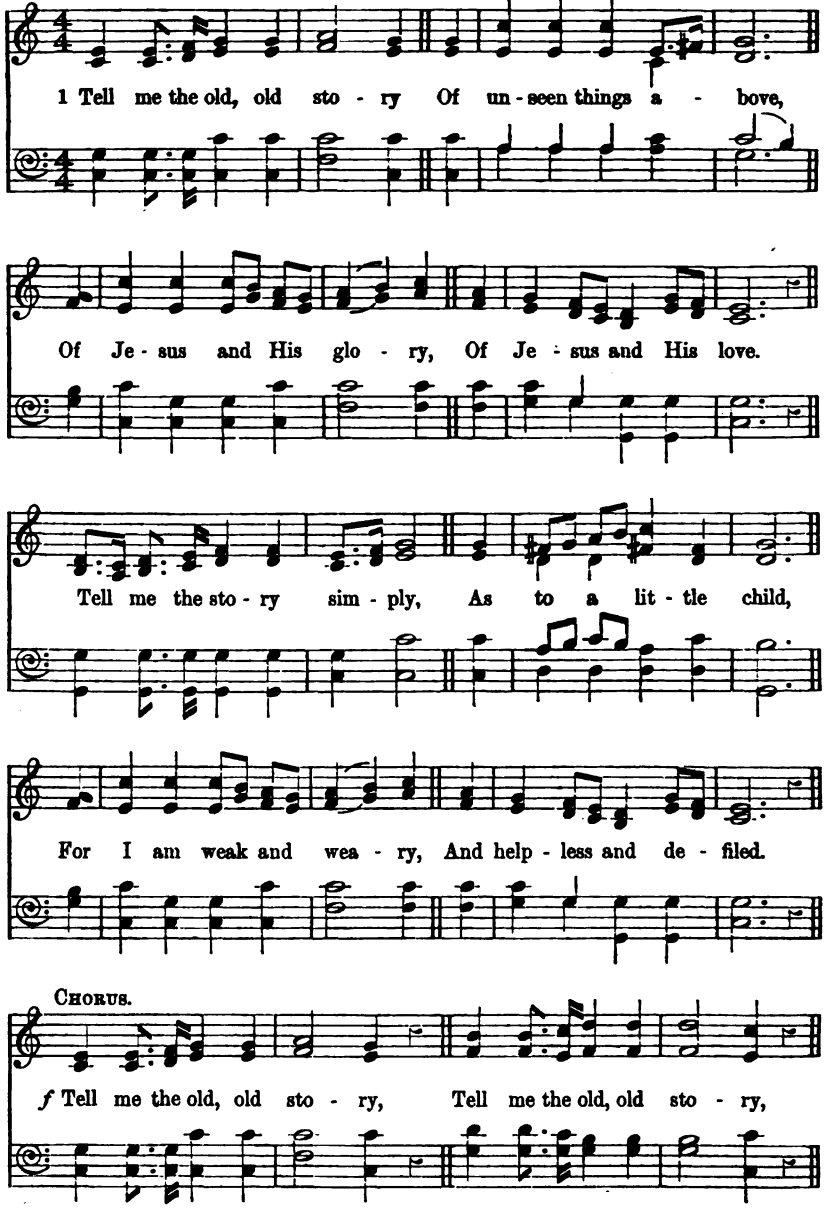
Mary A. Baker, 1874.

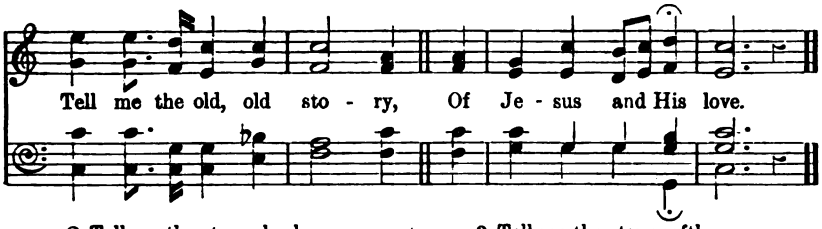
210

Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.—Gal. ii. 20.

7.6., 8 lines with Chorus.

Tell me the Old, Old Story. [FIRST TUNE.] W. H. DOANE, 1868.





p 2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon:
dim. The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.
Tell me, etc.

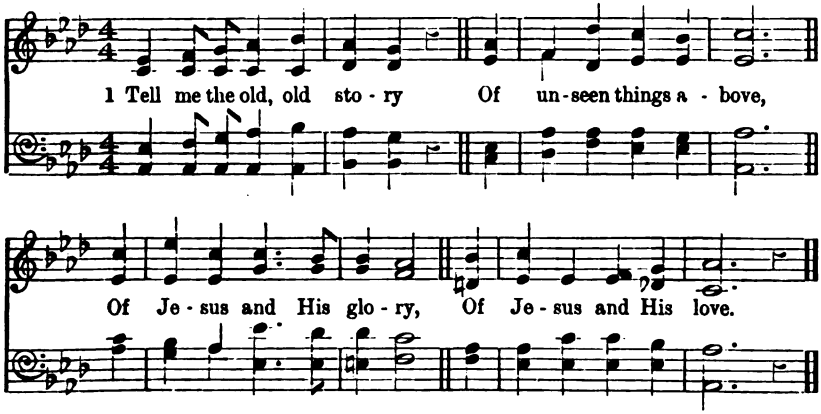
pp 3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm a sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
cr. Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.
Tell me, etc.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
cr. Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story;
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."
Tell me, etc.

Kate Hankey, 1866.

(By omitting the Chorus, the hymn may be taken as a 7.6.7.6., four lines to each verse.)

Remembrance. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6.7.6. JOSIAH BOOTH, 1898.



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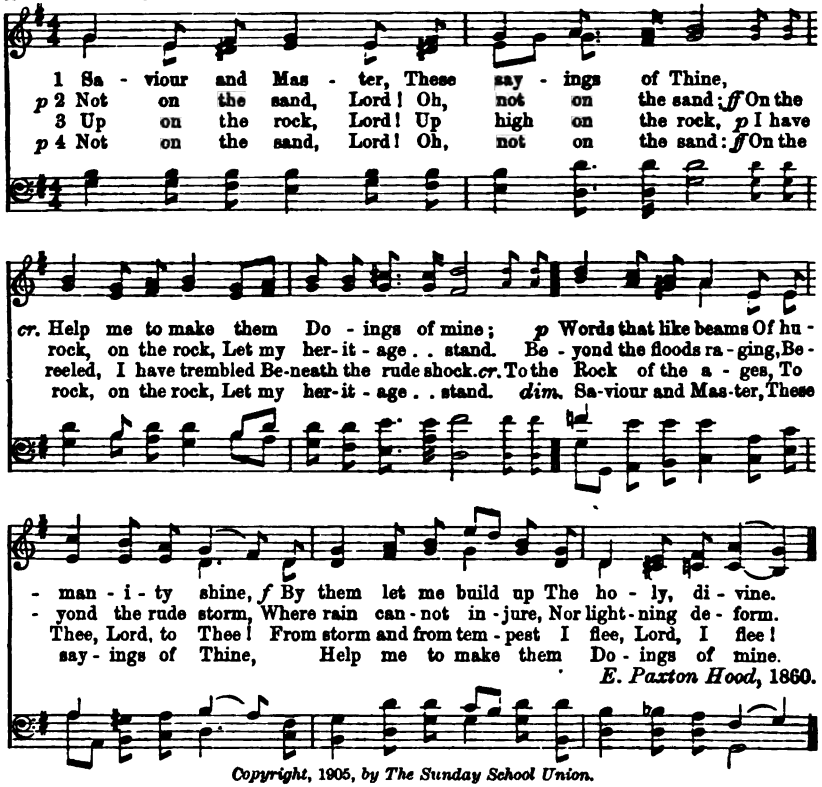
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

211

"Whosoever heareth these sayings . . . and doeth them."—Matt. vii. 24.

Saviour and Master. P.M. CAREY BONNER, 1905.



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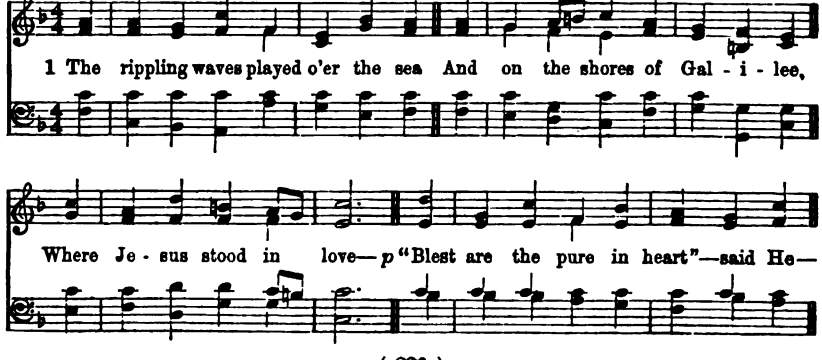
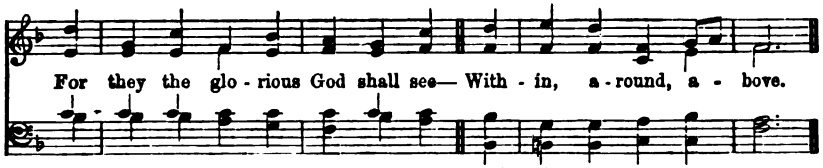
212

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.—Matt. v. 8.

Stourbridge. 8.8.6.8.8.6. C. E. KETTLE, 1876.





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2 The breeze with wild-thyme was perfumed,
And there the lily meekly bloomed,
f The Rose of Sharon smiled:
Like plants around a fountain stood,—
And drank the truth,—disciples good—
p Each as a little child.

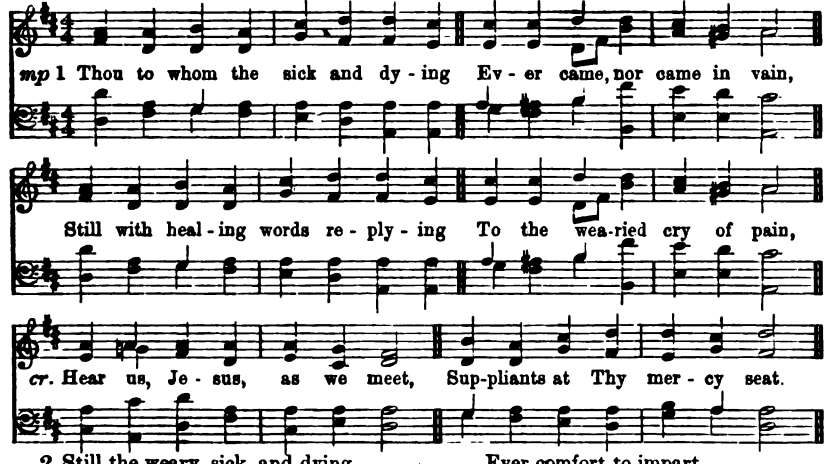
3 "Blest are the pure in heart,"—the song,
By gentle winds was borne along,
And met the waves at play:
p These in their murmurings, soft and long,
cr. Rolled it the branchèd trees among
Down Jordan's joyous way.

p 4 Let me be pure in heart, my God—
Have heaven within—see heaven abroad—
A soul-like drop of dew:—
A human mirror, round and bright,
cr. Sparkling with all the joys of light,
And with Thy face, so true. *Alfred A. Cole*, 1882.

213

They brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases . . . and He healed them.—Matt. iv. 24.

Sollicitude. 8.7.8.7.7.7. J. Daniell, *circa* 1850.



2 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On Thy higher help relying,
May we now their burden share,
cr. Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

3 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
cr. All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart,
cr. Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

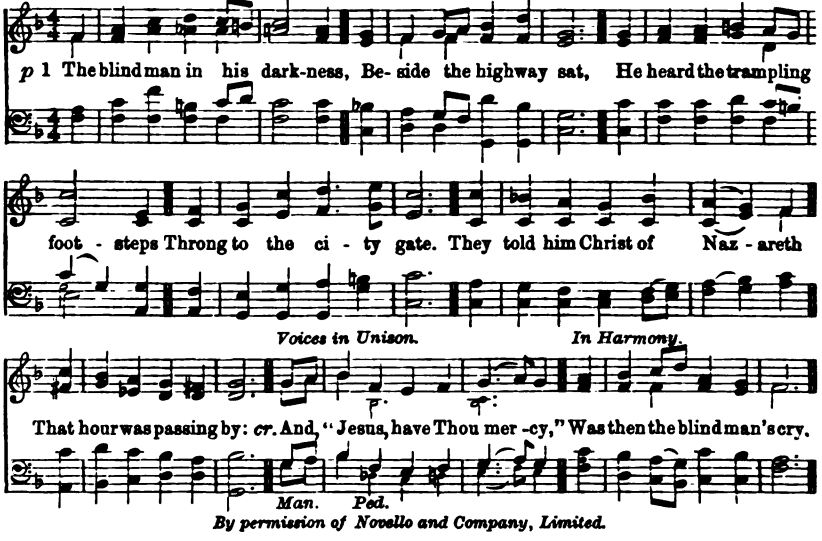
4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing power yield,
cr. Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

G. Thring, 1871.

214

Jesu, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!—Mark x. 47.

Day of Rest. 7.6., 8 lines. J. W. Elliott, 1875.



By permission of Novello and Company, Limited.

2 And when the people chid him,
cr. Still louder crièd he,
"O Jesu, Son of David,
Have mercy upon me."

f O joy! He stands and calls him,
O gush of great delight!
His pitying words have given
The blessèd gift of sight.

p 3 We too had sat in darkness,
Lost in our sin and care,
With blind eyes turned to heaven,
That saw no Saviour there:

cr. If Jesus had not made us
His own by love and grace,
Here in His Church to serve Him,
And see at last His face.

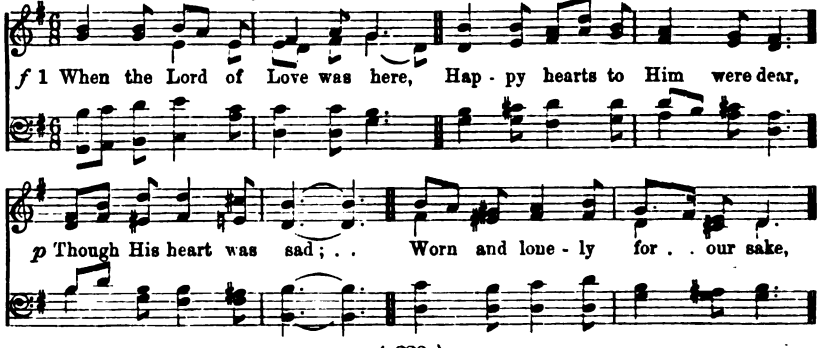
f 4 Then let us rise and follow,
Since Christ has called us in,
And cast away the garments
Of slothfulness and sin;
Till from our dim dark vision
Each scale be rent away,
And we behold His glory,
And see the perfect day.

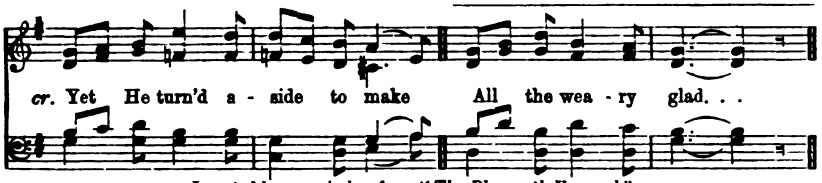
C. Frances Alexander, circa 1860.

215

Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.—Matt. xi. 29.

Armstrong. 7.7.5.7.7.5. George W. Chadwick, 1893.





Inserted by permission from "The Plymouth Hymnal."

p 2 Meek and lowly were His ways,
cr. From His loving grew His praise,
From His giving, prayer:
f All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy His care.

mf 3 When He walked the fields He drew
From the flowers and birds and dew
Parables of God:
cr. For within His heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had His abode.

(*Solo.*)

4 Fill us with Thy deep desire
All the sinful to inspire
With the Father's life;
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

(*Full.*)

f 5 Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love;
cr. In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

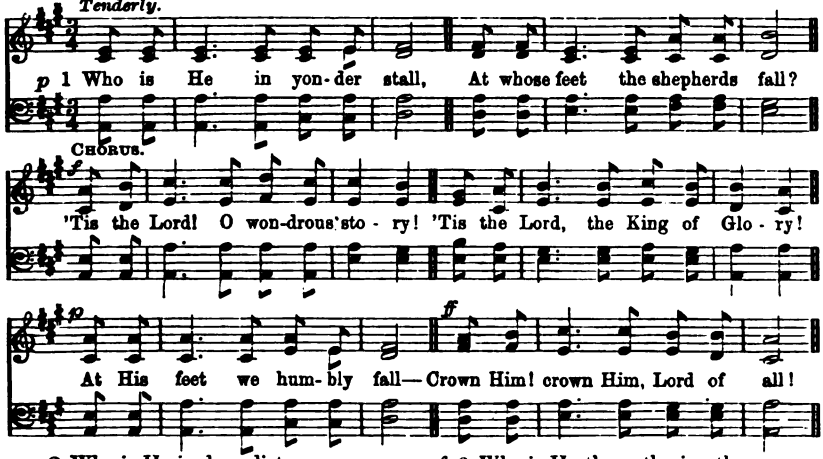
Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., 1881.

216

Who is He?

He humbled Himself.—Phil. ii. 8.

7.7. with Chorus. Antiphonal. B. Russell Hanby, 1866.



p 2 Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?
'Tis the Lord, etc.

3 Who is He the people bless
For His words of gentleness?
'Tis the Lord, etc.

4 Who is He to whom they bring
All the sick and sorrowing?
'Tis the Lord, etc.

p 5 Who is He who stands and weeps
At the grave where Lazarus sleeps?
'Tis the Lord, etc.

f 6 Who is He the gathering throng
Greet with loud triumphant song?
'Tis the Lord, etc.

pp 7 Lo! at midnight, who is He
Prays in dark Gethsemane?
'Tis the Lord, etc.

pp 8 Who is He on yonder tree
Dies in grief and agony?
'Tis the Lord, etc.

cr. 9 Who is He who from the grave
Comes to succour, help, and save?
'Tis the Lord, etc.

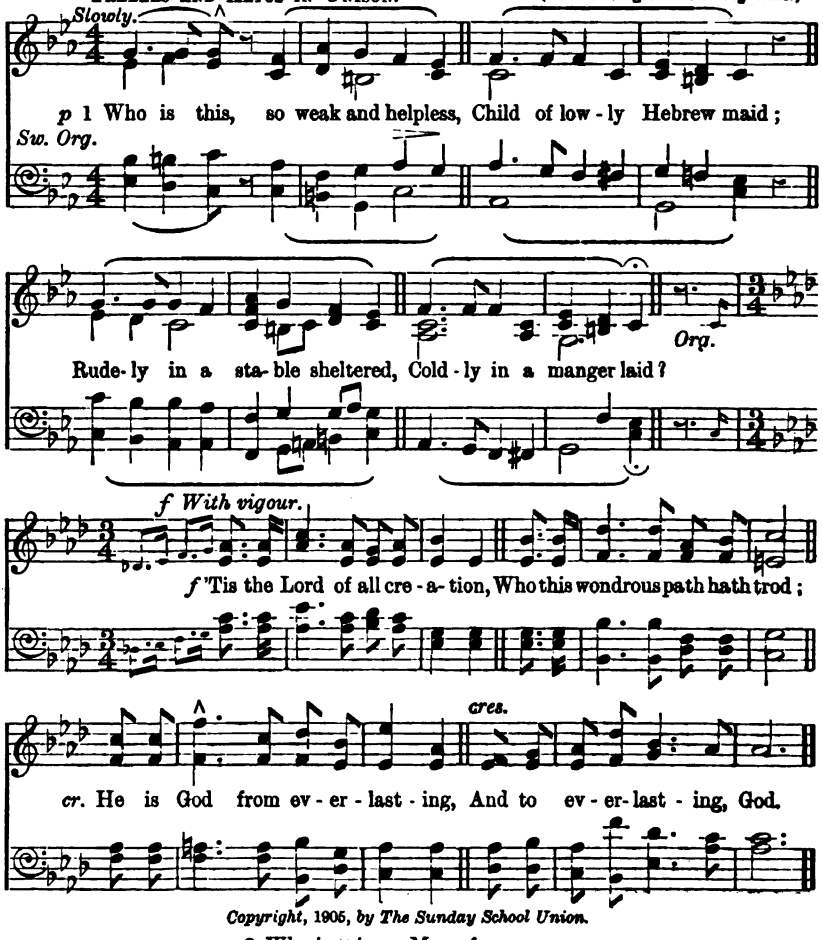
f 10 Who is He who from His throne
Rules through all the worlds alone?
'Tis the Lord, etc.

B. Russell Hanby, 1888.

217 *All the city was stirred, saying, "Who is this?"*—Matt. xxi. 10.

Bestdorp. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7., 8 lines. Antiphonal. R. Y. HARDING, 1905.

TREBLES AND ALTOS IN UNISON. (Introducing *Tonus Peregrinus.*)



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p 2 Who is this—a Man of sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way—
dim. Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping
Over sin and Satan's sway?
f 'Tis our God, our glorious Saviour,
Who, above the starry sky,
Now for us a place prepareth,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

p 3 Who is this?—behold Him shedding
Drops of blood upon the ground.
pp Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mocked, insulted, beaten, bound?

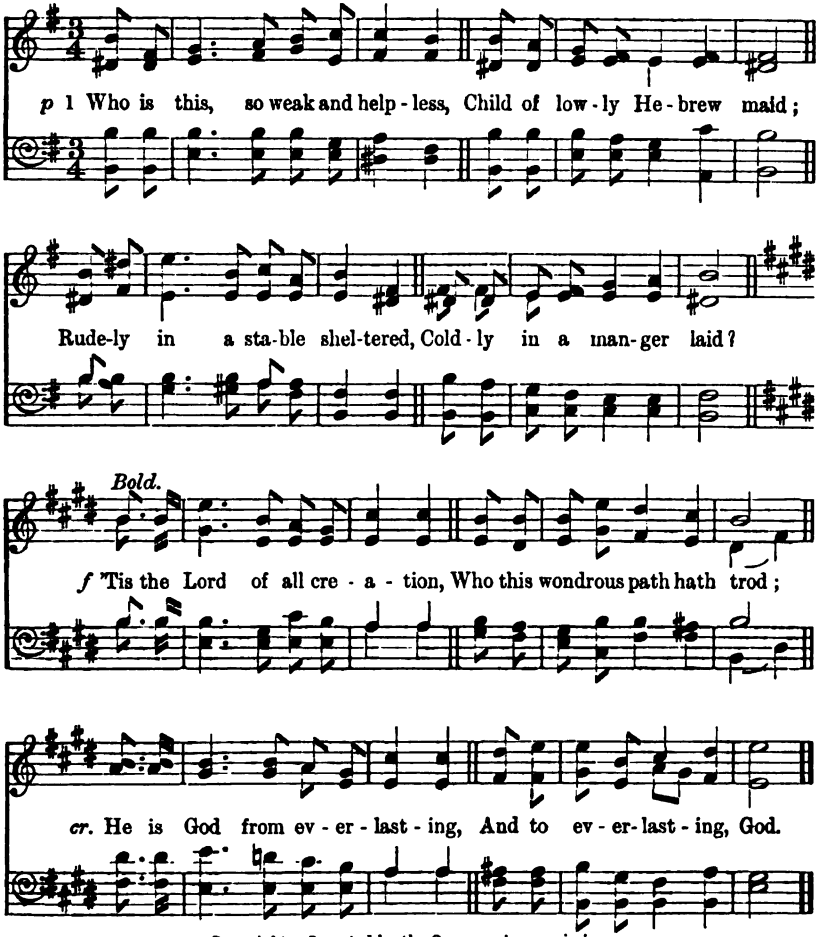
* Or by Males in Unison, or as a Solo.

f 'Tis our God, who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
cr. Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His throne.

p 4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
While the rude world scoffs and scorns,
Numbered with the malefactors,
pp Torn with nails and crowned with thorns?
f 'Tis the God who ever liveth
'Mid the shining ones on high,
ff In the glorious golden city
Reigning everlastingly.

W. W. How, 1867.

Scopas. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7., 8 lines. Antiphonal. C. HANCOCK, Mus. Bac., 1886.



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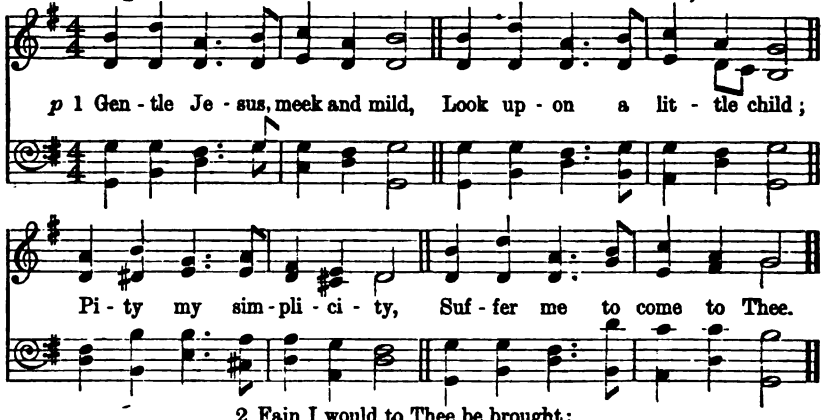
4. "Suffer them to come."

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

218 *Suffer the little children to come unto Me.*—Mark x. 14.

German Hymn. 7's. IGNACE J. PLEYEL, 1757-1831.



2 Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Dearest Lord, forbid it not;
cr. Give a little child a place
In the kingdom of Thy grace.

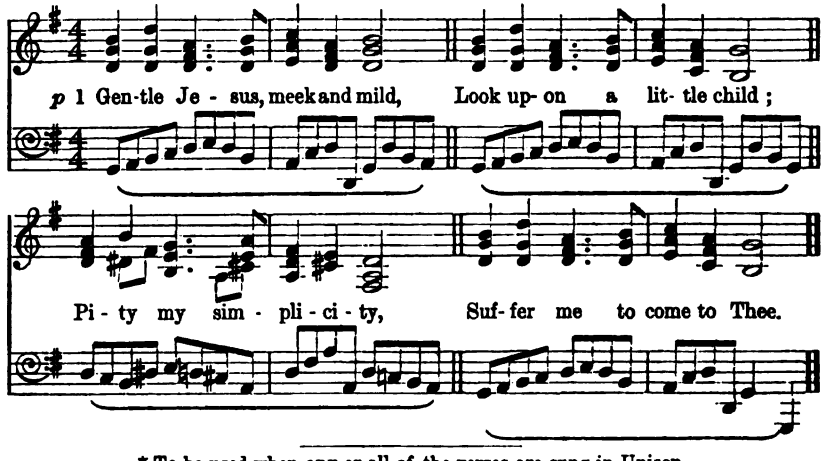
3 O, supply my every want;
Feed the young and tender plant;
Day and night my Keeper be;
Every moment watch round me.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
cr. Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

C. Wesley, 1742.

German Hymn. [SECOND VERSION.*] 7's.

Voices in Unison.

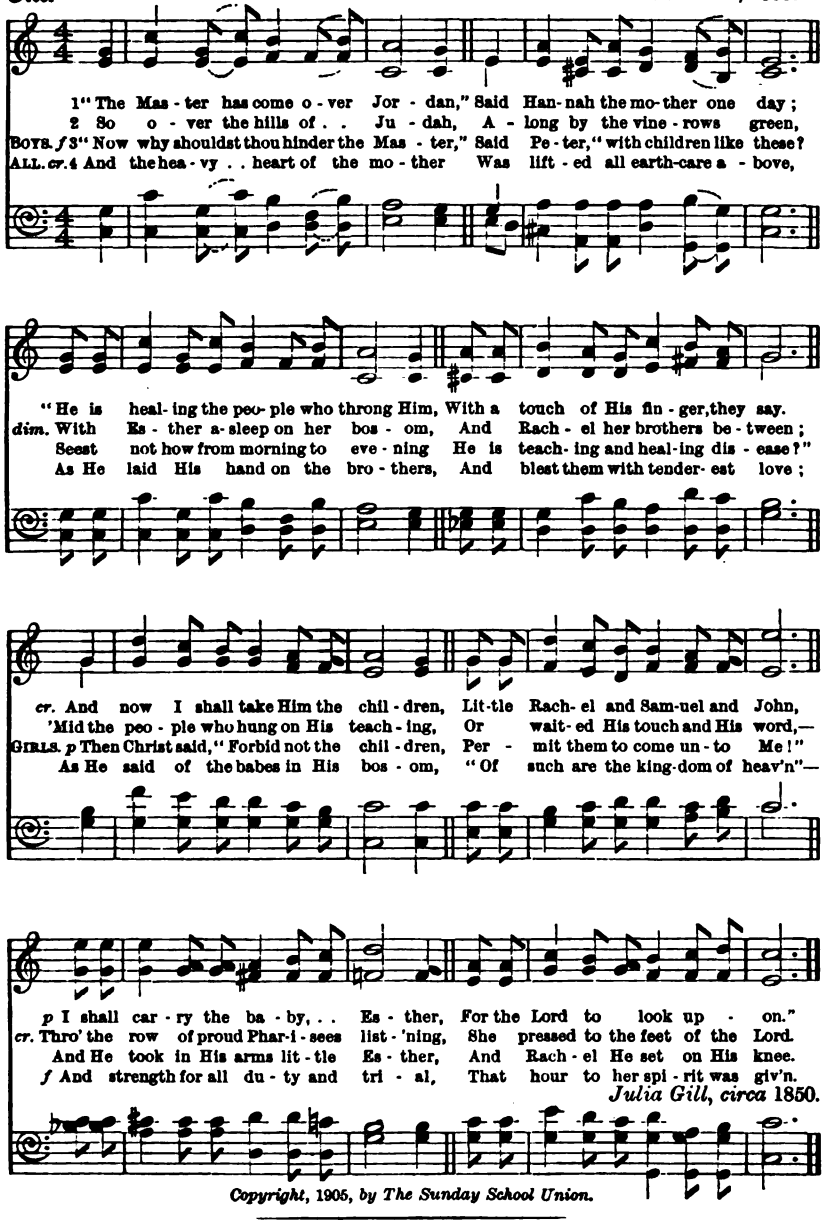


* To be used when any or all of the verses are sung in Unison.

219

Then were brought unto Him little children.—Matt. xix. 13.

Gill. P.M. KATE FIELD, 1905.



Julia Gill, circa 1850.

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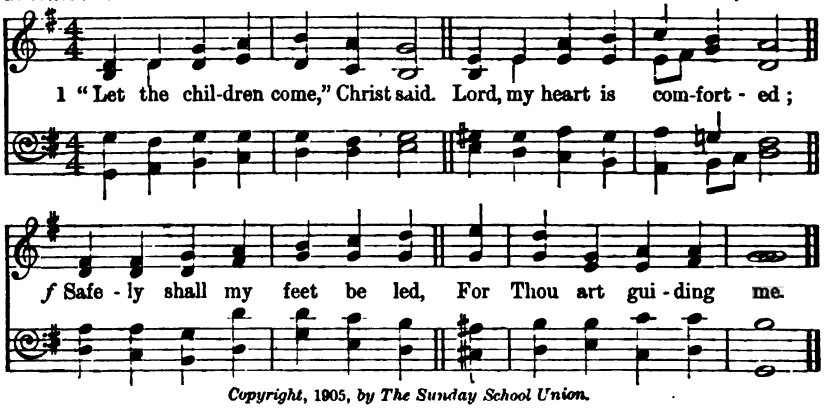
This hymn may also be sung to tune "Salutas," No. 61.

220

Forbid them not to come unto Me.—Matt. xix. 14.

Barmouth. 7.7.7.6. B. Y. Harding, 1905.



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p 2 I am but a little one;
Nothing noble have I done,
No great victories have won,
cr. Yet Thou art guiding me.

3 Saviour, choose the path I take,
Help me evil to forsake,
Me Thy little servant make,
While Thou art guiding me.

p 4 Christ, the world is very strong,
Keep me from its ways of wrong,
cr. Teach me now some heavenly song,
While Thou art guiding me.

5 Wheresoe'er the path shall lead,
Through rough road or pleasant mead,
cr. This shall meet my every need—
Thou, Lord, art guiding me.

6 Let me play about Thy feet,
p Let me hear Thy whispers sweet,
Make my life in Thee complete,
Dear Saviour, guiding me.

f 7 Make me strong to do the right,
Let me work for Thee in light;
dim. And when fall the shades of night,
Still, still be guiding me.

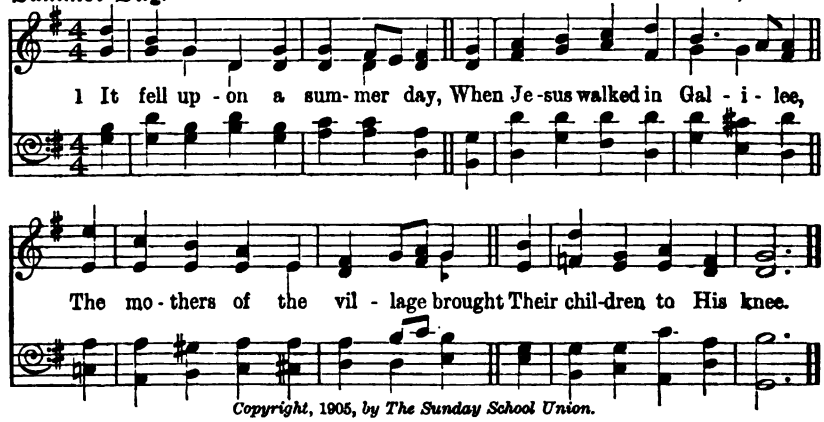
p 8 Then, at last, when death shall be
As an angel sent for me,
cr. Grant me Thy dear face to see,
O Thou, who guidest me.

Marianne Farningham, 1877.

221

And they brought young children to Him.—Mark x. 13.

Summer Day. 8.8.8.6. Kate Field, 1905.



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2 He took them in His arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head;
p "Suffer these little ones to come
To Me," He gently said.

p 3 "Forbid them not; unless ye bear
The childlike heart your hearts within,
Unto My kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in.

4 Master, I fain would enter there;
cr. O let me follow Thee, and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.

f 5 Oh, happy thus to live and move!
And sweet this world, where I shall find
God's beauty everywhere, His love,
His good in all mankind.

6 Then, Father, grant this childlike heart,
That I may come to Christ, and feel
His hands on me in blessing laid,
So pure, so strong to heal.

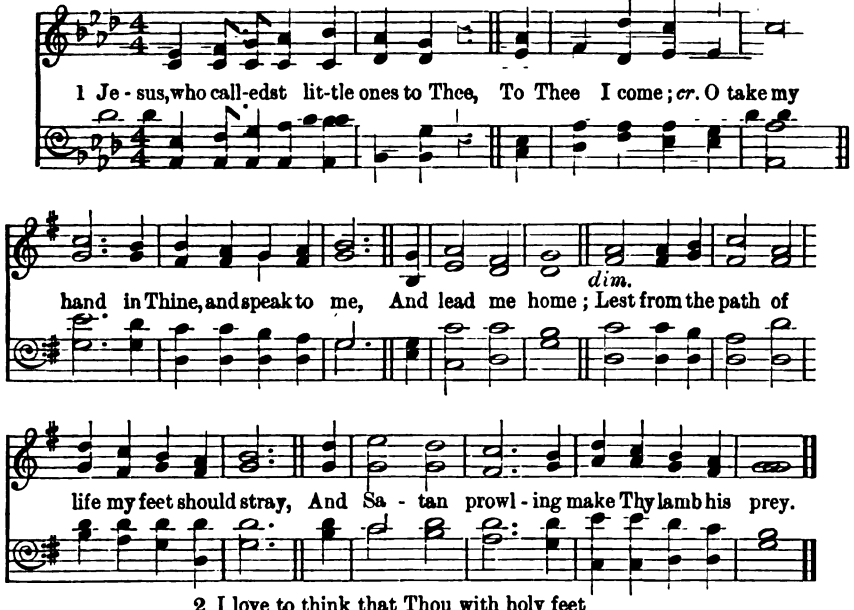
p 7 So when, far fled from earth, I come
Before Thee, happy and forgiven,
f The heavenly host may cry with joy,
"A child is born in heaven."

Stopford A. Brooke, 1881.

222

And Jesus called a little child unto Him.—Matt. xviii. 2.

Sandon. 10.4.10.4.10.10. C. H. Purday, 1860.



2 I love to think that Thou with holy feet
My path hast trod,
Along life's common lane and dusty street
Hast walked with God,
cr. On Mary's bosom drawn a baby's breath,
And served Thy parents dear at Nazareth.

p 3 O gentle Jesus, make this heart of mine
(So full of sin)
As holy, harmless, undefiled as Thine,
And dwell therein:
f Then, God my Father, I, like Thee, shall know,
And grow in wisdom as in strength I grow.

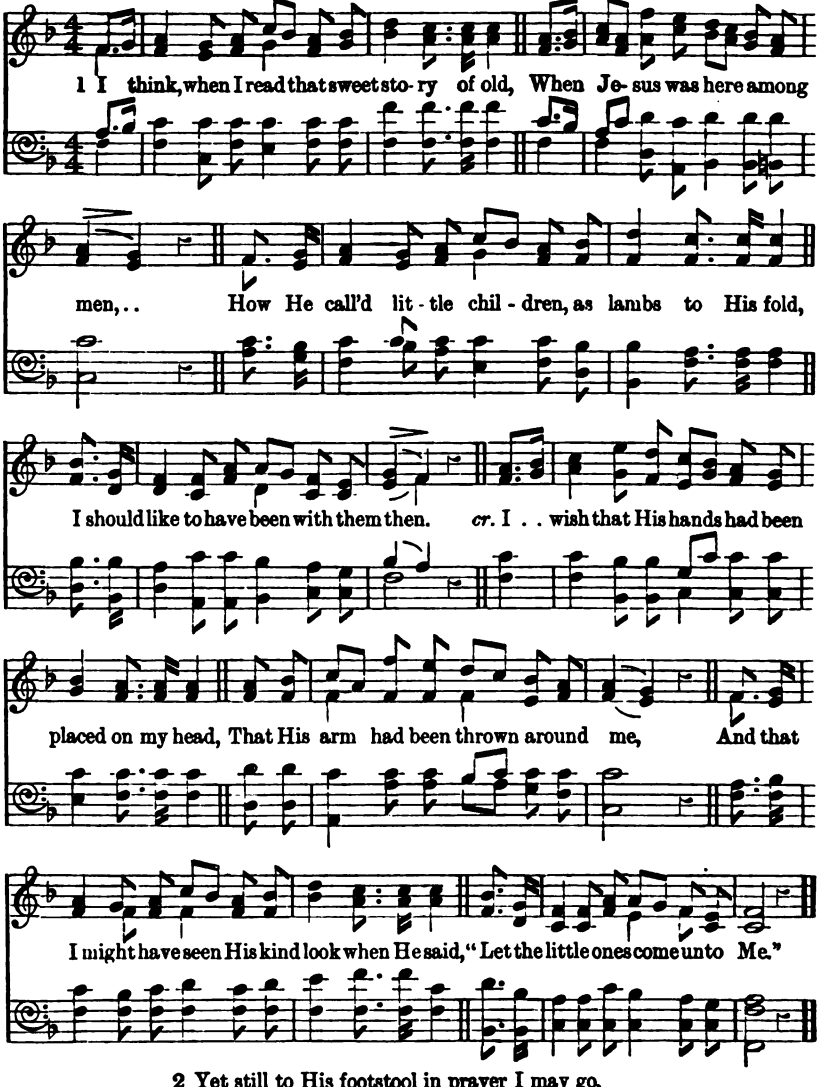
f 4 To Thee, my Saviour, then, with morning light
Glad songs I'll raise,
p My saddest hours and darkest shall be bright
With silent praise;
And should my work or play my thoughts employ,
cr. Thy Will shall be my law, Thy Love my joy.

C. C. Bell, 1879.

223

Then were brought unto Him little children.—Matt. xix. 13.

Athens. [FIRST TUNE.] P.M. Greek Air (date uncertain).

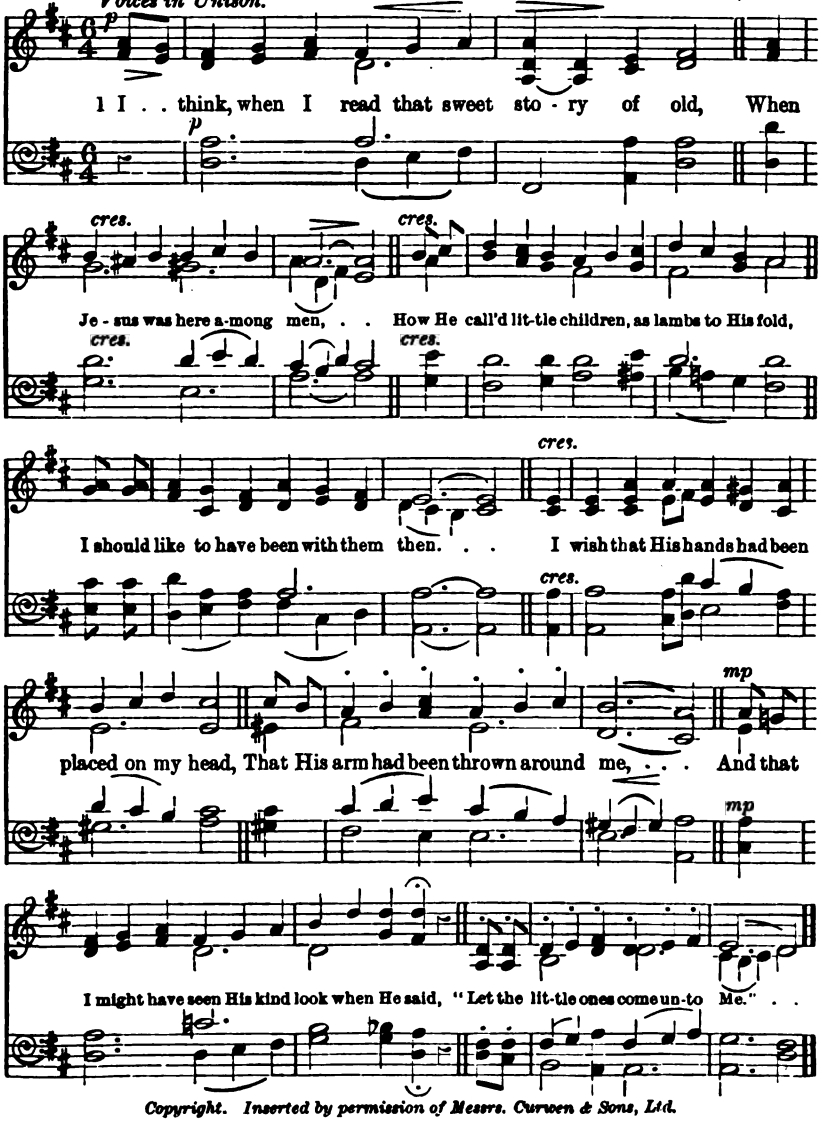


2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
cr. And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:
f In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven.
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

p 3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
cr. I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
f When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest. *Mrs. Jemima Luke*, 1841.

Riversbill. [SECOND TUNE.] P.M. CAREY BONNER, 1893.

Voices in Unison.



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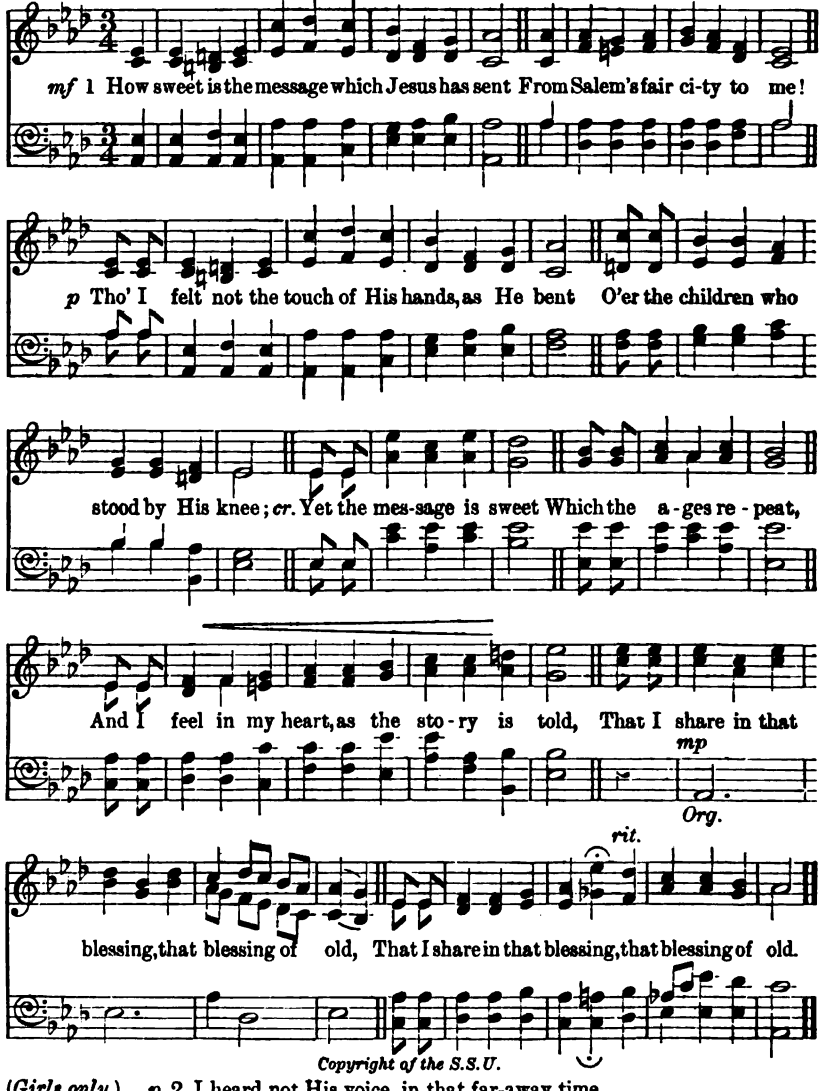
224

Of such is the Kingdom.—Matt. xix. 14.

How sweet is the message. P.M. F. C. MAKER, 1904.



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(*Girls only.*) *p* 2 I heard not His voice, in that far-away time
Whose music is mellowed by years,
Nor the blessing which, like a melodious chime,
Breathes a charm with the tidings it bears;
(*All.*) *cr.* But the message is known
By the love in its tone;
Tho' I heard not the voice, yet the echo is true,
"And it's just what my Saviour, my Saviour would do."

mf 3 The love of the Lord has our childhood redeemed,
And clothed it with beauty again;
For upon it the light of His kingdom has beamed,
And His blessing has covered the bane;
p It was Jesus who smiled
On the love of a child,
And the message was His which to me has been given,
"For of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven."

p 4 Still dear to our Lord is the heart of a child,
As tender and loving is He,
And that long-ago welcome, in accents so mild,
Have His messengers given to me—
cr. Let the little ones come
To My beautiful home,
And to them shall a crown of bright glory be given,
"For of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven."

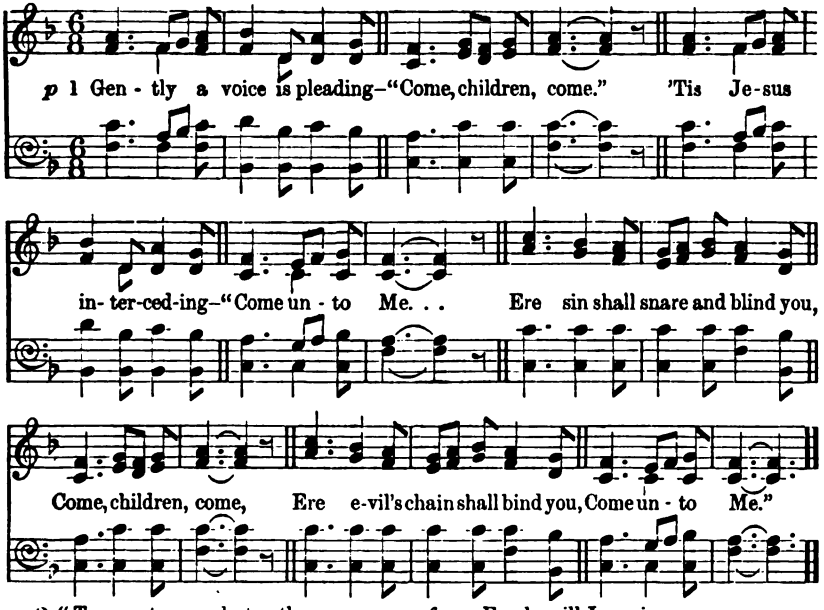
W. H. Parker, 1904.

225

Come, children, come.

Come unto Me.—Matt. xi. 28.

P.M. HORATIO R. PALMER, Mus. Doc., 1879.



cr. 2 "Turn not away, but rather
Come, children, come,
Come home to God, your Father,
Come unto Me:
f My hand shall lead and hold you,
Come, children, come.
My heart-love shall enfold you,
Come unto Me."

3 "Now, now on Me relying,
Come, children, come;
My grace your need supplying,
Come unto Me;
f Freely will I receive you,
Come, children, come;
Bless, keep, and never leave you,
Come unto Me."
(*Response slowly and softly.*)
pp 4 Drawn by Thy love so tender,
Saviour, we come,
In willing, glad surrender,
To Thee we come,
Ourselves to Thee confiding,
Saviour, we come,
For pardon, keeping, guiding,
To Thee we come.

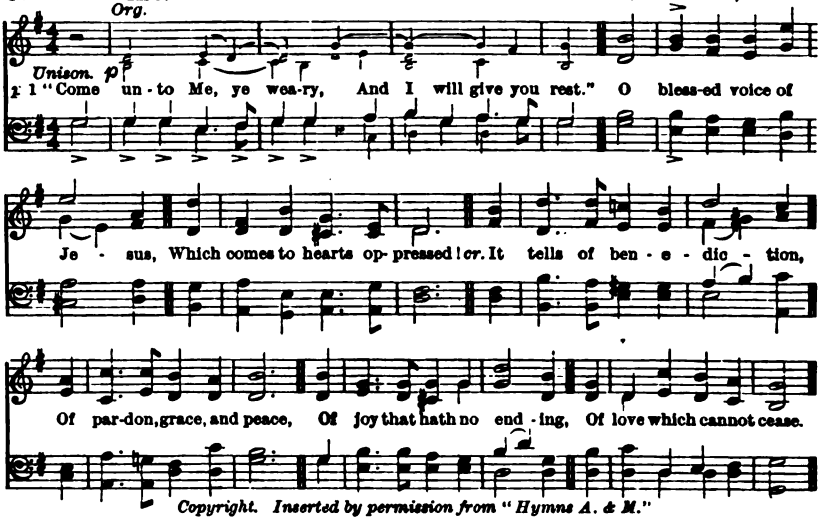
Carey Bonner, 1892.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

226

Come unto Me.—Matt. xi. 28.

Come unto Me. 7.6., 8 lines. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc., 1868.



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2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
p Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
f But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you Life."
p O peaceful voice of Jesus,
Which comes to end our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long,
cr. But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

f 4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O patient love of Jesus
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

W. C. Dix, 1867.

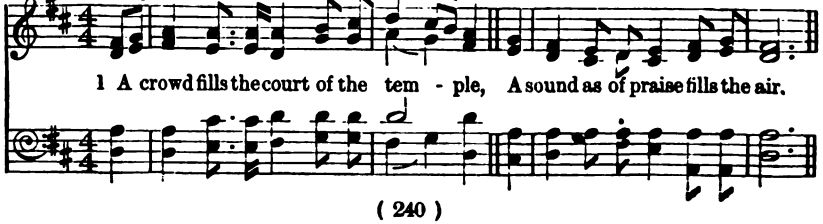
5. "Hosanna."

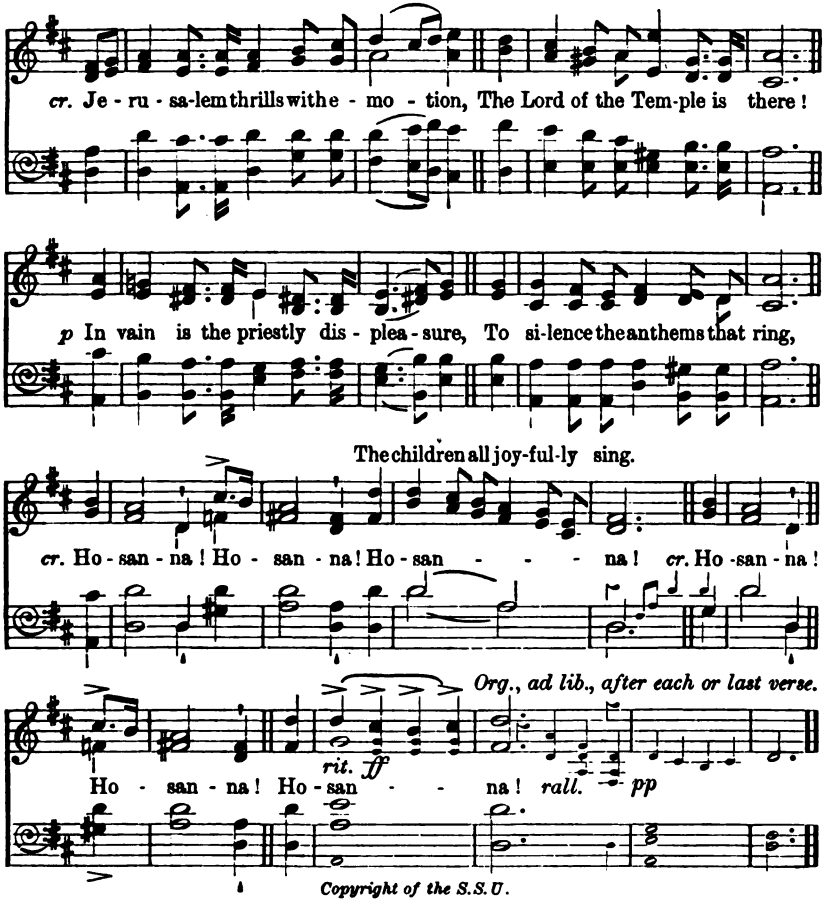
A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

227

The children crying in the temple and saying, Hosanna.—Matt. xxi. 15.

Goadby. *Allegretto.* 9.8., 8 lines. CHAS. EDWARD HALE, 1883.





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p 2 And if in this temple of worship,
Where now we are met in His Name,
The Lord should appear in His beauty,
Himself His own gospel proclaim,
cr. What anthems of grateful devotion
Around Him would echo and ring,
f Hosanna! Hosanna!
The children would joyfully sing.
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!

p 3 Lord, make each young heart Thine own temple,
Reveal Thy sweet presence within,
Illumine our minds by Thy coming,
Expel every longing for sin;
cr. For when in our souls we adore Thee,
How pure the glad praise we shall bring,
Hosanna! Hosanna!
The children will joyfully sing.
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!

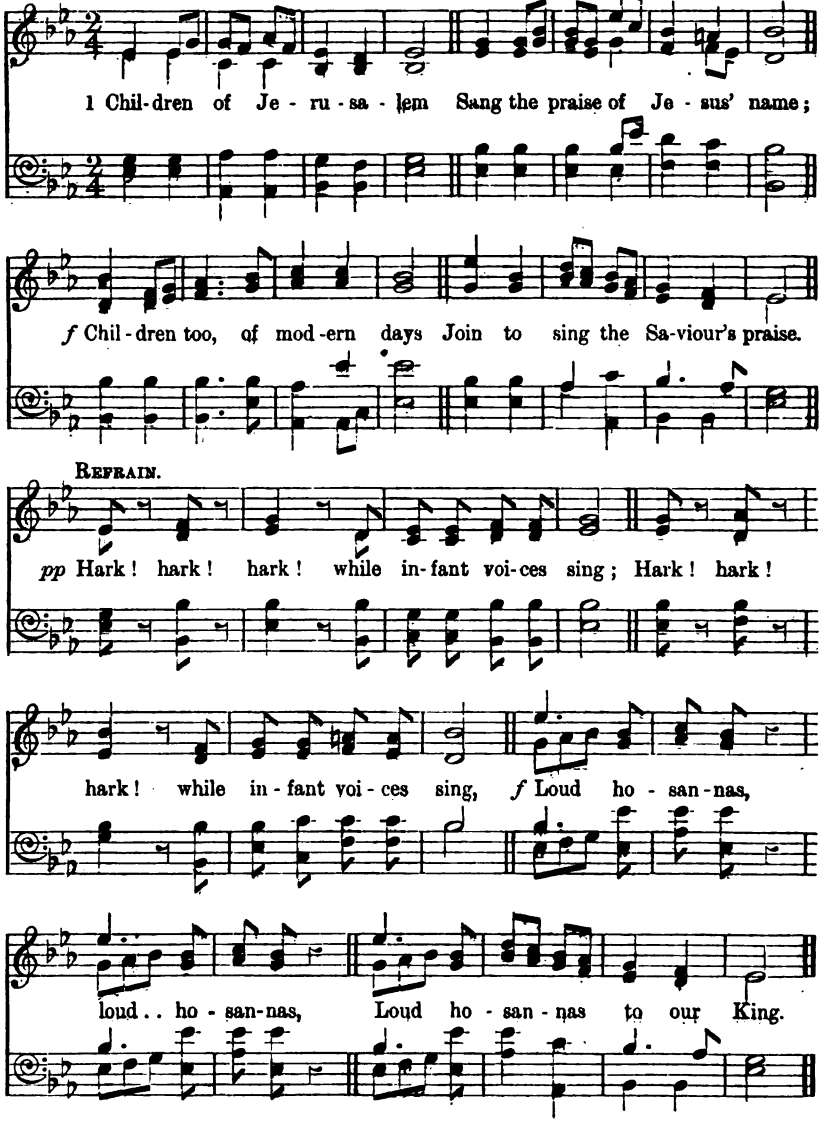
4 And when in that temple of glory,
Where falls never shadow of night,
Where sorrow and sin never sadden,
And Thou shalt Thyself be the Light!
ff When round Thee the ransomed are thronging,
High heaven with their praises will ring,
Hosanna! Hosanna!
Thy children for ever will sing.
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!

F. W. Goadby, M.A., 1880.

228 Children of Jerusalem.

And the children . . . saying Hosanna!—Matt. xxi. 15.

7.7.7.7. with Refrain. Anon., *circa* 1850.



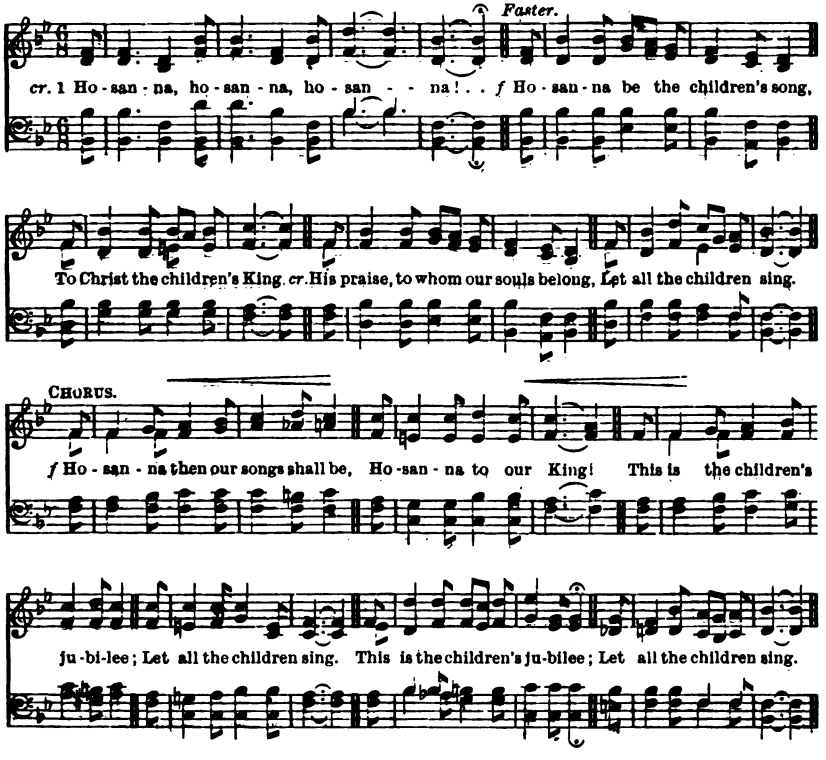
2 We are taught to love the Lord,
We are taught to read His word,
We are taught the way to heaven;
f Praise for all to God be given.
Hark! etc.

3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
cr. Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.
Hark! etc.

J. Henley, 1844.

229 *Hosanna to the Son of David.*—Matt. xxi. 9.

Hosanna! be the Children's Song. C.M. with Chorus. W. B. Bradbury, 1866.



cr. 2 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna here in joyful bands,
Teachers and taught proclaim,
f And hail with voices, hearts and hands
Our loving Saviour's name.
Hosanna then, etc.

cr. 3 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
From morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.
Hosanna then, etc.

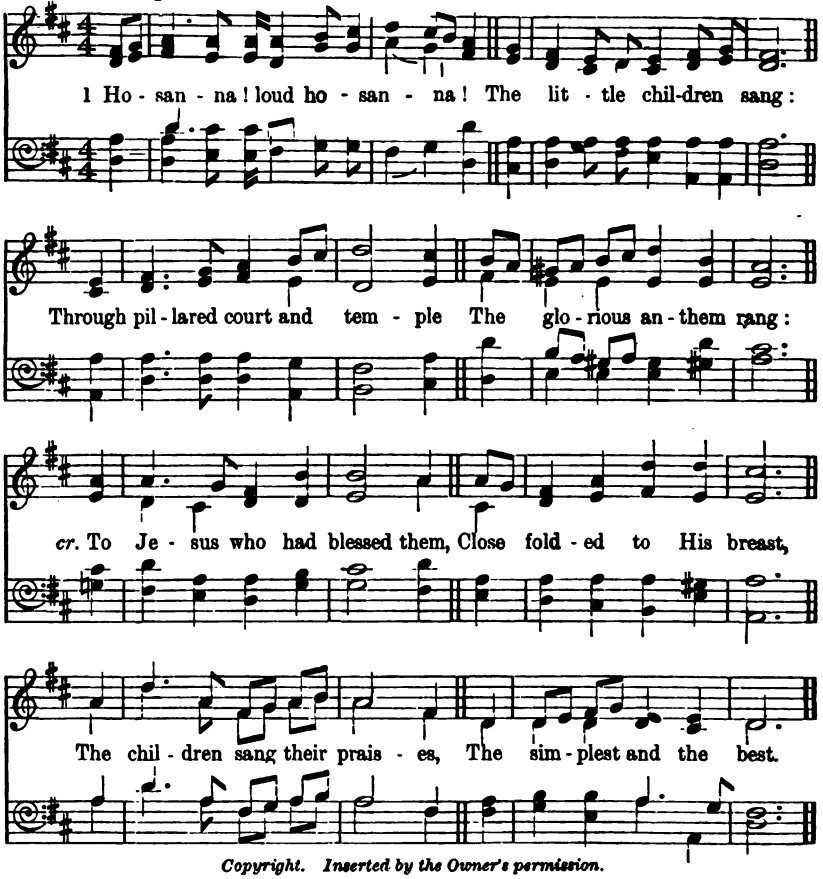
cr. 4 Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna!
Hosanna, sound from church and hall;
Let every voice accord,
And this our watchword, one and all,
Hosanna, praise the Lord.
Hosanna then, etc.

Jas. Montgomery, 1853.

230 *The children . . . saying—Hosanna to the Son of David.*—Matt. xxi. 15.

Hosanna. 7.6., 8 lines. Wm. McKendrick, 1880.

With spirit.



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2 From Olivet they followed,
'Midst an exultant crowd,
f Waving the victor palm branch,
And shouting clear and loud;
Bright angels joined the chorus
Beyond the cloudless sky—
ff "Hosanna in the highest:
Glory to God on high!"

p 3 Fair leaves of silvery olive
They strewed upon the ground,
While Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound;
The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
cr. Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

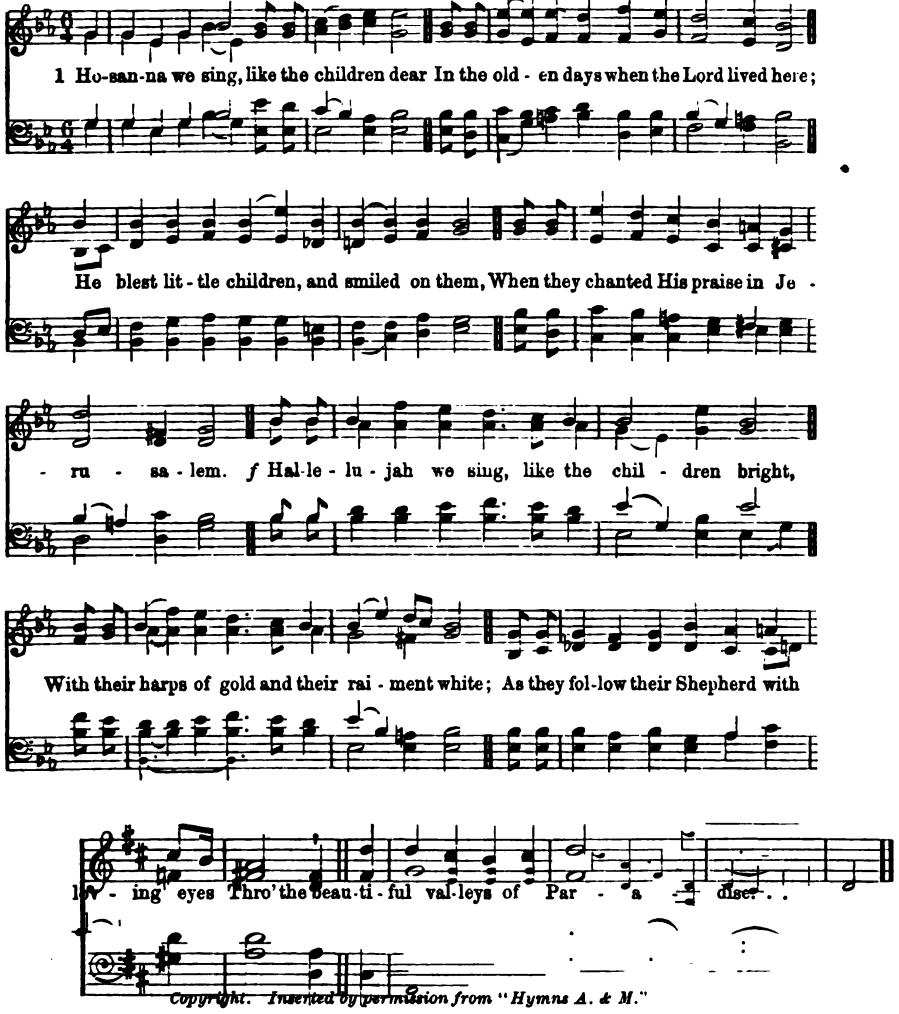
4 "Hosanna in the highest!"
That ancient song *we* sing:
f For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
Oh! may we ever praise Him
With heart, and life, and voice,
cr. And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice!

Jeannette Threlfall, 1873.

231

Hosanna to the Son of David.—Matt. xxi. 15.

Hosanna we sing. P.M. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc., 1875.



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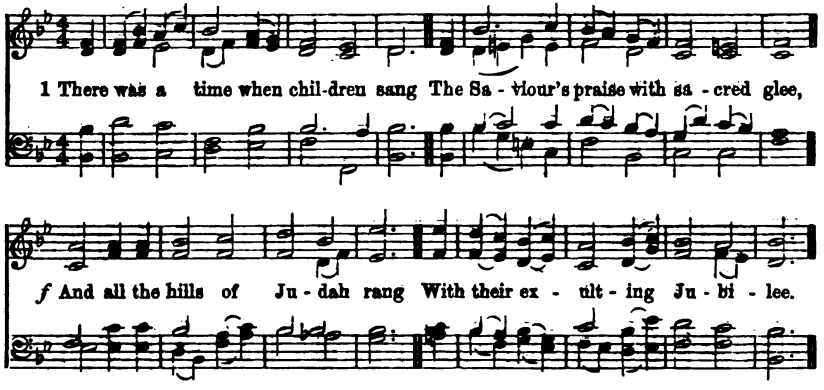
2 Hosanna we sing, for He bends His ear,
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;
cr. We know that His heart will never wax cold
To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly fold.
f Hallelujah we sing in the Church we love,
Hallelujah we sing in the Church above;
cr. To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given,
That we lose not our part in the song of heaven.

G. S. Hodges, 1875.

232 *If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.*—Luke xix. 40.

Roscommon. [FIRST TUNE.] L.M. Anon., *circa* 1850.



cr. 2 O to have joined their rapturous songs,
And swelled their sweet hosannas high,
And blessed Him with our feeble tongues
p As He—the Man of grief—went by!

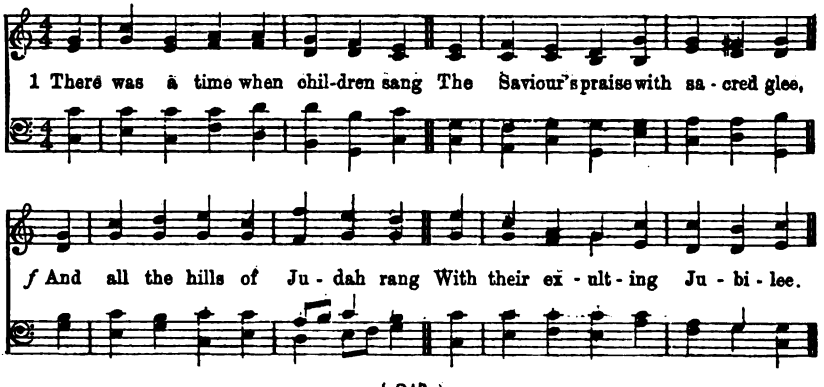
f 3 But Christ is now a glorious King,
And angels in His presence bow;
The humble songs that we can sing—
p O! will He—can He—hear them now?

f 4 He can—He will—He loves to hear
The notes which babes and sucklings raise:
p Jesus, we come with trembling fear,
O teach our hearts and tongues to praise!

cr. 5 We join the hosts around Thy throne,
Who once, like us, the desert trod:
And thus we make their song our own—
"Hosanna to the Son of God!"

T. Rawson Taylor, 1896.

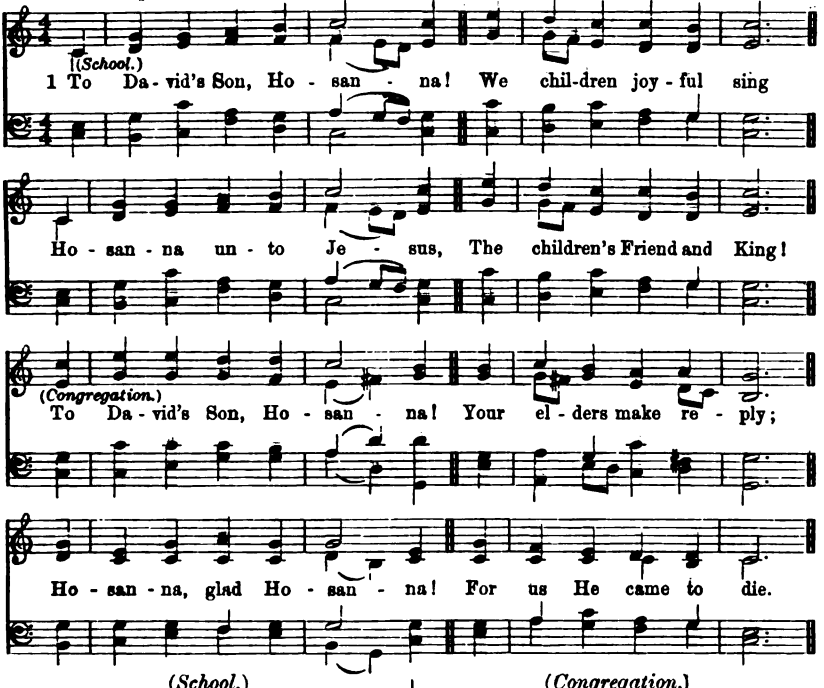
Wincbester Rew. [SECOND TUNE.] L.M.
From *Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch*, 1690.



233

Hosanna to the Son of David.—Matt. xxi. 15.

St. Theodulph. 7.6., 8 lines. Antiphonal. MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1615.



(School.)

2 Hosanna sing to Jesus!
He was Himself a child;
dim. He shared our childish sorrows,
So patient, holy, mild!

(Congregation.)

Hosanna sing to Jesus!
He shared our manhood's grief;
He knows our cares and conflicts;
Our Brother gives relief.

(School.)

3 Hosanna sing to Jesus!
The children still He takes
Up in His arms and blesses;
He loves and ne'er forsakes.

(Congregation.)

Hosanna sing to Jesus!
The youthful and the old,
dim. And those who long have wandered
He welcomes to the fold.

(School.)

4 Hosanna, loud Hosanna,
To Christ the children's King;
We'll honour and obey Him,
And youthful tribute bring.

(Congregation.)

cr. Hosanna, loud Hosanna!
Men, women, swell the strain;
O'er all our thoughts and actions,
Lord Jesus, ever reign.

(School.)

5 Hosanna, glad Hosanna!
Our youthful voices raise;
Hosanna, Jesus, Saviour,
cr. Accept our feeble praise.

(Congregation.)

Hosanna, glad Hosanna!
Our older voices blend
Hosanna with the children;
We'll praise Thee without end.

(School and Congregation.)

f 6 Praise Him, ye men and maidens;
Ye fathers, mothers, raise
Hosanna unto Jesus,
And swell the children's praise.
cr. Both now and through the ages,
In earth and highest heaven,
Hosanna, glad Hosanna,
By all to Thee be given.

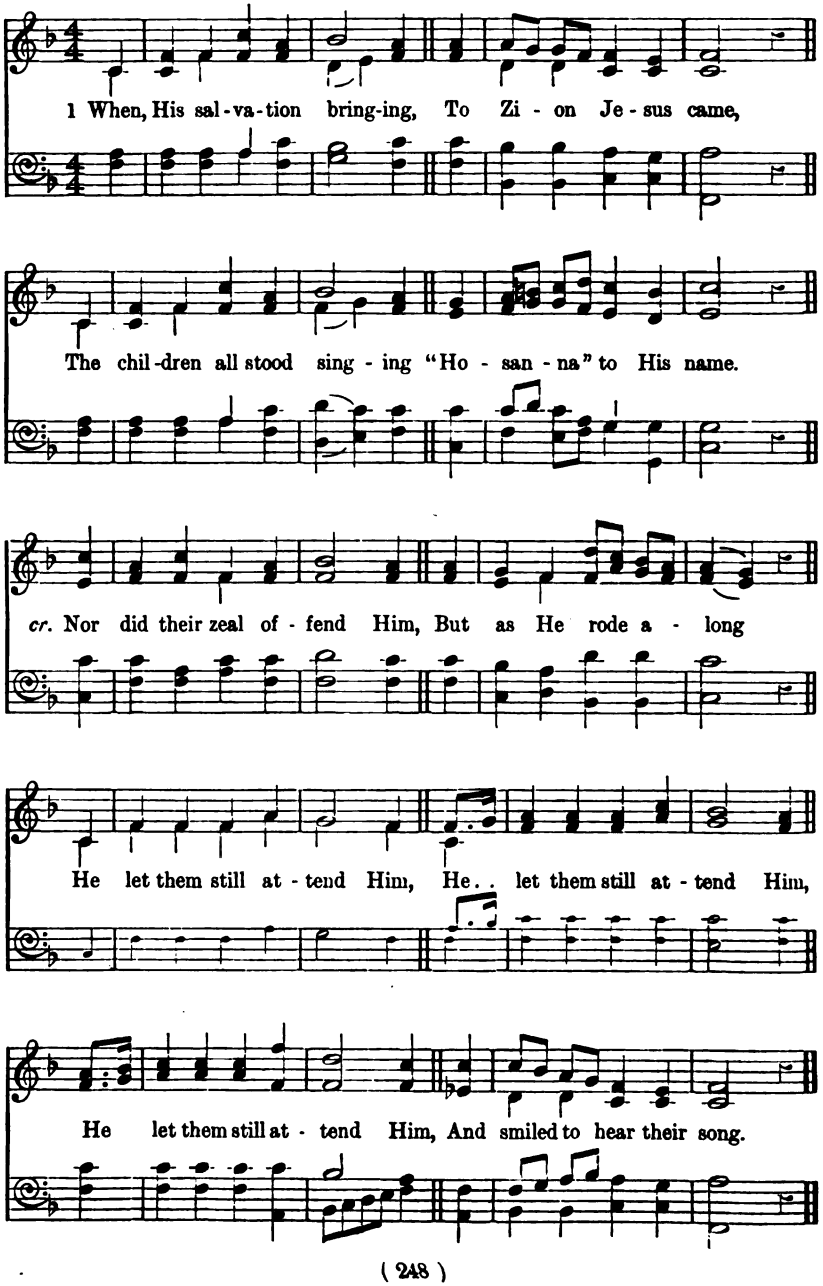
C. Newman Hall, 1816-1901.

NOTE.—When sung in school, the parts marked "Congregation" can be taken by the Teachers and Senior Scholars.

234

Behold, thy King cometh unto thee.—Matt. xxi. 5.

Dunkirk. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.6., 8 lines. Anon., *circa* 1840.

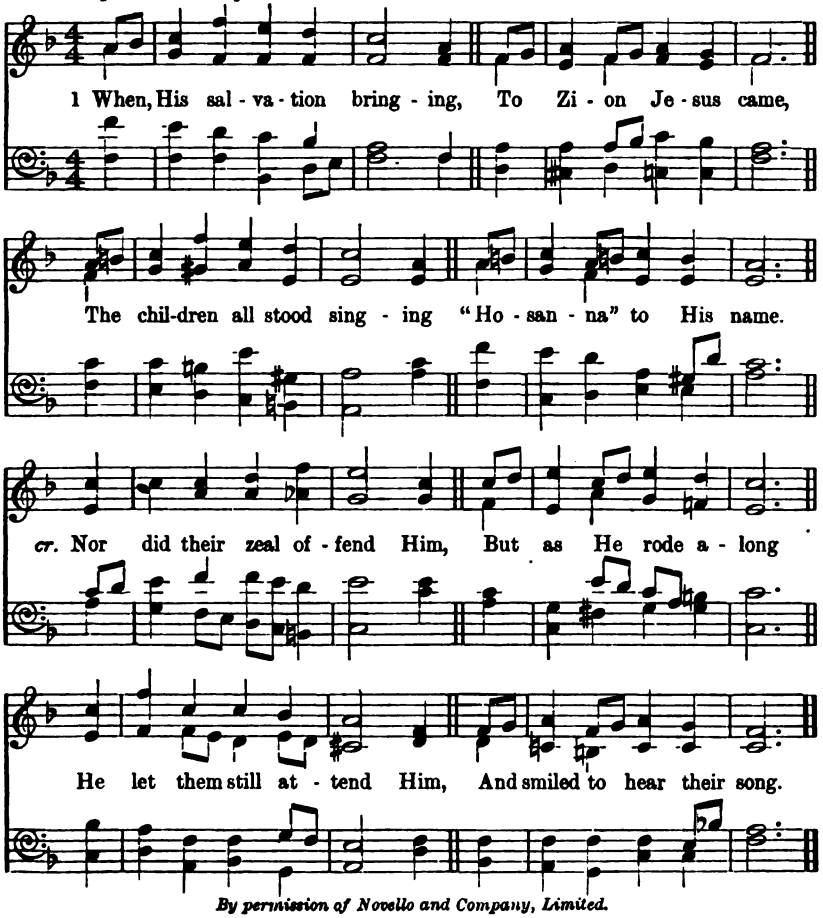


2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
p Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
cr. We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son.

p 3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
cr. The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
dim. No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

J. King, 1830.

Tours. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., 8 lines. BERTHOLD TOURS, 1872.



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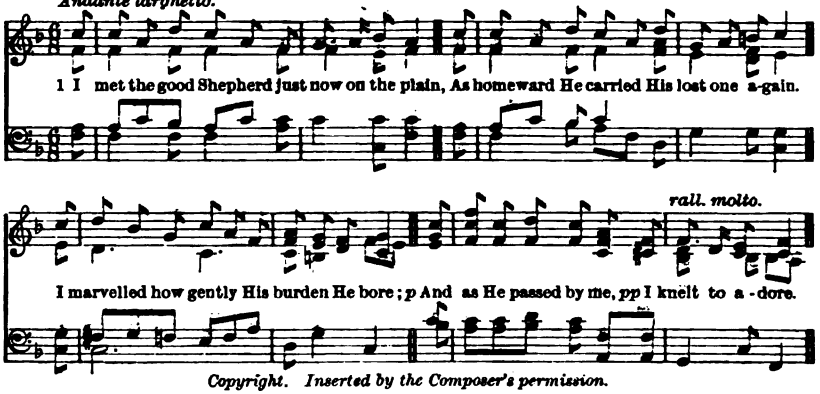
6. The "Good Shepherd."

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

235 *The good Shepherd layeth down His life for the sheep.*—John x. 11.

The Shadow of Death. 11.11.11.11. MYLES B. FOSTER, 1891.



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p 2 "O Shepherd, good Shepherd, Thy wounds they are deep;
The wolves have sore hurt Thee in saving Thy sheep;
dim. Thy raiment all over with crimson is dyed,
And what is this rent they have made in Thy side?

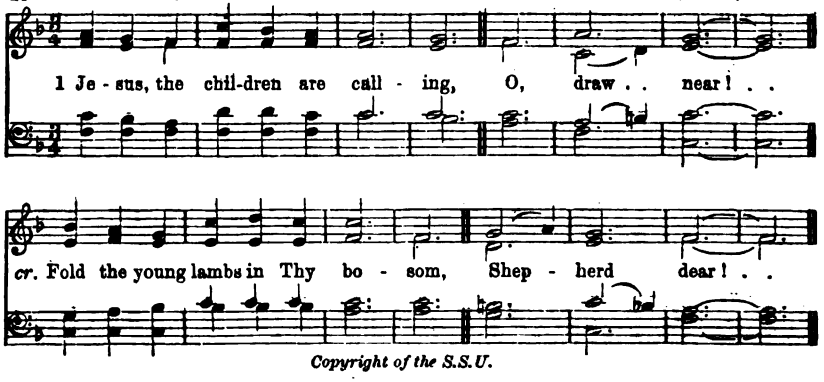
p 3 "Ah me? how the thorns have entangled Thy hair,
And cruelly riven that forehead so fair!
How feebly Thou drawest Thy faltering breath!
pp And, lo! on Thy face is the shadow of death!

4 "O Shepherd, good Shepherd and is it for me
This grievous affliction has fallen on Thee?
cr. Ah, then let me strive, for the love Thou hast borne,
To give Thee no longer occasion to mourn!"

E. Caswall, 1814-1878.

236 *I am the Good Shepherd.*—John x. 11.

Rickmansworth. 8.3.8.3. W. F. HURNDALL, M.A., 1873.



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p 2 Slow are our footsteps and failing,
Oft we fall;
Jesus, the children are calling,
Hear their call!

p 3 Cold is our love, Lord, and narrow;
f Large is Thine,
Faithful and strong, and tender;
So be mine!

pp 4 Gently, Lord, lead Thou our mothers,—
Weary they;
cr. Bless all our sisters and brothers,
Night and day.

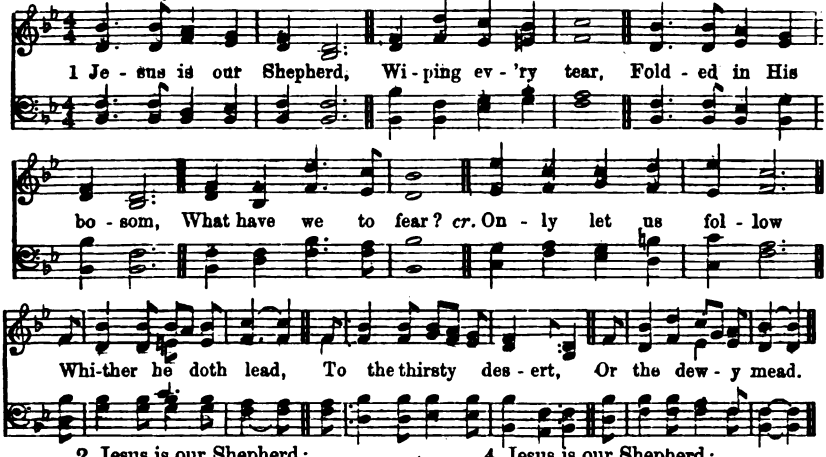
5 Fathers themselves are God's children,
Teach them still!
cr. Let the Good Spirit show all men
God's wise will.

f 6 Now to the Father, Son, Spirit,
Three in One,
cr. Bountiful God of our fathers.
Praise be done! *Annie Matheson*, 1868.

(*Verses* 1 *and* 2 *by Juniors only.*)

237 *He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.*—John x. 4.

Gosben. 6.5., 8 lines. Anon., *circa* 1850.



2 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Well we know His voice,
p How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice;
Even when He chideth,
Tender is His tone;
cr. None but He shall guide us;
We are His alone.

p 3 Jesus is our Shepherd;
For the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled
With the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth
His own secret sign—
They that have My Spirit,
These, saith He, are Mine.

4 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may ravin,
None can do us harm;
p When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
f We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

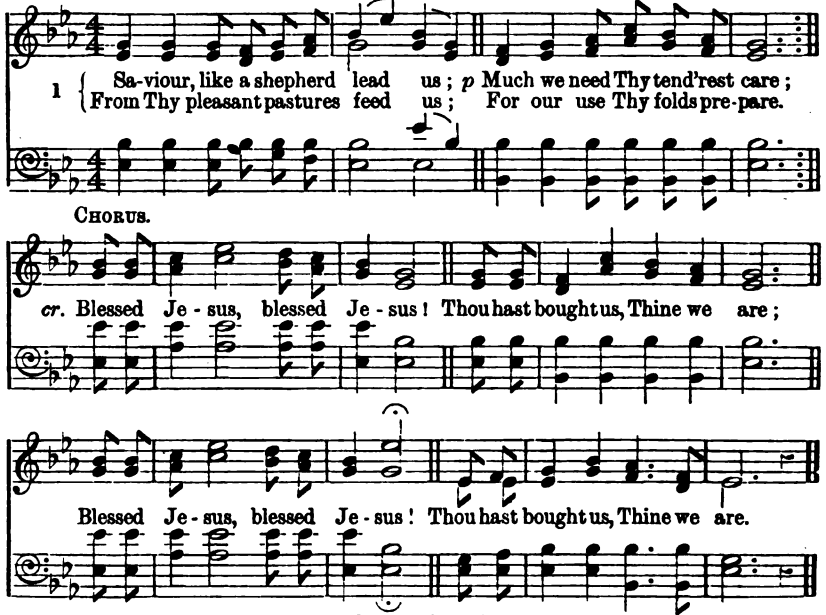
5 Jesus is our Shepherd;
With His goodness now,
And His tender mercy,
He doth us endow;
f Let us sing His praises
With a gladsome heart,
ff Till in heaven we meet Him,
Never more to part.

Hugh Stowell, 1849.

238 The Good Shepherd.

And the sheep follow Him.—John x. 4.

8.7.8.7.4.7. W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.



2 We are Thine: do Thou befriend us;
Be the Guardian of our way;
dim. Keep Thy flock: from ill defend us;
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessèd Jesus! [pray.
Hear young children when they

f 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free.
Blessèd Jesus!
Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will,
cr. Blessèd Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thyself our bosoms fill:
Thou hast loved us,
Blessèd Jesus, love us still!

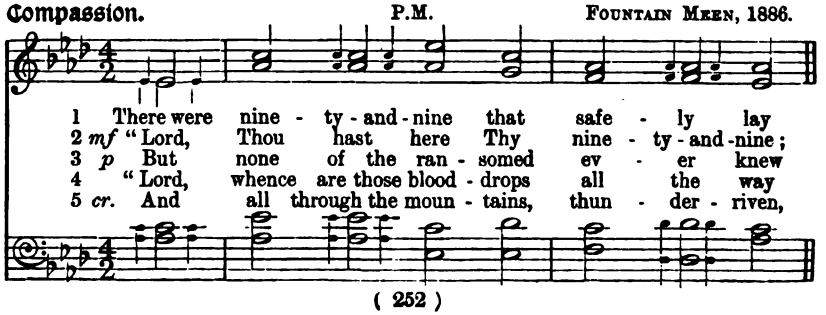
H. F. Lyte, (?) 1836.

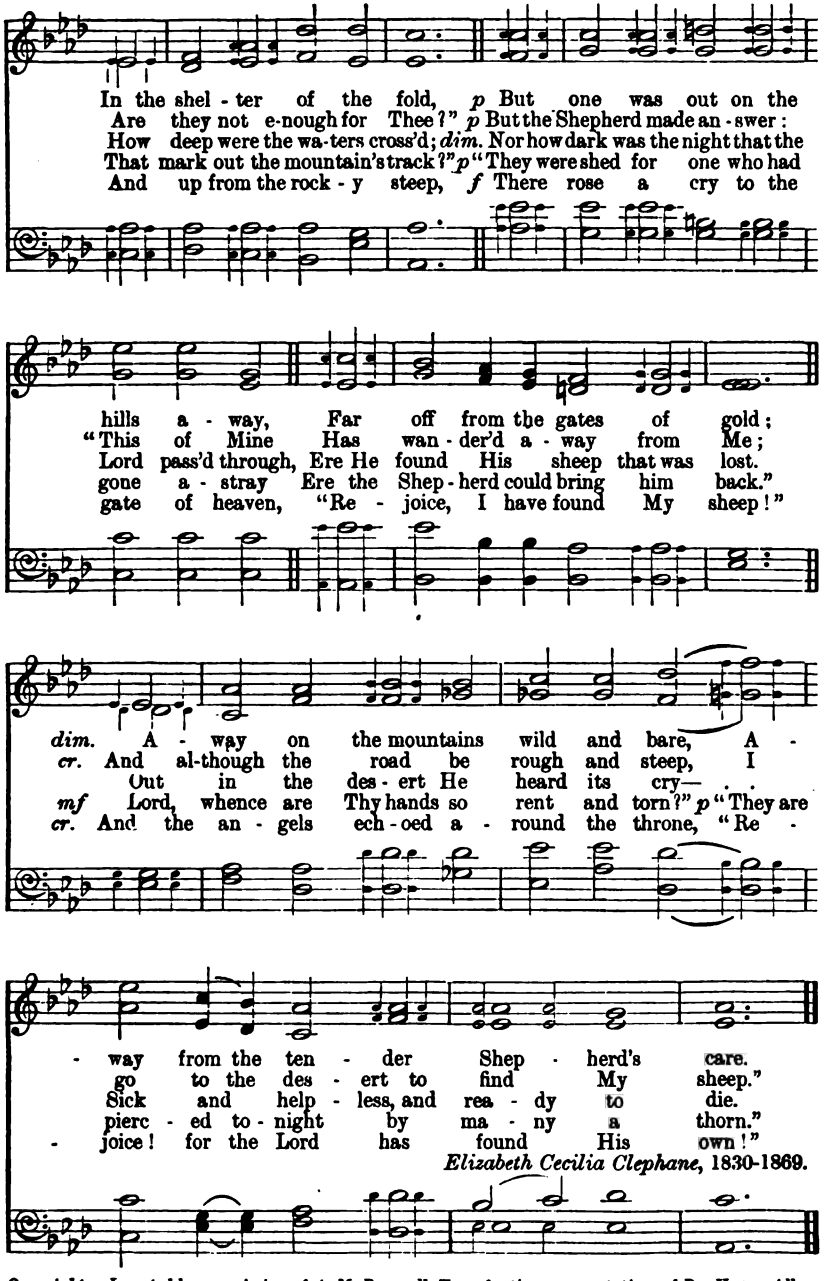
This hymn may also be sung to tune "St. Werburgh," No. 82.

239 Compassion.

Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.—Luke xv. 6.

P.M. Fountain Meen, 1886.





Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane, 1830-1869.

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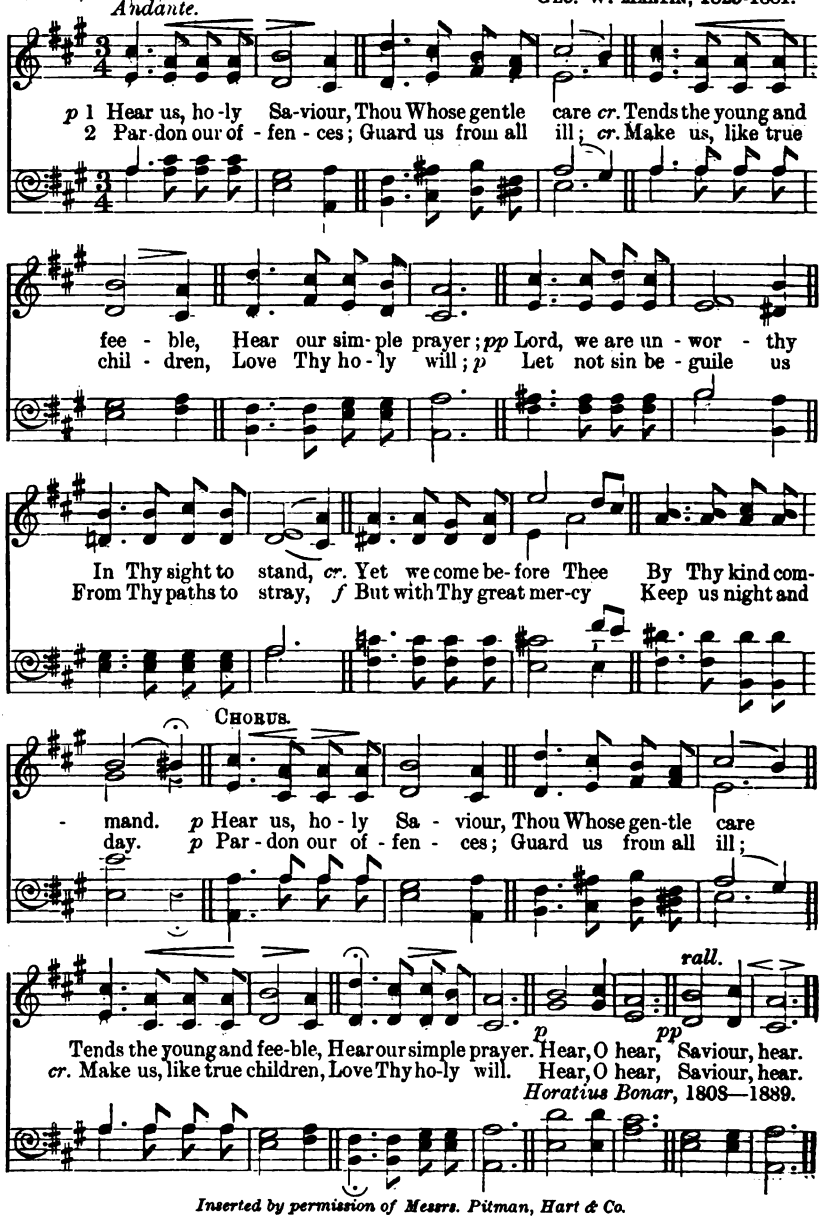
7. "Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

240 *The meekness and gentleness of Christ.*—2 Cor. x. 1.

Children's Prayer. 6.5., 8 lines with Chorus. GEO. W. MARTIN, 1825-1881.



Horatius Bonar, 1808—1889.

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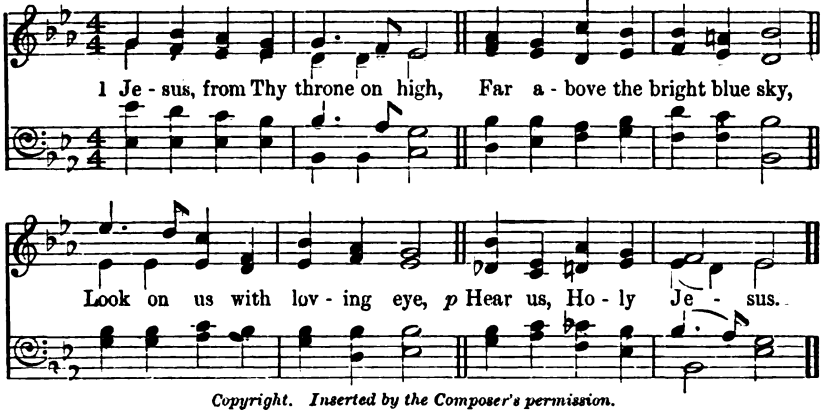
241

The Lord will hear.—Psalm iv. 3.

Agnes. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.7.7.6. E. BUNNETT, Mus. Doc., 1894.



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2 Little children need not fear,
When they know that Thou art near,
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear,
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

f 3 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine.
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

cr. 4 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell;
Little hymns Thy praises swell.
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Jesus, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all,
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

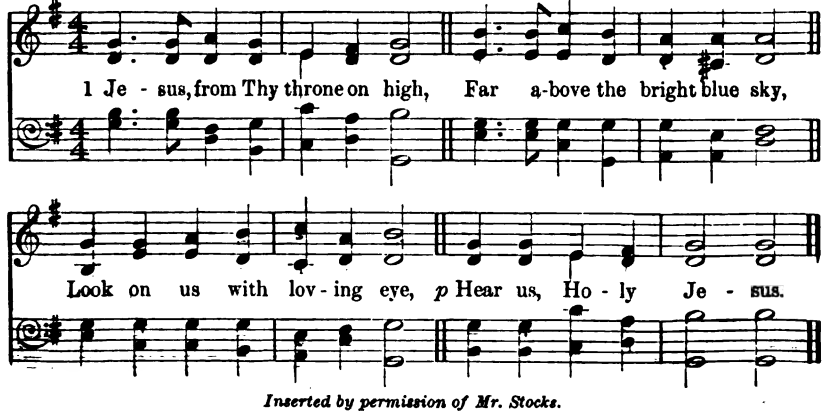
6 Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear.
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

7 Jesus, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill.
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

8 Fold us to Thy loving breast,
There may we, in happy rest,
Feel that we indeed are blest,
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

T. B. Pollock, 1870.

Litany. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.7.7.6. Adapted from THOS. TALLIS, 1520-1585, by W. H. STOCKS.



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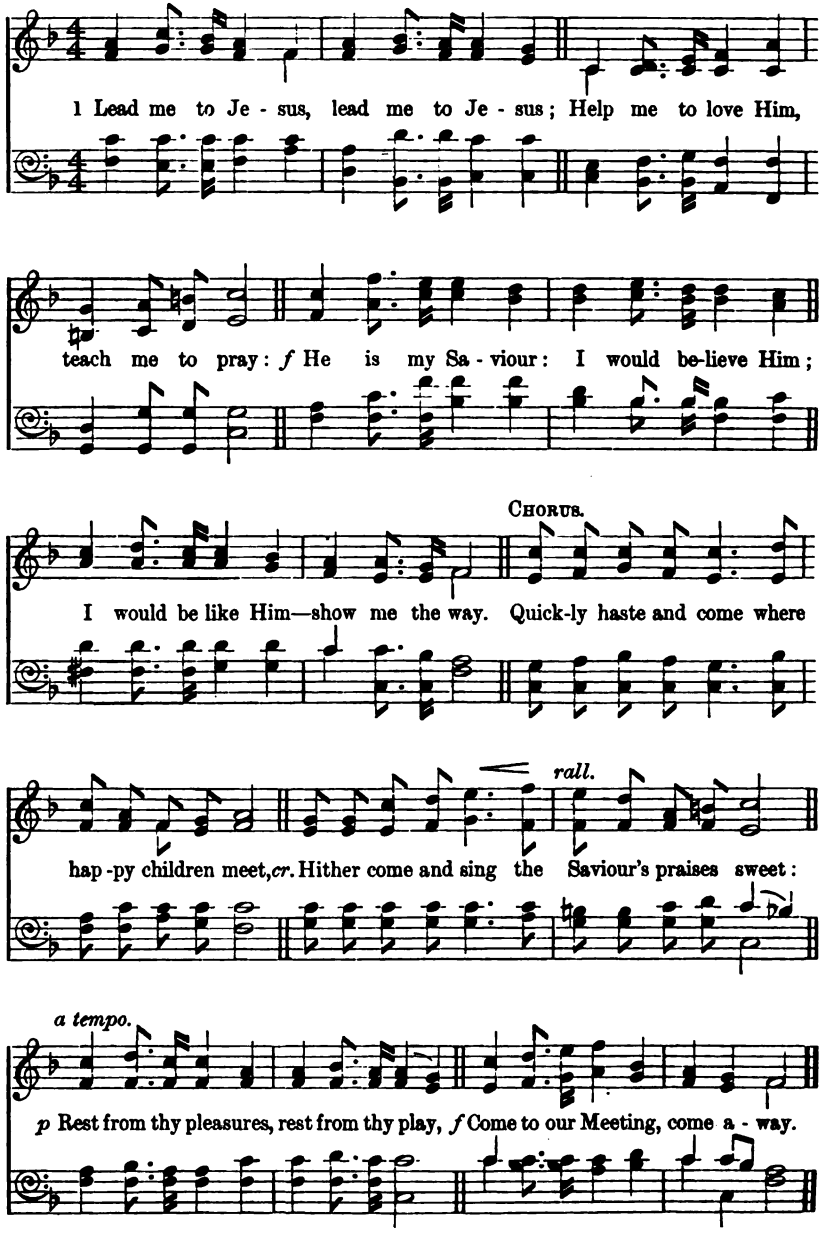
242

And they brought young children to Him.—Mark x. 13.

Lead me to Jesus. 10.9.10.9. with Chorus. W. H Doane, 1870.



2 Lead me to Jesus, He will receive me,
p He is so loving, gentle, and mild;
Calling the children, bidding them welcome;
Surely He calls me—I am a child.

3 Tell me of Jesus, tell of His mercy:
Is there a fountain flowing so free?
f All who are willing, drink of its waters—
p Say, is that fountain flowing for me?

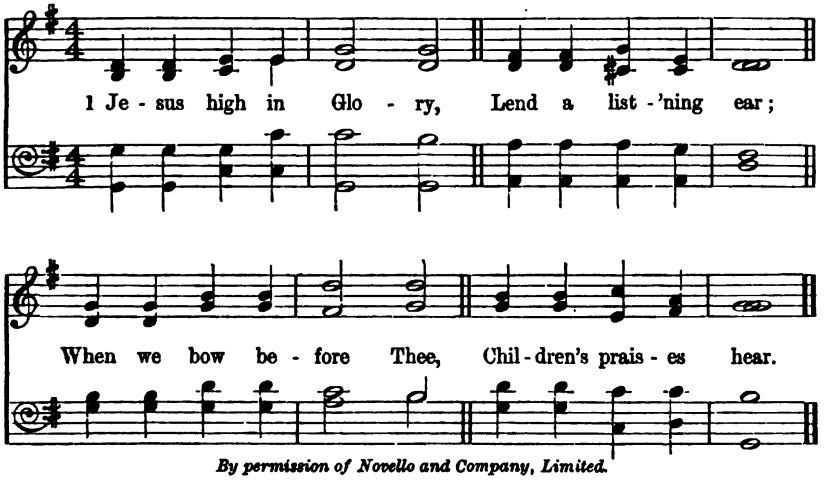
4 Lord, I am coming: Jesus, my Saviour,
p Pity my weakness, make me Thy child;
cr. I would receive Thee; trust and believe Thee,
I would be like Thee—gentle and mild.

Fanny Van Alstyne, 1870.

243

Bow down Thine ear to me.—Psalm xxxi. 2.

North Coates. 6.5.6.5. T. Richard Matthews, 1862.



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p 2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
cr. Thou wilt stoop to listen
When Thy praise we sing.

pp 3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day:
cr. Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

f 5 Strengthen us for duty,
While on earth we live:
May we to Thy service
Our best talents give.

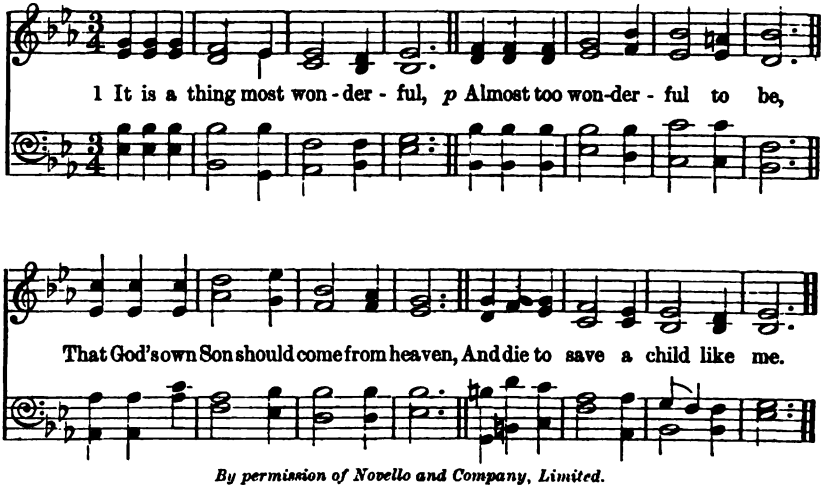
6 Then when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
f We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord, we come."

Anon. (*In "S.S. Harmonist,"* 1847).

244

He hath loved us.—Eph. v. 2.

Saxby. L.M. T. Richard Matthews, *circa* 1870.



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f 2 And yet I know that it is true:
He came to this poor world below,
And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and died,
Only because He loved us so.

3 I cannot tell how He could love
A child so weak and full of sin;
His love must be most wonderful,
If He could die my love to win.

pp 4 I sometimes think about the Cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails and crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me:

5 But even could I see Him die,
cr. I could but see a little part
Of that great Love which, like a fire,
Is always burning in His heart.

6 It is most wonderful to know
His love for me so free and sure;
dim. But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for Him so faint and poor.

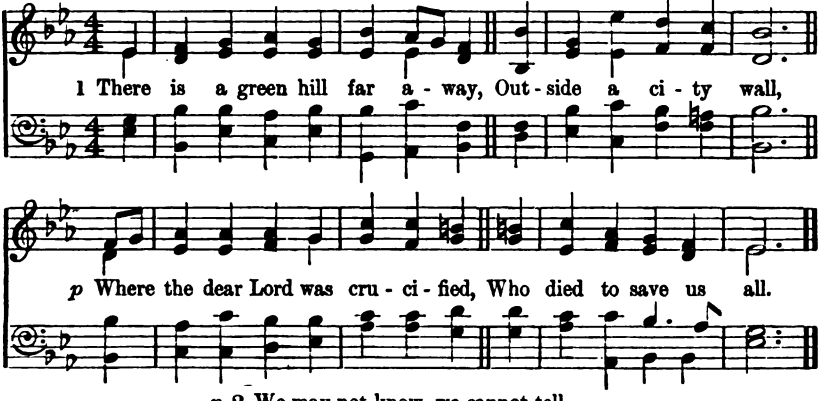
f 7 And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;
Oh, light the flame within my heart,
cr. And I will love Thee more and more,
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

W. W. How, 1872.

245

Jesus . . . suffered without the gate.—Heb. xiii. 12.

Horsley. [FIRST TUNE.] C.M. WILLIAM HORSLEY, Mus. Bac., 1844.



p 2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
cr. But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

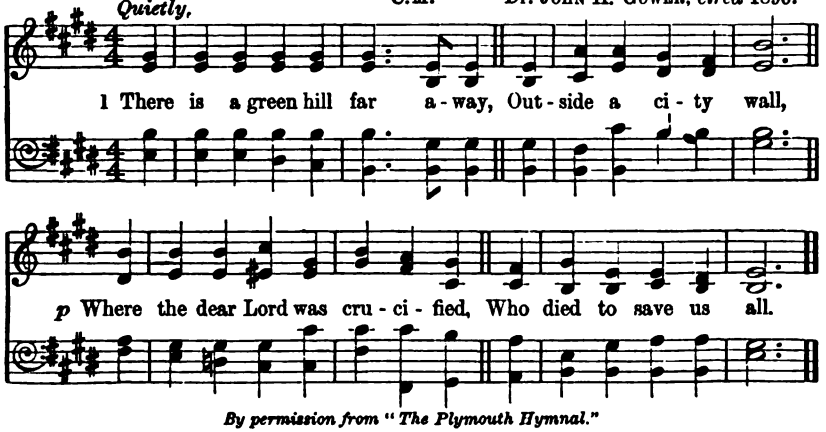
3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
cr. That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

p 5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
cr. And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

C. Frances Alexander, 1848

Meditation. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M. Dr. JOHN H. GOWER, *circa* 1890.



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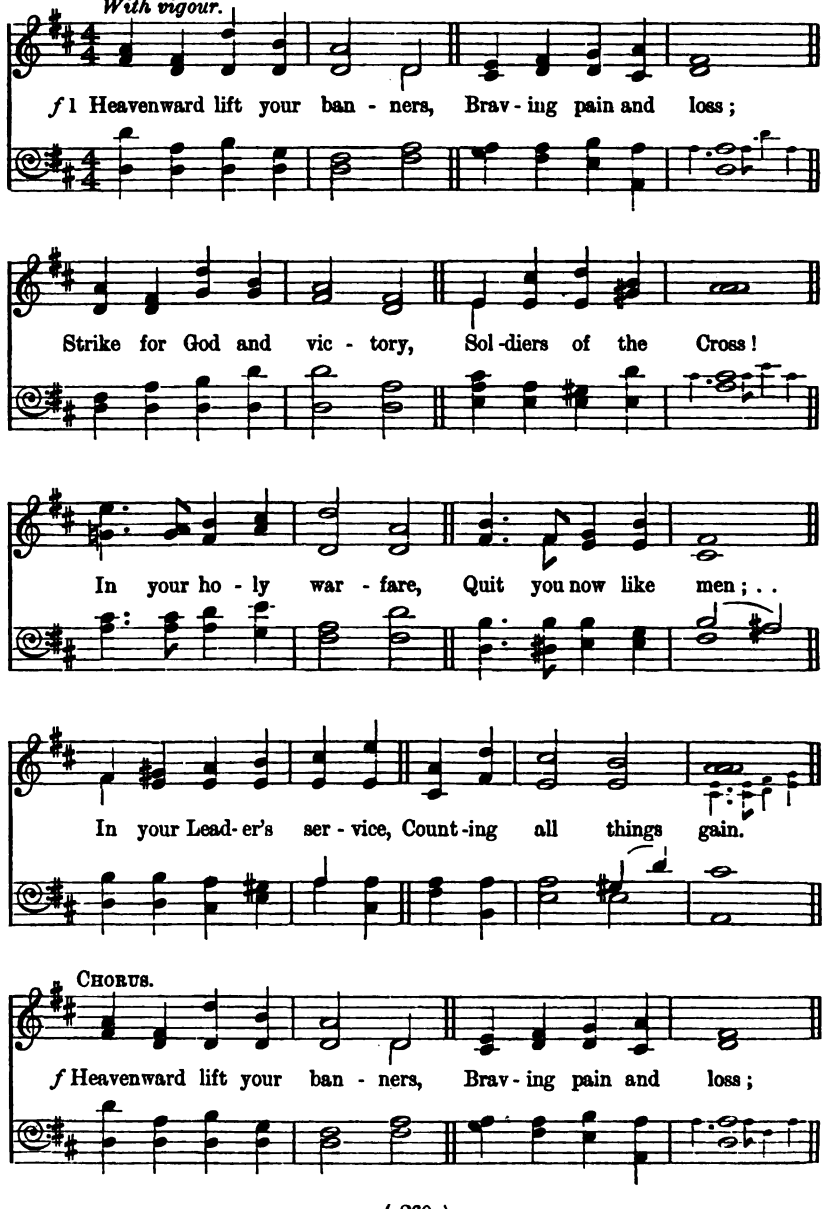
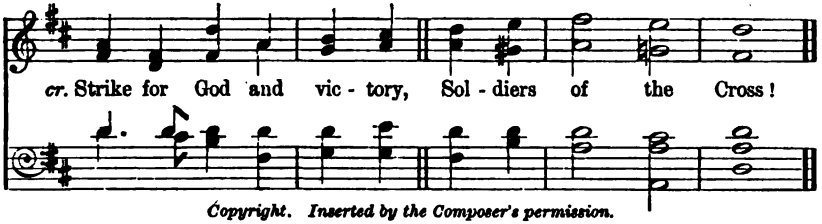
B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

246 *Let him take up his cross and follow Me.*—Matt. xvi. 24

Havelock. 6.5., 8 lines with Chorus. JOSIAH BOOTH, 1904.





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2 From the holy city
Countless souls look on;
cr. They have waged the warfare,
They the crown have won;
Now with eager longing,
Still they scan the fight;
f Nerve ye, Christian warriors,
Strike for God and Right.
Heavenward, etc.

p 3 When your steps are faltering;
When your strength is low;
When your arm is weary;
Nerveless every blow;
cr. See, they urge you onward,
They, the martyr throng;
Hear their loud Hosannas!
Hear their battle song!
Heavenward, etc.

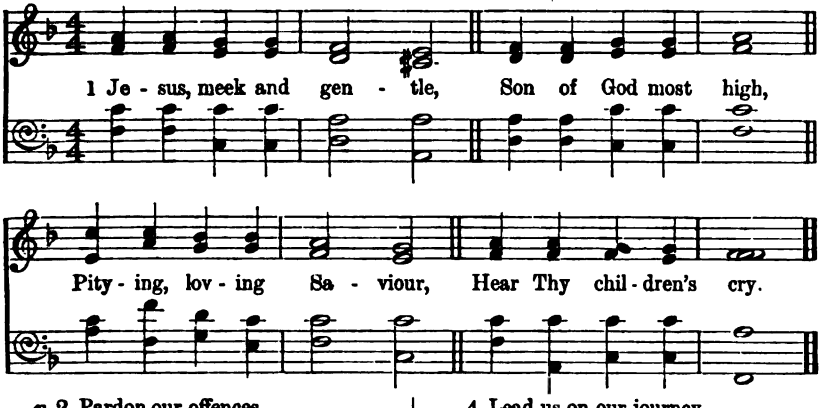
p 4 Can ye then be faithless,
Traitors to your God!
Can ye flee the pathway
Saintly hosts have trod!
f Where the fight is thickest,
Plunge with courage high!
"Strike for God and Victory!"
This your battle cry.
Heavenward, etc.

H. W. Hawkes, circa 1890.

247

Ask, and it shall be given you.—Luke xi. 9.

Derby. 6.5.6.5. FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1847.



p 2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
cr. Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

f 3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
p Through this night of darkness,
f To eternal day.

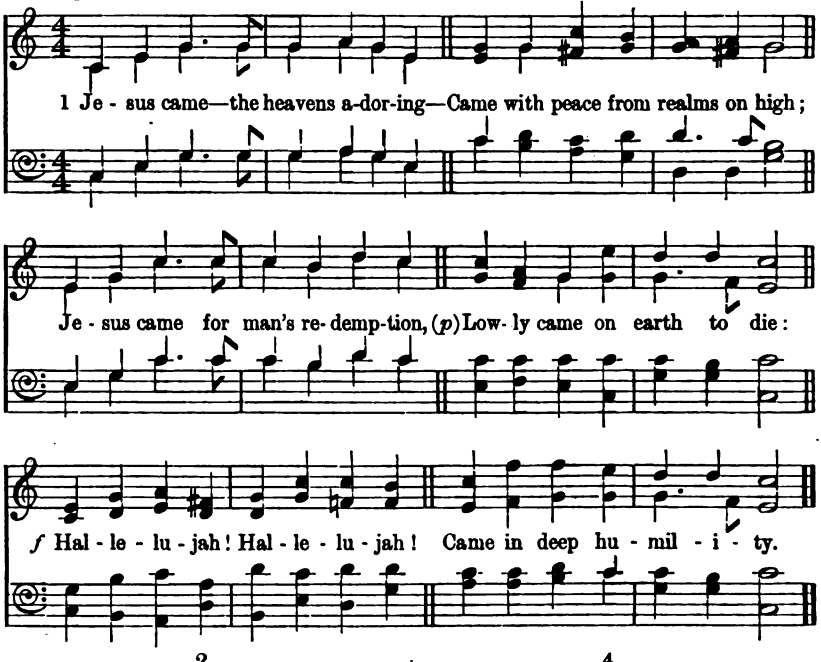
5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

G. R. Prynne, 1858.

248

I will come again, and receive you unto Myself.—John xiv. 3.

Triumph. 8.7., 6 lines. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc., 1852.



2.

p Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heart-felt prayer;
f Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Comes to save us from despair.

3.

f Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sin forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
ff Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4.

Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

5.

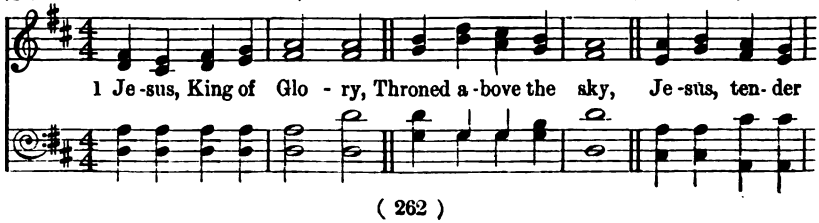
f Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;—
Let us then our homage pay,
ff Hallelujah! ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day.

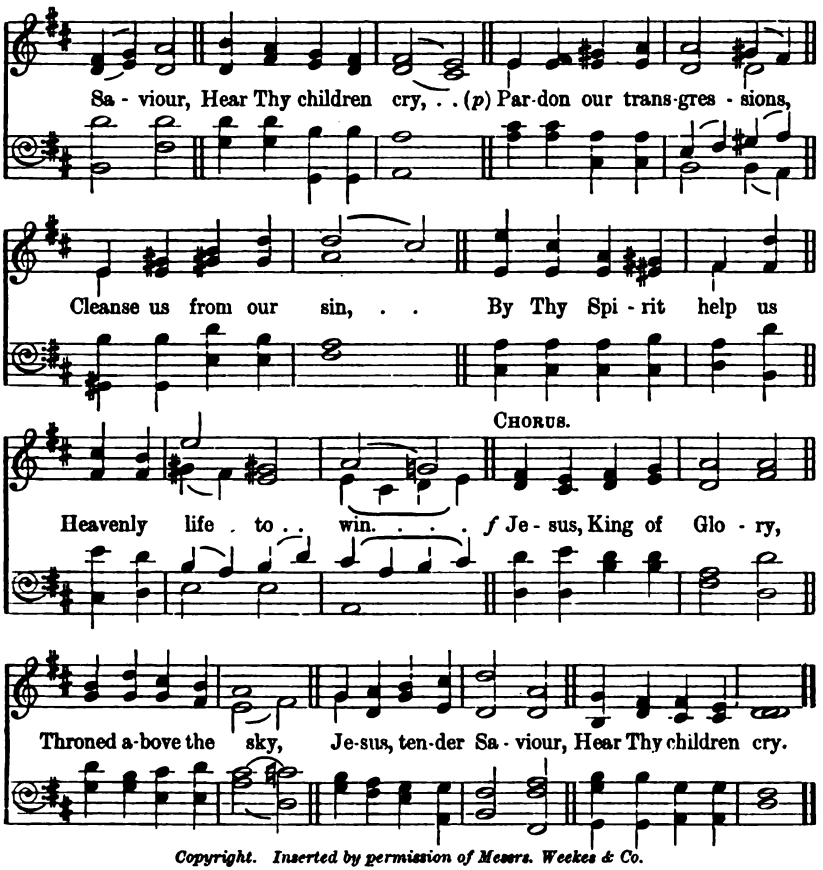
G. Thring, 1864.

249

Children of God, joint heirs with Christ.—Rom. vii. 17.

Deva. 6.5., 8 lines with Chorus. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc., 1887.





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2 On this day of gladness,
p Bending low the knee,
In Thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship Thee;
cr. Celebrate Thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth,
All Thy loving guidance
Of our heedless youth.
Jesus, etc.

(*Girls.*) 3 For the little children
Who have come to Thee;
cr. For the glad, bright spirits
Who Thy glory see;
p For the loved ones resting
In Thy dear embrace;
For the pure and holy
Who behold Thy face;—
Jesus, etc.

(*Boys.*) 4 For Thy faithful servants,
Who have entered in;
f For Thy fearless soldiers,
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed Thee,
cr. Heedless of the danger,
On to victory;—
Jesus, etc.

(*All*) 5 Help us ever steadfast
In Thy faith to be;
In Thy Church's conflict
Fighting valiantly.
cr. Loving Saviour! strengthen
These weak hearts of ours,
Through Thy cross to conquer
Crafty, evil powers.
Jesus, etc.

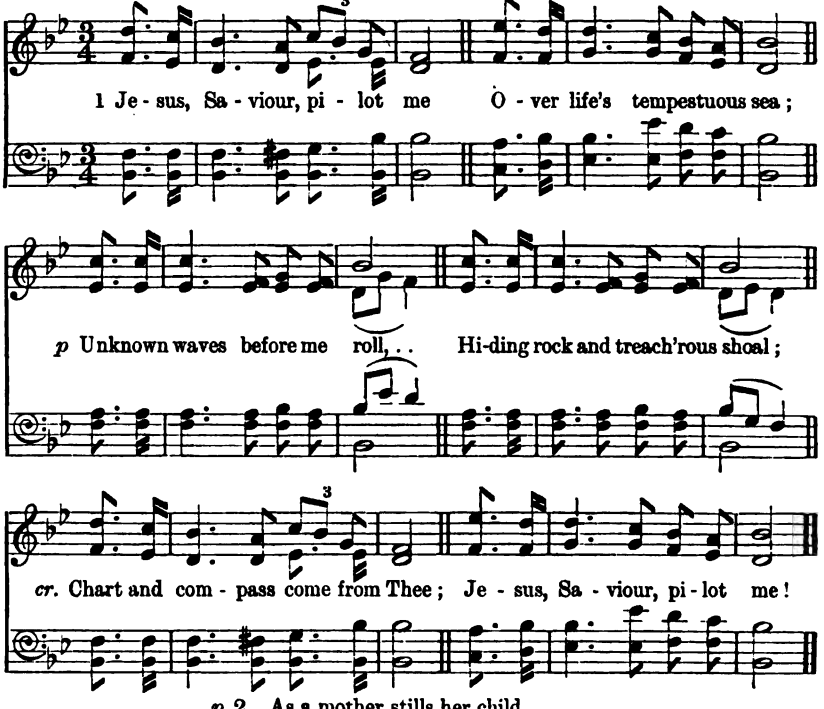
W. Hope Davison, 1879.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Hermas," No. 264.

250

He guided them by the skilfulness of His hands.—Psalm lxxviii. 72.

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me. 7's., 6 lines. J. E. Gould, 1871.



p 2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will,
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
cr. Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!

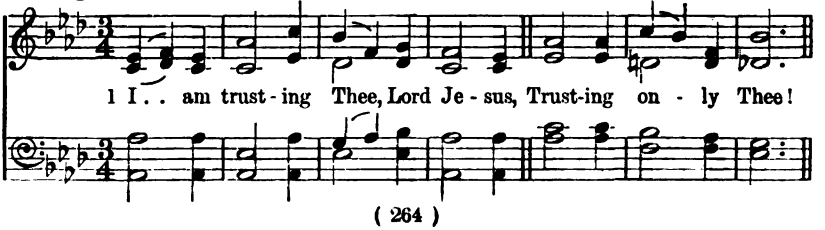
p 3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest—
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
cr. May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not! I will pilot thee!"

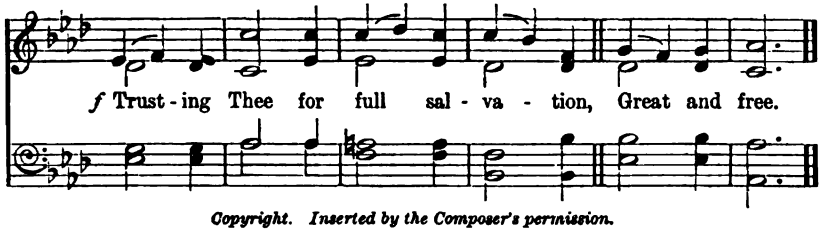
Edward Hopper, 1871.

251

As thou hast believed so be it done unto thee.—Matt. viii. 13.

Bullinger. 8.5.8.3. E. W. Bullinger, D.D., 1864.





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2.

p I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3.

I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
cr. Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

4.

f I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

5.

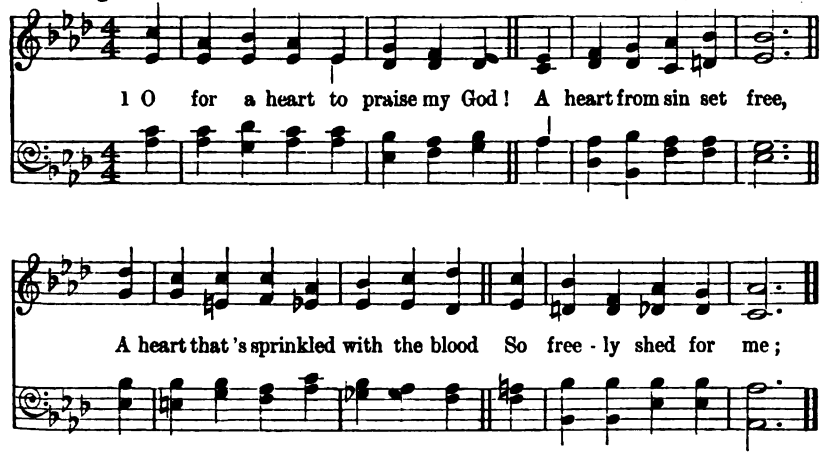
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
cr. I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874.

252

Create in me a clean heart, O God!—Psalm li. 10.

St. Marguerite. C.M. E. C. WALKER, *circa* 1876.



2.

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
cr. Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3.

A humble, holy, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

4.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
p Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5.

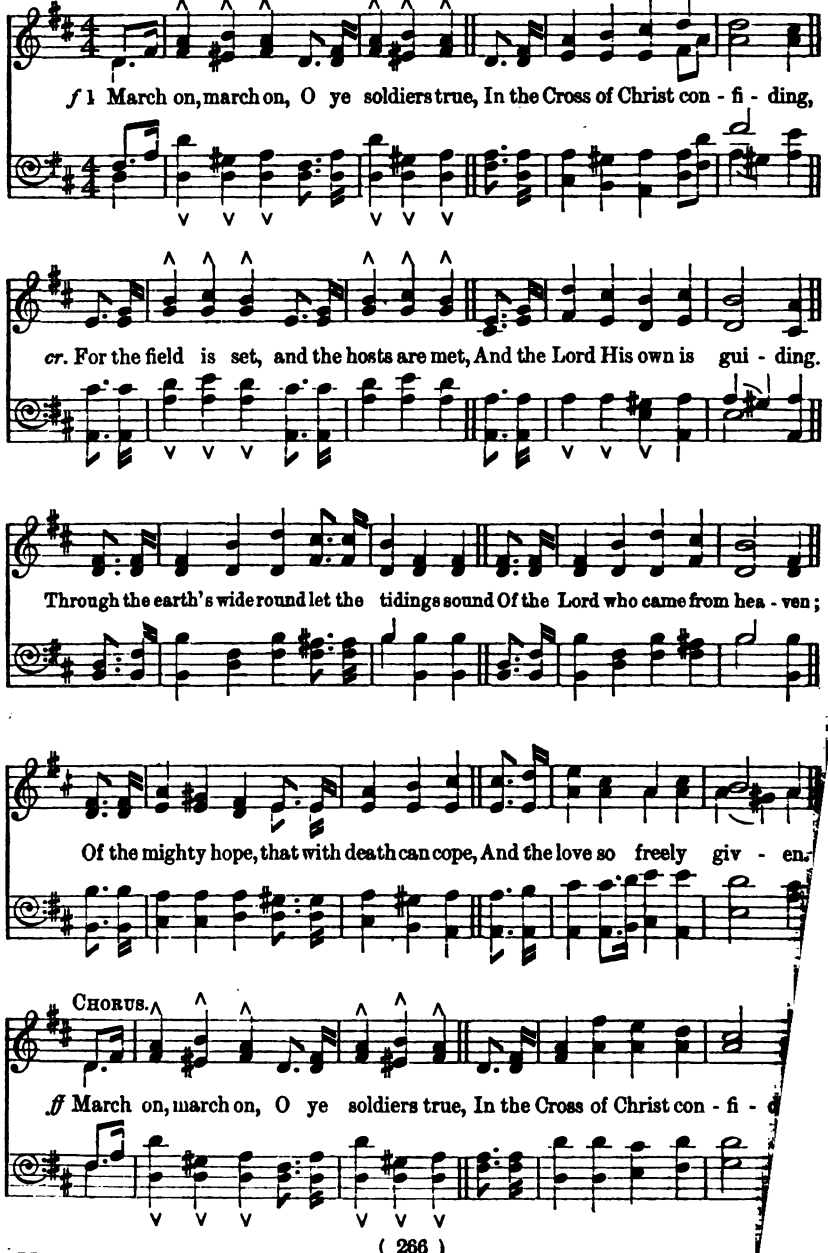
cr. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above,
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

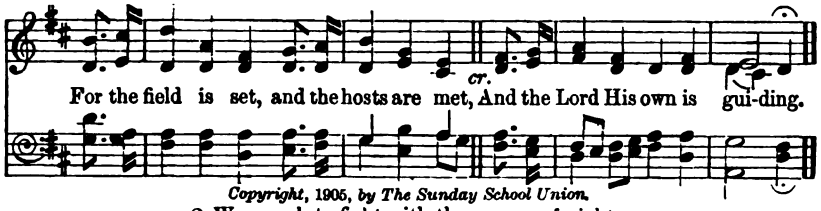
Charles Wesley, 1742.

253 *They shall fight because the Lord is with them.*—Zech. x. 5.

March On. P.M. H. COHEN.

Bold, march style. Har. by CAREY BONNER, 1905.





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p 2 We march to fight with the powers of night,
That have held the world in sorrow;
cr. And the broken heart shall forget its smart,
And shall hail a joyful morrow,
O'er the realms of night let our standard bright
Be unfurled, their darkness clearing;
f And the souls long dead to the Lord who bled
Shall revive at His appearing.
March on, march on, etc.

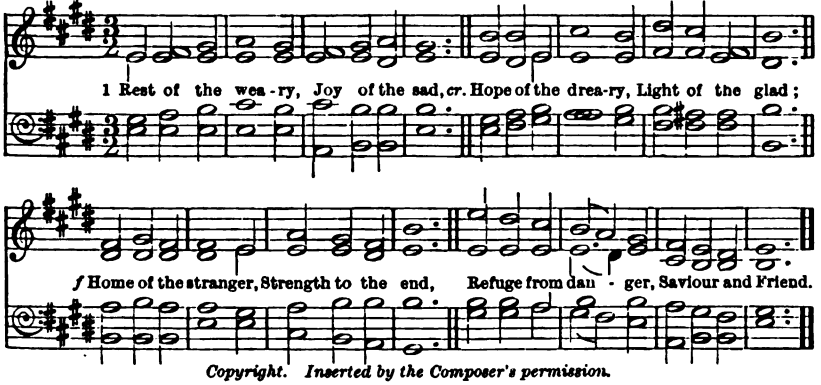
p 3 Long wears the fight, but the God of light
Tho' unseen is ever near us;
cr. And the prayers that rise to the list'ning skies
Like a song of hope shall cheer us;
f Till the sunrise broad of the day of God
Shall declare the Victor's glory,
And the world shall rest, in her Lord confessed,
And shall sing the finished story.
March on, march on, etc.

Ella S. Armitage, 1886.

254

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. xi. 28.

Theodora. 5.4., 8 lines. A. Legge, A.R.C.O.



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p 2 Pillow where lying
Love rests its head;
Peace of the dying,
cr. Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend.

p 3 When my feet stumble,
I'll to Thee cry;
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high.
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
cr. Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend!

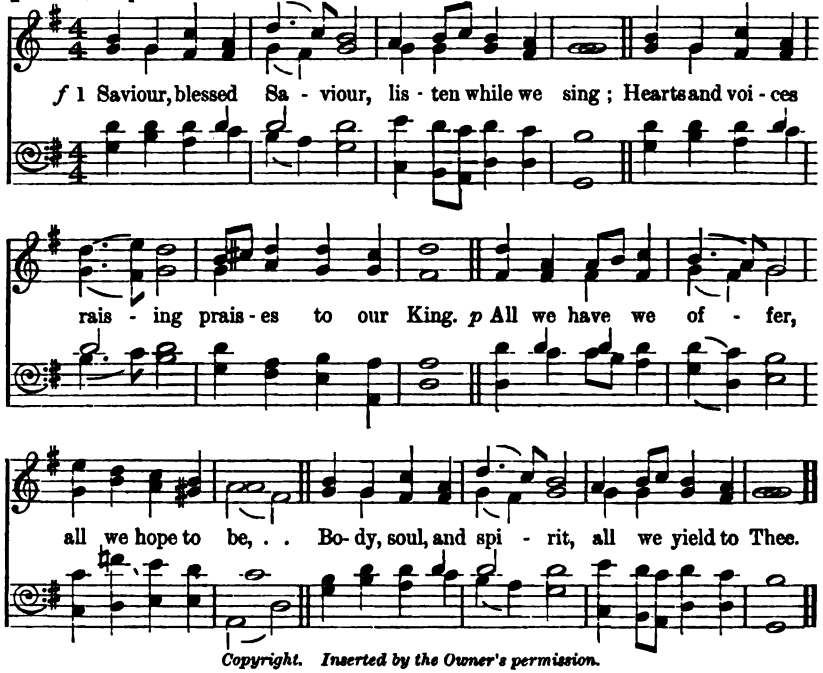
cr. 4 Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory, and praise;
f All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend!

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

255

Thou art fairer than the children of men.—Psalm xlv. 2.

Princethorpe. 11's. W. PITTS, *circa* 1865.



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2 Nearer, ever nearer, Christ, we draw to Thee,
p Deep in adoration, bending low the knee.
Thou, for our redemption, cam'st on earth to die;
cr. Thou, that we might follow, hast gone up on high.

f 3 Great, and ever greater, are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting are the glories there—
Where no pain nor sorrow, toil nor care, is known;
Where the angel legions circle round Thy throne.

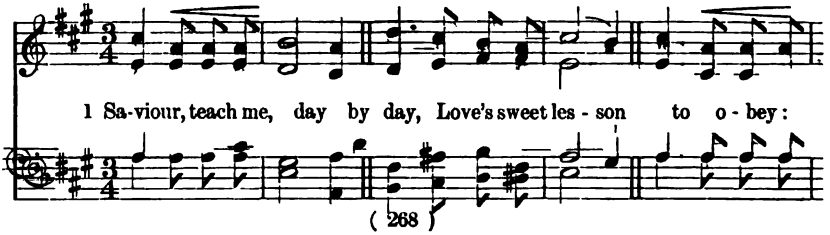
f 4 Onward, ever onward, journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us, journeying on to God;
cr. Leaving all behind us, may we hasten on,
Backward never looking till the prize is won.

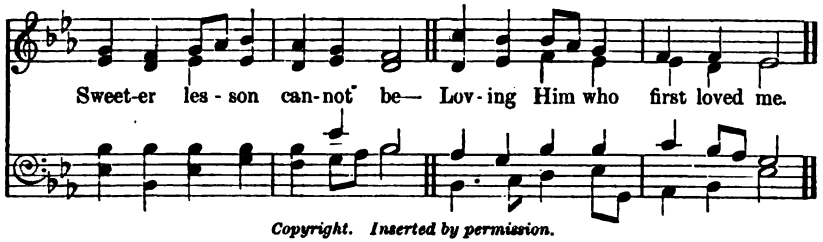
G. Thring, 1866.

256

We love Him because He first loved us.—1 John iv. 19.

Allerton. 7's. H. A. CROSBIE, 1876.





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2 Teach me, I am not my own,
I am Thine and Thine alone:
May I serve and copy Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

f 3 With a child's glad heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

4 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Love, in loving, finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
f Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

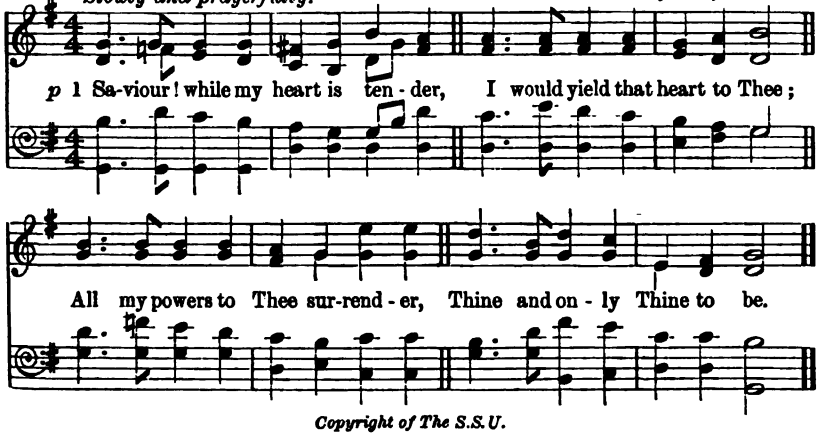
f 6 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson, 1842.

257

Ye are not your own.—1 Cor. vi. 19.

Dijon. 8.7.8.7. Melody from the German.
Har. by C. B., 1904.



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2.
cr. Take me now, Lord Jesus! take me,
Let my youthful heart be Thine:
Thy devoted servant make me:
Fill my soul with love divine.

3.
f Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me,
Only do Thou guide my way:
May Thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4.
Let me do Thy will, or bear it,
I would know no will but Thine;
p Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it,
I that life to Thee resign.

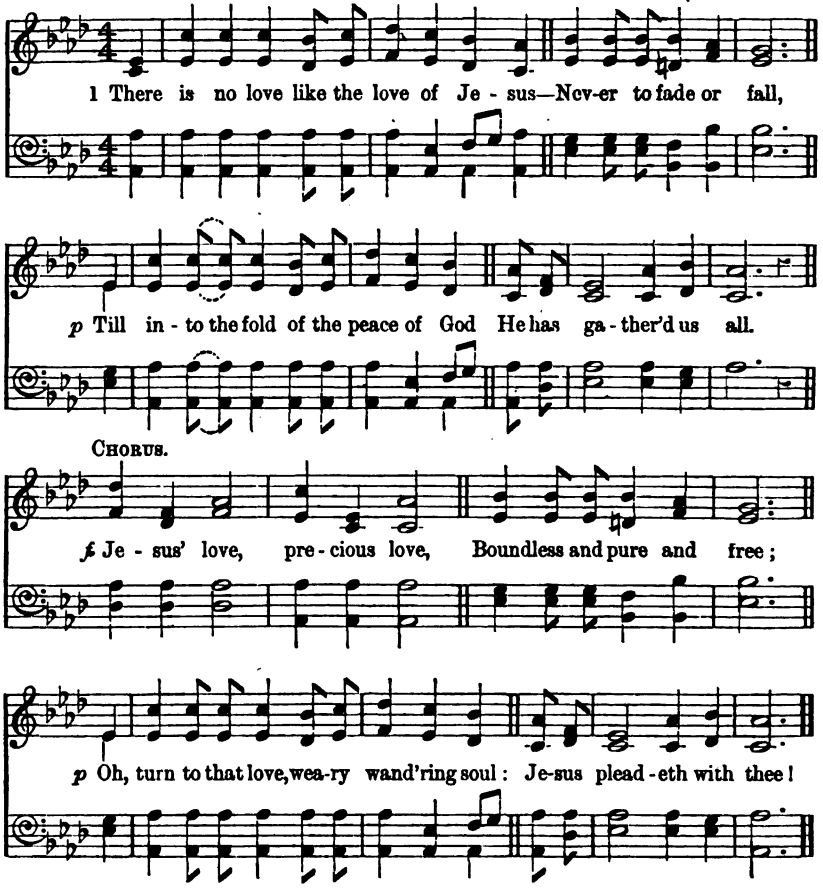
5.
f Thine I am, O Lord, for ever
To Thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave Thee never:
Seal Thine image on my heart.

John Burton, 1850.

258

Greater love hath no man than this.—John xv. 13.

Littlewood. P.M. T. E. Perkins, 1870.



2 There is no eye like the eye of Jesus,
Piercing so far away;
p Ne'er out of the sight of its tender light
Can the wanderer stray.
Jesus' love, etc.

3 There is no voice like the voice of Jesus—
Tender and sweet its chime,
cr. Like musical ring of a flowing spring
In the bright summer time.
Jesus' love, etc.

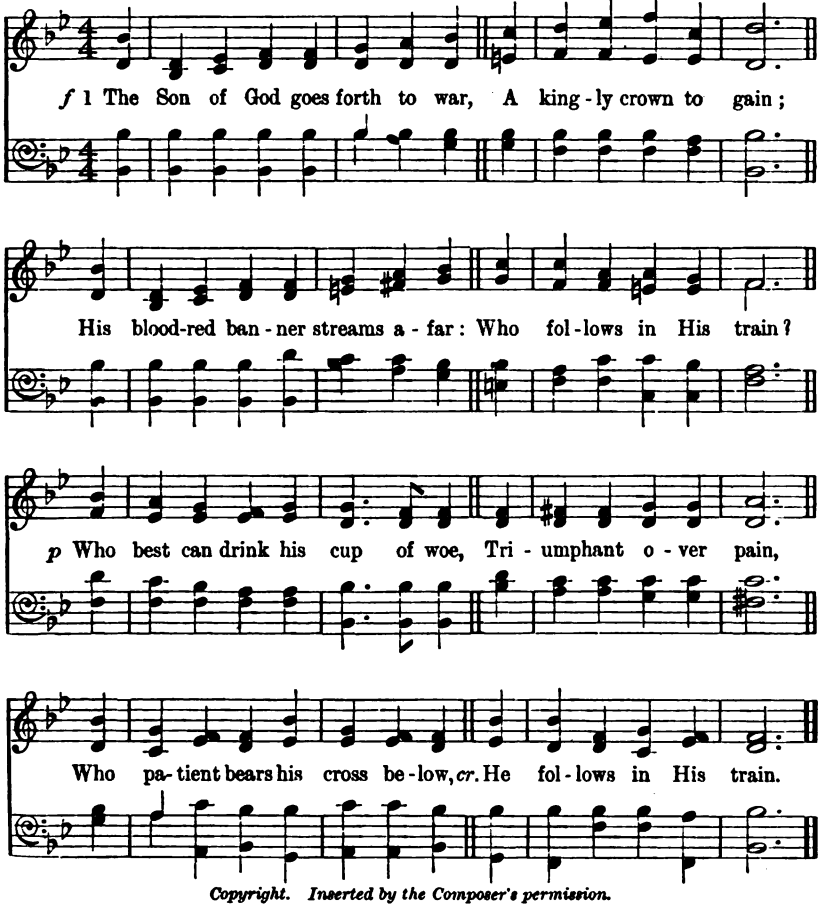
p 4 There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Filled with a tender love;
cr. No throb nor throe that our hearts can know,
But He feels it above.
Jesus' love, etc.

W. E. Littlewood, 1857.

259

If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.—2 Tim. ii. 12.

Filius Dei. C.M. D. A. R. Gaul, Mus. Bac., *circa* 1859.



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2.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
p Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
cr Who follows in his train?

3.

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they [knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:
cr. They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
p They bowed their necks, the death to [feel:
cr. Who follows in their train?

4.

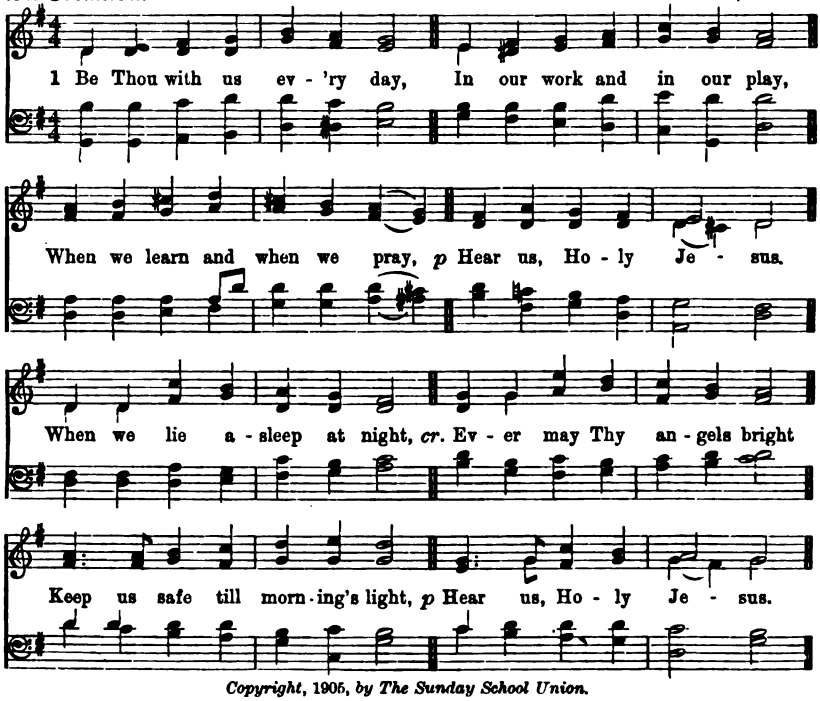
A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
cr. They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
p O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber, 1827.

260

I am with you all the days.—Matt. xxviii. 20. (R.V., mar.)

St. Columba. 7.7.7.6.7.7.7.6. A. Bryce, 1905.



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f 2 Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near,
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

mf May we grow, from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey,
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame,
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

mf May we ever try to be
From our sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee,
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Jesus, Son of God most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die,
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

f Jesus, whom we hope to see,
Calling us to come to Thee,
Happy evermore with Thee,
p Hear us, Holy Jesus.

T. B. Pollock, 1870.

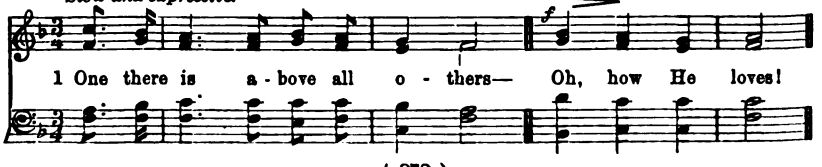
This hymn, as eight single verses, may also be sung to tune, "Litany" or "Agnes," *see* No. 241.

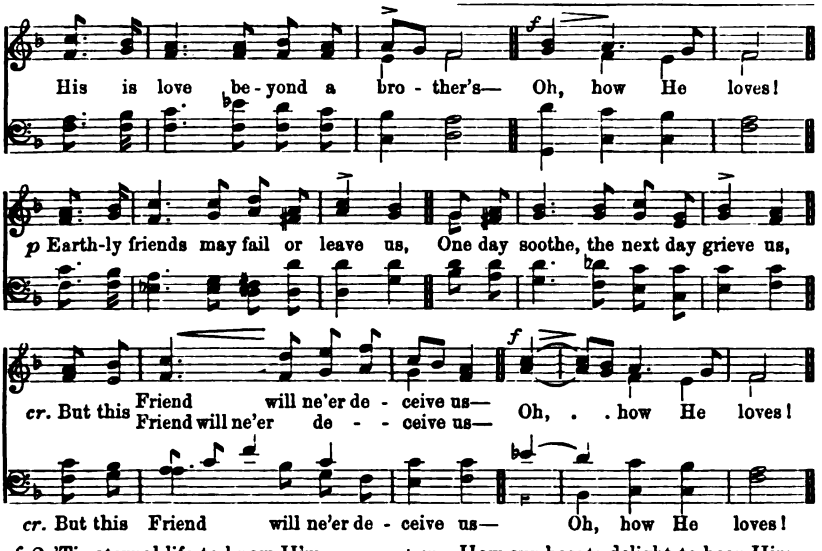
261

This is my Friend.—Sol. Song v. 16.

Love. [first tune.] 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. W. Jackson (of Masham), 1815-1866.

Slow and expressive.





f 2 'Tis eternal life to know Him—
Oh, how He loves!
p Think, ah, think, how much we owe
Oh, how He loves! [Him—
cr. With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He kindly brought us—
Oh, how He loves!

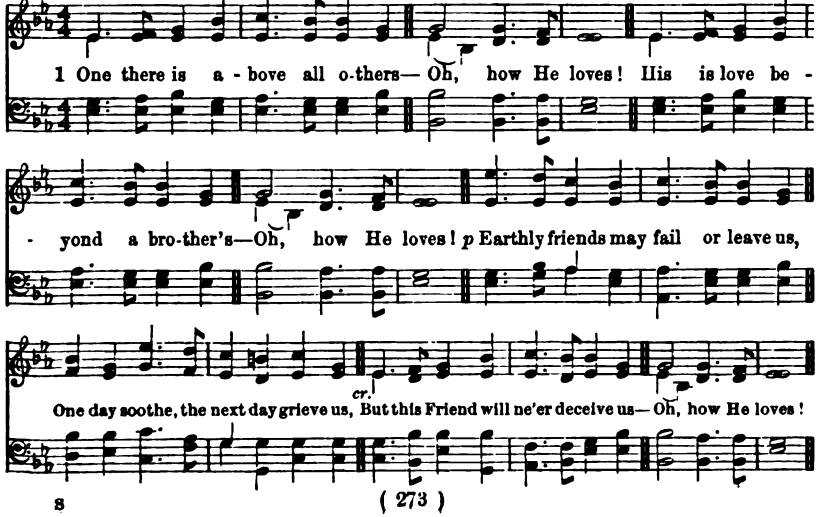
3 We have found a friend in Jesus—
Oh, how He loves!
'Tis His great delight to bless us—
Oh, how He loves!

cr. How our hearts delight to hear Him
Bid us dwell in safety near Him;
Why should we distrust or fear Him?
Oh, how He loves!

f 4 Through His Name we are forgiven—
Oh, how He loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven—
Oh, how He loves!
ff Best of blessings He'll provide us,
Naught but good shall ere betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us—
Oh, how He loves!

Marianne Nunn, 1817.

Tenderness. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. RICHARD WM. BEATY, 1854.

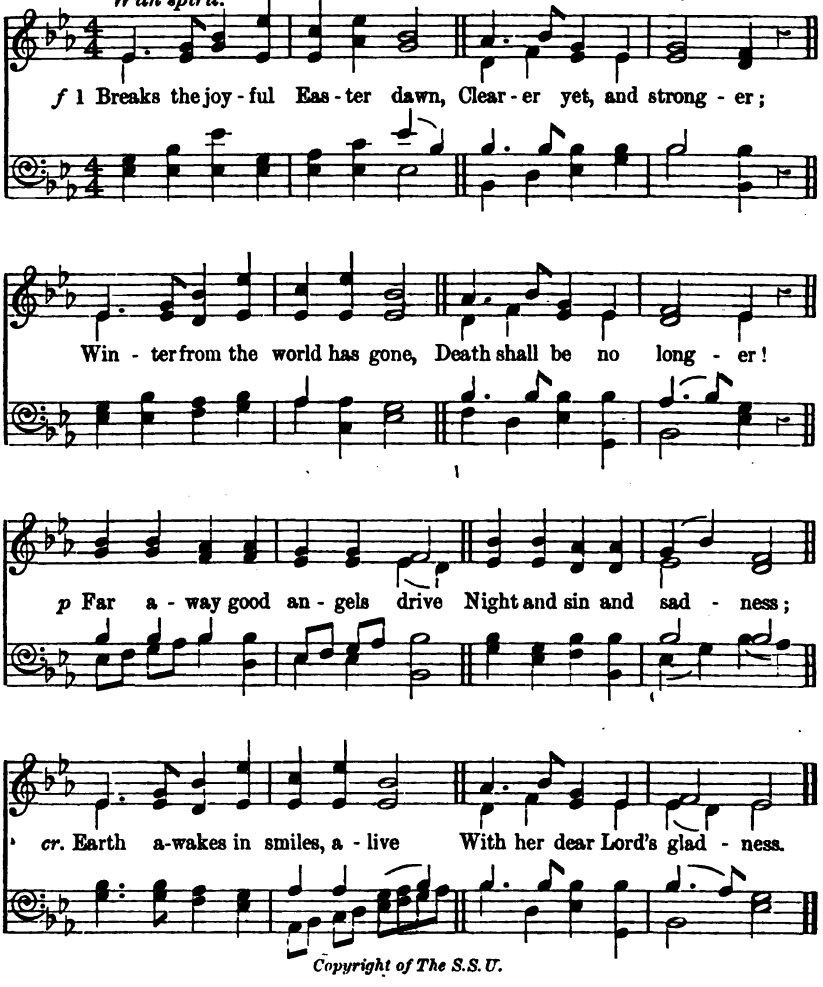


8. He is risen.

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

262 *The Lord is risen indeed.*—Luke xxiv. 34.

Larcom. 7.6., 8 lines. Trochaic. German.
Har. by C. B., 1896.



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2 Roused by Him from dreary hours
Under snowdrifts chilly,—
In His hand He brings the flowers,
Brings the rose and lily.
cr. Every little buried bud
Into life He raises;
Every wild flower of the wood
Chants the dear Lord's praises.

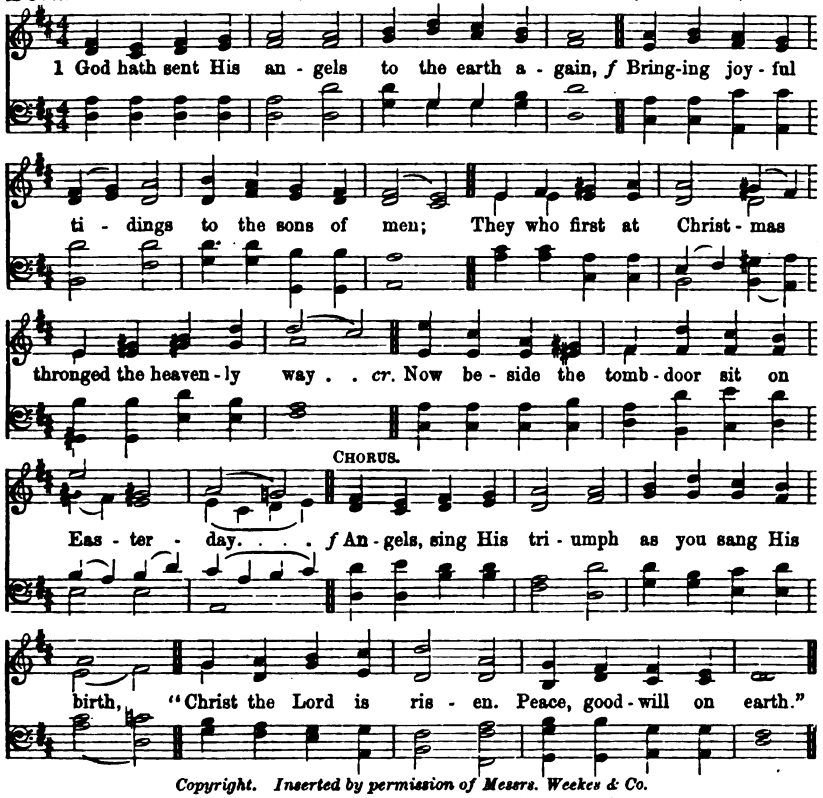
f 3 Open, happy flowers of spring,
For the Sun has risen!
Through the sky glad voices ring,
Calling you from prison.
cr. Little children dear, look up!
Toward His brightness pressing,
Lift up every heart, a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing.

Lucy Larcom, 1864.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

263 *Angels which said that He was alive.*—Luke xxiv. 23.

Deva. 11.11.11.11. or 6.5., 8 lines with Chorus. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc., 1887.



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p 2 In the dreadful desert where the Lord was tried,
There the faithful angels gathered at His side;
pp And when in the garden, grief and pain and care
Bowed Him down with anguish, they were with Him there.
Angels, sing, etc.

cr. 3 Yet the Christ they honour is the same Christ still,
Who in light and darkness did His Father's will;
And the tomb deserted shineth like the sky,
Since He passed out from it to victory.
Angels, sing, etc.

4 God has still His angels, helping at His word,
All His faithful children, like their faithful Lord;
p Soothing them in sorrow, arming them in strife,
cr. Opening wide the tomb-doors, leading into life.
Angels, sing, etc.

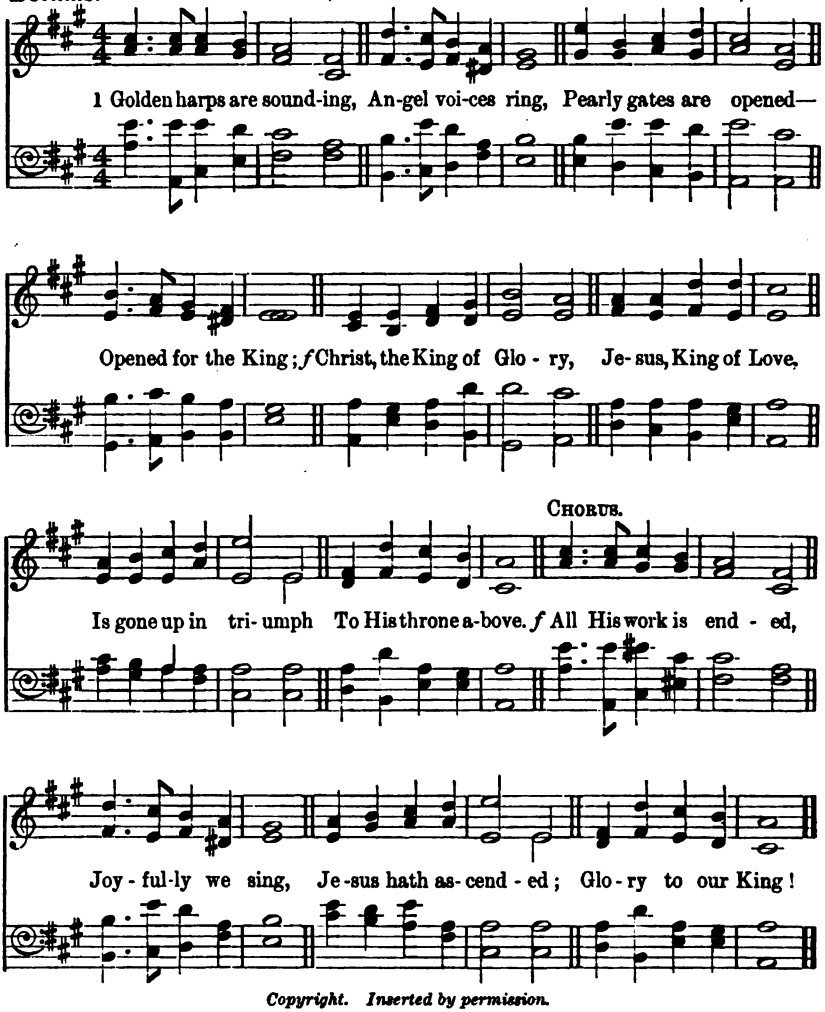
p 5 Father, send Thine angels unto us, we pray;
Leave us not to wander, all alone our way.
Let them guard and guide us, wheresoe'er we be,
f Till our resurrection brings us home to Thee.
Angels, sing, etc. *Phillips Brooks*, 1835-1893.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Hermas," No. 264.

264

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and the King of Glory shall come in.—
Psalm xxiv. 9.

Bermas. 6.5., 8 lines with Chorus. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1871.



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2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
f Now is crowned with glory
At His Father's side;
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Has gone up on high!
All His work, etc.

p 3 Praying for His children,
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace;
cr. His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work, etc.

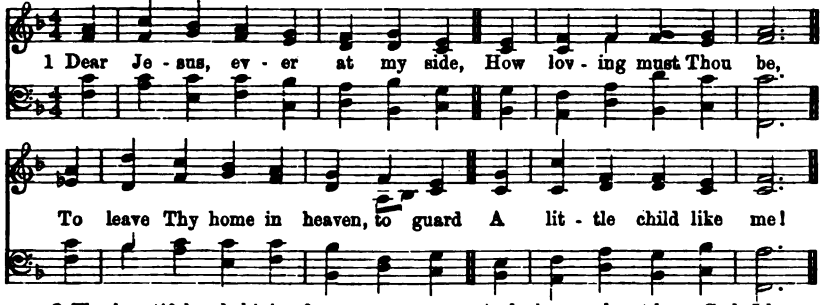
Frances R. Havergal, 1872.

9. "I will come again."

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

265 *Lo, I am with you alway.*—Matt. xxviii. 20.

Albano. C.M. VINCENT NOVELLO, 1781-1861.



p 2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
dim. The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

p 3 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother does
Her erring little child;

cr. 4 But I have felt Thee in my thought,
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

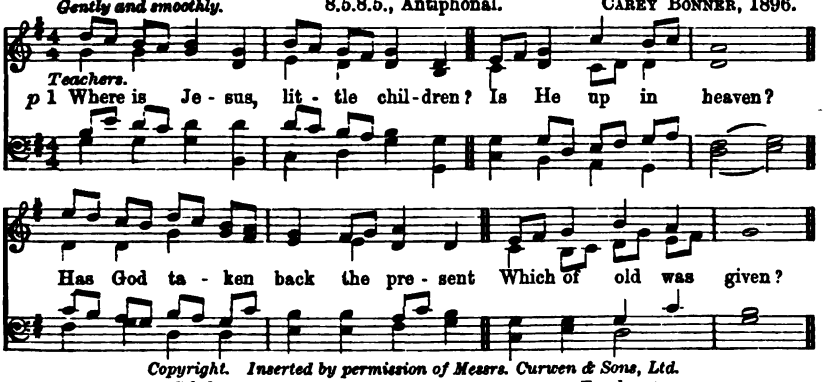
5 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.

6 Yes! when I pray, Thou prayest too,
The prayer is all for me;
cr. But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

F. W. Faber, 1849.

266 *That Christ may dwell in your hearts.*—Eph. iii. 17.

Waugh. *Gently and smoothly.* 8.5.8.5., Antiphonal. CAREY BONNER, 1896.



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(*Scholars.*)

p 2 Jesus is a lovely Spirit,
Lowly, pure, and kind;
Feeling in the hearts of people,
Thinking in their mind.

(*Teachers.*)

3 Where is Jesus, little children?
Is He in a Book?
dim. Has He ceased to talk to people,
And on them to look?

(*Scholars.*)

4 Self-forgetting, gentle mercy,
Love that will not die,
cr. These betray the heart of Jesus,
Tell us He is nigh.

(*Teachers.*)

5 Where is Jesus, little children?
With us evermore.
He is here, and we may find Him
Shut within this door.

(*Scholars.*)

6 Shut within the souls of children,
Jesus makes His home; [knocking
cr. Where the heart has heard Him
And has bid Him come.

(*All.*)

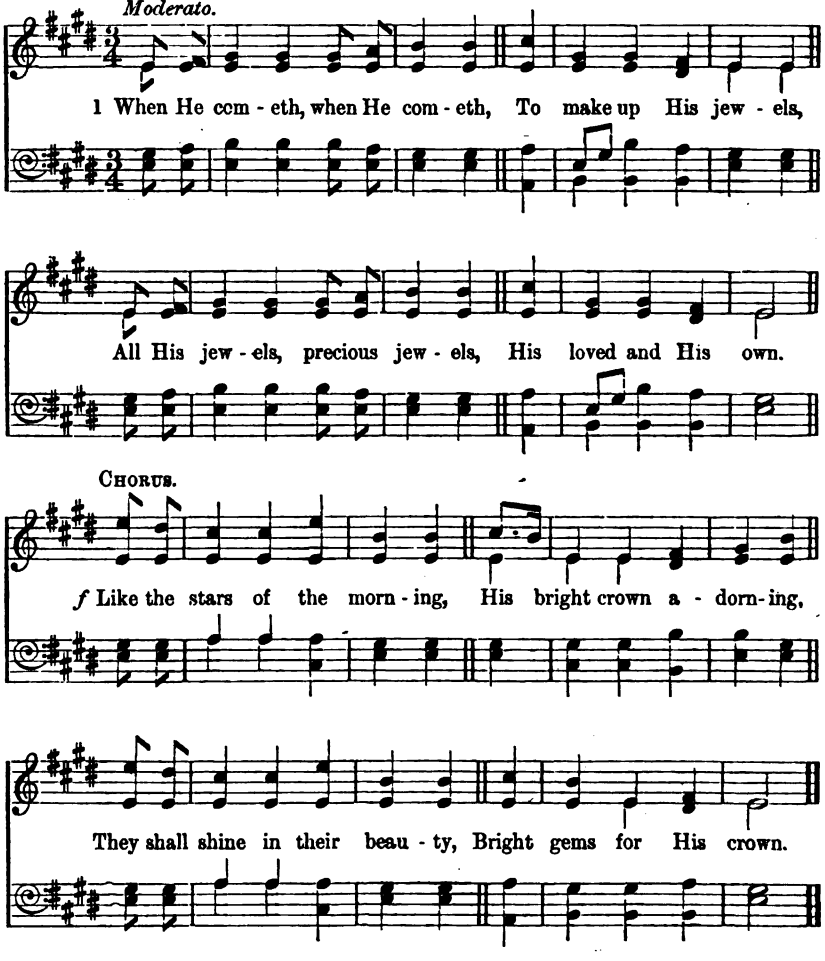
7 Jesus, make in us Thy dwelling;
Come with us to live,
cr. And to each and all our doings
Thy sweet beauty give.

Benjamin Waugh, 1892.

267

When I make up My jewels.—Mal. iii. 17.

Jewels. P.M. GEO. F. ROOT, Mus. Doc., 1866.



2 He will gather, He will gather,
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.
Like the stars, etc.

p 3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
cr. Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.
Like the stars, etc.

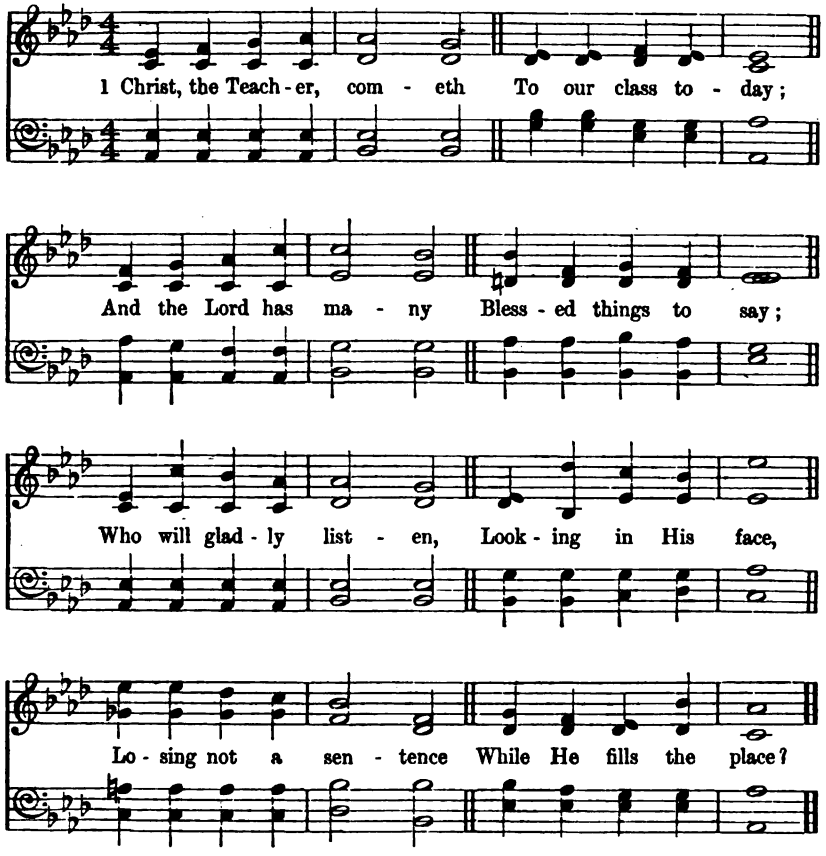
W. O. Cushing, circa 1860.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

268

He (Jesus) taught them.—Matt. vii. 29.

Lyndhurst. 6.5., 8 lines. Anon.



p 2 Christ, the Teacher, cometh
In sweet gentleness,
Touching all the children
With a friend's caress;
Who will come the nearest
To the Saviour King?
Who will be most earnest?
Who most love will bring?

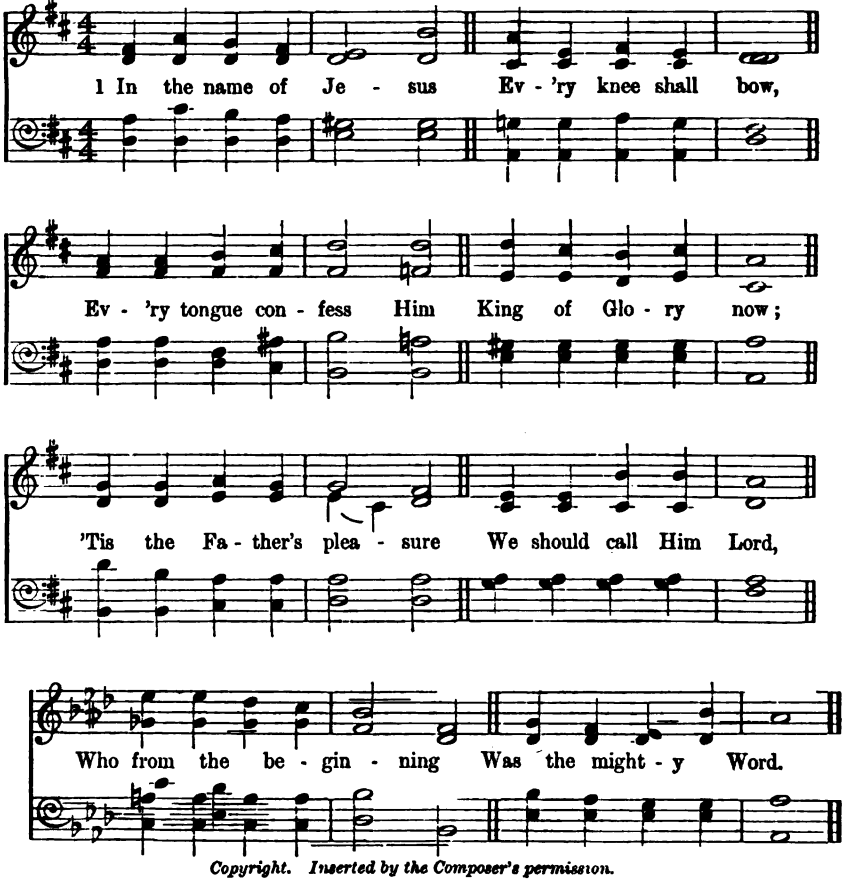
3 Christ, the Teacher, cometh
Listen to His call;
We have little knowledge,
He will teach us all,—
cr. Tell us of our Father,
And our home in heaven,
Where the sweet harp music
And the crowns are given.

p 4 Christ, the Teacher, cometh,
Do not turn away
From the Friend who lingers
In our class to-day;
cr. Listen to Him gladly,
Love and trust Him well,
He will be your guardian
Till with Him you dwell.

Anon., circa 1870.

269 *That in the name of Jesus every knee should bow.*—Phil. ii. 10. (R.V.)

Vespers. 6.5., 8 lines. H. A. Prothero, 1881.



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p 2 Humbled for a season
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners,
Unto whom He came:
cr. Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last;
Brought it back victorious
When from death He passed.

3 Name Him, brothers, name Him,
With love as strong as death,
p But with awe and wonder,
And with bated breath;
f He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord;
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

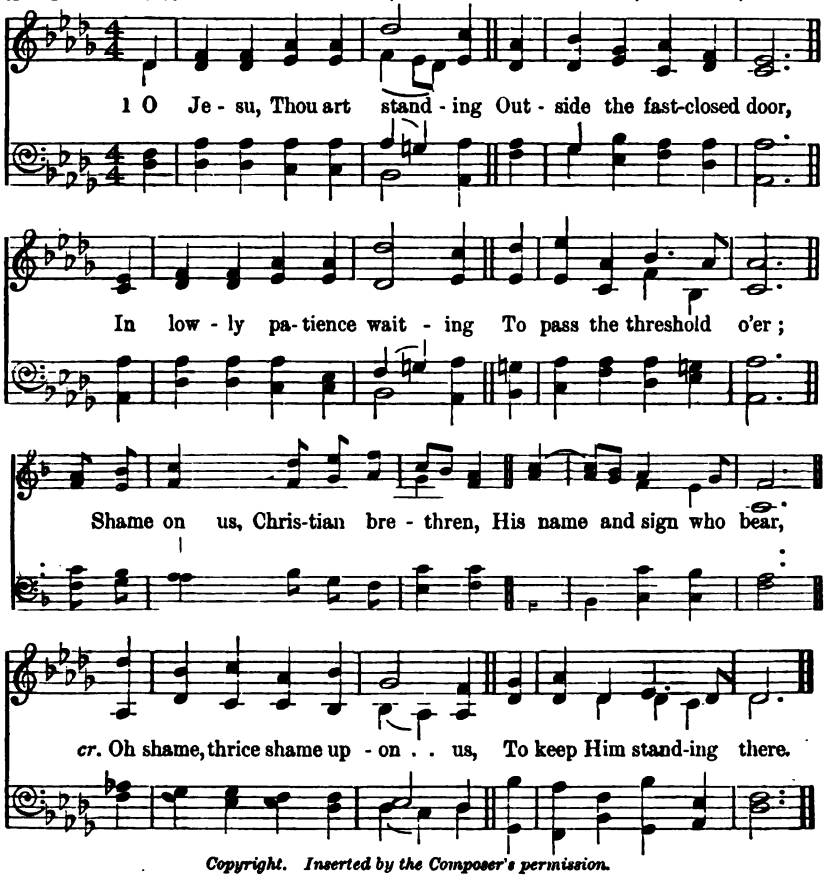
4 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
f Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

cr. 5 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
f For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of Glory now.

Caroline M. Noel, 1870.

270 *If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him.*—Rev. iii. 20.

St. Catherine's. 7.6., 8 lines. R. F. Dale, Mus. Doc., 1867.



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2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking,
p And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred;
f Oh love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
dim. Oh sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
pp "I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
cr. O Lord, with shame and sorrow,
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us never more. *W. W. How*, 1867.

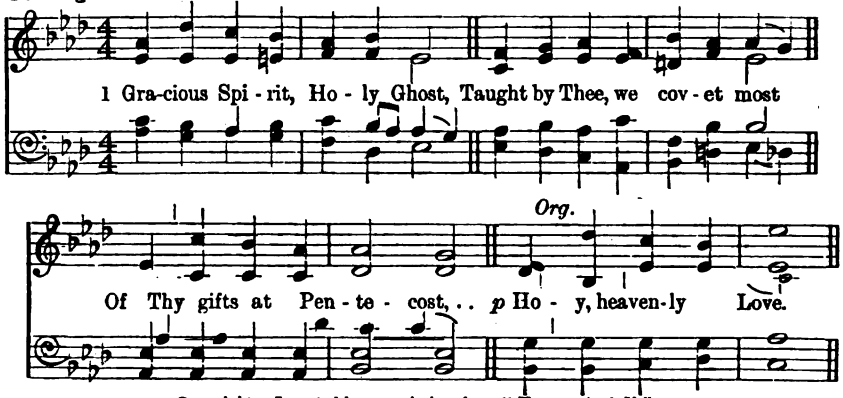
This hymn may also be sung to tune "St. George's Bolton," No. 307.

III. The Holy Spirit.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

271 *The greatest of these is love.*—1 Cor. xiii. 13.

Charity. 7.7.7.5. Sir J. STAINER, Mus. Doc., 1868.



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2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
p Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly Love.

3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
cr. All is vain—if Love I need;
Therefore, give me Love.

p 4 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
f Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.

5 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
f Love will ever with us stay:
Therefore, give us Love.

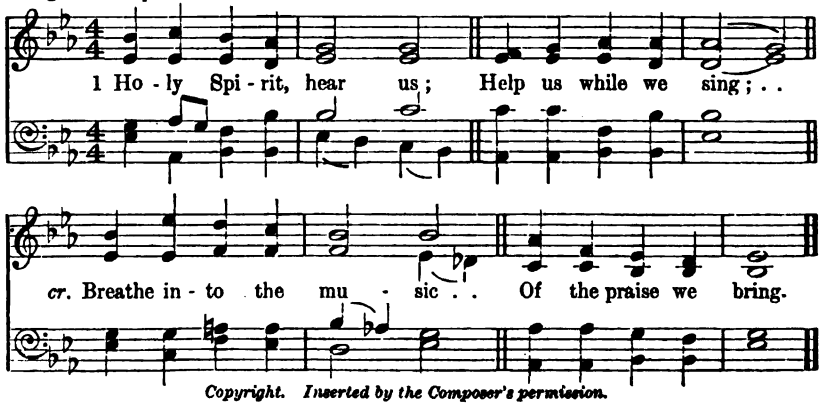
6 Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
f But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Capetown," No. 159.

272 *As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*—Rom. viii. 14.

St. John Baptist. 6.5.6.5. O. M. FEILDEN, 1871.



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p 2 Holy Spirit! prompt us
When we kneel to pray;
Nearer come and teach us
What we ought to say.

f 3 Holy Spirit! shine Thou
On the Book we read;
Gild its holy pages
With the light we need.

p 4 Holy Spirit! give us
Each a lowly mind;
Make us more like Jesus,
Gentle, pure and kind.

cr. 5 Holy Spirit! brighten
Little deeds of toil;
And our playful pastimes
Let no folly spoil.

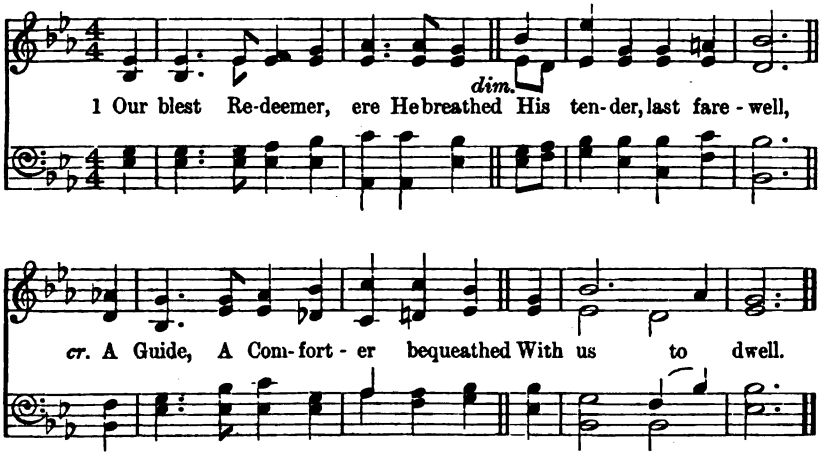
6 Holy Spirit! keep us
Safe from sins which lie
Hidden by some pleasure
From our youthful eye.

7 Holy Spirit! help us
Daily by Thy might,
What is wrong to conquer,
And to choose the right.

W. H. Parker, 1880.

273 *The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, shall teach you all things.*—John xiv. 26.

St. Cuthbert. 8.6.8.4. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1861.



2.
He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
dim. The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3.
He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue;
f All powerful as the wind He came—
p As viewless too.

4.
p He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

5.
pp And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
That checks each fault, that calms each
And speaks of heaven.

6.
f And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

7.
p Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
cr. O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

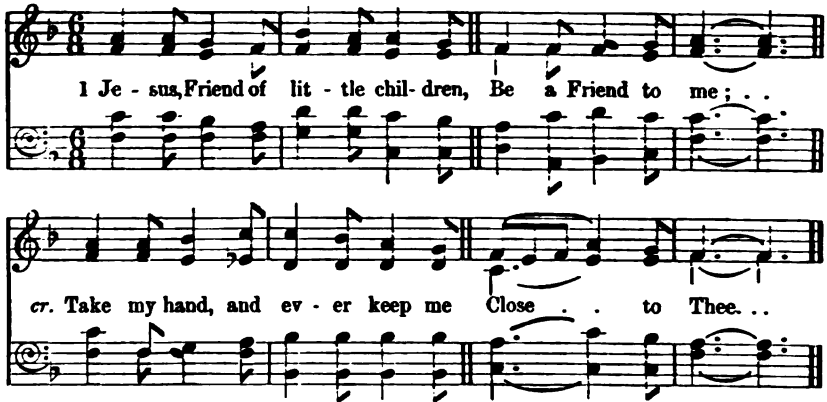
IV. The Life of a Christian.

1. Giving ourselves to Christ.

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

274 *Thou art the Guide of my youth.*—Jer. iii. 4.

Rothbury. 8.5.8.3. J. H. Maunder, 1892.



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2 Show me what my love should cherish,
What, too, it should shun;
p Lest my feet for poison flowers
Swift should run.

3 Teach me how to grow in goodness,
Daily as I grow:
Thou hast been a Child, and surely
Thou dost know.

4 Fill me with Thy gentle meekness,
Make my heart like Thine;
cr. Like an altar lamp, then let me
Burn and shine.

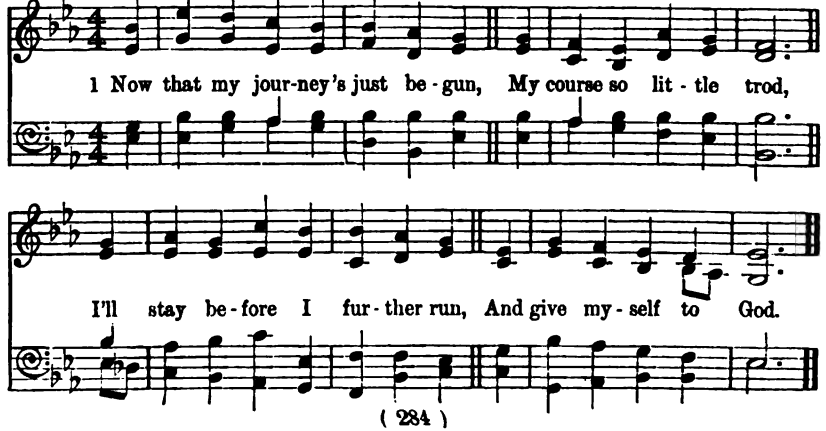
5 Step by step, oh! lead me onward,
Upward into youth;
Wiser, stronger, still becoming
In Thy truth.

6 Never leave me, nor forsake me,
Ever be my Friend;
cr. For I need Thee from life's dawning
To its end.

Walter J. Mathams, 1876.

275 *Those that seek Me early shall find Me.*—Prov. viii. 17.

St. Peter. C.M. A. R. Reinagle, 1830.



p 2 What sorrows may my steps attend,
I cannot now foretell;
cr. But if the Lord will be my Friend,
I know that all is well.

3 If I am rich, He'll guard my heart
Temptation to withstand;
cr. And make me willing to impart
The bounties of His hand.

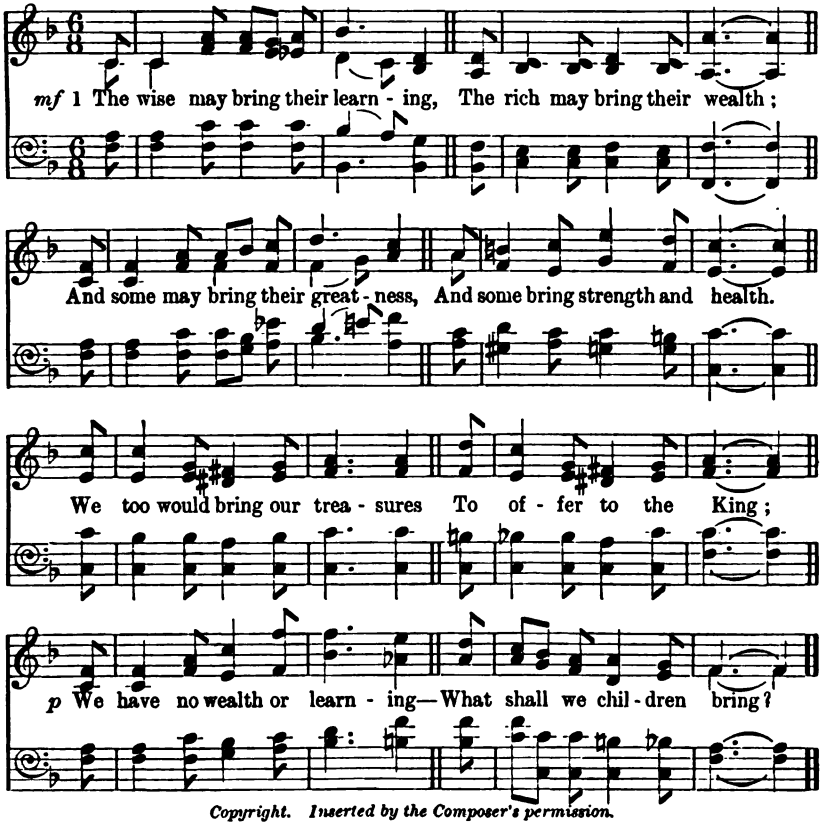
4 If I am poor, He can supply,
Who has my table spread,
cr. Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills His poor with bread.

cr. 5 Attend me through my youthful way,
Whatever be my lot;
And when I'm feeble, old, and grey,
O Lord, forsake me not.

Jane Taylor, 1810.

276 *Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?*—
1 Chron. xxix. 5.

Tettenball. 7.6., 8 lines. R. S. Newman, 1877.



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cr. 2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
p And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
cr. And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play.
f And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them:
Yet these a child may bring.

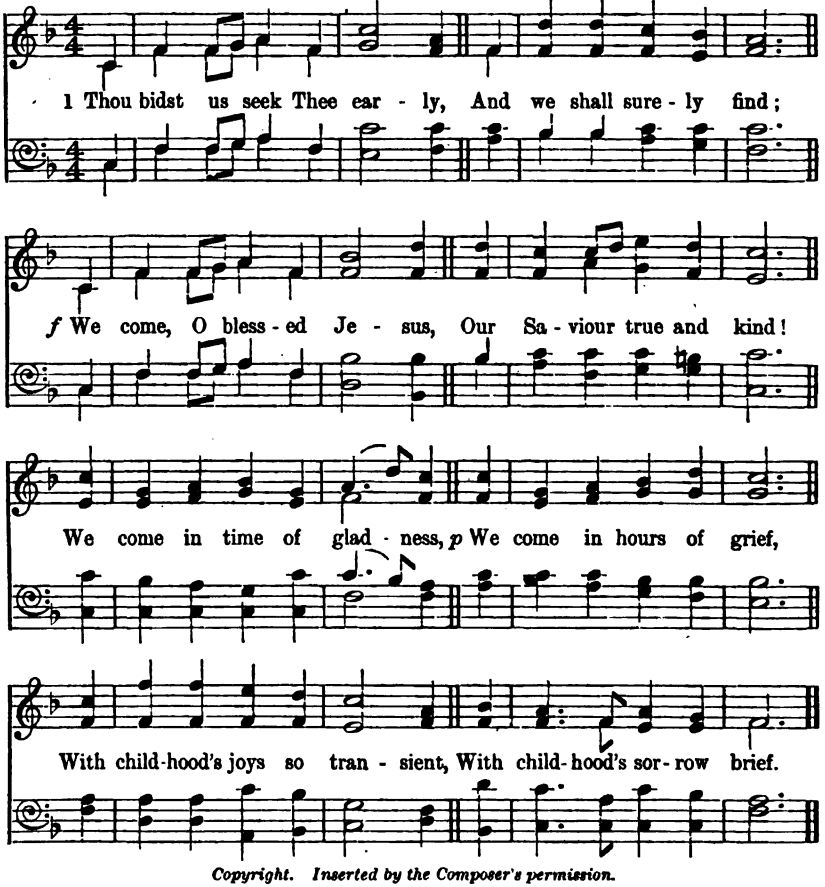
Anon., circa 1880.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Day of Rest," No. 214.

277

Those that seek Me early shall find Me.—Prov. viii. 17.

Lymington. 7.6., 8 lines. R. Jackson, 1875.



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p 2 We have not seen the glory
Which Bethlehem's shepherds saw,
Nor heard the midnight anthem
They heard with wondering awe;
In rapturous haste they sought Thee,
The Christ so lowly born;
cr. We too would seek Thee early
In life's rejoicing morn.

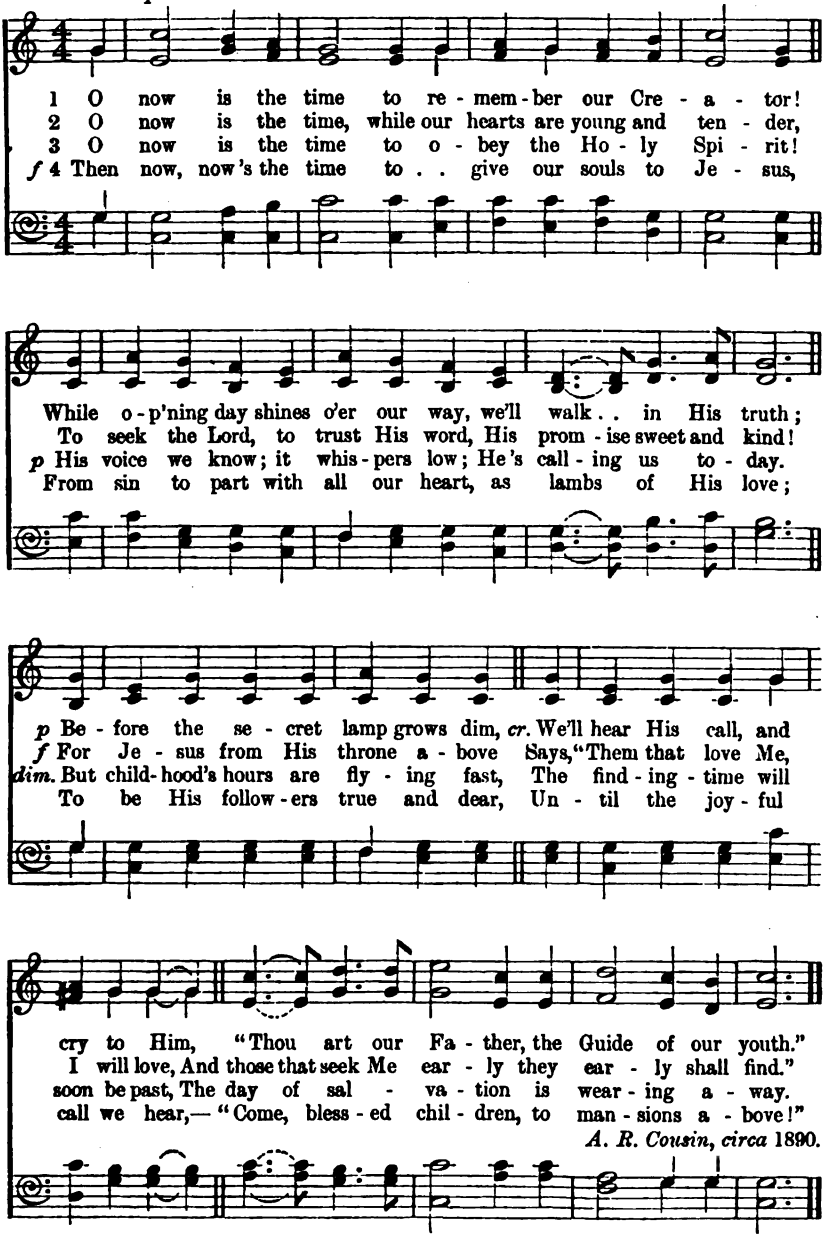
p 3 No gifts have we to bring Thee,
O Saviour, but our love!
Harp notes are ever ringing
To angel-songs above;
cr. Yet will Thou deign to listen
To hymns which children raise,
Though all unskilled our music,
And faint our highest praise.

4 Lord, give us now Thy Spirit;
Grant us Thy constant grace,
cr. Till, having sought Thee early,
At length we see Thy face;
f See Thee in cloudless glory,
The Lamb who once was slain,
And join the host of ransomed
Who follow in Thy train.

Jeannette Threlfall, 1873.

278 *Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*—Eccles. xii. 1.

Salem. *With spirit.* 13.13.8.8.10. German Air.



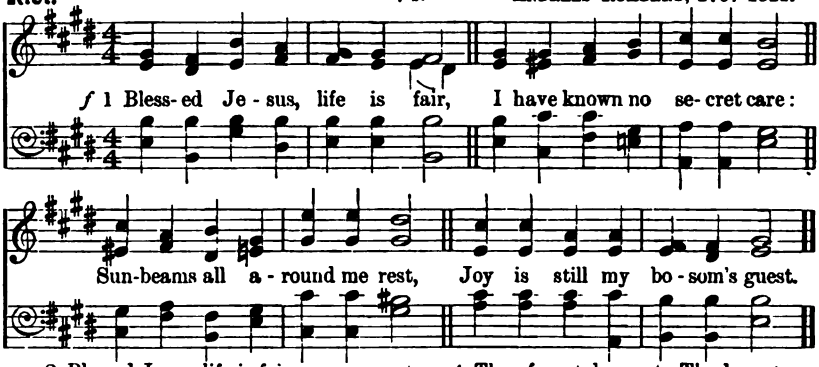
A. R. Cousin, circa 1890.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

279

Thou art my trust from my youth.—Psalm lxxi. 5.

Kiel. 7's. ANDREAS ROMBERG, 1767-1821.



2 Blessed Jesus, life is fair,
Therefore listen to my prayer:
Let me come within Thy fold
Ere my heart grows hard and cold.

3 Though I am so happy now,
Health upon my youthful brow,
p Yet I know that life will bring
Winter, too, as well as spring.

4 Therefore, take me to Thy breast,
Let me on Thy bosom rest;
Fill my heart with love divine,
Let Thine image in me shine.

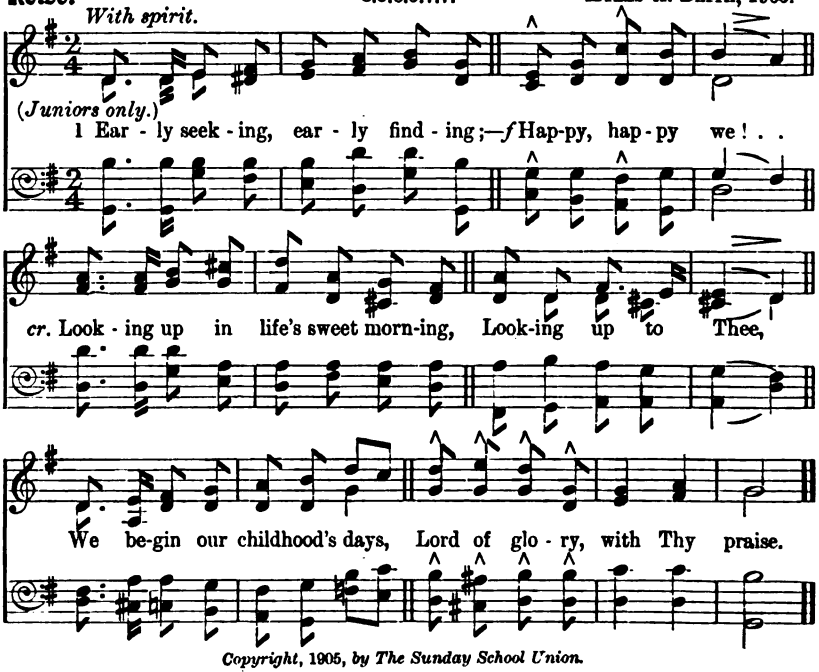
f 5 Then my life will all be bright,
Thou wilt be my joy and light,
And I shall not fear to die,
Heaven will be my home on high.

Eliza A. Godwin, 1865.

280

Those that seek Me early shall find Me.—Prov. viii. 17.

Kelso. 8.5.8.5.7.7. MYLES A. BEITH, 1905.



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(*All.*)

2 Early asking, early getting;—
f Happy, happy we!
cr. Let us daily, blessèd Jesus,
Find our all in Thee!
In Thy fulness is the store
Of the life for evermore.

3 Early knocking, early opening;—
f Happy, happy we;
mf By the holy gate we enter,
Lord, to dwell with Thee.
In the city of the blest,
In the home of heavenly rest.

p 4 Early peace, and early pardon;—
Happy, happy we!
mp From a thousand snares delivered,
Hidden, Lord, in Thee.
dim. Let the life we live while here,
Be a life of holy fear.

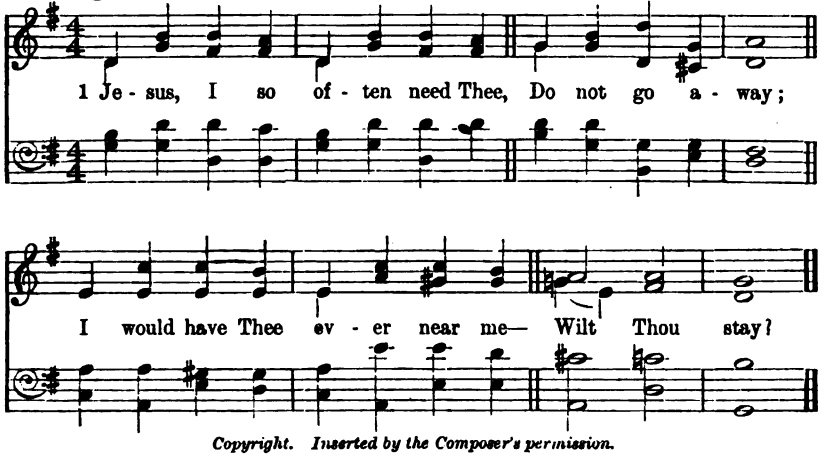
5 Early faith, and early progress;—
f Happy, happy we!
cr. Guided by the gracious Spirit,
Lord, we follow Thee!
Lead us through the darkness here,
Till the morning star appear.

Horatius Bonar, 1880.

N.B.—This hymn was written by the late Dr. Bonar expressly for the Editor.

281 *Lo, I am with you alway.*—Matt. xxviii. 20.

Morsley. 8.5.8.3. R. Jackson, 1894.



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f 2 When I'm glad I want to tell Thee,
And I long to do
Something that I know will gladden
Jesus too.

p 3 When I'm sad, I want my sorrow
To be felt by Thee;
And I know that Thou hast pity
Just for me.

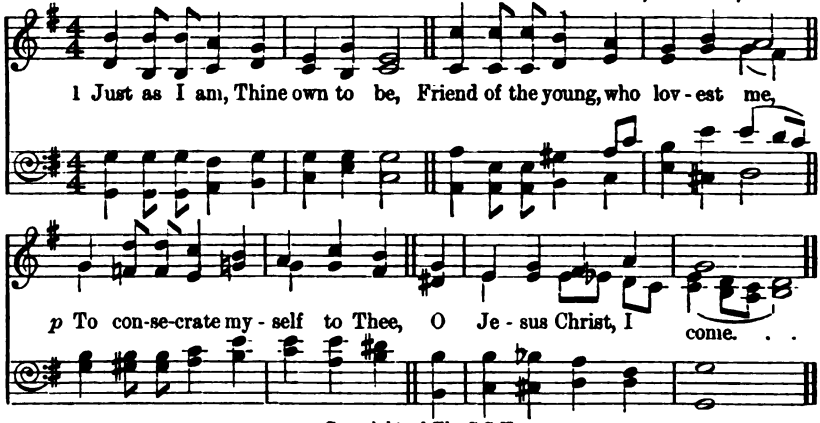
p 4 Often, when I really would not,
I do something wrong;
dim. Jesus, pity Thou my weakness—
Make me strong.

p 5 Should the folly sorely grieve Thee
I regret to own,
cr. Still, in folly do not leave me
Here alone.

6 Ever with Thee, still more like Thee,
Growing day by day.
cr. Soon, for very love, Thou wilt not
Go away. *W. H. Parker*, 1880.

282 *Early will I seek Thee.*—Psalm lxiii. 1.

Shannon. 8.8.8.6. ALICIA A. NEEDHAM, A.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., 1904.



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f 2 In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
cr. With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

(Boys only.)

f 3 I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

(All.)

f 4 Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
p Lord of my life, I come.

(Girls only.)

p 5 With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold;
cr. But dearer still my faith to hold;
For my whole life, I come.

(All.)

f 6 And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down;
O Master, Lord, I come.

Marianne Farningham, circa 1880.

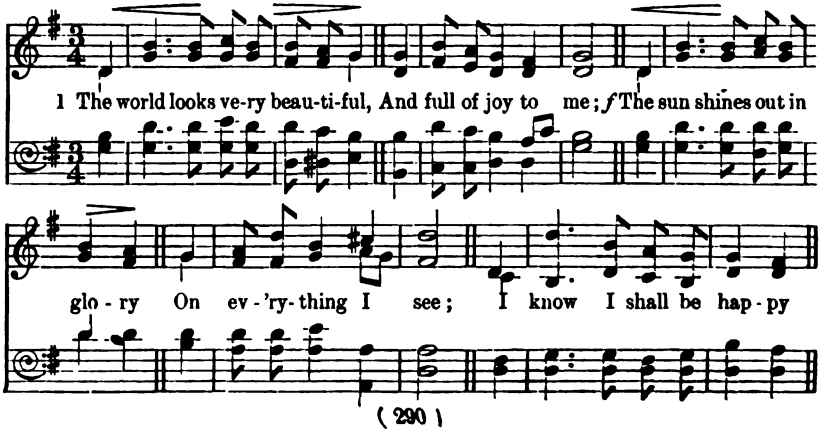
This hymn may also be sung to tune "Silverstone," No. 578.

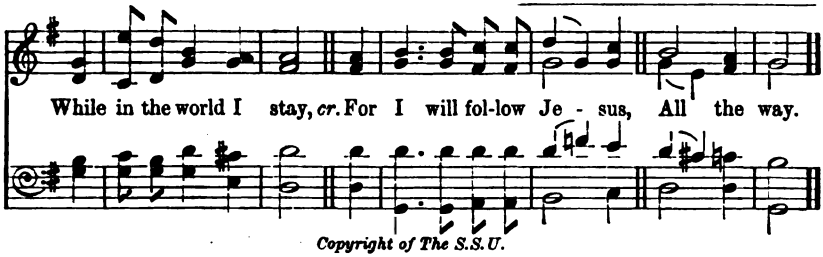
2. Following Jesus.

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

283 *Lord, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest.*—Luke ix. 57.

All the Way. P.M. FRED W. BLACOW, A.R.C.O., 1896.





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2 I'm but a little pilgrim,
My journey 's just begun;
p They say I shall meet sorrow,
Before my journey 's done.
dim. The world is full of trouble
And suffering, they say,
cr. But I will follow Jesus,
All the way.

3 Then, like a little pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it, joy or sorrow,
To lay at Jesus' feet;
p He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away,
f With joy I'll follow Jesus,
All the way.

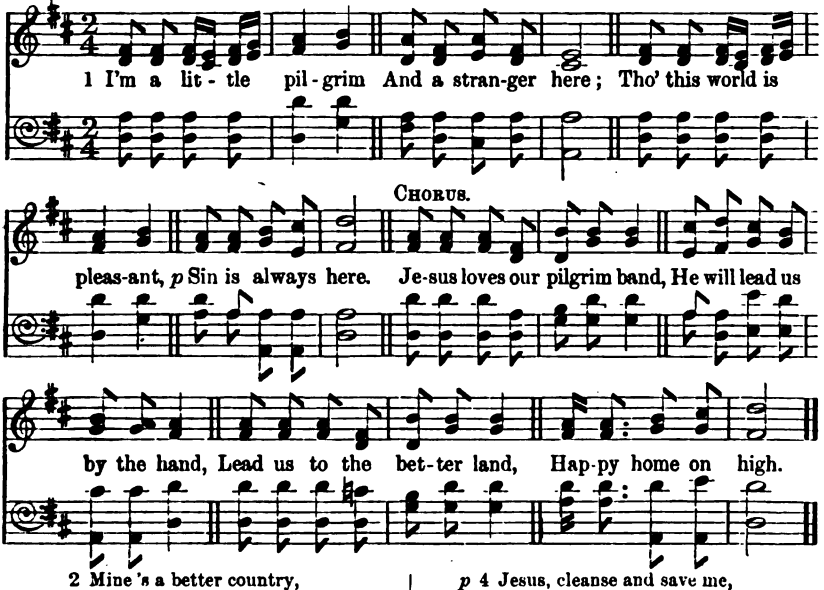
4 Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear;
For when I'm close by Jesus,
Grief cannot come too near.
f Not even death can harm me—
p When death I meet one day;
To heaven I'll follow Jesus,
cr. All the way.

Anna B. Warner, circa 1860.

284
Little Pilgrim.

Strangers and pilgrims.—1 Pet. ii. 11.

6.5.6.5. with Chorus. (?) W. B. BRADBURY, *circa* 1860.



2 Mine 's a better country,
Where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.
Jesus loves, etc.

pp 3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes
And with Christ be seen.
Jesus loves, etc.

p 4 Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.
Jesus loves, etc.

p 5 I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here;
cr. But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near.
Jesus loves, etc.

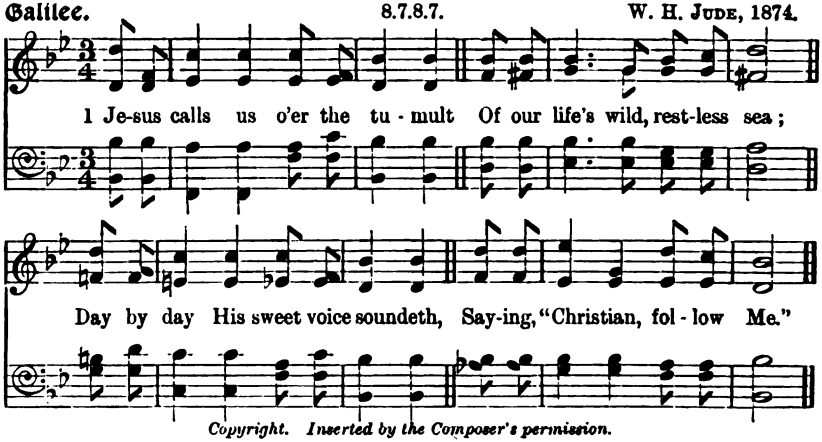
John Curwen, 1848.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

285

Lovest thou Me more than these?—John xxi. 15.

Galilee. 8.7.8.7. W. H. JUDE, 1874.



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p 2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
cr. Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

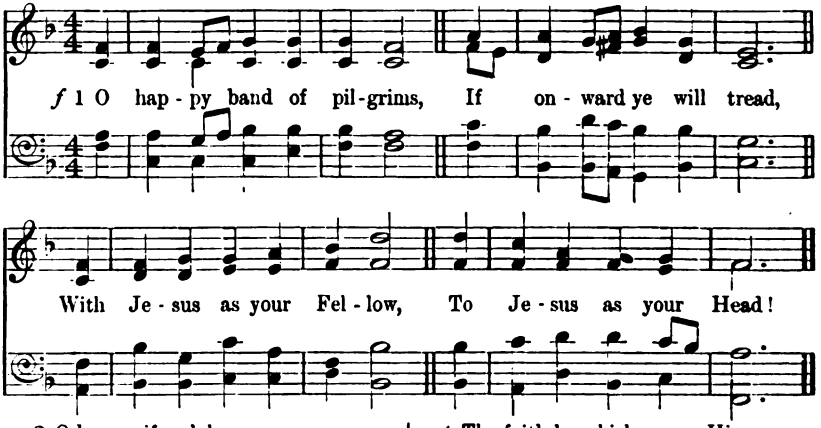
4 Jesus calls us! By Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
cr. Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

C. Frances Alexander, 1852.

286

Strangers and pilgrims.—Heb. xi. 13.

Barton. 7.6.7.6. J. H. KNECHT, 1799.



2 O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men!
p O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

p 3 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
f The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn;.

p 5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

cr. 6 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

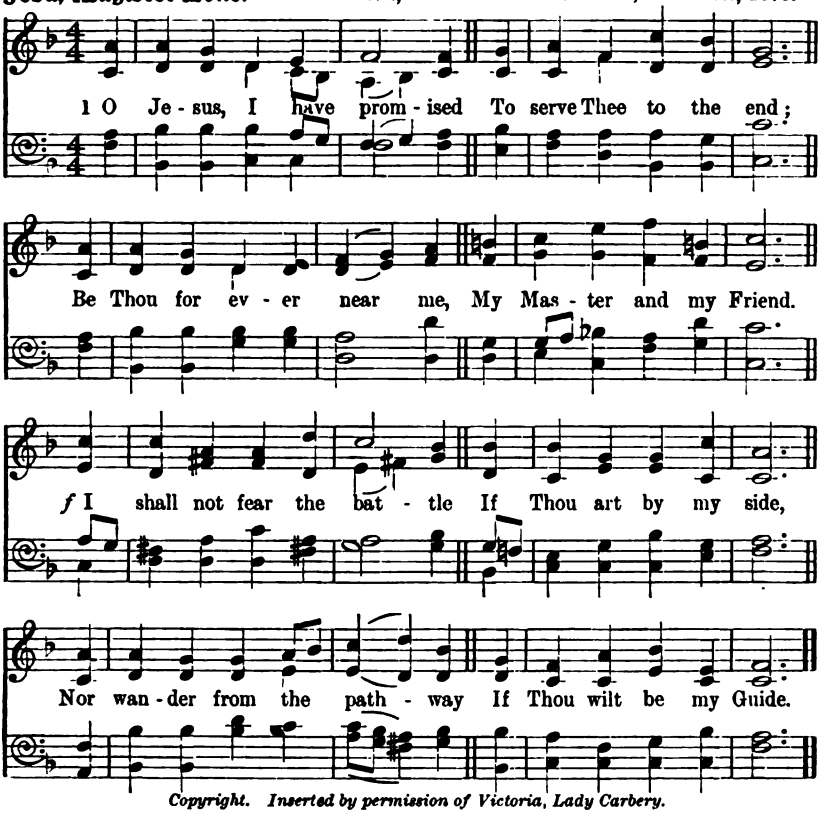
7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

J. M. Neale, 1866.

287

These follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.—Rev. xiv. 4.

Jesu, Magister Bone. 7.6., 8 lines. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1876.



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2 O let me feel Thee near me,
p The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle;
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
cr. But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

p 3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
cr. O speak! to reassure me,
To hasten or control:
O speak! to make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory,
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

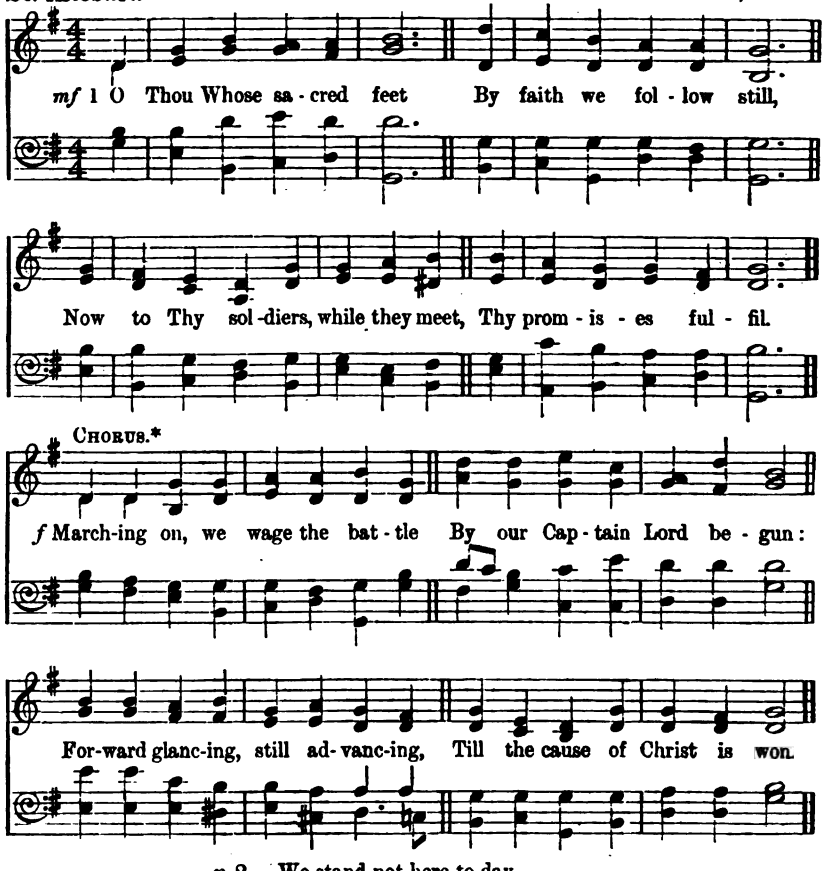
cr. 5 O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone!
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
f And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

J. E. Bode, 1869

288

Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.—Ex. xiv. 15.

St. Michael. S.M. with Chorus. DAY'S *Psalter*, 1563.



p 2 We stand not here to-day
As victors after fight;
We do but pause awhile, as they
Who would renew their might.

Chorus—f Strengthen us for loftier service,
Nobler deeds than we have done;
Forward glancing, still advancing,
Till the cause of Christ is won.

f 3 Ere we the strife renew,
Accept our thankful praise,
For help the conflict to pursue
Through bright or stormy days.

Chorus—cr. Pressing on, whate'er betide us,
Lowering clouds or smiling sun;
Forward glancing, still advancing,
Till the cause of Christ is won.

* Tune "Stuttgart," from the *Gotha Cantional*, 1715.

f 4 If some, O Lord, can show
Fair trophies won for Thee,
Their triumph and their joy below,
p Let grateful reverence be.
Chorus—f From the sin of pride deliver,
This temptation may we shun;
Forward glancing, still advancing,
Till the cause of Christ is won.

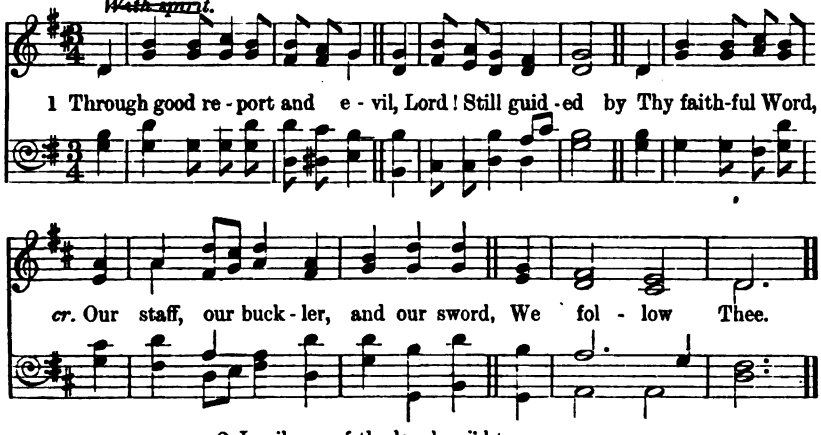
p 5 To those who faint and fail,
New zeal and hope impart;
cr. When doubts perplex and fears assail,
Make strong each soldier's heart.
Chorus—f Battling till the shadows lengthen,
And we hear the glad "Well done";
Forward glancing, still advancing,
Till the cause of Christ is won.

Horace G. Groser, 1905.

(*The verses may be taken by male voices alone, the chorus by all the school.*)

289 *If any man serve Me, let him follow Me.*—John xii. 26.

Avenue. 8.8.8.4. J. S. Bach, 1685-1750.



p 2 In silence of the lonely night,
In fullest glow of day's clear light,
cr. Through life's strange windings, dark or bright,
We follow Thee.

m 3 Great Master! point Thou out the way,
Nor suffer Thou our steps to stray;
cr. Then in the path that leads to day,
We follow Thee.

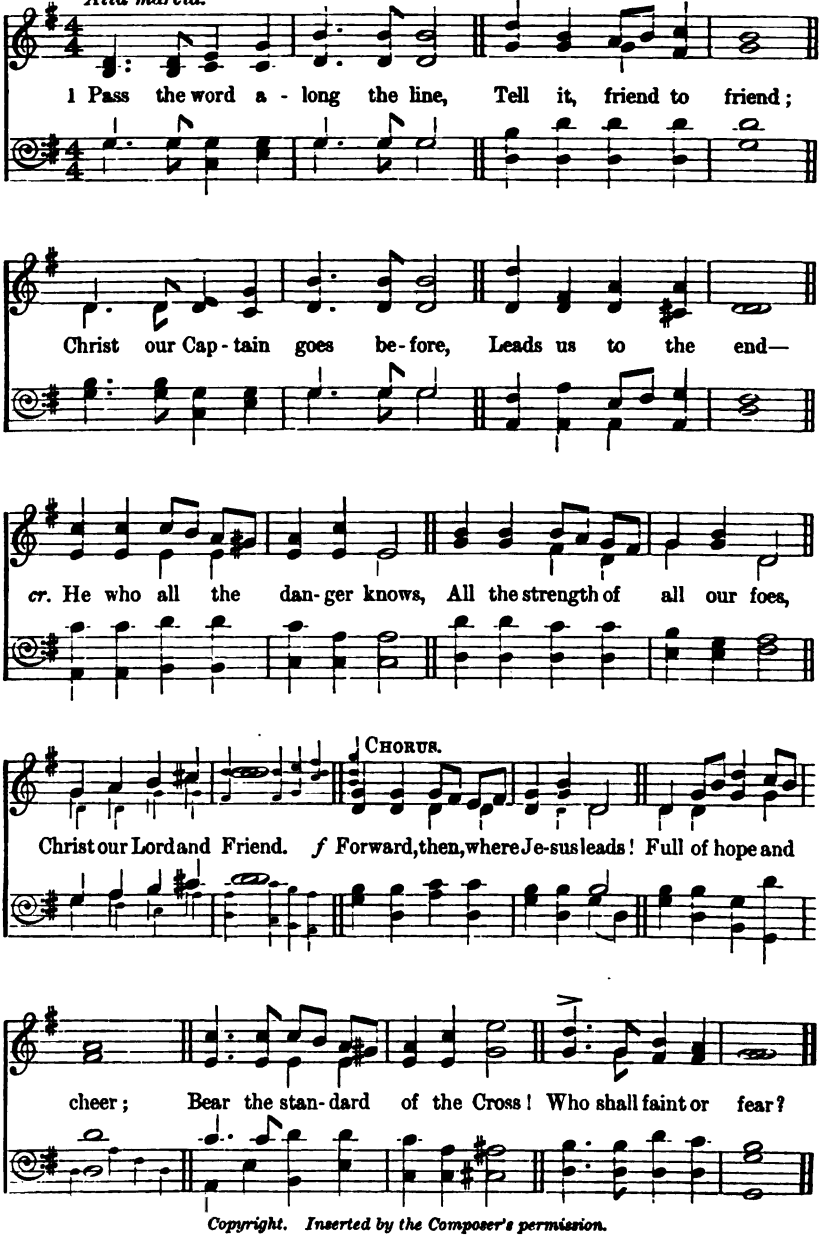
4 Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
p O keep us, aid us by Thy grace,—
We follow Thee.

f 5 Whom have we in the heaven above?
Whom on this earth, save Thee, to love?
Still in Thy light we onward move.
cr. We follow Thee.

Horatius Bonar, 1866.

290 *Behold, I have given Him for a Leader and Commander to the people.*—Isa. lv. 4.

Dunbar. P.M. J. H. Maunder, 1892.



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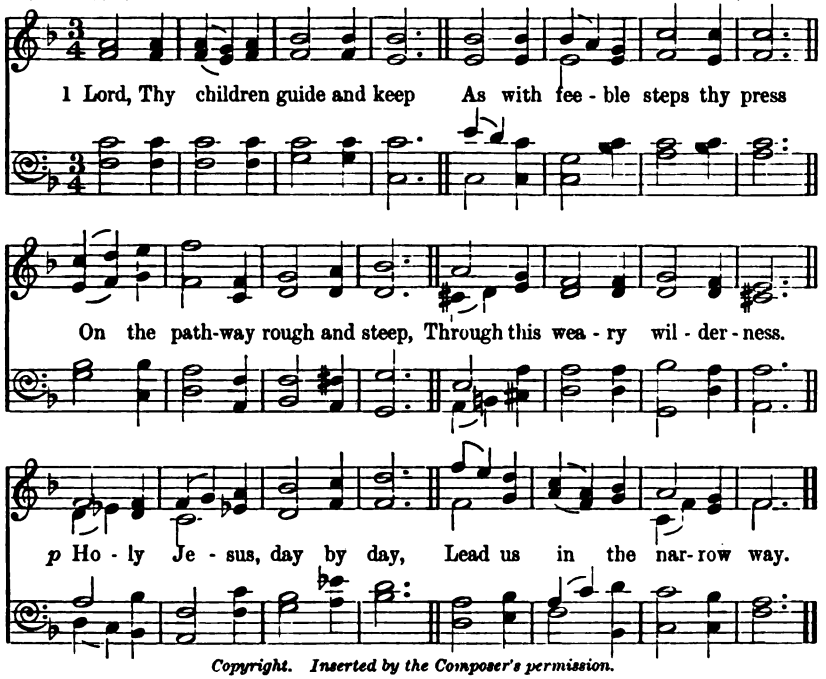
2.
He who goes where Jesus leads,
Never goes astray;
He who Jesus' order heeds,
Always gains the day;
cr. He who falters not shall be
Led to glorious victory
By a glorious way.
Forward, etc.

3.
Pass the word along the line:
Lo! the promised land
cr. Ye shall enter and possess,
By His mighty hand.
f Courage, then! ye must not fail;
Strongest foes cannot prevail;
Jesus has command.
Forward, etc.
H. O. Knowlton, circa 1880.

291

Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life.—Matt. vii. 14.

Ashburton. 7's., 6 lines. R. JACKSON, 1881.



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2.
p There are stony ways to tread;
Give the strength we sorely lack:
There are tangled paths to thread;
Light us, lest we miss the track.
cr. Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

3.
m There are soft and flowery glades,
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades;
p Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
cr. Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.

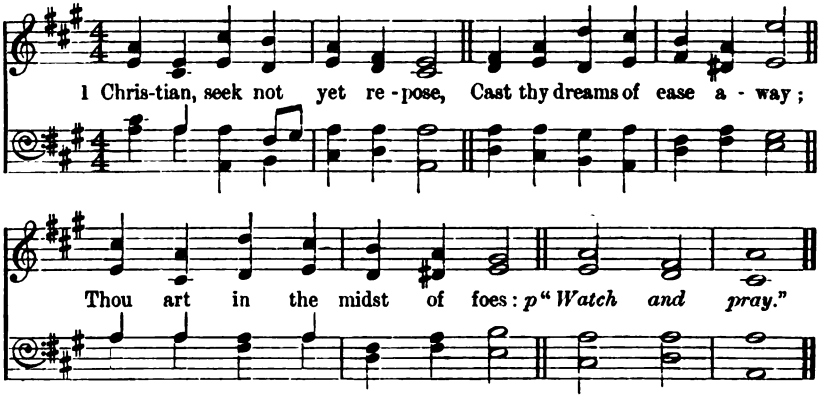
4.
f Upward still to purer heights,
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest.
cr. Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.
W. W. How, 1854.

3. Prayer.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

292 *Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.*—Matt. xxvi. 41.

Samos. 7.7.7.3. W. H. HAVERGAL, 1859.



f 2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thine unguarded hours:
p "*Watch and pray.*"

f 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
p Near thee lurks the evil one:
"*Watch and pray.*"

f 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame,
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with warning voice exclaim,
"*Watch and pray.*"

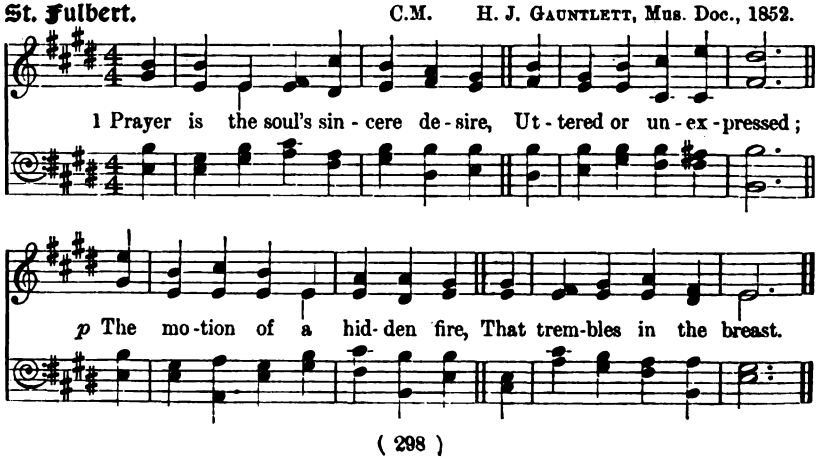
5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
p Hide within thy heart His word:
"*Watch and pray.*"

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down:
p "*Watch and pray.*"

Charlotte Elliott, 1839.

293 *She spake in her heart.*—1 Sam. i. 13.

St. Fulbert. C.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc., 1852.



pp 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
f Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
cr. While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays!"

5 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
cr. And Jesus on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.

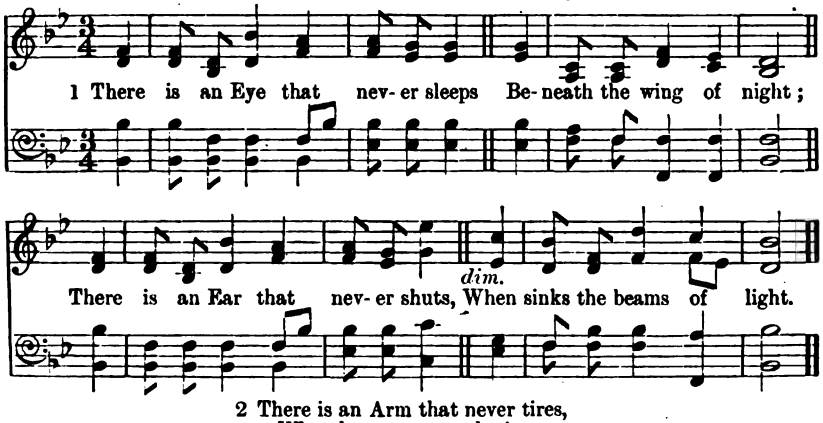
p 6 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
dim. The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery, 1818.

294
Gratitude.

His ears are open unto their prayers.—1 Pet. iii. 12.

C.M. From *Templi Carmina*, *circa* 1850.



2 There is an Arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a Love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

cr. 3 That Eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That Arm upholds the sky;
That Ear is filled with angel songs;
That Love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain;
That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach,
That listening Ear to gain.

f 5 That power is prayer, which soars on high
Through Jesus to the throne,
cr. And moves the Hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

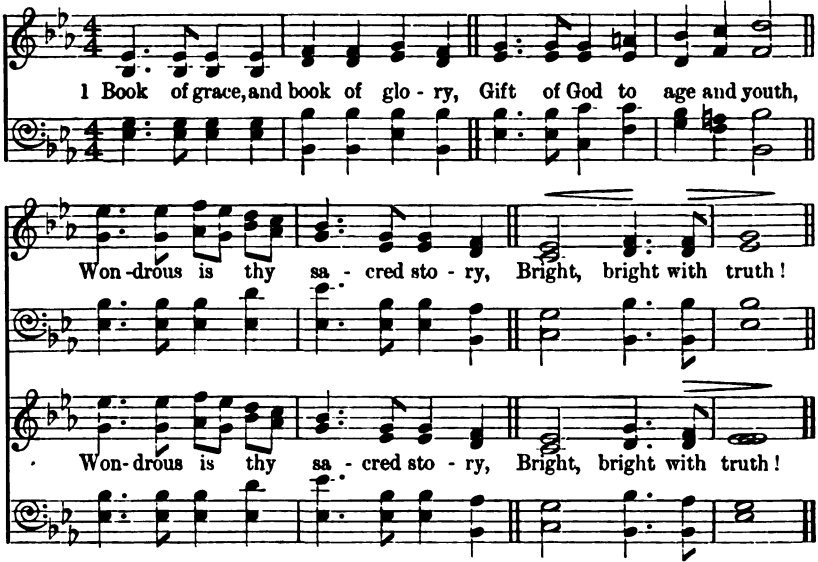
J. C. Wallace, 1793-1841.

4. The Bible.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

295 *Thy Word is true from the beginning.*—Psalm cxix. 160.

The Best Book. [8.7.8.4. LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc., 1792-1872.



p 2 Book of love! in accents tender
Speaking unto such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
All, all to Thee.

3 Book of hope! the spirit sighing,
Sweetest comfort finds in thee,
As it hears the Saviour crying,
"Come, come to Me."

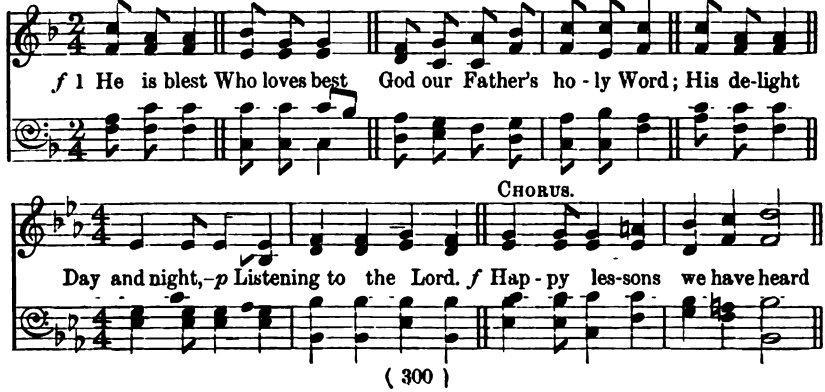
p 4 Book of peace! when nights of sorrow
Fall upon us drearily,
Thou wilt bring a shining morrow,
Full, full of Thee.

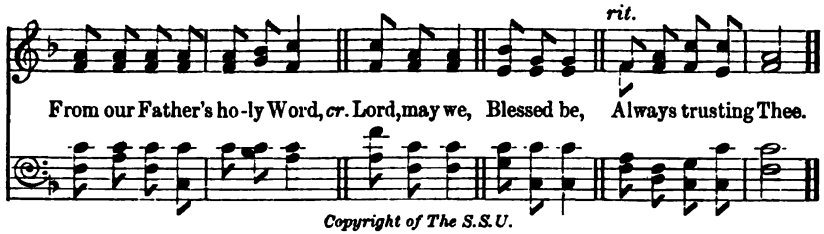
5 Book of life! when we, reposing,
Bid farewell to friends we love,
cr. Give us, for the life then closing,
Life, life above.

Thomas MacKellar, 1843.

296 *Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.*—Psalm i. 1.

Beatitude. P.M. with Chorus. German Air. Har. by C. B., 1905.





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p 2 He'll not walk,
Stand, nor talk,
In the downward way of sin;
f God will bless,
Give success,
Give him peace within.
Happy lessons, etc.

3 He shall be
Like a tree,
Planted by the flowing stream;
f Leaves will grow
Blossoms blow,
In the sun's bright beam.
Happy lessons, etc.

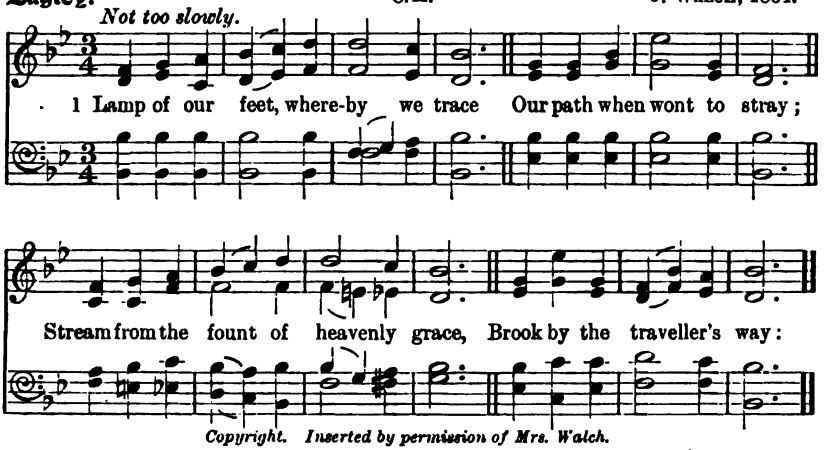
p 4 O, not so,
Those who go,
With the wicked day by day;
dim. Chaff are these
Which the breeze
Driveth far away.
Happy lessons, etc.

E. E. Hewitt, circa 1890 (*alt.*).

297

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.—Psalm cxix. 105.

Eagley. C.M. J. Walch, 1864.



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2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky:

p 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
cr. And radiant cloud by day; [bark,
When waves would whelm our tossing
Our anchor and our stay:

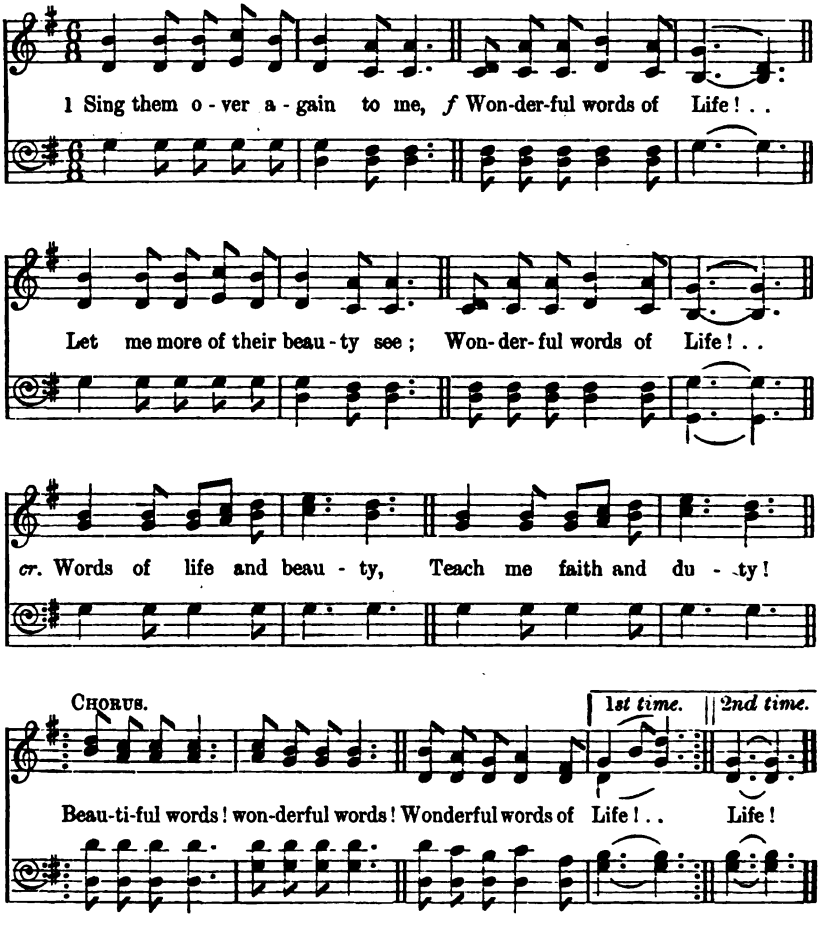
4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
p Without Thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

cr. 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton, 1836.

298 *The words that I speak unto you . . . they are life.*—John vi. 63.

Wonderful Words. P.M. P. P. Bliss, 1874.



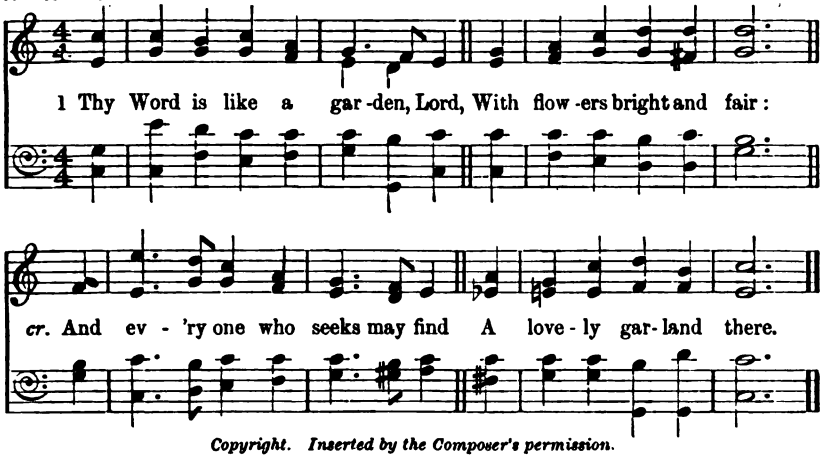
2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of Life!
p Sinner, list to the loving call;
Wonderful words of Life!
cr. All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven.
Beautiful words, etc.

3 Sweetly echo the Gospel call!
Wonderful words of Life!
Offer pardon and peace to all;
Wonderful words of Life!
dim. Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify for ever!
Beautiful words, etc.

P. P. Bliss, 1874.

299

St. Saviour. C.M. F. G. Baker, 1876.



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Superintendent.—*Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee.*

Scholars.—*Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy Name.*

1 Thy Word is like a garden, Lord,
With flowers, bright and fair:
cr. And every one who seeks may find
A lovely garland there.

Supt.—*Ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart.*

Sch.—*I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.*

p 2 Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine;
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths,
For every searcher there.

Supt.—*He telleth the number of the stars; He calleth them all by their names.*

Sch.—*Praise ye Him, sun and moon: praise Him, all ye stars of light.*

3 Thy Word is like a starry host,
A thousand rays of light
cr. Are seen, to guide the traveller
And make his pathway bright.

Supt.—*O sing unto the Lord a new song, for He hath done marvellous things.*

Sch.—*And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb.*

f 4 Thy Word is like a glorious choir,
And loud its anthems ring;
Though many tongues and parts unite,
It is one song they sing.

Supt.—*Take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand.*

Sch.—*I will delight myself in Thy statutes: I will not forget Thy Word.*

5 Thy Word is like an armoury,
Where soldiers may repair,
And find for life's long battle day
All needful weapons there.

p 6 Oh, may I love Thy precious Word,
May I explore the mine,
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine:

cr. 7 O, may I find my armour there,
Thy Word my trusty sword;
I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord.

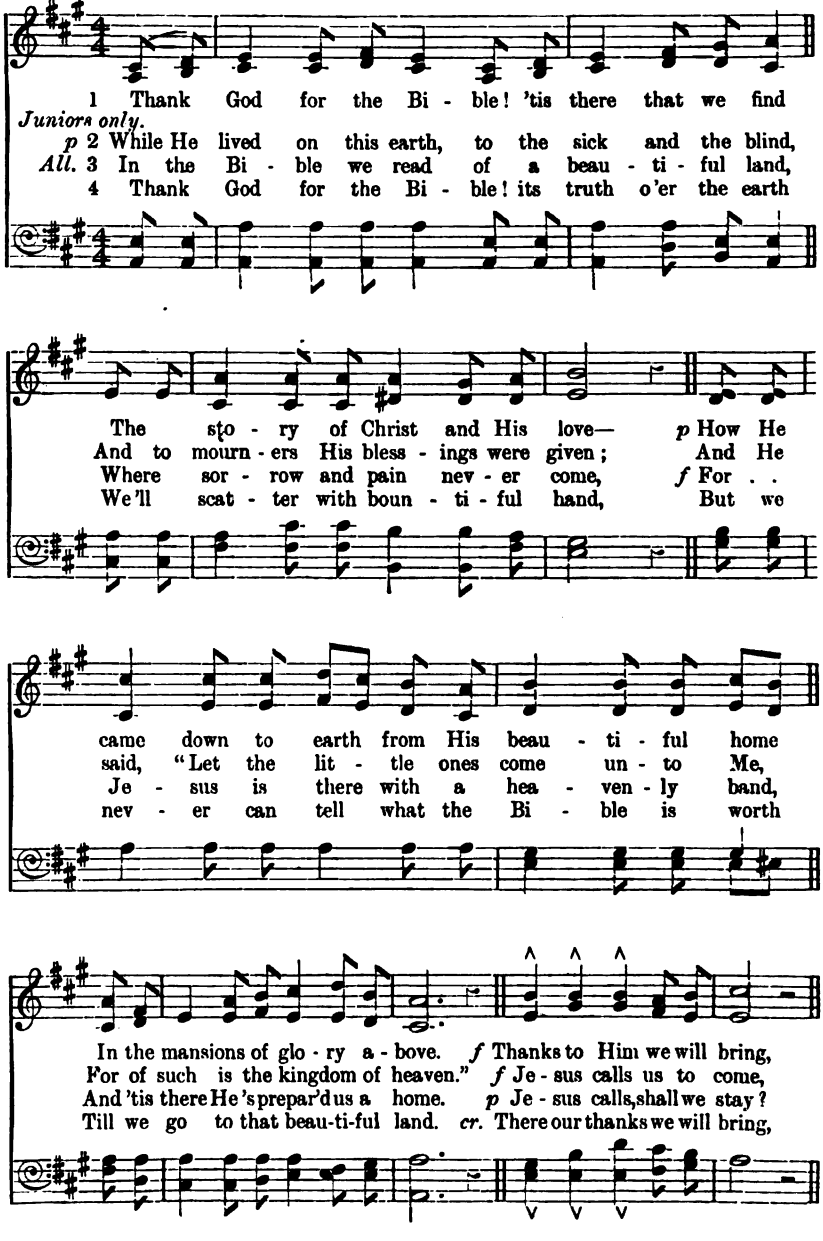
Edwin Hodder, 1863.

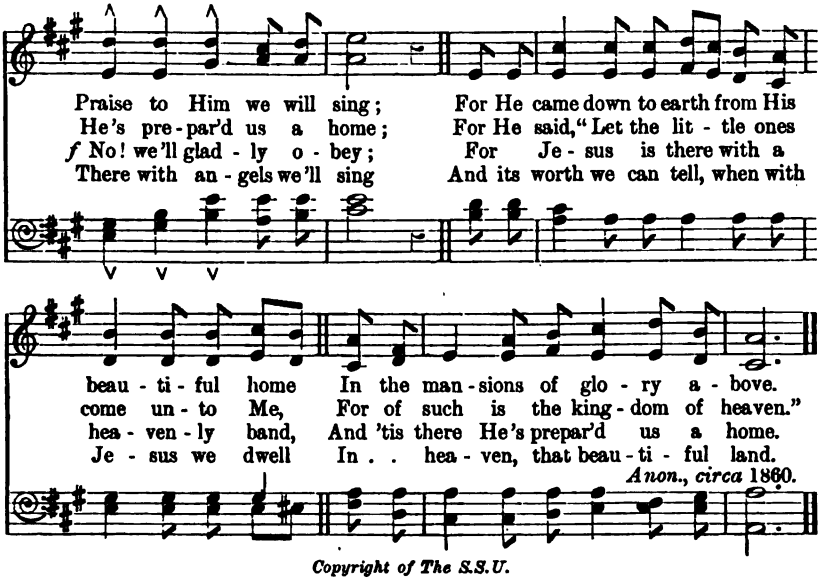
300 *Better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.*—Psalm cxix. 72.

Thank God for the Bible.

P.M.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1861.
Har. by E. R. B., 1905.





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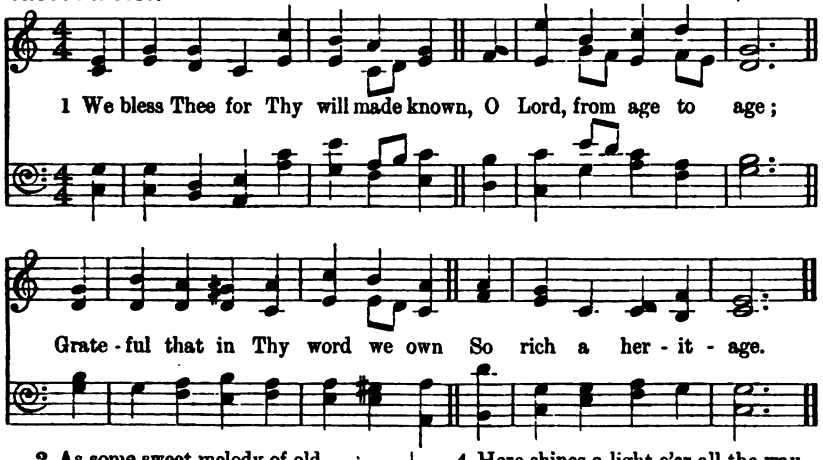
301 *Thy testimonies are my . . . counsellors.*—Psalm cxix. 24.

Westminster. C.M. J. Turle, 1843.



2 As some sweet melody of old
To well-tuned harps is strung,
p So here Thy mercy-thoughts are told
By seer's and poet's tongue.

f 3 But at the Saviour's feet we learn
Thy vast, redeeming plan;
p We call Thee Father, and discern
Thy depths of love to man.

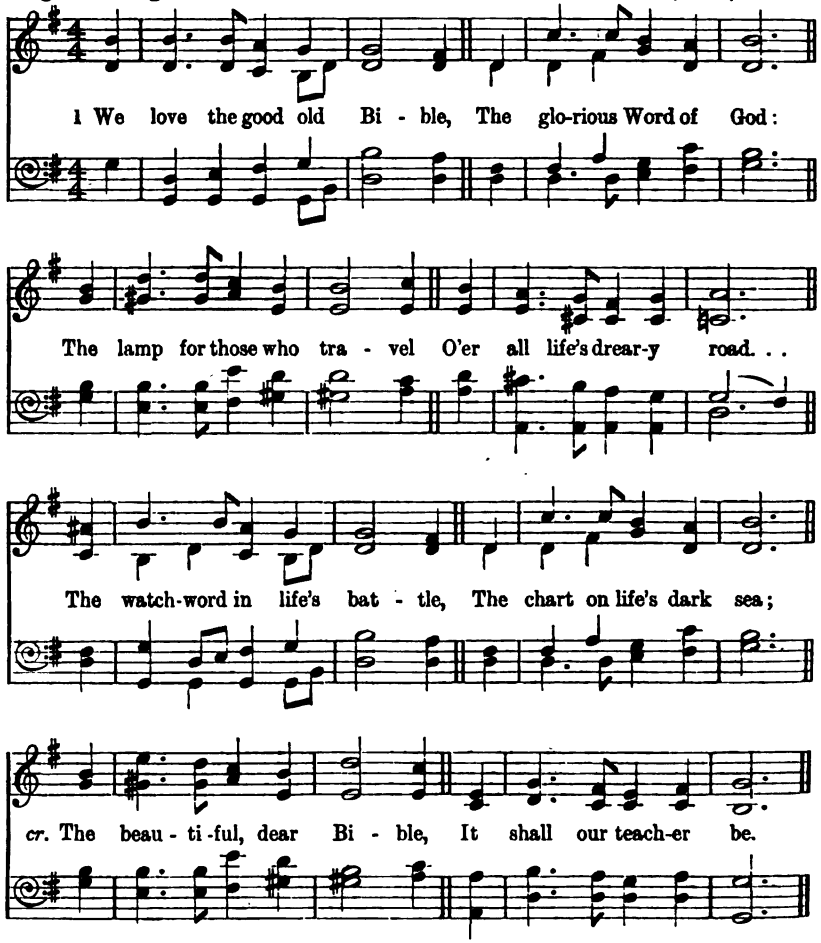
4 Here shines a light o'er all the way
That mortal feet have trod,
cr. And leads, with ever-brightening ray,
Home by the cross to God.

5 Here would we find our heavenward chart,
Our staff, when weak and lone,
cr. Till we shall see Thee as Thou art,
And know as we are known.

W. H. Groser, 1890.

302 *Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart.*—Jer. xv. 16.

Angel's Story. 7.6., 8 lines. A. H. Mann, Mus.D. (Oxon.), 1881.



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2 Who would not love the Bible,
So beautiful and wise?
Its teachings charm the simple,
And point us to the skies.
f Its stories all so mighty
Of men so brave to see;
The beautiful, dear Bible,
It shall our teacher be.

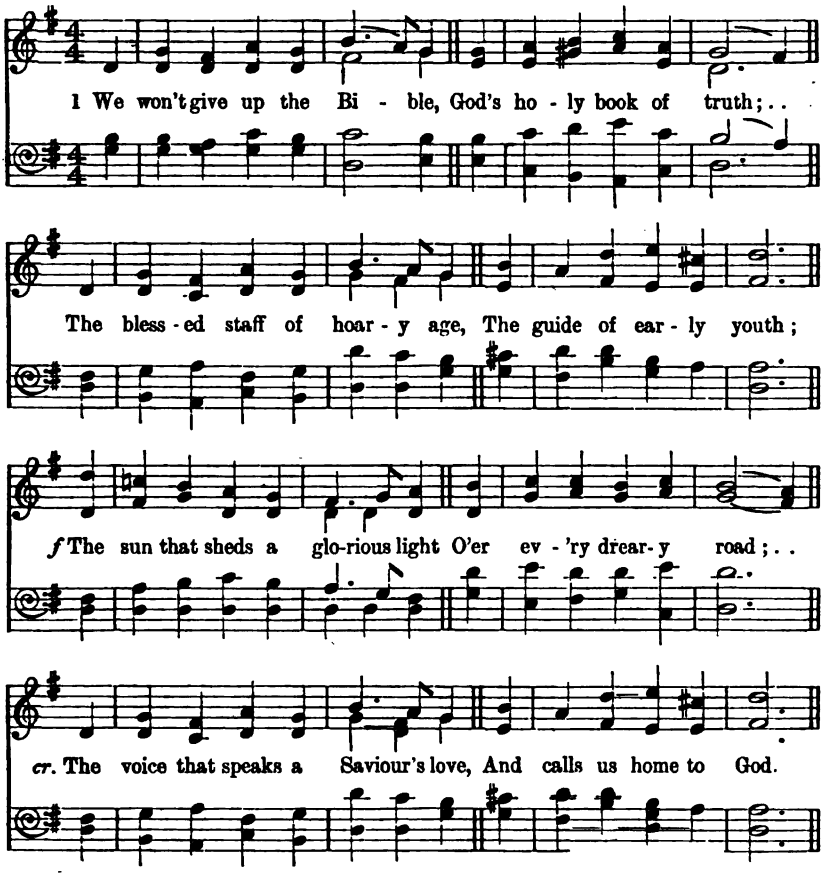
3 But most we love the Bible,
For there we children learn
p How Christ for us became a child,
Our hearts to Him to turn;
dim. And how He bowed to sorrow,
That we His face might see,
cr. The Bible, oh! the Bible,
It shall our teacher be.

f 4 Then we will hold the Bible,
The glorious book of God;
We'll ne'er forsake the Bible
Through all life's future road.
pp And when we lie a-dying,
Wherever that may be,
cr. The beautiful, dear Bible
Shall still our solace be.

E. Paxton Hood, 1854.

303 *The law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.*—Psalm cxix. 72.

Bradford. 7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6. From HAYDN, 1732-1809.



2 We won't give up the Bible,
For pleasure or for pain;
We'll buy the truth, and sell it not
For all that we might gain,
p Though man should try to take our prize
By guile, or cruel might,
cr. We'd suffer all that man could do,
And God defend the right.

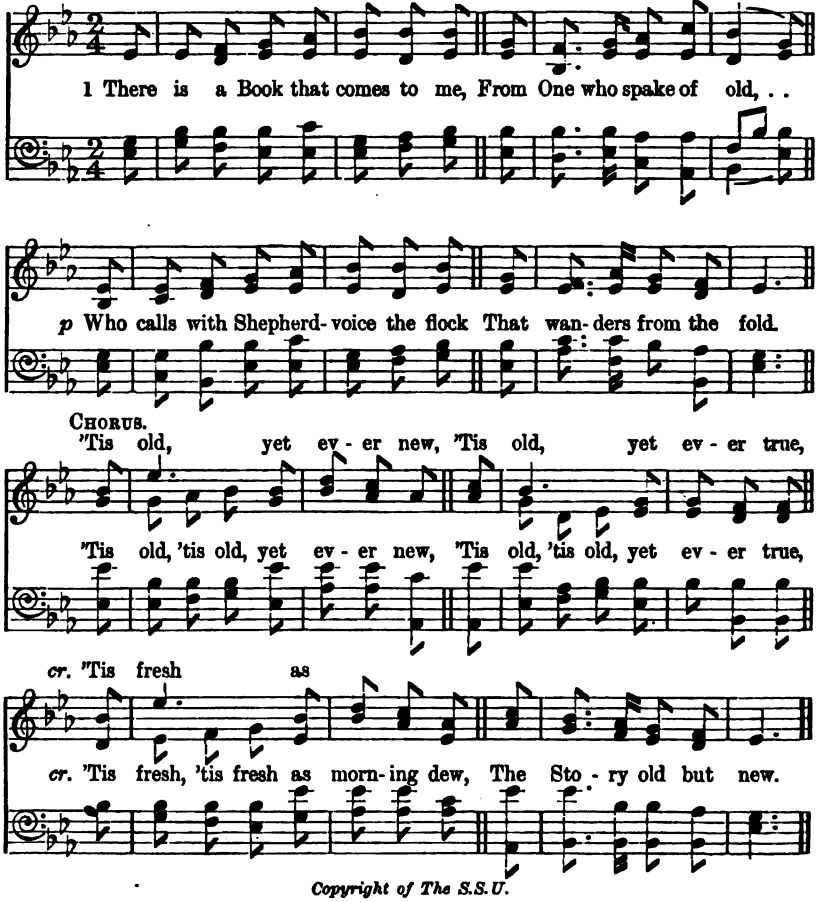
3 We won't give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
f Until its saving voice be heard
Beyond the rolling tide;
Till all shall know its gracious power,
cr. And with one voice and heart
Resolve that from God's sacred word
We'll never, never part.

W. M. Whittemore, 1839.

304

The word of the Lord endureth for ever.—1 Pet. i. 25.

Vox Dei. P.M. W. A. Williams. Har. by E. R. B., 1905.



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2 There is a Book whose pages white
A wondrous Love reveal—
dim. A Love once wounded unto death,
The wounds of sin to heal.
'Tis old, etc.

3 There is a Book whose promises
I all my life may plead;
cr. They shine like stars above the night
Of my exceeding need.
'Tis old, etc.

f 4 There is a Book whose pilgrim songs
Are sweet as songs of Spring:
cr. I hope to sing them till the day
When I shall see the King.
'Tis old, etc.

F. A. Jackson, 1905.

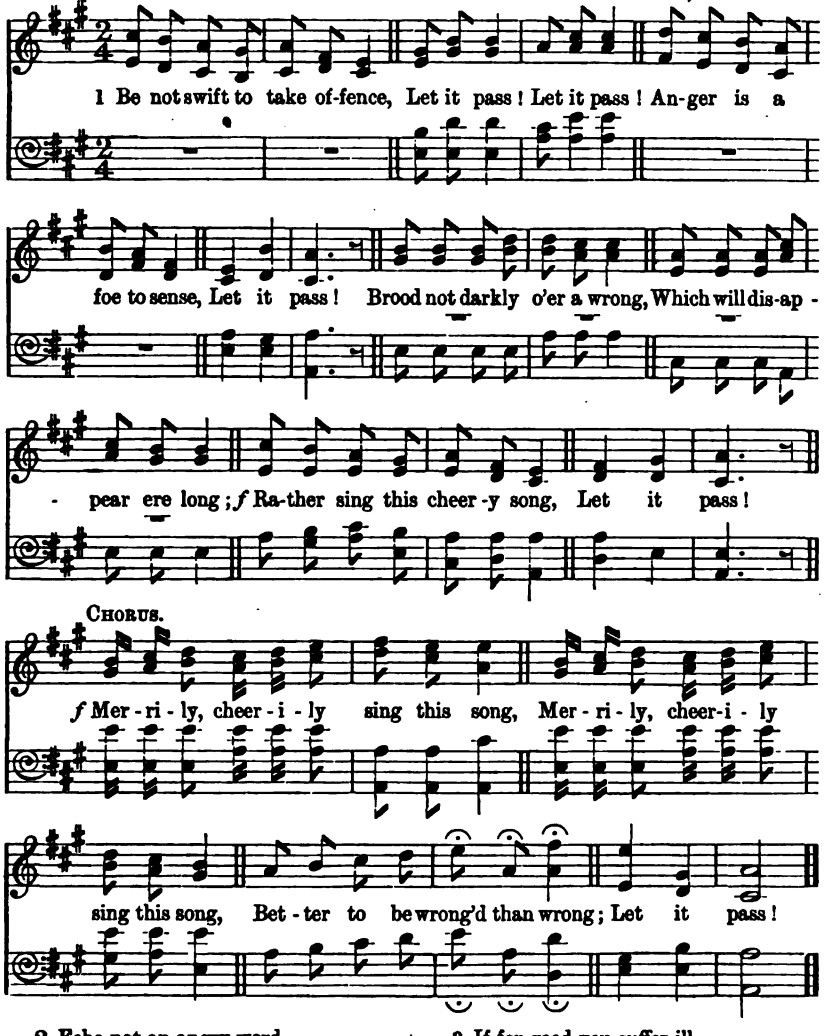
5. The Golden Rule.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

305

He that is soon angry dealeth foolishly.—Prov. xiv. 17.

Let it pass. 7.3.7.3.7.7.7.3. with Chorus. S. J. Vail, *circa* 1860.



2 Echo not an angry word,
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred,
Let it pass!
p Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrow stay?
Let it pass!
Merrily, cheerily, etc.

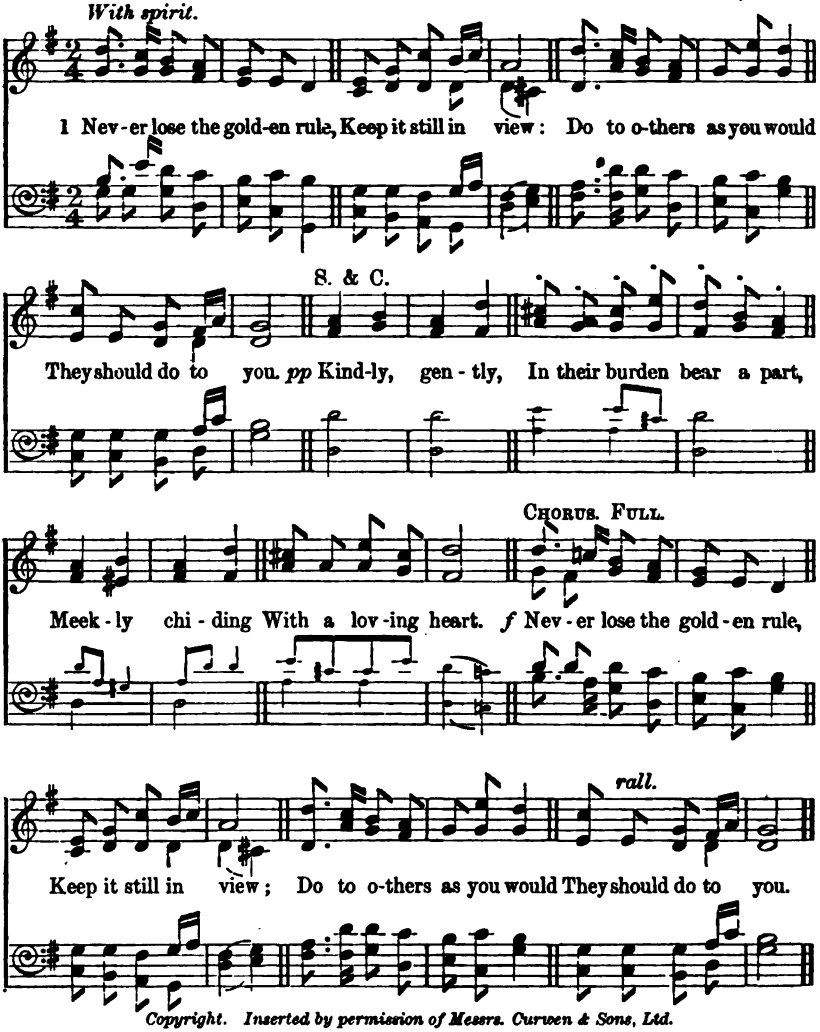
3 If for good you suffer ill,
Let it pass!
p O be kind and gentle still,
Let it pass!
cr. Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent but wait,
And our triumph shall be great:
Let it pass!
Merrily, cheerily, etc.

Anon., circa 1860.

306

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—Matt. vii. 12.

Never lose the Golden Rule. 7.5.7.5.4.7.4.5. with Chorus. EDWYN VINCENT, 1896.



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2 Help the feeble ones along,
Cheer the faint and weak;
p To the sorrow-laden heart
Words of comfort speak.
Freely, freely,
From the bounty of your store,
Cheerful givers,
Help the humble poor.
Never lose the golden rule, etc.

3 Love the Lord, the first command,
With thy soul and mind;
cr. Love thy neighbour as thyself,
Both in one combined.
p Justly, justly,
With each other strive to live,
Ever ready,
Willing to forgive.
Never lose the golden rule, etc.

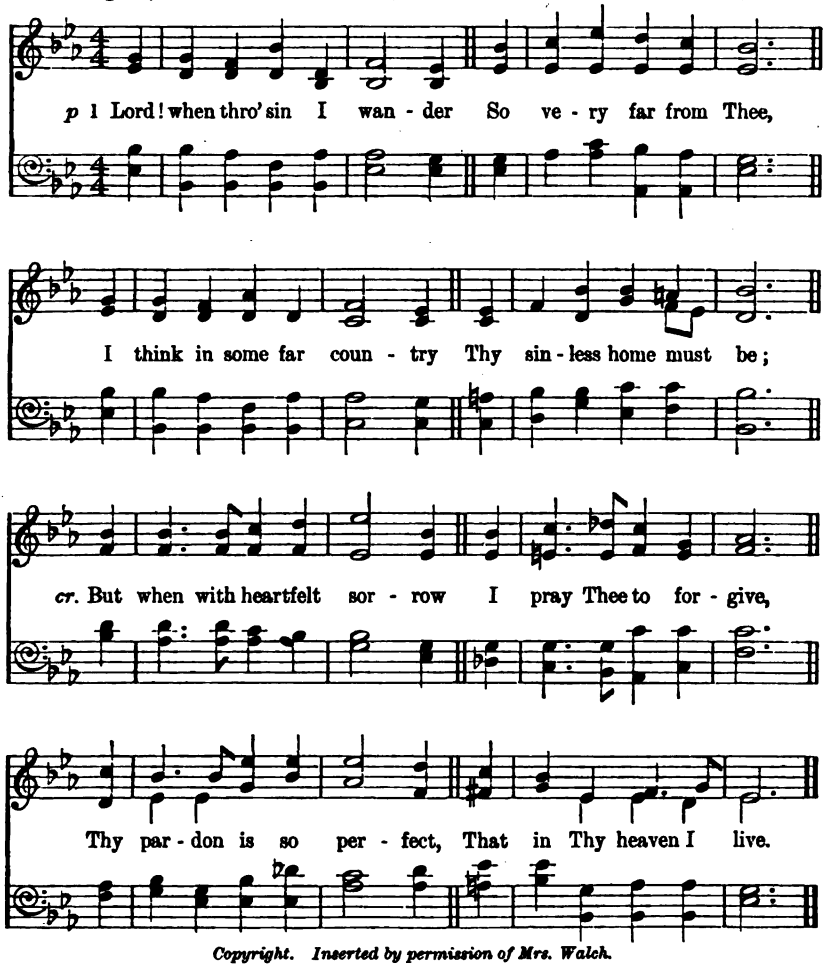
Fanny van Alstyne, 1864.

6. Duty.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

307 *Thou shalt make me full of joy with Thy countenance.*—Acts ii. 28.

St. George's, Bolton. 7.6., 8 lines. J. WALCH, 1873.



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2.

That heaven, Lord, so surrounds me,
That when I do the right,
f The saddest path of duty
Is lightened by its light.
p I know not what its glories
Before Thy throne must be;
cr. But here Thy smiling presence
Is heaven on earth to me.

3.

To love the right, and do it,
Is to my heart so sweet,
f It makes the path of duty
A shining golden street.
cr. Give me Thy strength, O Father,
To choose this path each day,
Then heaven within, about me,
Shall compass all my way.

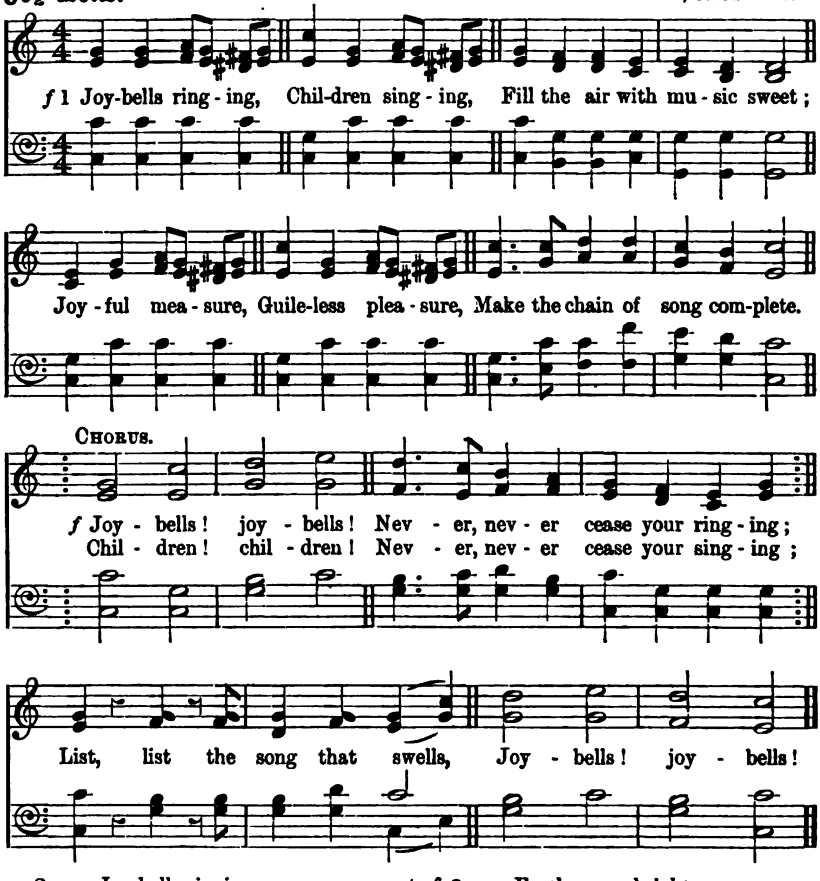
Charles Smith, 1875.

7. The Happy Life.

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

308 *I will be glad and rejoice in Thee.*—Psalm x. 2.

Joy-Bells. P.M. HENRY TUCKER, *circa* 1850.



2 Joy-bells ringing,
p Children singing,
Hark their voices, loud and clear;
cr. Breaking o'er us,
Like a chorus,
From a purer, happier sphere.
Joy-bells, etc.

f 3 Earth seems brighter,
Hearts grow lighter,
As the gladsome melody
Charms our sadness
Into gladness,
Pealing, pealing joyfully.
Joy-bells, etc.

4 Joy-bells nearer
Sound, and clearer,
When the heart is free from care;
cr. Skies are clearing,
And we're hearing
Joy-bells ringing everywhere.
Joy-bells, etc.

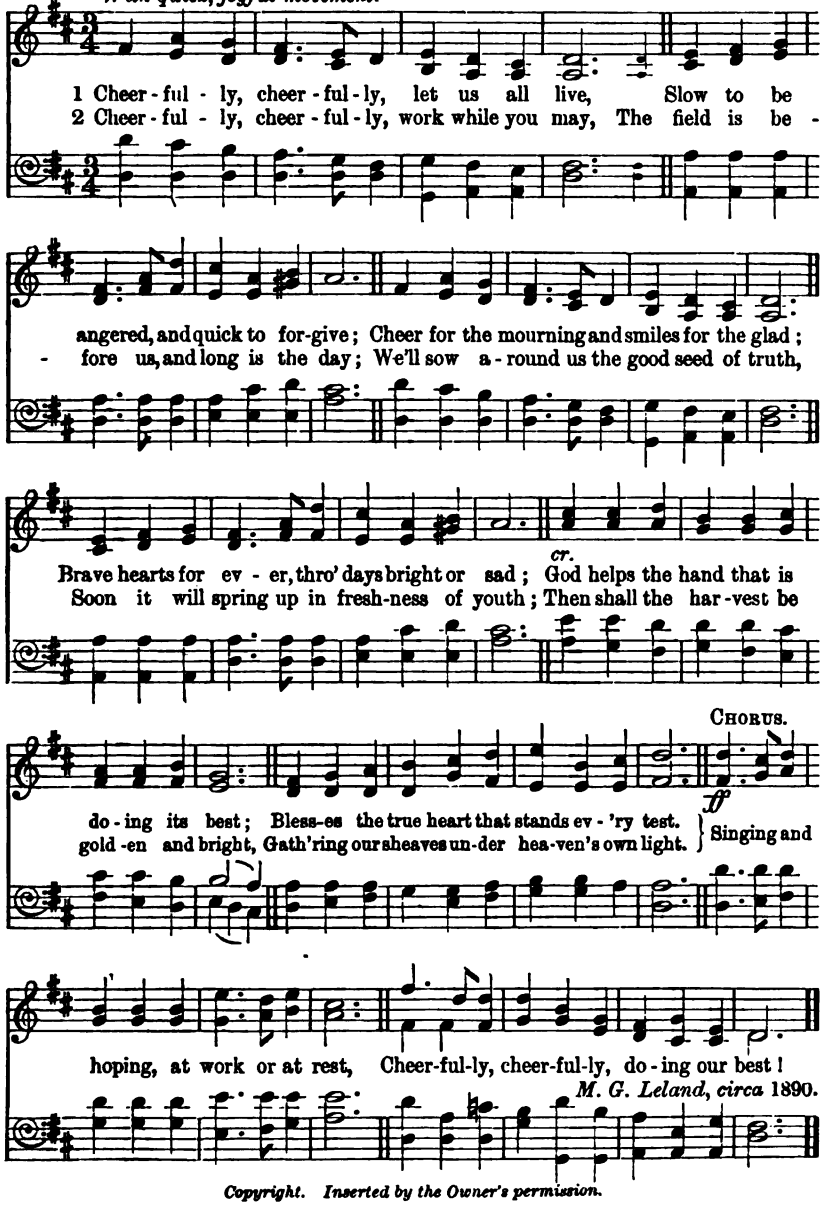
Josephine Pollard, circa 1840.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

309 *Then they were all of good cheer.*—Acts xxvii. 36.

Clemens. P.M. THEODOR L. CLEMENS, 1896.

With quick, joyful movement.



M. G. Leland, circa 1890.

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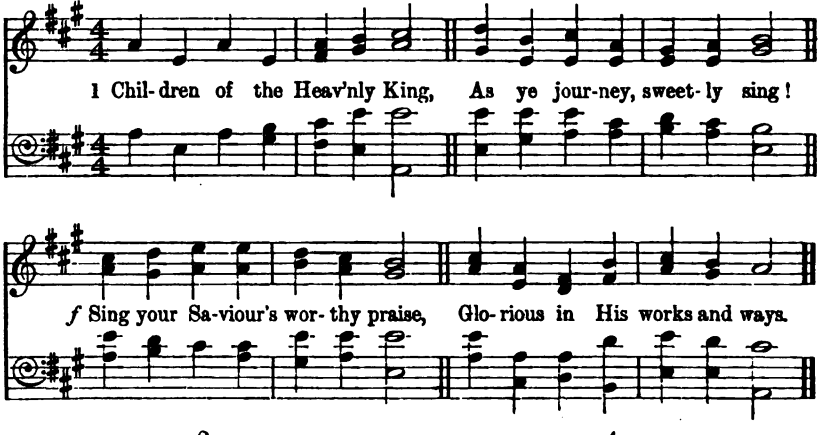
310 *The ransomed of the Lord shall come . . . to Zion with songs.*—Isa. xxxv. 10.

Ephraim. [FIRST TUNE.] 7's. H. T. LESLIE, Mus. Doc., 1860.



2.
Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
cr. They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3.
f Shout, ye ransomed flock, and blest:
You on Jesu's throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

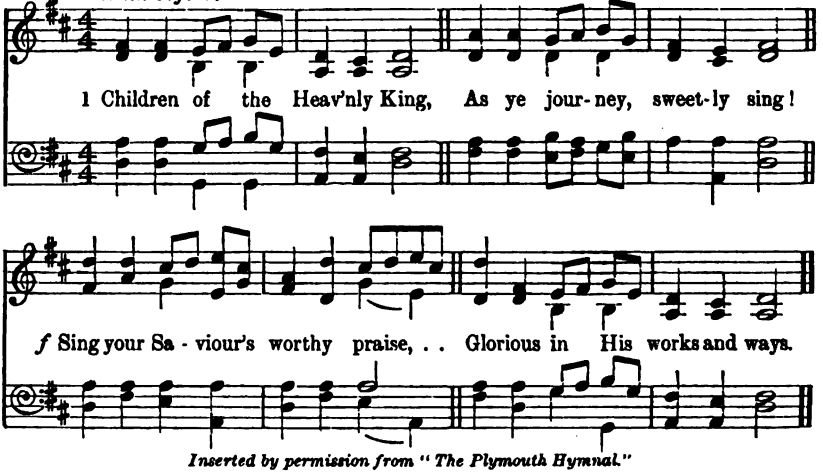
4.
Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5.
p Lord! submissive may we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
cr. Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

John Cennick, 1742

Storrs. [SECOND TUNE.] 7's. R. STORRS WILLIS (adapted), *circa* 1870.

With vigour.



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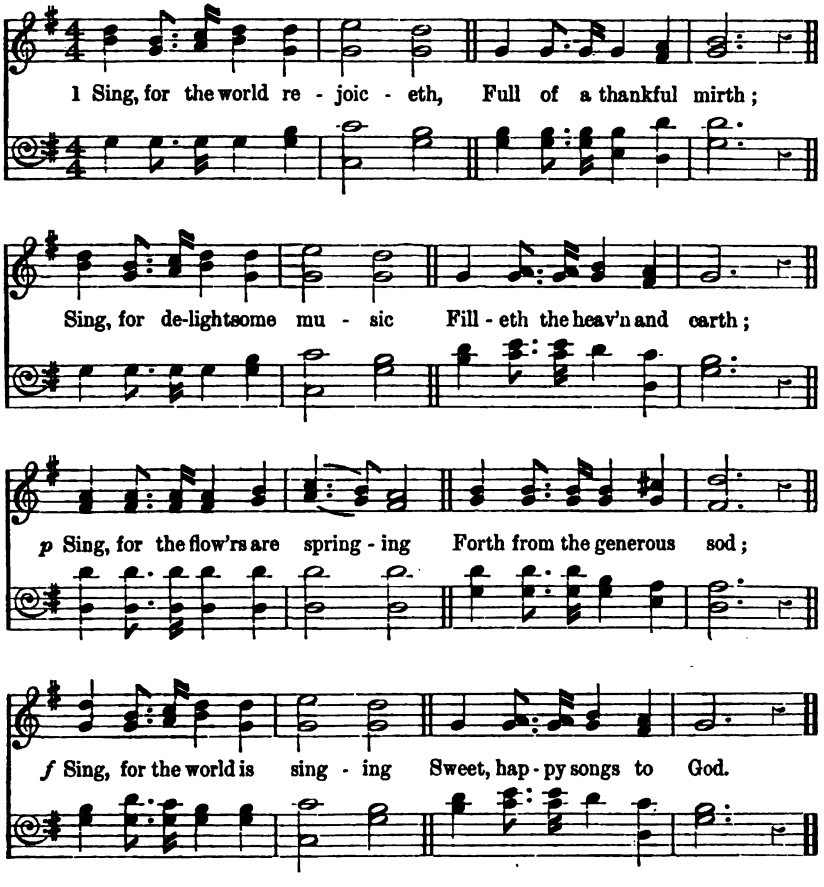
311

The winter is past.—Sol. Song ii. 11.

Lowell. 7.6., 8 lines. LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc., 1792-1872.



2 Sing, for His children's praises
Ever are sweet to Him;
Ever His great love lasteth,
Never His smile is dim;
p Ever in storm and sunshine
Loves He His children well;
f Ever from night till morning
They should His praises tell.

p 3 Sing, for the holy angels
Worship the Lord in throngs,
And they are never weary
Praising His name in songs;
cr. Sing, for the host triumphant,
Dwelling before the throne,
Crown Him with lasting honour,
Eager His power to own.

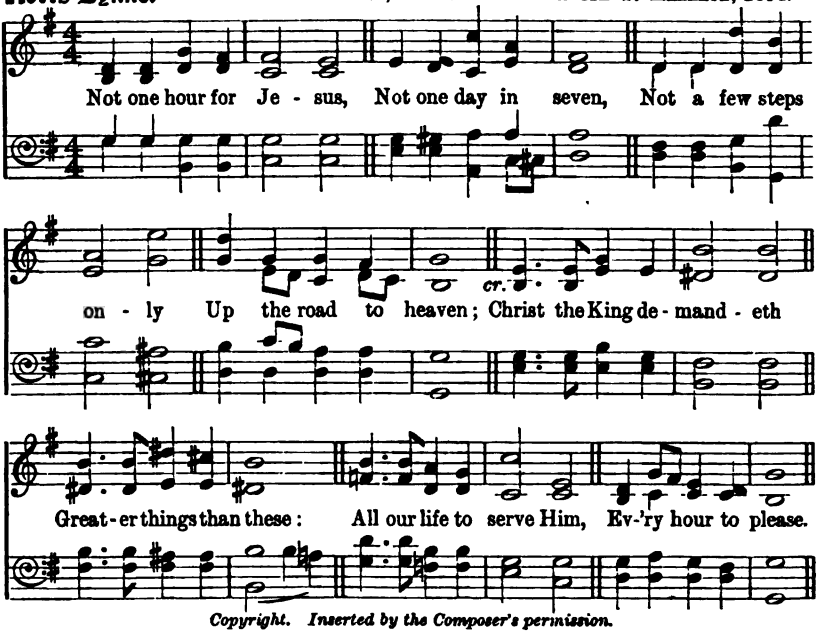
4 Sing, let the happy spring time
Waken the tardy voice;
f Let the whole world be happy,
Let every heart rejoice;
Sing of the Father's goodness,
And of the Saviour's love;
cr. Sing as ye travel onward
To the fair home above.

Marianne Farningham, 1870.

312 North Lynne.

They presented unto Him (Jesus) gifts.—Matt. ii. 11.

6.5., 8 lines. EDITH S. HALLACK, 1894.



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2 Rich must be the welcome
To a Royal Guest—
Not a gift too precious
Chosen from our best:
p Gold we need not offer,
cr. But we all can bring
Loving hearts and loyal
To the children's King.

p 3 In our times of sadness,
Thoughts of Jesus come
cr. Like a ray of sunshine
Lighting up the home!
When with mirth and laughter
Ring the hours of play,
Thoughts of Jesus watching
Sweeten all the day.

4 Selfish feelings vanish,
Anger soon will die,
If we but remember
Jesus standing by.
p So, great Friend and Saviour,
Not for one brief day
cr. Come to us—but coming,
With Thy children stay.

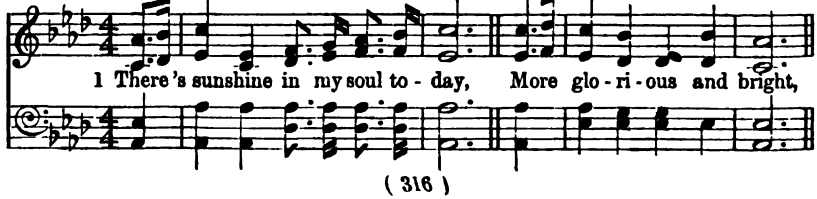
Horace G. Groser, 1894.

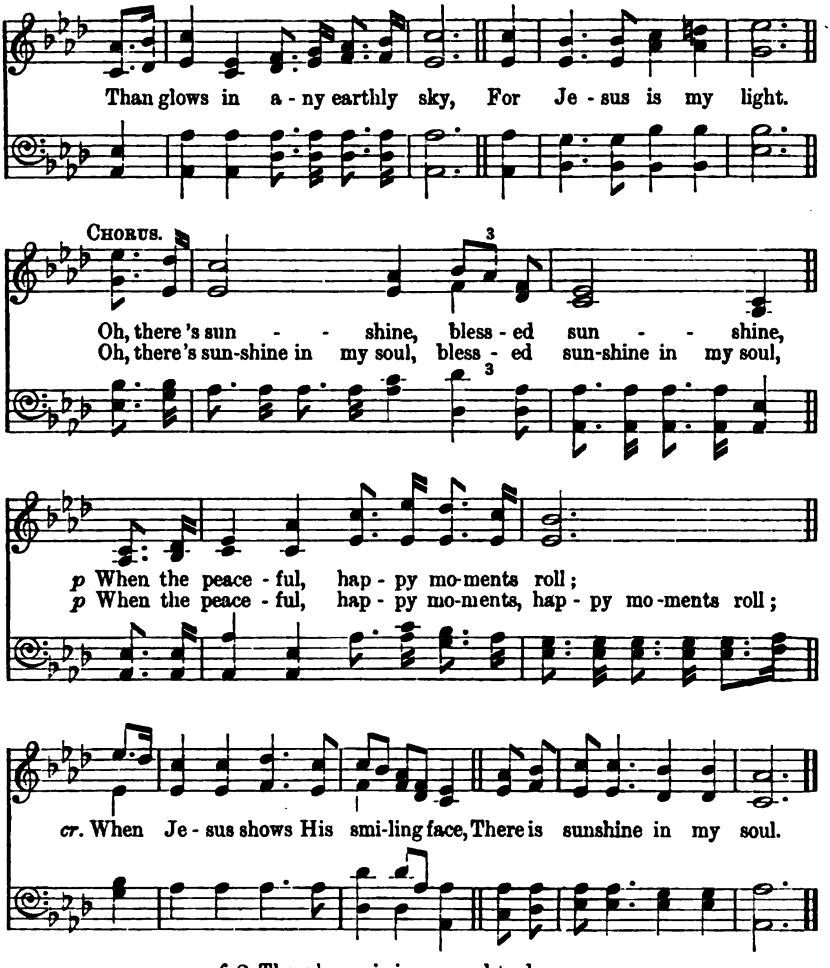
This hymn may also be sung to tune "Lyndhurst," No. 268.

313 There's sunshine in my soul.

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun.—Matt. xiii. 43.

P.M. JNO. R. SWENEY, 1887.





f 2 There's music in my soul to-day,
A carol to my King,
p And Jesus, listening, can hear
The songs I cannot sing.
Oh, there's, etc.

f 3 There's springtime in my soul to-day,
For, when the Lord is near,
p The dove of peace sings in my heart,
The flowers of grace appear.
Oh, there's, etc.

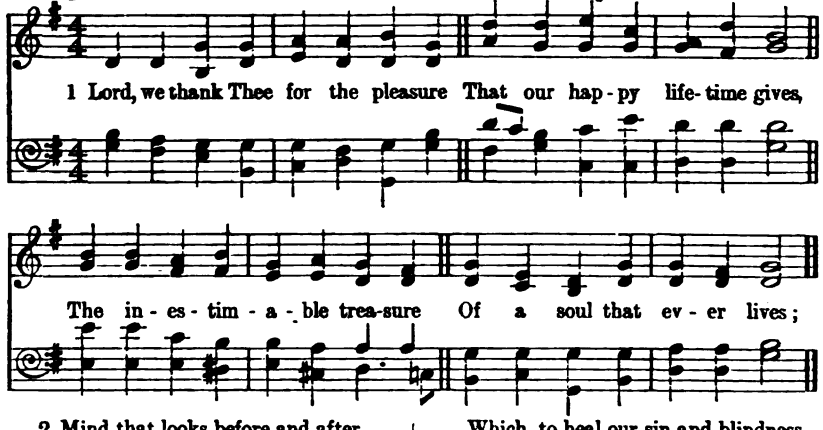
f 4 There's gladness in my soul to-day,
And hope, and praise, and love,
For blessings which He gives me now,
For joys laid up above.
Oh, there's, etc.

E. E. Hewitt, 1887.

314

Giving thanks always.—Eph. v. 20

Stuttgart. 8.7.8.7. Gotha Cantional, 1715.



2 Mind that looks before and after,
Yearning for its home above,
Human tears and human laughter,
And the depth of human love;

f 3 For the thrill, the leap, the gladness
Of our pulses flowing free;
p E'en for every touch of sadness
That may bring us nearer Thee;

cr. 4 But, above all other kindness,
Thine unutterable love,
Which, to heal our sin and blindness,
Sent Thy dear Son from above.

p 5 Teach us so our days to number
That we may be lowly wise;
cr. Dreamy mist or cloud of slumber
Never dull our heavenward eyes!

f 6 Hearty be our work and willing,
As to Thee and not to men,
For we know our souls' fulfilling
Is in heaven,—not till then.

T. W. Jex Blake, 1855.

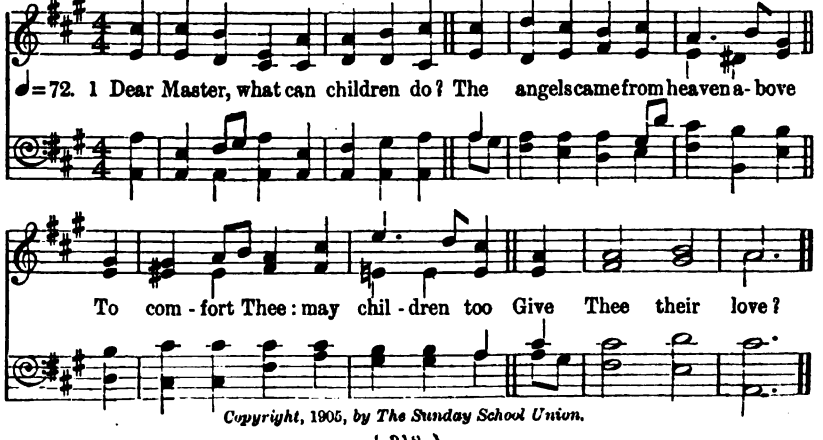
8. Serving Others

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION

315

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.—Gal. vi. 2.

Normacot. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.8.8.4. F. A. CHALLINOR, Mus. Doc., 1905.



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p 2 No more, as on that night of shame,
Art Thou in dark Gethsemane,
Where, worshipping, an angel came
To strengthen Thee.

cr. 3 But Thou hast taught us that Thou art
Still present in the crowded street,
In every lonely, suffering heart
That there we meet.

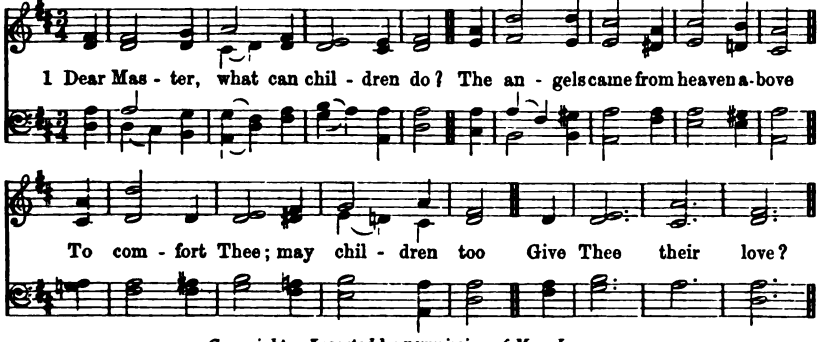
4 And not one simple, loving deed.
That lessens gloom, or lightens pain,
Or answers some unspoken need,
Is done in vain :—

5 Since every passing joy we make,
For men and women that we see,
If it is offered for Thy sake,
Is given to Thee.

cr. 6 O God, our Master, help us then
To bless the weary and the sad,
And, comforting our fellow-men,
To make Thee glad.

Annie Matheson, 1882.

Southport. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.8.8.4. GEORGE LOMAS, 1876.



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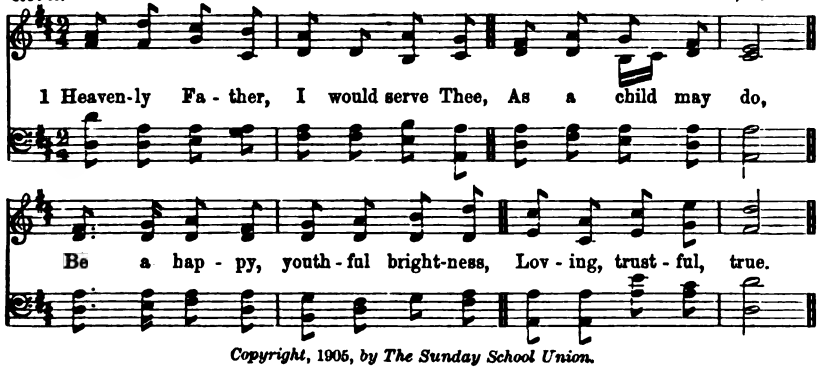
316 *Strengthen ye the weak hands.*—Isa. xxxv. 3.

Ulva. 8.5.8.5. A. BRYCE, 1905.



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p 2 I would live for little creatures,
As Thou liv'st for me,
dim. And to all the weak and helpless
Gentle helper be.

3 I am thankful that my spirit
May become like Thine ;
Kindly service of the feeble
Is the life divine.

f 4 Thou art mighty and eternal
God and Lord of all,
Yet the strong to win Thy service
p Are the weak and small.

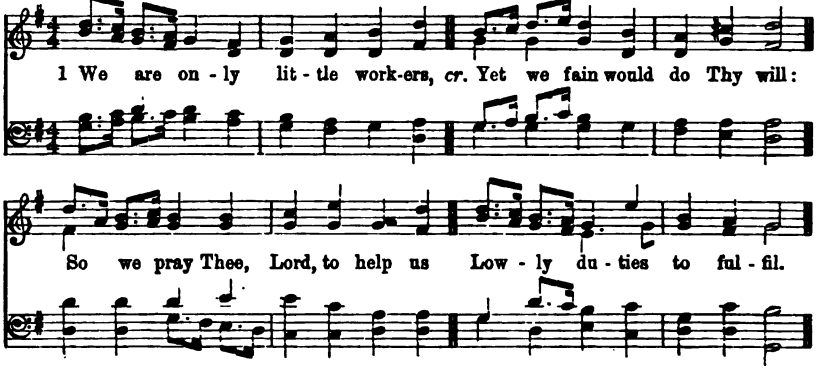
5 May this voice that Thou hast given me
By its loving words,
May these hands by deeds of kindness
Prove they are the Lord's.

cr. 6 Change me wholly to Thy pleasure,
Give me Jesus' grace,
That I may, as He in childhood,
Sweetly fill my place.

Benjamin Waugh, circa 1890.

317 *Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.*—Matt. xxi. 16.

Kingston. 8.7.8.7. D. E. Ford, *circa* 1840.



2 Little souls perchance may brighten
Lives that sorrow, care, and sin
p Darken, till hope's blessed sunshine
Scarcely ever enters in.

3 We would often bring them comfort,
But we know not what to say:
Some sweet message fresh from heaven
Lay upon our lips to-day.

4 Help us, then, to say to others,
Who have never learnt to know—
p "God is listening still to answer
Those who watch and wait below."

5 Grant that we, Thy willing workers,
By Thy grace may find at length,
cr Even children in their weakness
May help others in Thy strength.

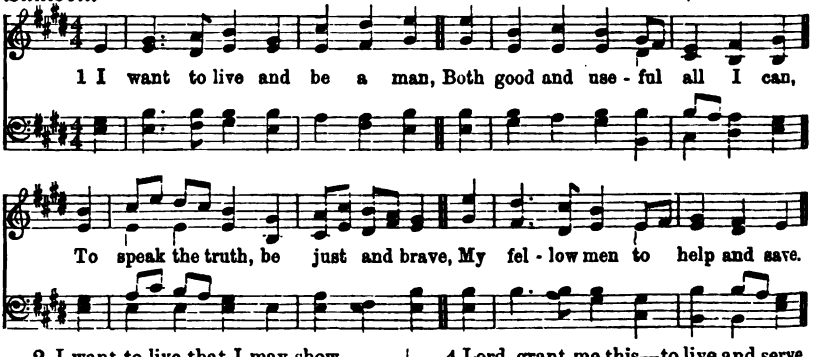
Anon., *circa* 1860.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "St. Oswald," No.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

318 *My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth.*—Jer. iii. 4.

Samson. L.M. G. F. Handel, 1685-1759.



2 I want to live that I may show
My love to Jesus here below;
In human toil to take my share,
And thus for angel's work prepare.

3 I want to live that I may trace
His steps before I see His face,
cr. And follow Him in earthly strife
Before I share His heavenly life.

4 Lord, grant me this—to live and serve,
And never from Thy laws to swerve;
Then after years of service free,
p In ripe old age to go to Thee.

p 5 But should it be Thy loving will
To call me early,—Lord, fulfil
cr. In fewer years Thy work of grace,
Each day prepared to see Thy face.

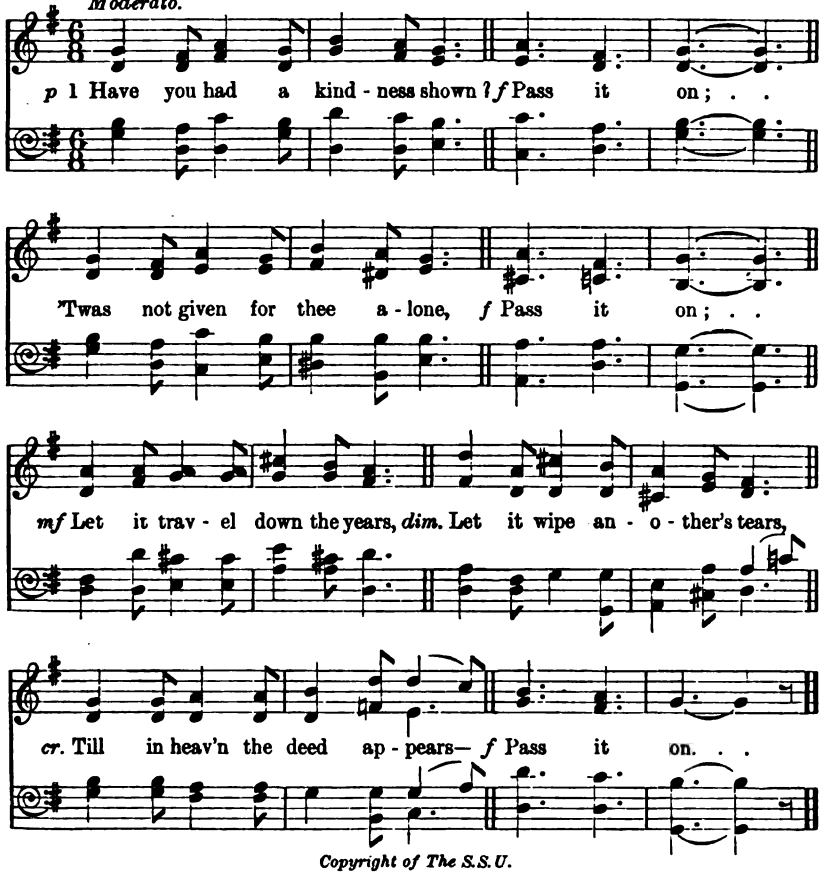
C. Newman Hall, 1816.

319

It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts xx. 35.

Have you had a kindness shown. 7.3.7.3.7.7.7.3. J. Fredk. Swift, 1894.

Moderato.



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p 2 Did you hear the loving word—
Pass it on;
Like the singing of a bird?
Pass it on;
cr. Let its music live and grow,
Let it cheer another's woe,
You have reaped what others sow,
Pass it on.

3 'Twas the sunshine of a smile—
Pass it on;
dim. Staying but a little while—
Pass it on;
April beam, the little thing,
cr. Still it wakes the flowers of Spring,
Makes the silent birds to sing—
Pass it on.

4 Have you found the heavenly light?
f Pass it on;
dim. Souls are groping in the night,
Daylight gone;
cr. Hold thy lighted lamp on high,
Be a star in someone's sky,
He may live who else would die—
ff Pass it on.

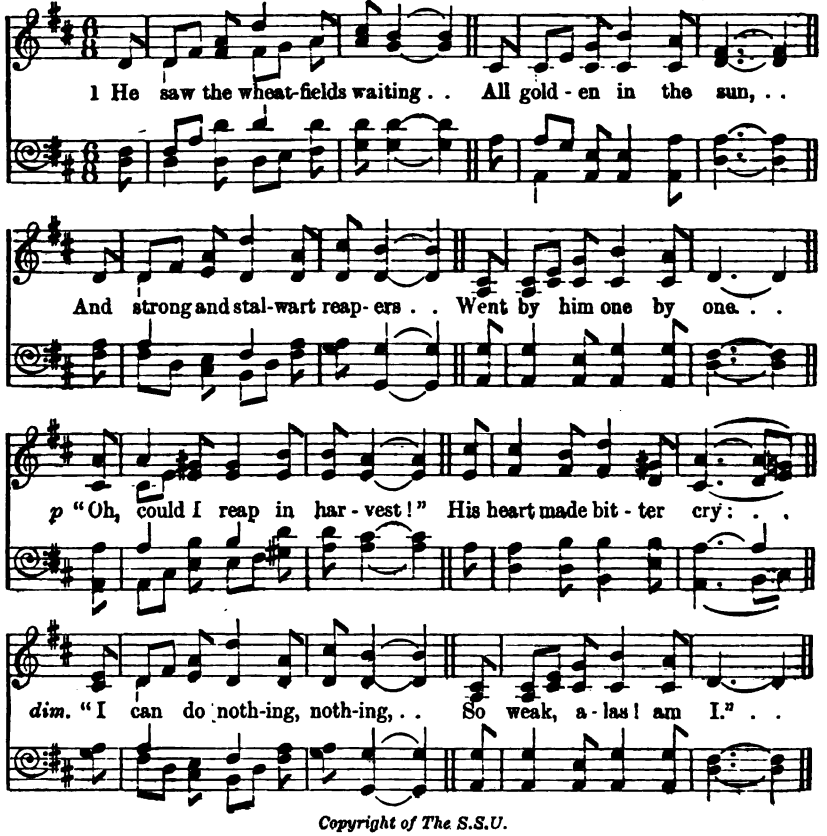
5 Be not selfish in thy greed,
Pass it on;
Look upon thy brother's need,
Pass it on;
cr Live for self, you live in vain;
Live for Christ, you live again;
Live for Him, with Him you reign—
f Pass it on.

Henry Burton, circa 1880.

320

Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me.—Matt. xxv. 40.

Milton. 7.6., 8 lines. Anon. Har. by C. B., 1896.



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p 2 At eve a fainting traveller
Sank down beside the door;
A cup of crystal water
To quench his thirst he bore.
f And when refreshed and strengthened
The traveller went his way,
Upon the poor man's threshold
A golden wheat-sheaf lay.

3 When came the Lord of harvest,
He cried, "Oh, Master kind,
One sheaf I have to offer,
p But that I did not bind;
I gave a cup of water
To one athirst, and he
dim. Left at my door, in going,
This sheaf I offer Thee."

p 4 Then said the Master softly,
"Well pleased with this am I;
One of my angels left it
With thee, as he passed by.
cr. Thou may'st not join the reapers
Upon the harvest plain,
But he who helps a brother
Binds sheaves of richest grain."

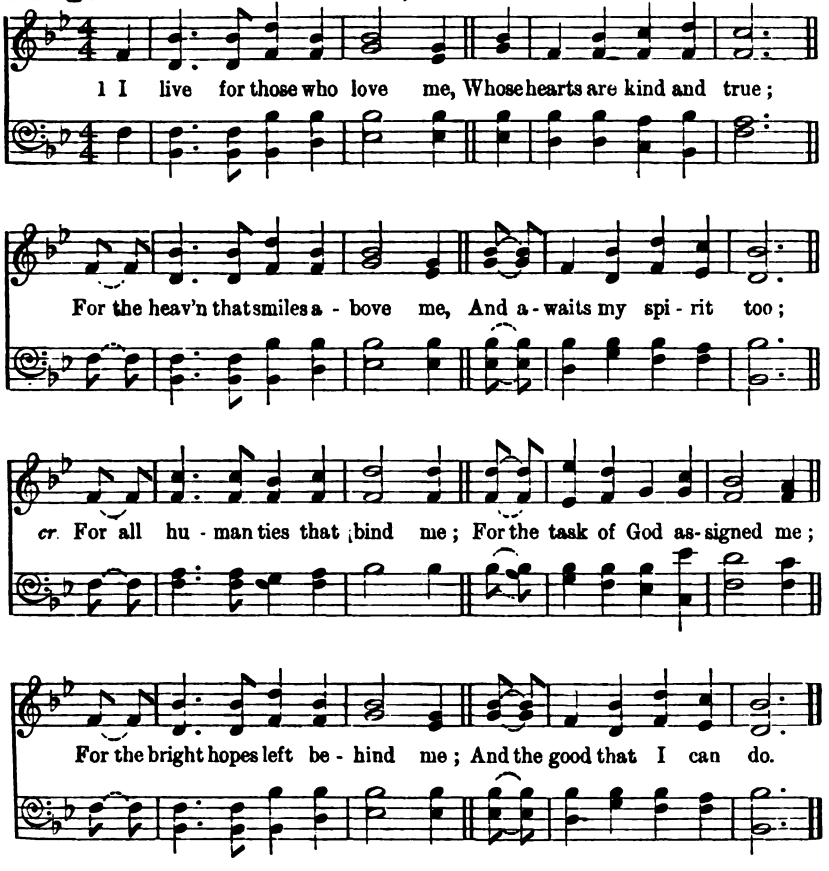
Eben. E. Rexford, circa 1875.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "St. George's Bolton," No. 307.

321

And ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.—2 Cor. iv. 5.

New York. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6., or 7.6. 8 lines. GEO. J. WEBB, 1803-1887.



p 2 I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
cr. Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

f 3 I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole word shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

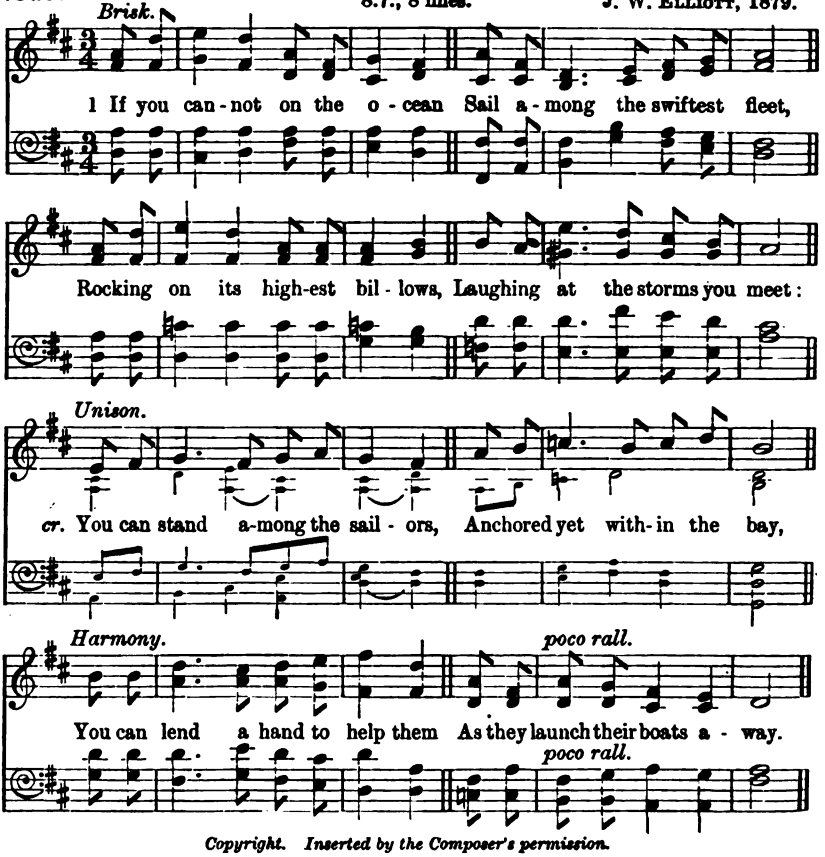
4 I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
cr. For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

G. Linnæus Banks, circa 1860.

322

Go work to-day in My vineyard.—Matt. xxi. 28.

Eucharistica. 8.7., 8 lines. J. W. Elliott, 1879.



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p 2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
cr. You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
p Though they may forget the singer,
f They will not forget the song.

3 If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do;
p When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
dim. You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

4 Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
cr. Oh, improve each passing moment,
For these moments may be few.
Go, and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labour,
You can find it anywhere.

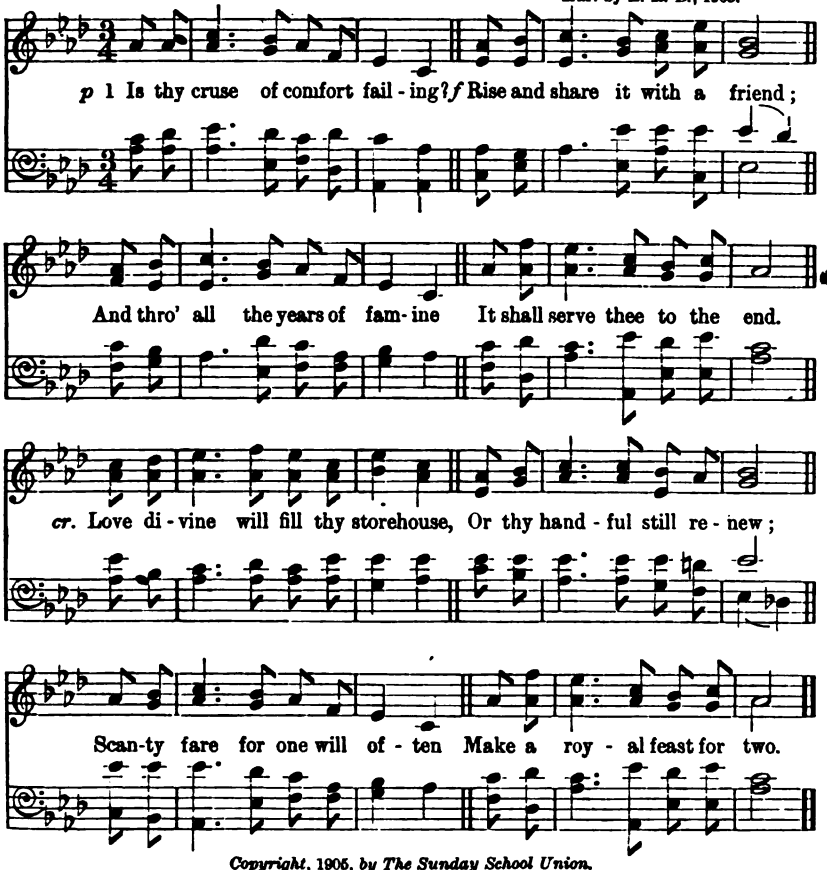
Ellen H. Gates, 1860.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Deerhurst," No. 350.

323

Bear ye one another's burdens.—Gal. vi. 2.

Seville. 8.7., 8 lines. F. H. Barthélémon, 1741-1808. Har. by E. R. B., 1905.



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2.

For the heart grows rich in giving:
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds—which mildew in the garner—
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
p Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
f Help to lift thy brother's burden—
God will bear both it and thee.

3.

p Numb and weary, on the mountains,
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
cr. Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.

p Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
cr. Lavish on their wounds thy balsam,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

4.

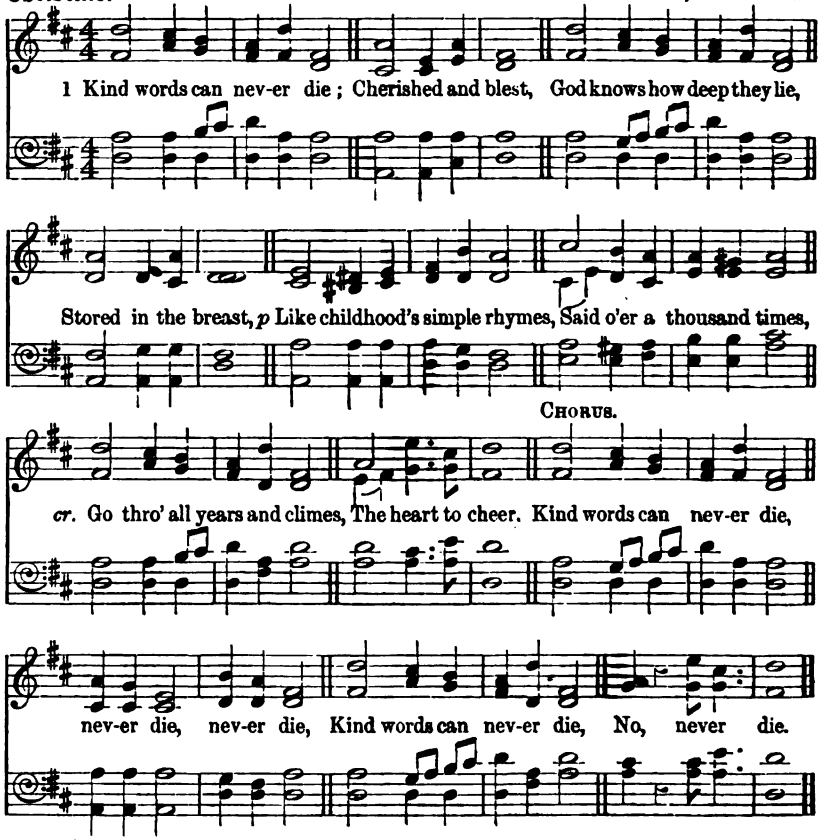
p Is thy heart a well left empty?
f None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.
Is thy heart a living power?
p Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
cr. It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.

Elizabeth Rundle Charles, 1859.

324

Be ye kind to one another.—Eph. iv. 32.

Christine. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. with Chorus. ABBY HUTCHINSON, *circa* 1840.



2 Childhood can never die—
Wrecks of the past
cr. Float o'er the memory,
Bright to the last;
Many a happy thing,
Many a daisy spring,
Float o'er time's ceaseless wing,
Far, far away.
cr. Childhood can never die,
No, never die.

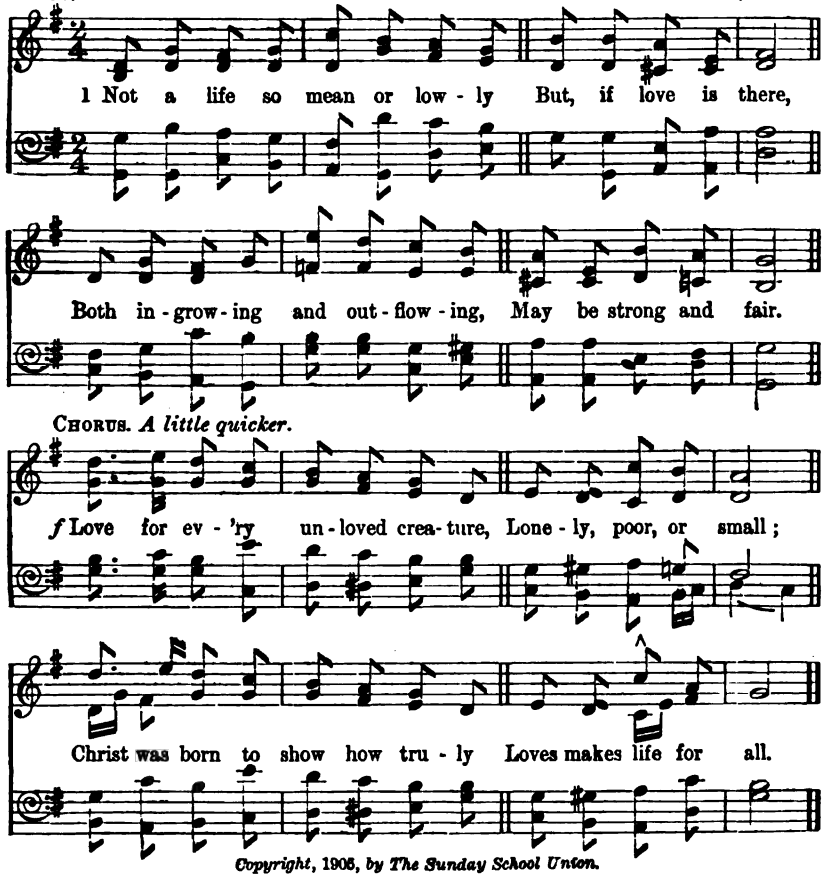
3 Sweet thoughts can never die,
p Though like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly
In wintry hours.
cr. But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue
They bloom again.
Sweet thoughts can never die,
No, never die.

4 Our souls can never die
pp Though in the tomb
We all may have to lie,
Wrapped in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay,
cr. Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day,
With Christ above.
Our souls can never die,
No, never die.

Abby Hutchinson, circa 1840.

325 *If we love one another, God dwelleth in us.*—1 John iv. 12.

Amor. 8.5.8.5. with Chorus. R. Y. Harding, 1905.



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p 2 Not a life so high in station
But without love's breath—
dim. Neither giving nor receiving
Is a living death.
Love for every, etc.

cr. 3 Love by love alone is ripened;
Hearts through it grow true;
f Life is bounded, filled and rounded
By its power to do.
Love for every, etc.

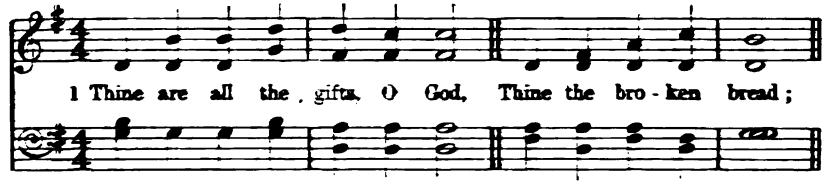
4 Having love, be sure to give it:
Give it, having not;
cr. For in living through our giving
Share we Christ's own lot.
Love for every, etc.

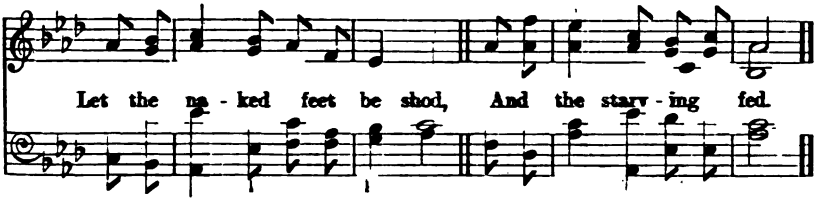
Ellen T. Leonard, circa 1865.

326

Ye have the poor with you always.—Mark xiv. 7.

Bedfield. 7.5.7.5. Anon., *circa* 1860.





2

Let Thy children by Thy grace,
Give as they abound,
cr. Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.

3.

Wiser than the miser's hoards
Is the giver's choice;
Sweeter than the song of birds
Is the thankful voice;

4.

f Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers of spring;
p Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.

5.

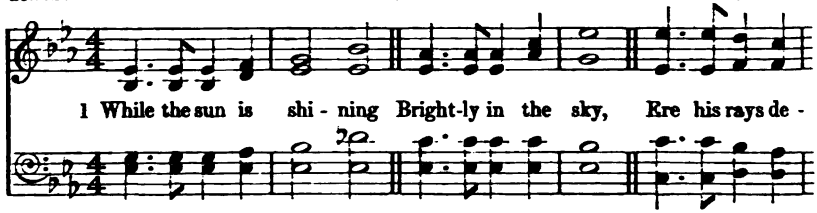
Happier for their pity's sake
Make their sports and plays,
cr. And from lips of childhood take
Thy perfected praise.

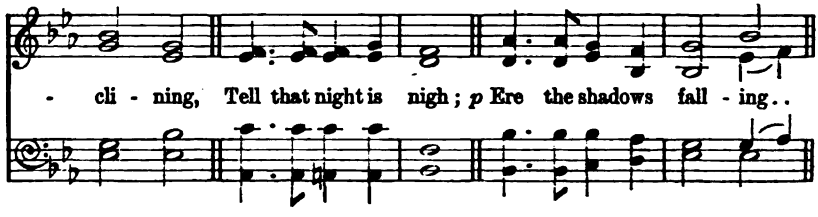
John G. Whittier, 1878.

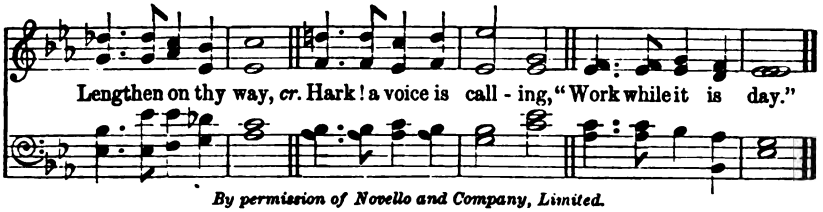
327

I must work . . . while it is day.—John ix. 4.

Ruth. 6.5., 8 lines. S. Smith, 1865.







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2 Work for God in heaven;
Seek the Saviour's face,
p Plead to be forgiven,
Strive to grow in grace;
Watch against temptation,
Watch and fight and pray:
cr. Each in his own station
Work while it is day.

3 Work, but not in sadness,
For our Lord above;
f He will make it gladness
With His smile of love;
When that Lord returning
Knocketh at the gate,
Let your lights be burning,
Be like men who wait.

f 4 Happy then the meeting,
When we see His face;
Welcome then the greeting
From the throne of grace:
cr. "Good and faithful servants
Of My Father blest,
Now your work is ended,
Enter into rest."

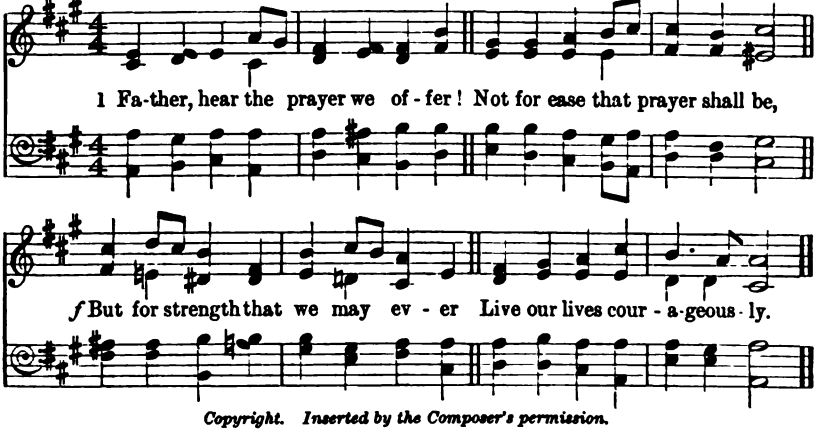
T. A. Stowell, 1869.

9. Courage and Strength.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

328 *Be strong, and quit yourselves like men.*—1 Sam. iv. 9.

Slingsby. 8.7.8.7. E. S. CARTER, 1874.



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2.
Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
f But by steep and rugged pathways
Would we strive to climb to Thee.

3.
Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
f But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

4.
p Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings be our guide;
cr. Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father! be Thou at our side.

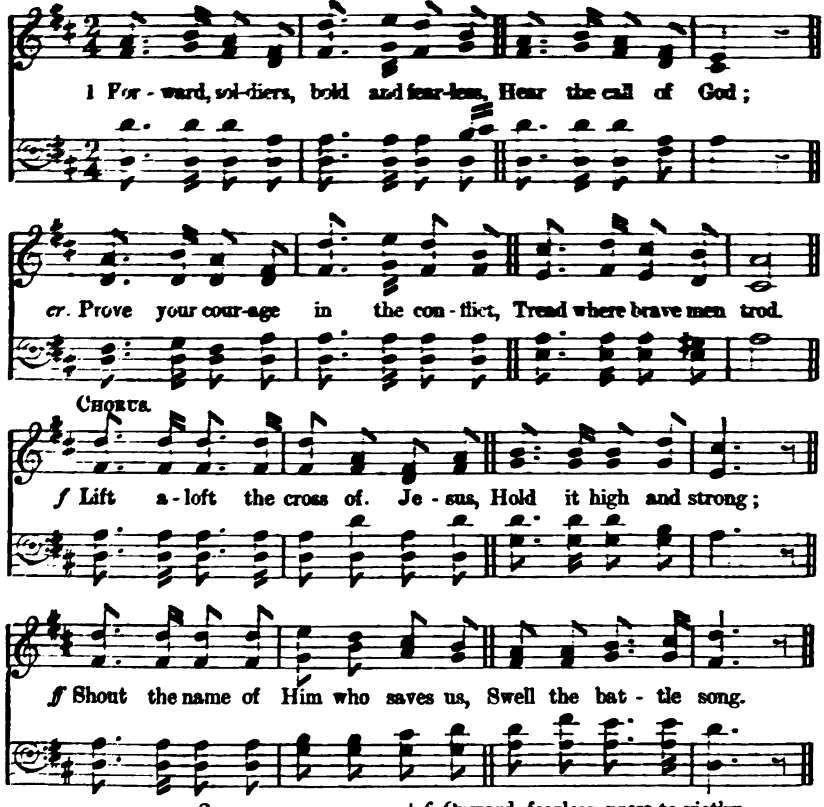
5.
Let our path be bright or dreary,
Storm or sunshine be our share,
cr. May our souls, in hope unweary,
Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.

E. M. Willis, circa 1865.

329

Put on the whole armour of God.—Eph. vi. 11.

Bethany. 8.5.8.5. with Chorus. P. P. Bliss, 1871.



2.
Faith our shield, and hope our helmet,
Satan's hosts we face;
cr. Marshalled in the might of Jesus.
Win we by His grace.
Lift aloft, etc.

3.
Catch the order of our Captain,
Wield the Spirit's sword;
f Onward, fearless, press to vict'ry,
Conquering by His Word.
Lift aloft, etc.

4.
They shall share the glad Hosanna
Who on Him believe;
cr. They shall 'neath His royal banner
Crowns of life receive.
Lift aloft, etc.

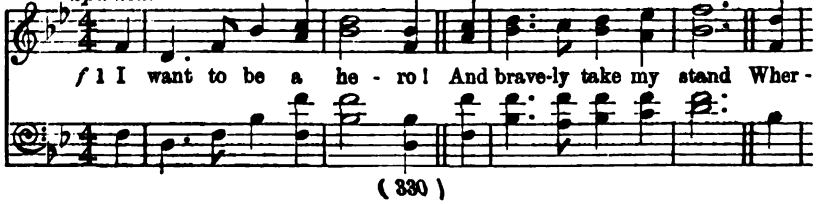
Henry Downton, 1818-1885.

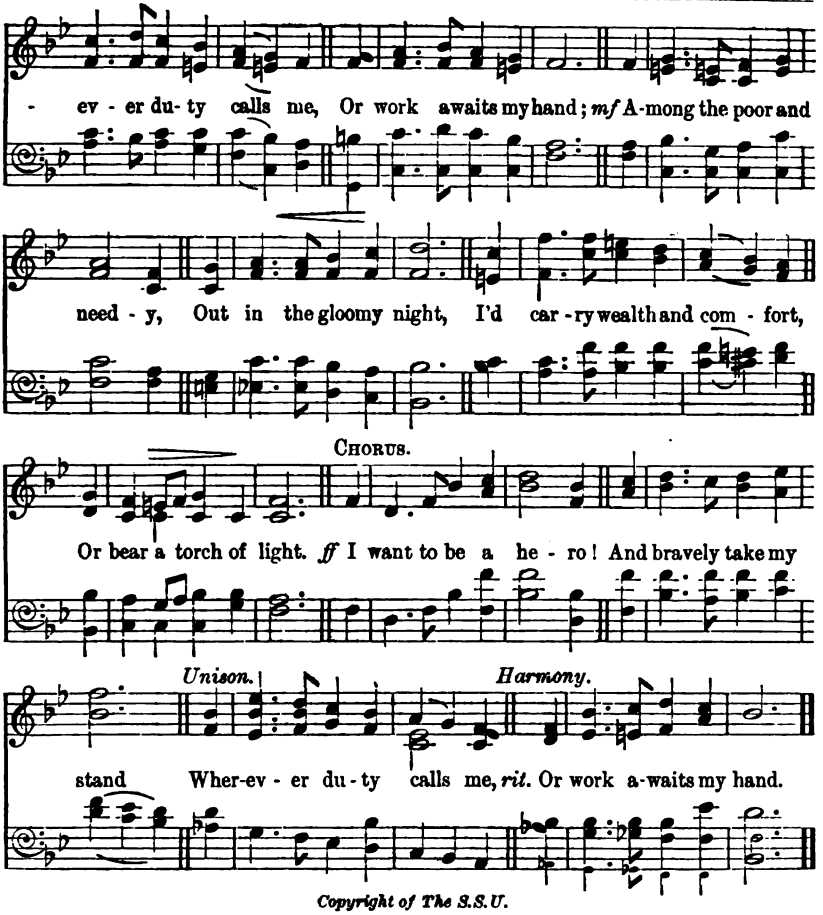
330

Quit you like men.—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

The Call of Duty. 7.6., 8 lines with Chorus.

Spirited. H. Ernest Nichol, Mus. Bac. (Oxon.), 1901.





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mf 2 I'd climb the rugged hill-way
Where many dangers lie,
And help a weaker climber
Life's perils to defy;
And where the lurking foemen
Oppose with evil might,
f I'd gird the Christian armour,
And boldly guard the right.
I want, etc.

p 3 I may sometimes be weary,
And even shed a tear,
But trusting God, my Father,
I cannot feel a fear;
And Jesus, whom I follow,
And in whose steps I tread,
Possessed no earthly dwelling,
Nor place to lay His head.
I want, etc.

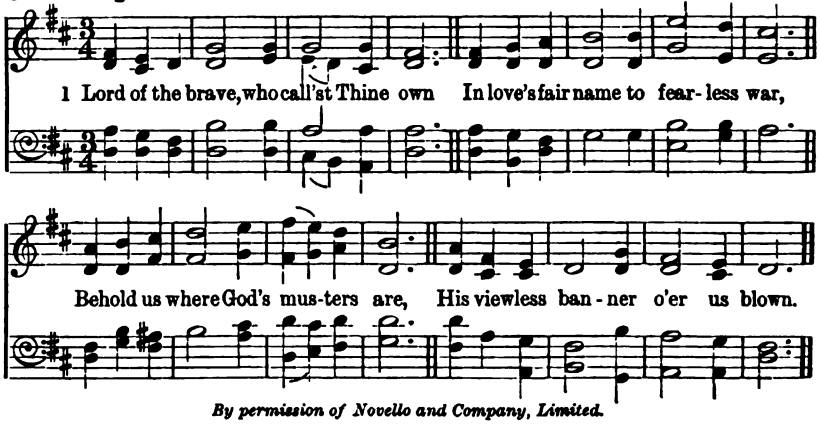
f 4 Then let me be a hero!
And help me, Lord, to stand
Wherever I may serve Thee,
And follow Thy command.
cr. And he will be the fairest
Of angels in God's sight,
Who noblest is in service,
And bravest is in fight.
I want, etc.

W. H. Parker, 1901.

331

The Lord of hosts.—Isa. xlviii. 2.

Ombersley. L.M. W. H. Gladstone, 1872.



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p 2 Lo! we that dare the all-holy fight,
Our soldier oath we pledge to-day.
Our soldier hands 'neath Thine we lay,
Dread Captain of the hosts of Light.

3 To-day we dare. (*dim.*) To-morrow who
Can guard the soldier faith unshamed?
For valour faints as valour flamed.

cr. We dare: 'tis Thou must make us do.

4 This soul of youth that springs to prove
Heaven's knighthood on heaven's olden foe.

cr. O God in man, 'tis Thine to know,
'Tis Thine, O Man in God, to love.

5 Thy love be ours, when war is nigher,
Thy love that knows, our helper be;

cr. Ah! King, for in the touch of Thee,
The heart that faints is heart of fire.

6 In love's fair name to battle sore,

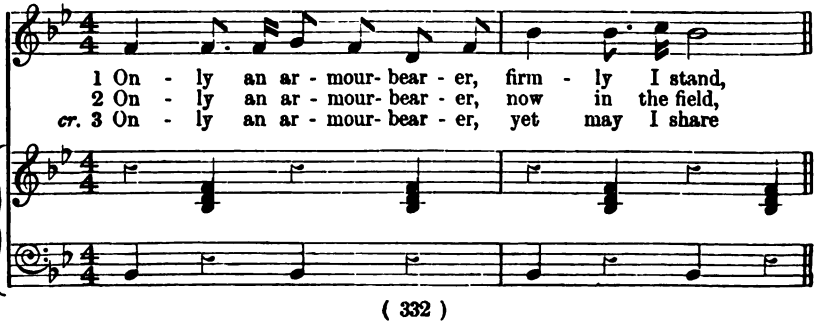
cr. Lord of the brave, lead on Thine own,
The viewless banner o'er us blown,

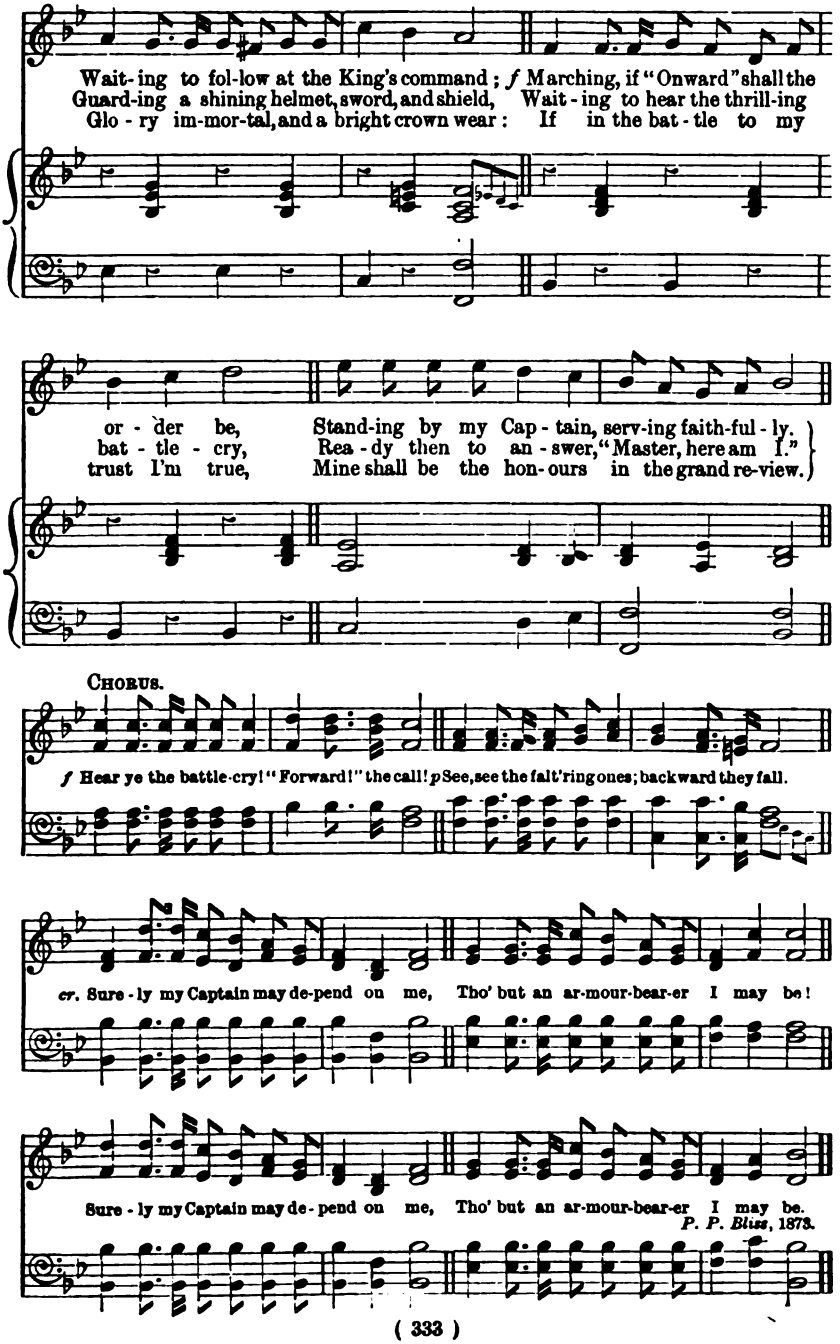
ff A host of Christ for evermore. *John H. Skrine, circa* 1870.

332

His armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that is in thine heart: turn thee; behold, I am with thee, according to thy heart.—1 Sam. xiv. 7.

Only an Armour-Bearer. P.M. P. P. Bliss, 1873.

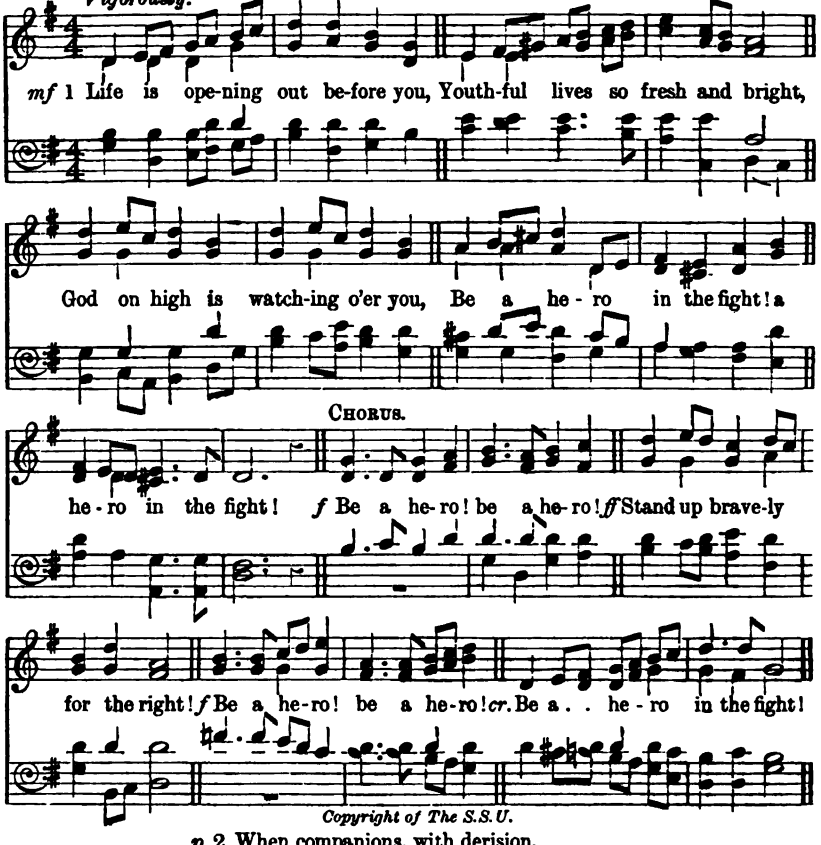



Wait-ing to fol-low at the King's command; f Marching, if "Onward" shall the
Guard-ing a shining helmet, sword, and shield, Wait-ing to hear the thrill-ing
Glo-ry im-mor-tal, and a bright crown wear: If in the bat-tle to my
or-der be, Stand-ing by my Cap-tain, serv-ing faith-ful-ly.
bat-tle-cry, Rea-dy then to an-swer, "Master, here am I."
trust I'm true, Mine shall be the hon-ours in the grand re-view.
CHORUS.
f Hear ye the battle-cry! "Forward!" the call! p See, see the falt'ring ones; backward they fall.
cr. Sure-ly my Captain may de-pend on me, Tho' but an ar-mour-bear-er I may be!
Sure-ly my Captain may de-pend on me, Tho' but an ar-mour-bear-er I may be.
P. P. Bliss, 1873.

333 *Be thou strong therefore, and shew thyself a man.*—1 Kings ii. 2.

Be a Hero!

Vigorously. 8.7.8.7. with Chorus. H. Ernest Nichol, Mus. Bac., 1897.



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p 2 When companions, with derision,
You to sinful deeds invite,
Answer "No!" with quick decision—
Be a hero in the fight!
Be a hero! etc.

p 3 When the senses try to move you
From the narrow path of light,
f Lift your heart to God above you—
Be a hero in the fight!
Be a hero! etc.

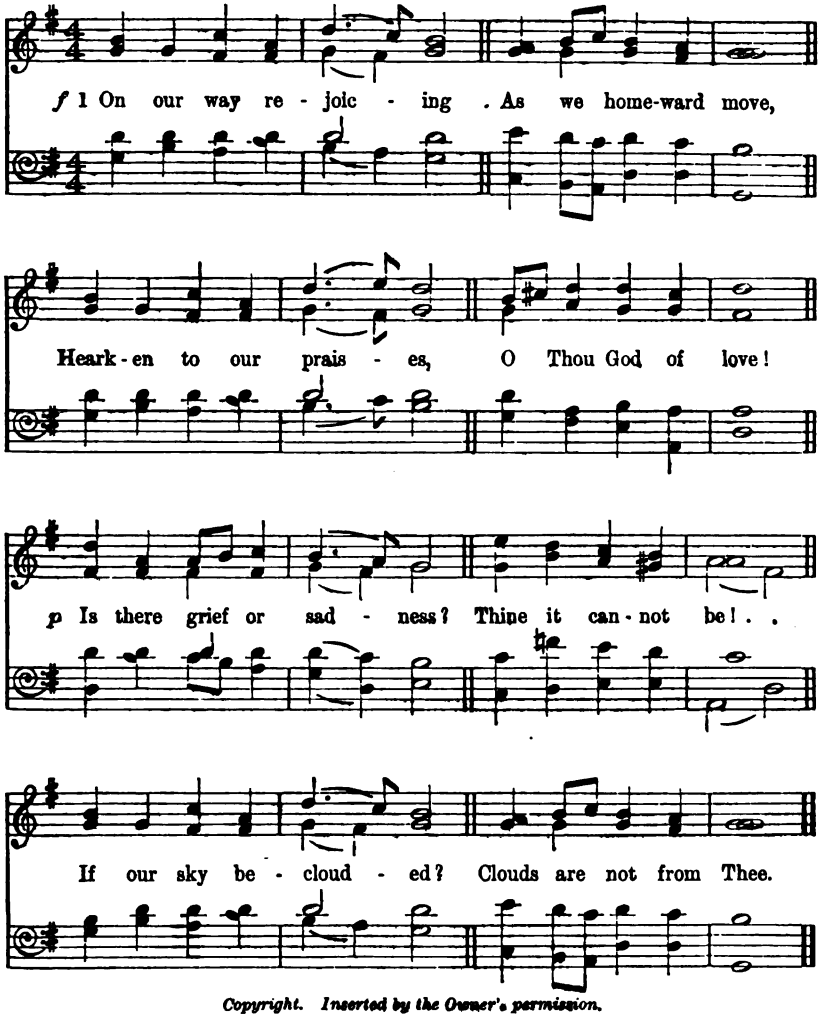
p 4 When the love of gold would win you
From the strictest rule of right,
f Stand up firmly, truth within you—
Be a hero in the fight!
Be a hero! etc.

p 5 When the hand of death shall take you
From earth's sorrow and delight,
cr. Trust in Him who'll ne'er forsake you—
Be a hero in the fight!
Be a hero! etc.

Colin Sterne, 1897.

334 *And he went on his way rejoicing.*—Acts viii. 39.

Princethorpe. 6.5., 8 lines. W. Pitts, *circa* 1865.



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m 2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing all we can;
Thou who givest seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.

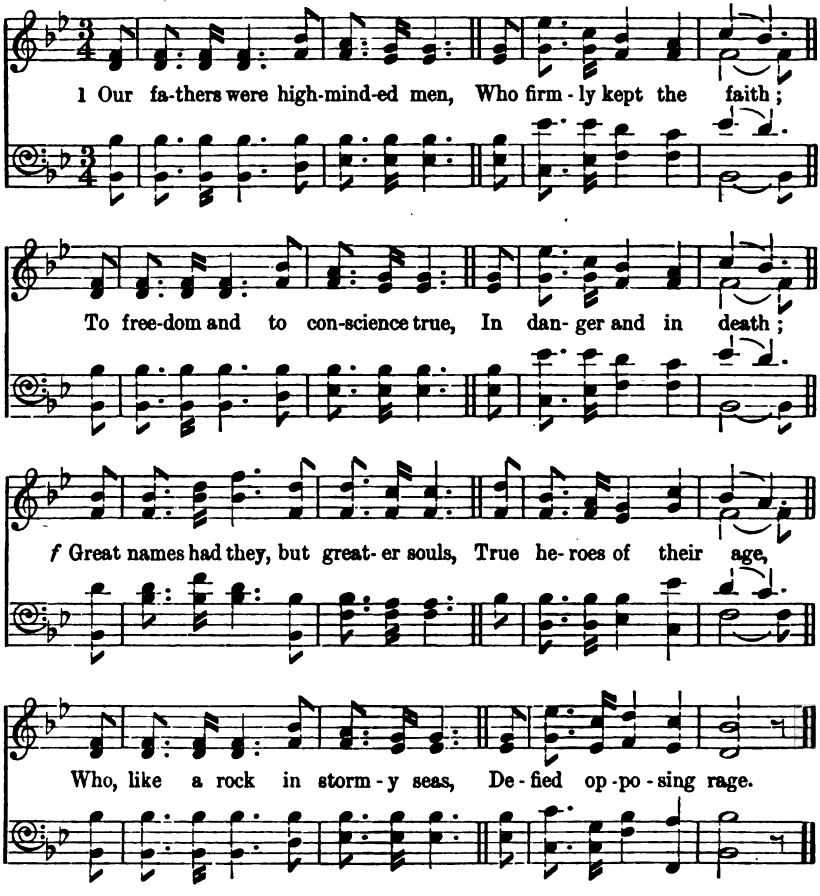
f 3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Victor is the leader,
Vanquished is the foe.
Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

335

Compassed about with . . . a cloud of witnesses.—Heb. xii. 1.

Christiana. C.M. D. Norwegian Air.



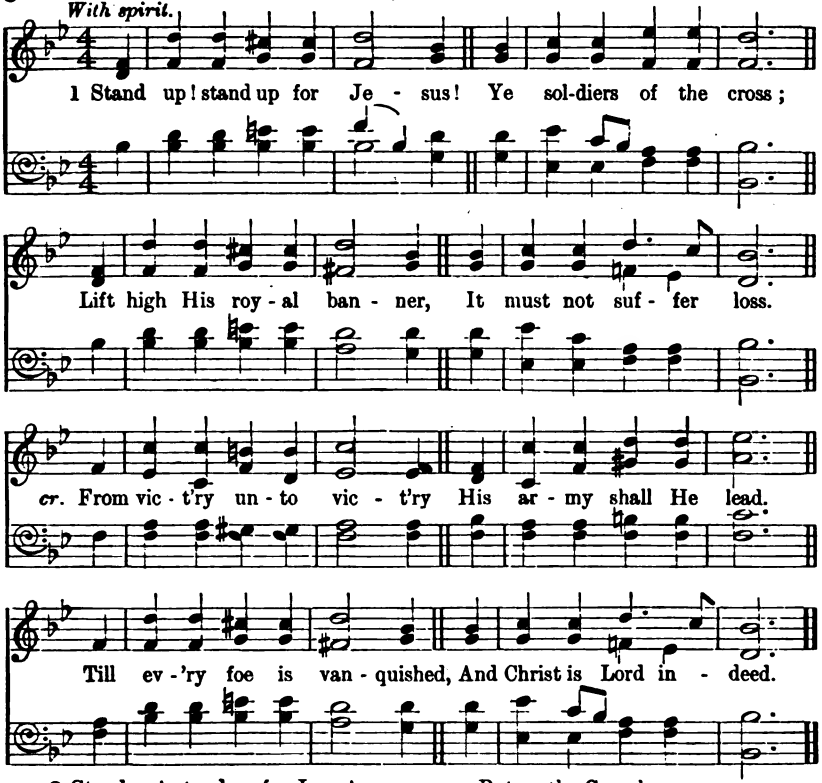
2 For all they suffered, little cared
Those earnest men and wise;
Their zeal for Christ, their love of truth,
Made them the shame despise;
cr. Nor should their deeds be e'er forgot,
For noble men were they,
Who struggled hard for sacred rights,
And bravely won the day.

p 3 As faithful as our fathers were,
May we their children be;
And in our hearts their spirit live,
That gained our liberty.
f God help us all to do and dare
Whatever can be done,
Till for the good old cause of truth
The victory shall be won.

H. Mayo Gunn, 1844.

336 *Stand fast in the Lord.*—Phil. iv. 1.

Fairford. 7.6., 8 lines. FRANZ P. SCHUBERT, 1797-1858.



p 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear;
If while ye sleep He suffers,
Away with shame and fear!

cr. Where'er you meet with evil—
Within you or without—
Charge! for the God of Battles,
And put the foe to rout.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
f In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men, now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes!
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
p The arm of flesh will fail you
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer:
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

5 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Each soldier to his post;
Close up the broken column,
And shout through all the host.

cr. Make good the loss so heavy,
In those that still remain;
And prove to all around you
That death itself is gain.

6 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
p This day the noise of battle,
f The next the victor's song.

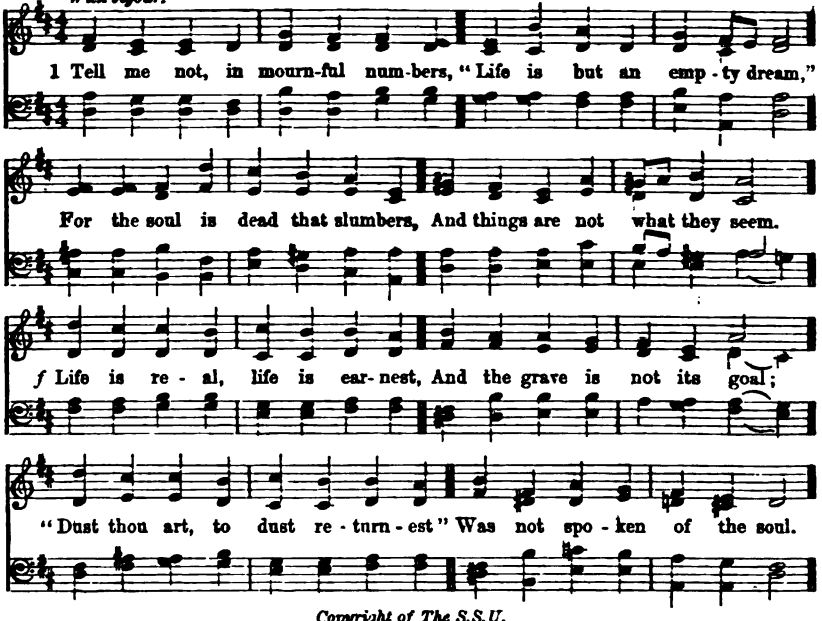
cr. To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, D.D., 1858.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "New York," No. 321.

337 *I will run the way of Thy commandments, when Thou shalt enlarge my heart.*—Psalm cxix. 32.

Conquest. 8.7., 8 lines. W. H. Scott, 1884.



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2.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
f But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.
p Art is long, and time is fleeting, [brave
And our hearts though stout and
dim. Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

3.

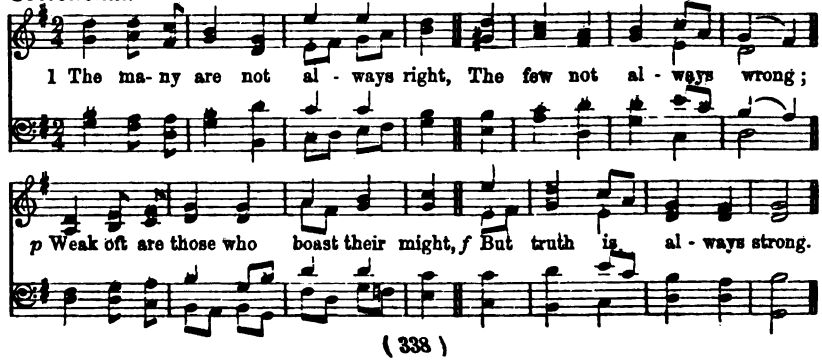
Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
f Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
cr. Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

Henry W. Longfellow, 1839.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Slingsby," No. 328.

338 *So did not I, because of the fear of God.*—Neh. v. 15.

Tottenham. C.M. T. Greatorex, *circa* 1850.



2.

p O, let me have a holy name,
E'en though alone I be!
Vain is the charm of earthly fame,
And sin's short victory.

3.

I'd rather with Elijah stand,
Alone on Carmel's crest,
Than own allegiance to the band
dim. Whose shame was there confessed.

4.

I'd rather have a Daniel's crown
Of fearless fortitude,
dim. Than basely lay my manhood down
With craven multitude.

5.

I'd rather be the one true heart,
Strong in a purpose high,
dim. Than cowardly from Christ depart,
With recreant hosts to die.

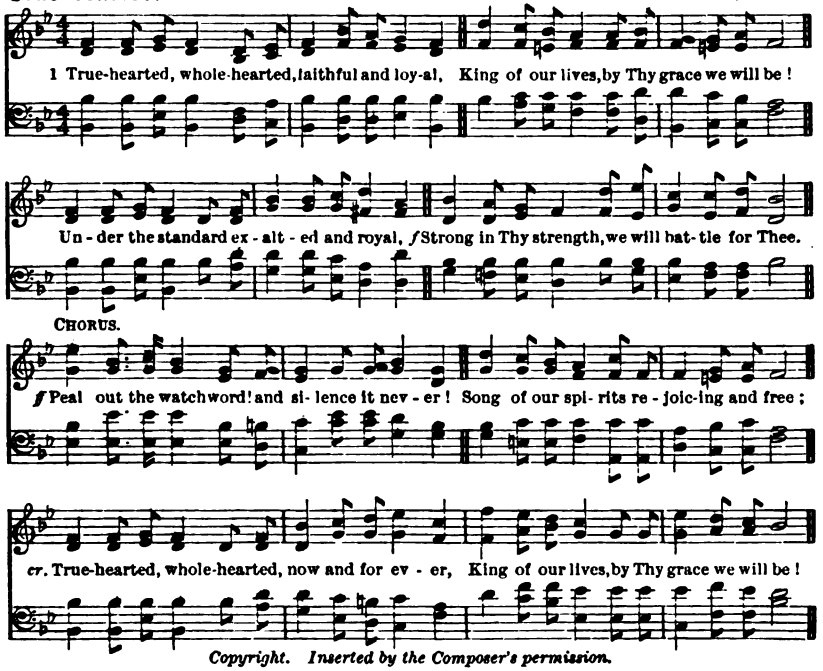
6.

cr. Whate'er befall, to me a place
Be with the victors given,
f Where faithful ones behold His face,
Amidst the bliss of heaven!

Julius Brigg, 1876.

339 *Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*—Rev. ii. 10.

True-hearted. 11.10.11.10. with Chorus. J. Booth, 1887.



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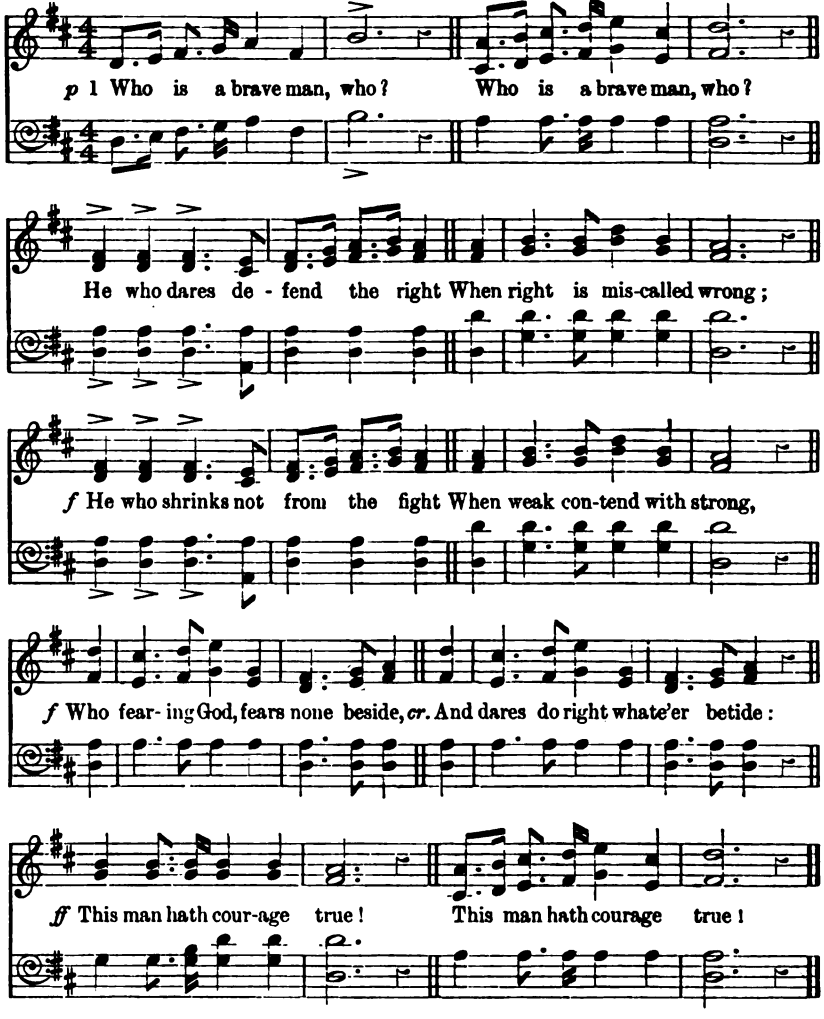
2 True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience,
Freely and joyously now would we bring.
Peal out, etc.

3 True-hearted, whole-hearted, Saviour all glorious!
f Take Thy great power and reign there alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered and wholly Thine own.
Peal out, etc.

Frances R. Havergal, 1878.

340 *Be ye therefore very courageous to keep and to do all that is written in the book of the law.*—Josh. xxiii. 6.

Who is a brave man? P.M. Anon., *circa* 1840.



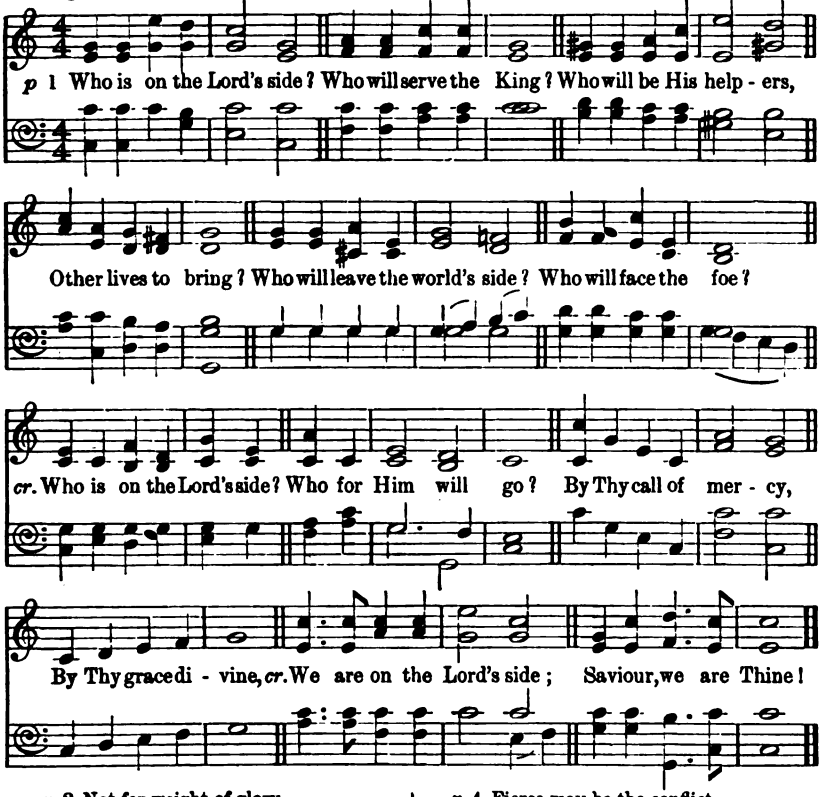
p 2 Who is a free man, who?
Who is a free man, who?
p He who finds his chief delight
In keeping God's commands;
cr. He who loves whate'er is right,
And hath to sin no bands,
From every law but one set free—
The perfect law of liberty:
f This man hath freedom true,
This man hath freedom true.

p 3 Who is a noble man?
Who is a noble man?
He who scorns or words or deeds
That are not just and true;
pp He whose heart for suff'ring bleeds,
Is quick to feel and do,
cr. Whose noble soul will ne'er descend
To treacherous act towards foe or friend:
This is a noble man!
This is a noble man!
Anon., *circa* 1840.

341

Who is on the Lord's side?—Ex. xxxii. 26.

Armageddon. 6.5., 12 lines. German.



p 2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
cr. But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
cr. We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine!

p 3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
cr. Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
f By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine!

p 4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round his standard ranging,
Victory is secure!
cr. For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
f Joyfully enlisting,
By Thy grace divine,
cr. We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine!

5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
"Chosen, called, faithful,"
For our Captain's band.
p In His service royal,
Let us not grow cold;
cr. Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
f Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
ff Always on the Lord's side;
Saviour, always Thine!

Frances R. Havergal, 1878.

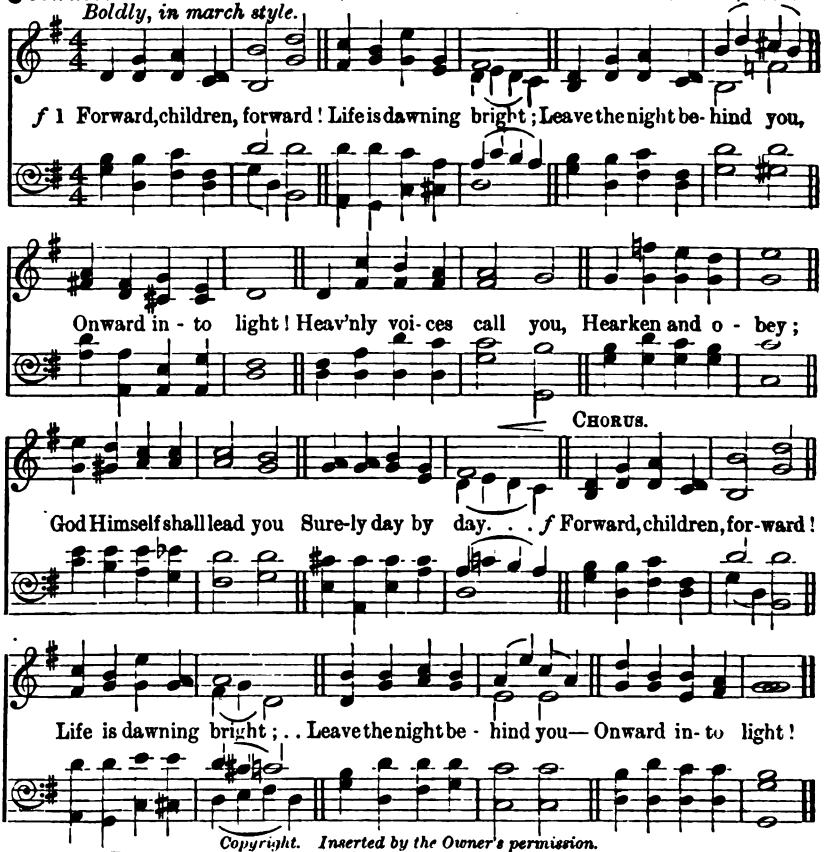
10. The March of Life.

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

342 *Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.*—Ex. xiv. 15.

Forward. 6.5., 8 lines with Chorus. C. E. KETTLE, 1896.

Boldly, in march style.



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p 2 Breezy spring may languish,
Fade the summer sun,
Autumn rich, and winter,
Round and round may run:
cr. Still through falling seasons
Love shall safe abide,
Lasting as the mountain,
Steadfast as the tide.
Forward, children, etc.

(*Boys.*) 3 Childhood's golden morning
Breaks in manhood's day:
Life's high noon is fleeting,
Age knows no delay:
f Waken, children, waken!
Gather wisdom's word;
Follow Christ your Leader,
Learn to know the Lord!
Forward, children, etc.

(*Girls.*) *p* 4 Days of toil are coming,
Hours, perchance, of pain;
Conflicts where the mighty
Sink upon the plain:
cr. Learn to bear you bravely;
Lean on God alway;
Ere the stress of battle,
Children, watch and pray!
Forward, children, etc.

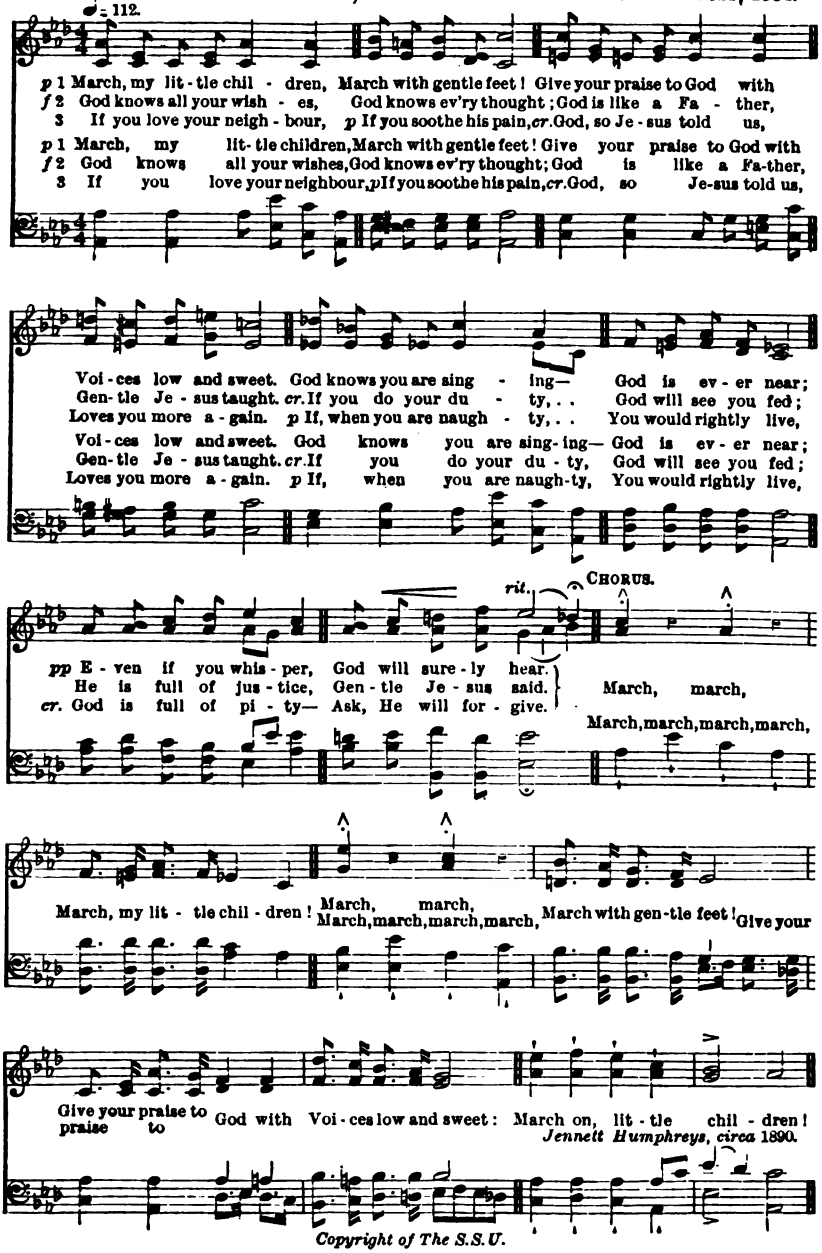
(*Full.*) *f* 5 Soon we'll stand triumphant,
Sin and danger o'er,
Nevermore to sever,
On a brighter shore.
ff There we'll serve our Father
Saintly souls among,
There we'll bless His mercy
In a nobler song!
Forward, children, etc.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Ambleside," No. 345. Ambrose N. Blatchford.

343

Your Heavenly Father knoweth.—Matt. vi. 32.

March, my little children. 6.5., 8 lines with Chorus. Wm. Lane Frost, 1904.



Jennett Humphreys, circa 1890.

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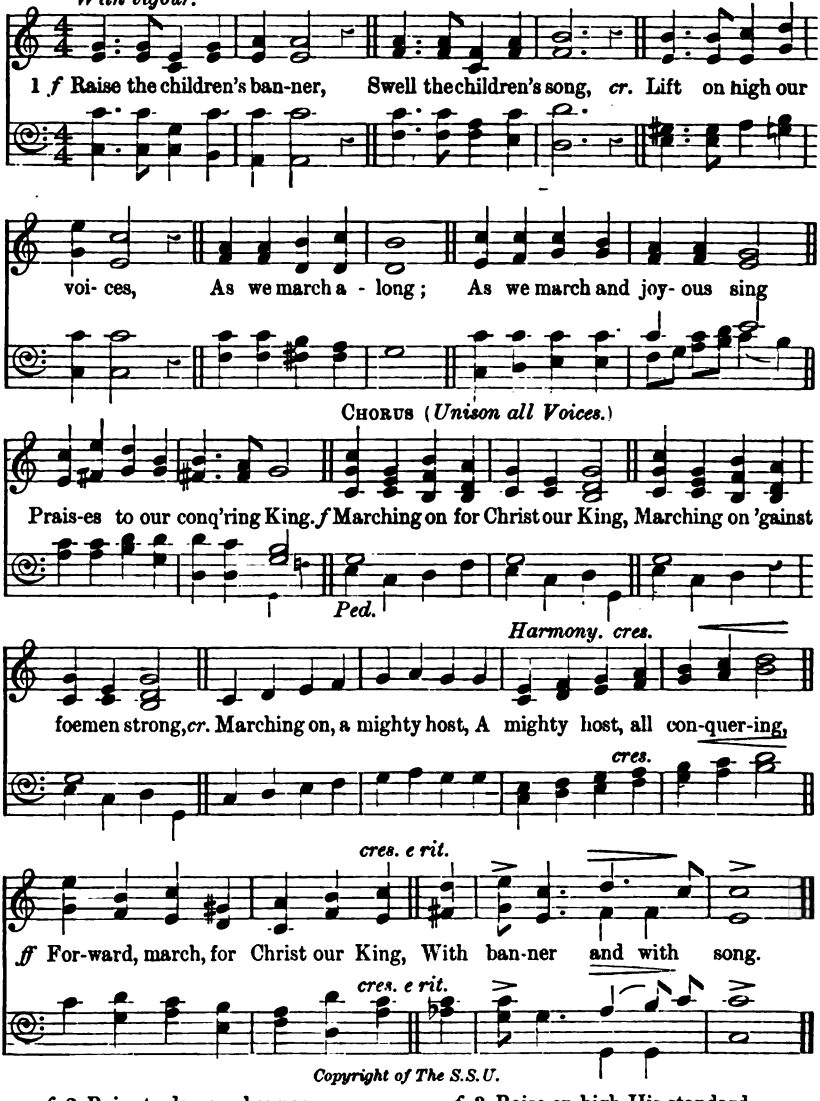
344 *Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee.*—Psalm lx. 4.

Raise the children's banner. P.M. with Chorus. CHARLES DARNTON, 1900.



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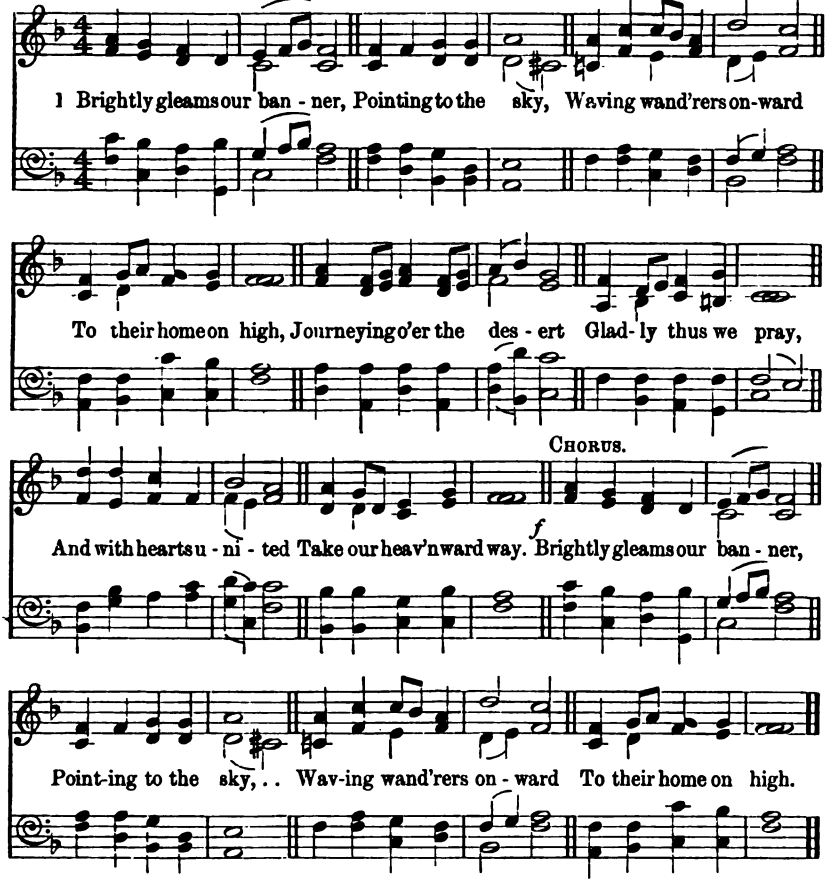
f 2 Raise to-day our banner,
Sing our happy song;
To the Christ who saves us
Our glad notes prolong;
Jesus is our glorious King,
Joyous we His praises sing.
Marching on, etc.

f 3 Raise on high His standard,
Christ's, who came to save;
Summon to His service
Loyal hearts and brave:
Tell the news o er land and sea,
Jesus makes the nations free.
Marching on, etc.
James Parker, 1900.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

345 *And the Lord went before them . . . in a pillar of a cloud to lead them the way.*—Ex. xiii. 21.

Ambleside. 6.5., 12 lines. ALBERT LOWE, *circa* 1870.



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2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet;
p Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

f 3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
p Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower;
Pardon Thou and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.

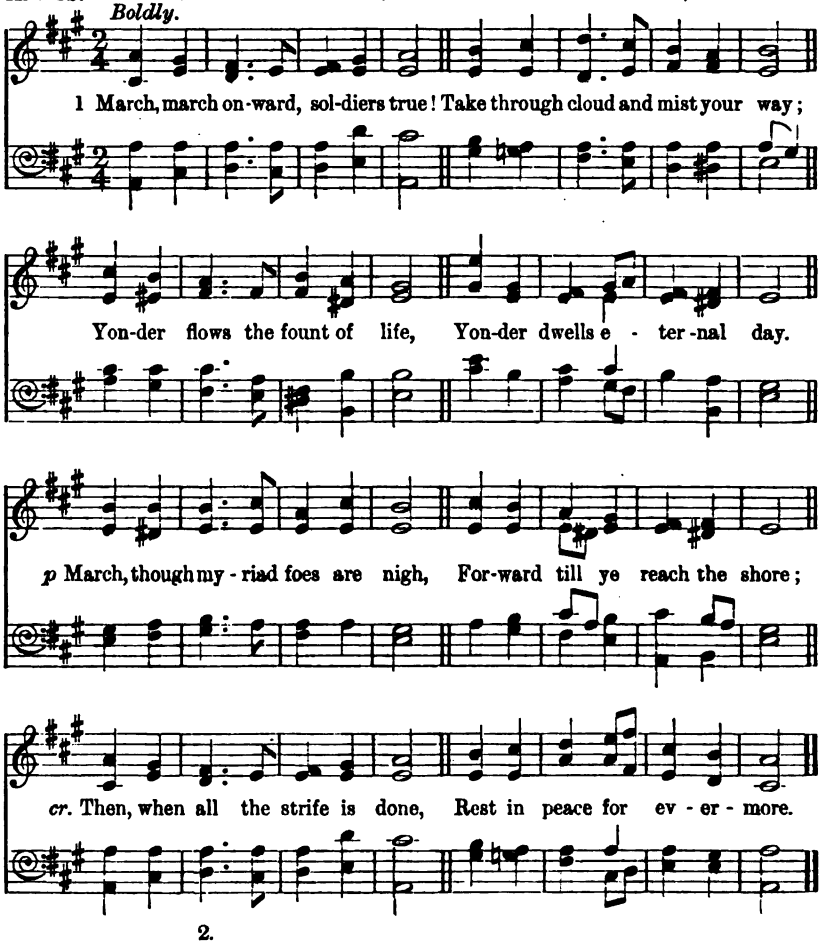
f 4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love.
p When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
cr. Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, etc.

T. J. Potter, 1867.

346

Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.—Ex. xiv. 15.

March. 7's., 8 lines. Sir MICHAEL COSTA, 1807-1884.



2.

f Hark, hark, loud the trumpet sounds!
Wake, ye children of the light;
Time is past for sloth and sleep;
Wake and arm you for the fight.
Spear and sword each warrior needs;
p Foes are round you, friends are few;
cr. Faint not, though the way be long:
Fainting, still your way pursue.

3.

See, see, yonder shines your home;
Gates of pearl and walls of gold,
Joy that heart hath never known,
Bliss that tongue hath never told.

f Victors then through Christ your Lord,
Gathered round His glorious throne;
Be it yours to sing His praise,
Praise that He, your King, shall own.

4.

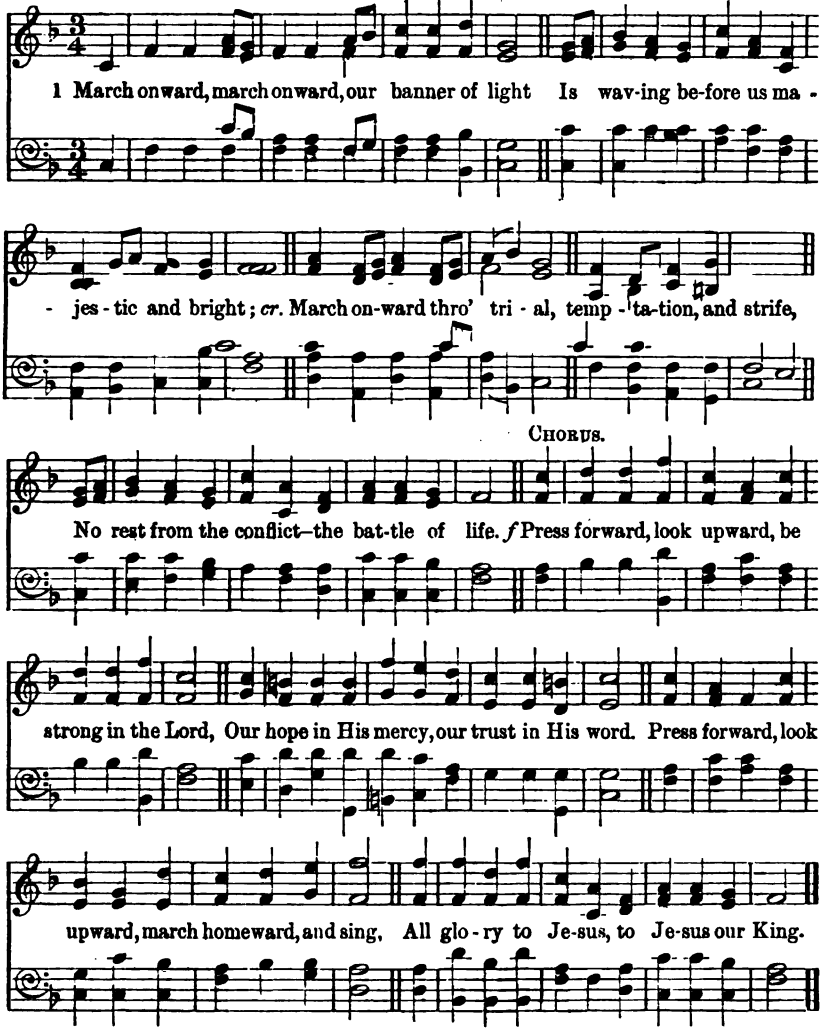
f Praise, praise Him who reigns on high!
Praise the co-eternal Son,
Praise the Spirit, Lord of Life,
Praise the blessed Three in One:
Praise Him, ye who toil and fight;
Praise Him, ye who bear the palm;
cr. As the sound of mighty seas,
Pour your everlasting psalm.

E. H. Plumptre, 1870.

347

I press toward the mark.—Phil. iii. 14.

March Onward, March Onward. 11.11.11.11. with Chorus. Anon., *circa* 1860.



2 March onward, undaunted, whate'er may oppose,
The sword of the Spirit will vanquish our foes;
p Though legions of darkness our pathway assail,
f If prayer be our watchword, they cannot prevail.
Press forward, etc.

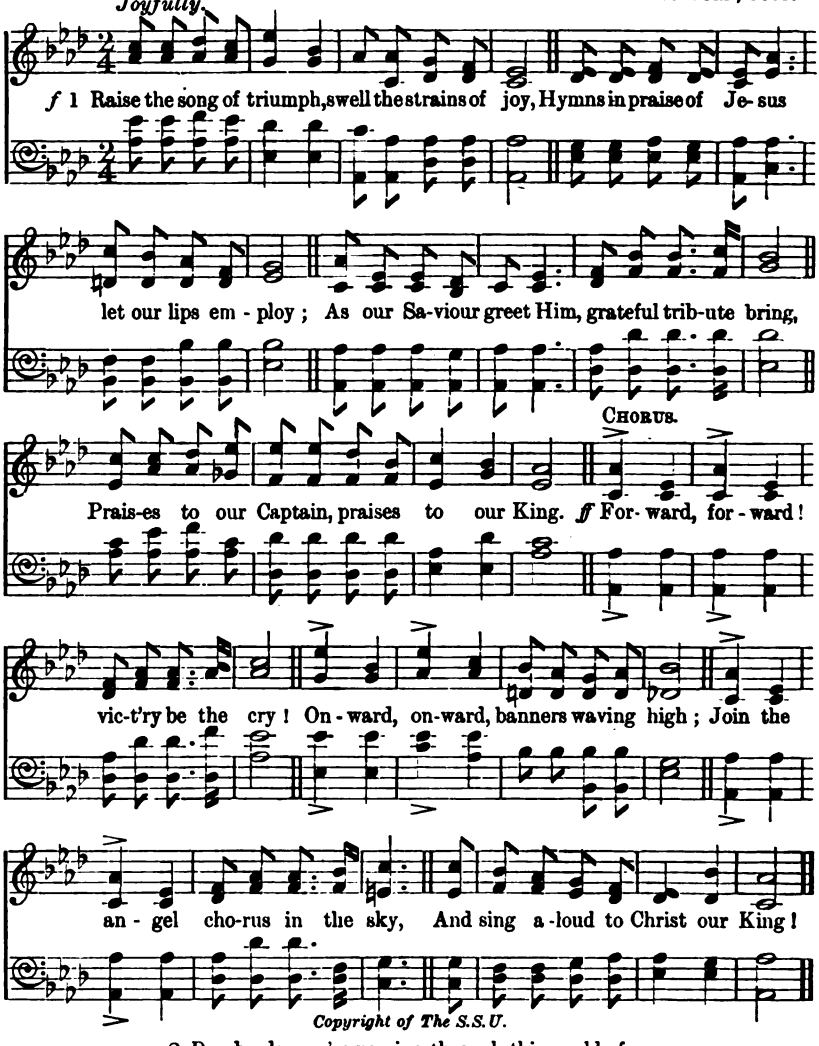
3 The shaft of the tempter will strike, but in vain,
Our buckler of faith in Immanuel's name;
p The storm-cloud may gather, the thunder may roll,
f Yet God is the Refuge and Rock of the soul.
Press forward, etc.

Anon., *circa* 1860.

348

He hath triumphed gloriously.—Ex. xv. 1.

Raise the song of triumph. 11.11.11.11. with Chorus. THOMAS CRAWFORD, 1883.



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mp 2 Day by day we're passing through this world of care,
Year by year approaching heaven so bright and fair;
cr. Old and young together join the pilgrim band,
Marching on to victory and the promised land.
Forward, etc.

p 3 Tenderly the Shepherd every lamb doth guide;
Keep us then, dear Saviour, safely by Thy side:
cr. Faithful to Thy promise, storms can ne'er dismay,
f Mighty Captain, lead us still in Zion's way.
Forward, etc.

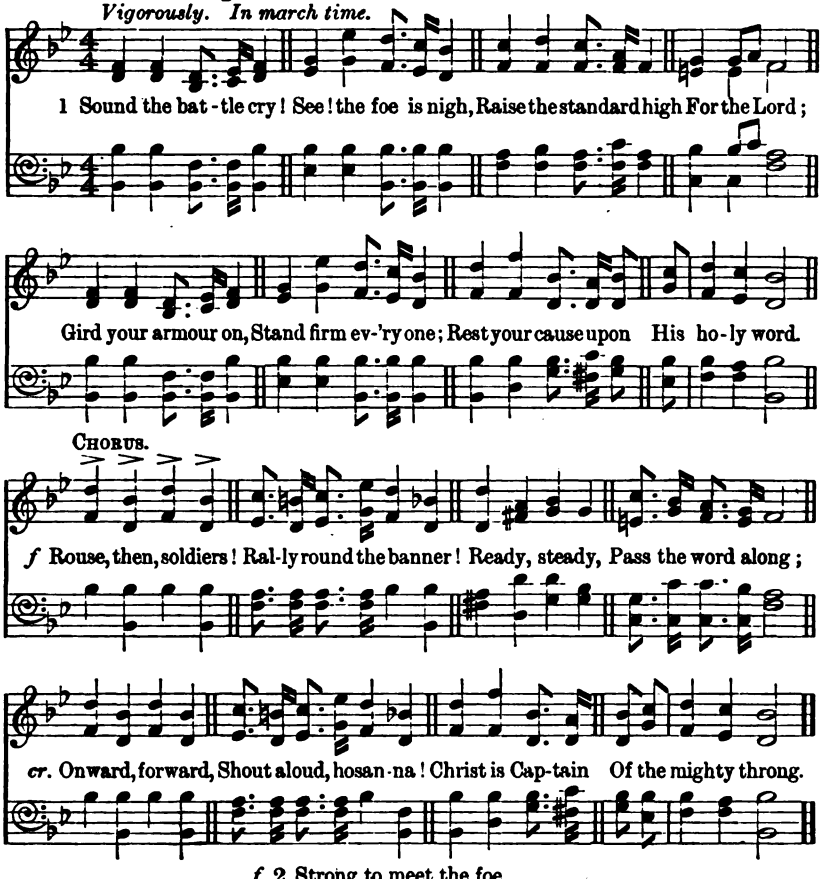
Thomas Crawford, 1883.

349

The Lord of Hosts is with us.—Psalm xlvi. 7.

Sound the battle cry. 5.5.5.3.5.5.5.4 with Chorus. W. F. Sherwin, 1826-1888.

Vigorously. In march time.



f 2 Strong to meet the foe,
Marching on we go,
While our cause we know
Must prevail;
Shield and banner bright
Gleaming in the light;
Battling for the right,
We ne'er can fail.
Rouse, then, soldiers, etc.

pp 3 O Thou God of all,
Hear us when we call,
Help us one and all
By Thy grace.

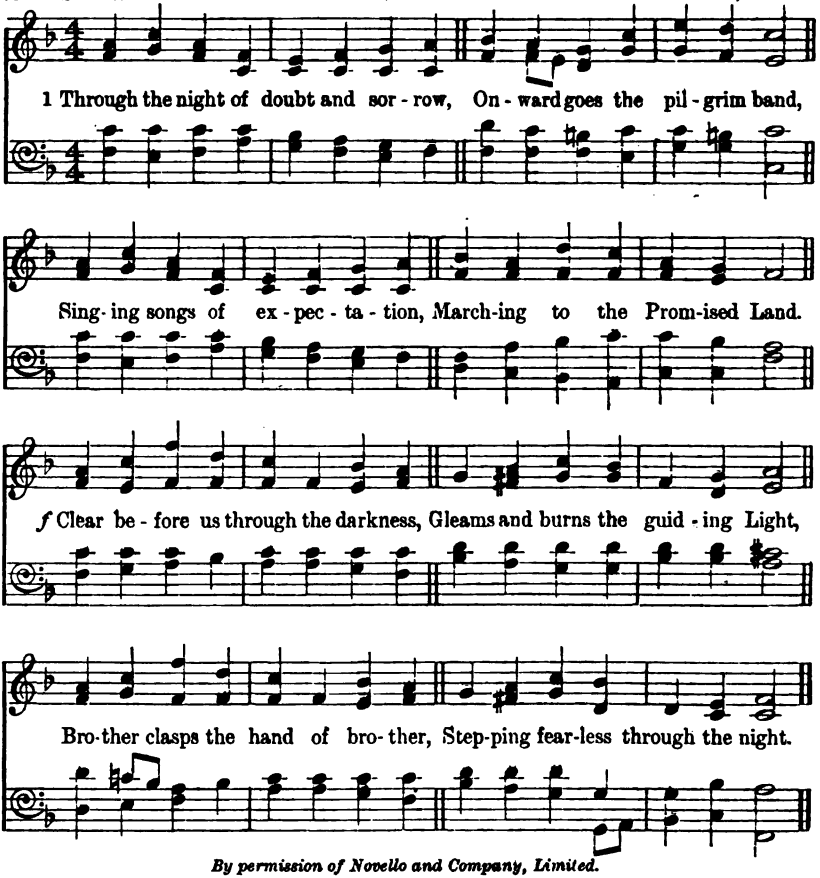
cr. When the battle's done,
And the victory won,
May we wear the crown
Before Thy face.
Rouse, then, soldiers, etc.

W. F. Sherwin, 1826-1888.

350

He led them on safely, so that they feared not.—Psalm lxxviii. 53.

Deerhurst. 8.7., 8 lines. JAMES LANGRAN, 1863.



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2 One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread.
f One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

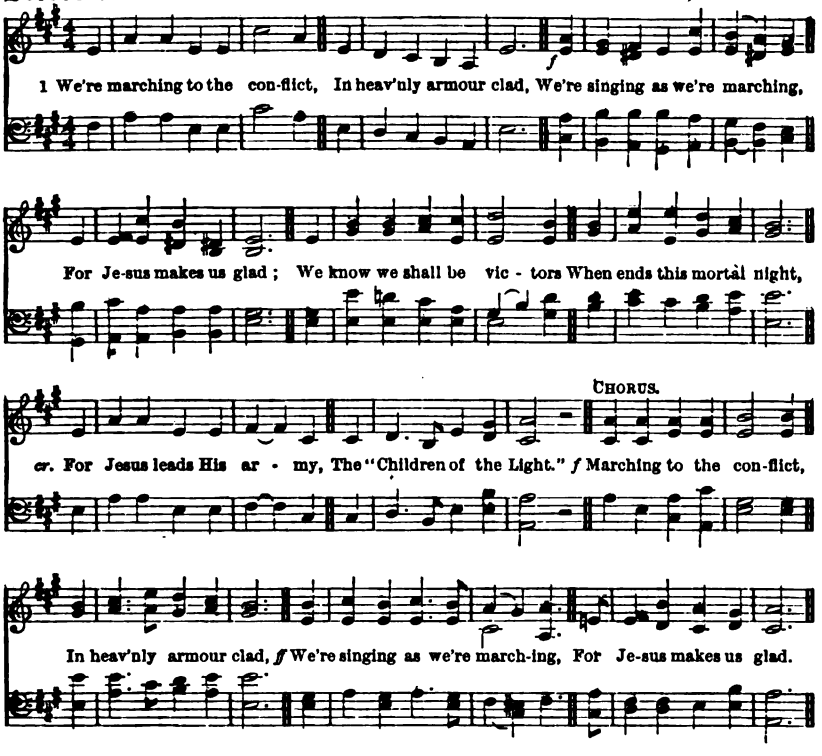
3 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
p One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun.
f One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

B. S. Ingemann, tr. S. Baring-Gould, 1867.

351 Dresden.

Children of the light.—Eph. vi. 8.

7.6., 8 lines with Chorus. JOHANN A. P. SCHULZ, 1747-1800.



2.

We're marching to the conflict,
And guarding every part:
The shield of *Faith* is turned to stay
And quench each fiery dart;
f Stronger than bands of iron,
Truth girds us for the strife;
King Jesus is the Way, the Truth,
And our eternal Life.
Marching to the conflict, etc.

3.

We're marching to the conflict,
And, till the tumult cease,
p Our feet are always carrying
Sweet messages of *Peace.*
dim. To those who, faint and weary,
Steel their proud hearts no more,
But wide to Christ, their Saviour King,
Open the long closed door.
Marching to the conflict, etc.

4.

We're marching to the conflict,
Grasping our two-edg'd sword,
cr. Which never yet returnèd void,
For 'tis God's holy word:
It's point is sharp for ever,
Both hilt and blade are proof,
For forged it was by God's own hand,
His blessed word of truth.
Marching to the conflict, etc.

5.

We're marching on to conquest,
And soon we all shall stand;
cr. Waving the palm of victory
On heaven's golden strand;
Blessing the day when Jesus' voice
Called us from shades of night,
To join His victor army,
The "Children of the Light."
Marching to the conflict, etc.

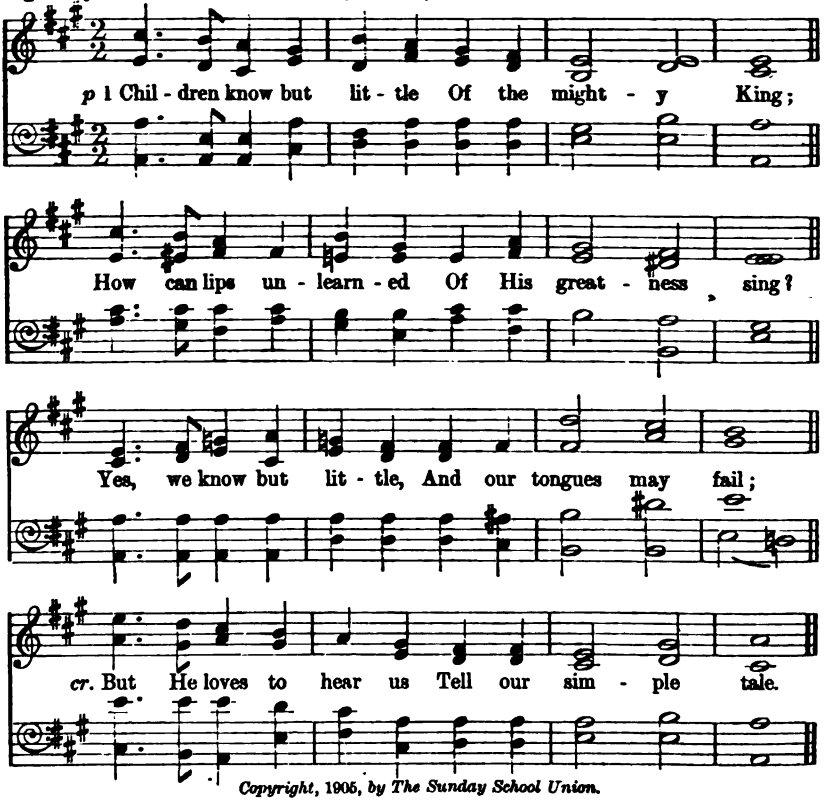
George Banaster, 1880.

11. The Greatness of Small Things.

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

352 *Bring an offering, and come before Him.*—1 Chron. xvi. 29.

Lydstep. 6.5., 8 lines (or 11's.). W. G. HANCOCK, 1905.



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p 2 Children's hands are feeble,
And unskilful too;
In the Master's service
What can children do?
Works of might and wisdom—
These we cannot boast,
cr. Little deeds of kindness
Please the Master most.

p 3 Children have no riches
But the toys they prize;
What have we to give Thee,
Whose are earth and skies?
Could we bring the treasures
Of the crowded mart,
dim. Still the Lord would value
More each loving heart.

4 Little prayers we offer,
Little hymns we sing,
Little tasks of labour,
Little gifts we bring;
cr. All will please the Master,
If they only prove
Offerings of our childhood's
Simple, earnest love.

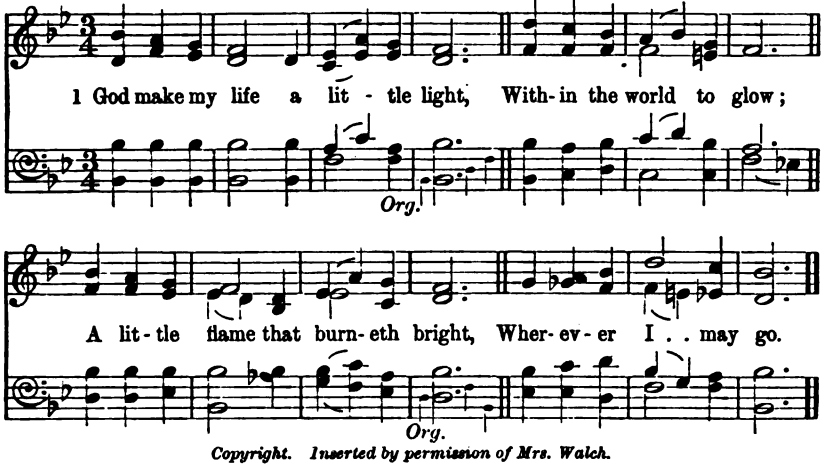
W. H. Parker, 1880.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Lyndhurst," No. 268.

353

Faithful in a very little.—Luke xix. 17.

Sawley. [FIRST TUNE.] C.M. J. WALCH, 1864.



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2.
God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
p Although the place be small.

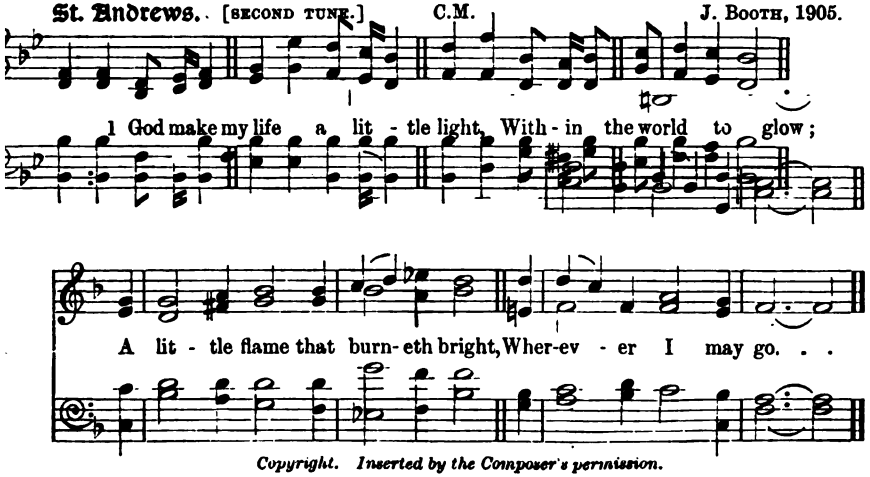
3.
God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
cr. That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

4.
God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
cr. That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

5.
f God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
cr. Of faith—that never waxeth dim—
In all His wondrous ways.

Matilda Betham-Edwards, 1873.

St. Andrews. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M. J. BOOTH, 1905.



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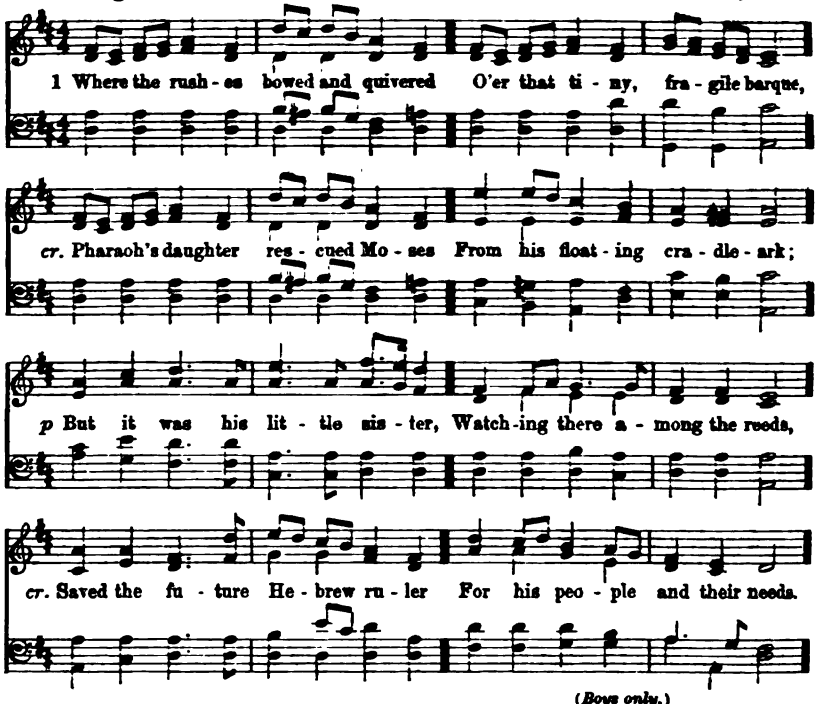
354

And a little child shall lead them.—Isa. xi. 6.

Normandy. 8.7., 8 lines. A. Bost,



p 2 Through the shadows of the temple
And the silence of the night,
Where the solemn priest of Shiloh
Long had knelt in holy rite,
cr. Came the voice of heavenly warning
And that message full of dread,
p But it came to little Samuel,
As he lay upon his bed.

(Girls only.)

3 Naaman, the mighty leper,
Summoned to his palace-gate
All the wise men of his nation,
To relieve his sad estate:
p But it was the little maiden,
Captive of the Syrian band
Told her master of the prophet
Dwelling in her native land.

(Boy.)

f 4 Proudly stood the sons of Jesse,
Warriors brave and fair to see;
For they knew the one most valiant
Should the King of Israel be;
p But it was the stripling, David,
With the blush upon his face,
cr. Who was summoned from the sheep-
To protect a chosen race. fold,

(Boys only.)

5 Scattered o'er Bethsaida's desert,
Hungry thousands waited by;
And the Lord's disciples murmured
There were no provisions nigh:
p But there came the lad with fishes,
And his loaves of barley-bread—
cr. Jesus, in compassion, called him,
And the people all were fed.

(Girls only.)

6 Weary was the world with waiting
For the coming of the King,
cr. Who should all its evils conquer,
And the great salvation bring:
p When He came, 'twas to a manger,
pp And a helpless Babe was He;
cr. But of all the world, for ever,
Shall that Babe the Leader be.

(All.)

7 In the story of the ages
p There are lines of tender grace,
cr. Which our Father, in His purpose,
Let the little children trace:
Then, O Lord, may we be ready
To receive the call divine;
cr. For we know our simple service
Is a part of Thy design.

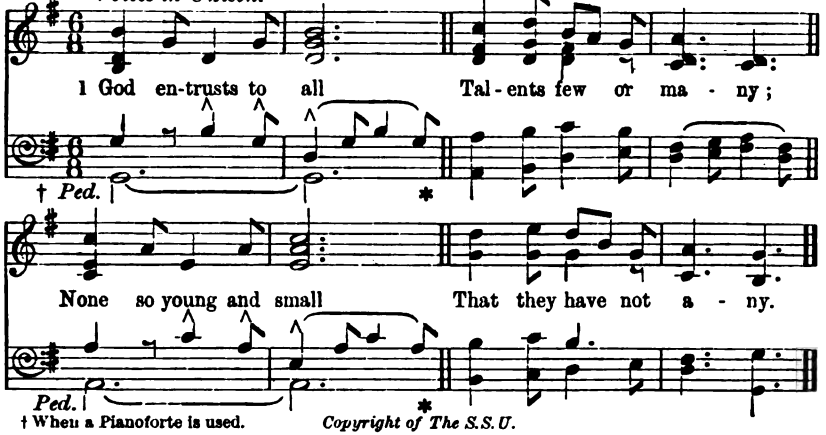
This hymn may also be sung to tune "Deerhurst, No. 165. *W. H. Parker*, 1905.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

355

Give an account of thy stewardship.—Luke xvi. 2.

Gwen. [FIRST TUNE.] *Voices in Unison.* 5.6.5.6. EDWYN VINCENT, 1904.



† When a Pianoforte is used.

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2 Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
cr. Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber

p 3 God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given?

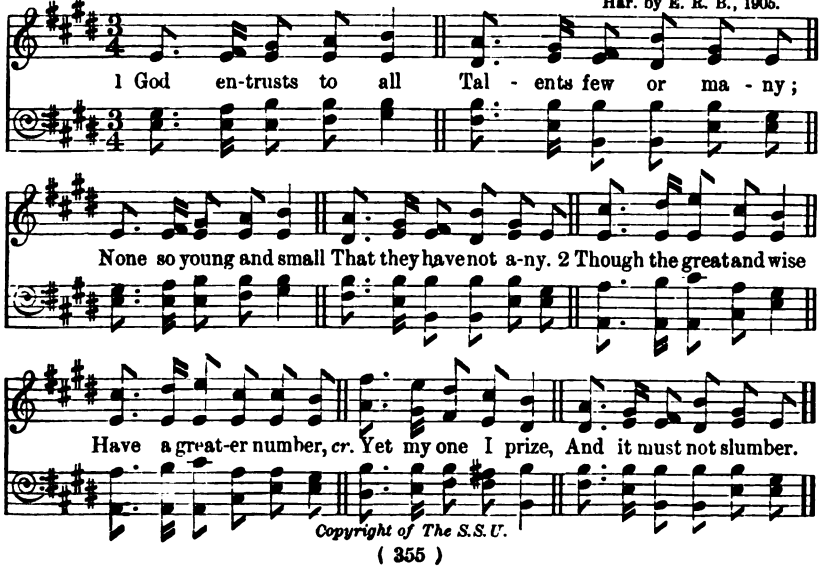
4 Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers,
And I may attain
Much by little powers.

cr. 5 Every little mite,
Every little measure,
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.

James Edmeston, 1846.

When the eight-lined tune below is used, verse 1 must be repeated after verse 5.

Talents. [SECOND TUNE.] 5.6.5.6., 8 lines. Anon., *circa* 1850. Har. by E. R. B., 1905.



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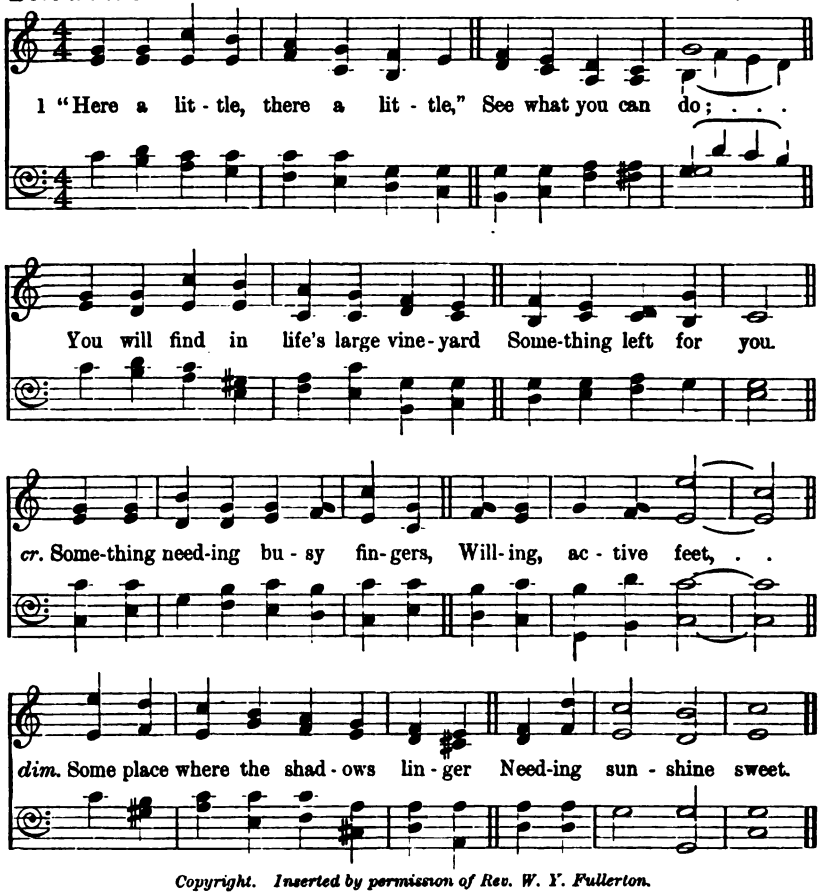
356 *He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.*—Luke xvi. 10.

There a little. P.M. P. E. Rasmussen, 1882.



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2 "Here a little, there a little,"
Sowing God's fair seed,
cr. You will reap in days hereafter
Harvests rich indeed.
It will grow, and bud, and blossom,
Though you know not how,
And a golden harvest follow
Patient sowing now.

3 "Here a little, there a little,"
Just an earnest word;
That within some careless spirit
Better thoughts has stirred.
p Just a touch of human kindness,
Just a loving smile,
Just the lifting of a burden
For a little while.

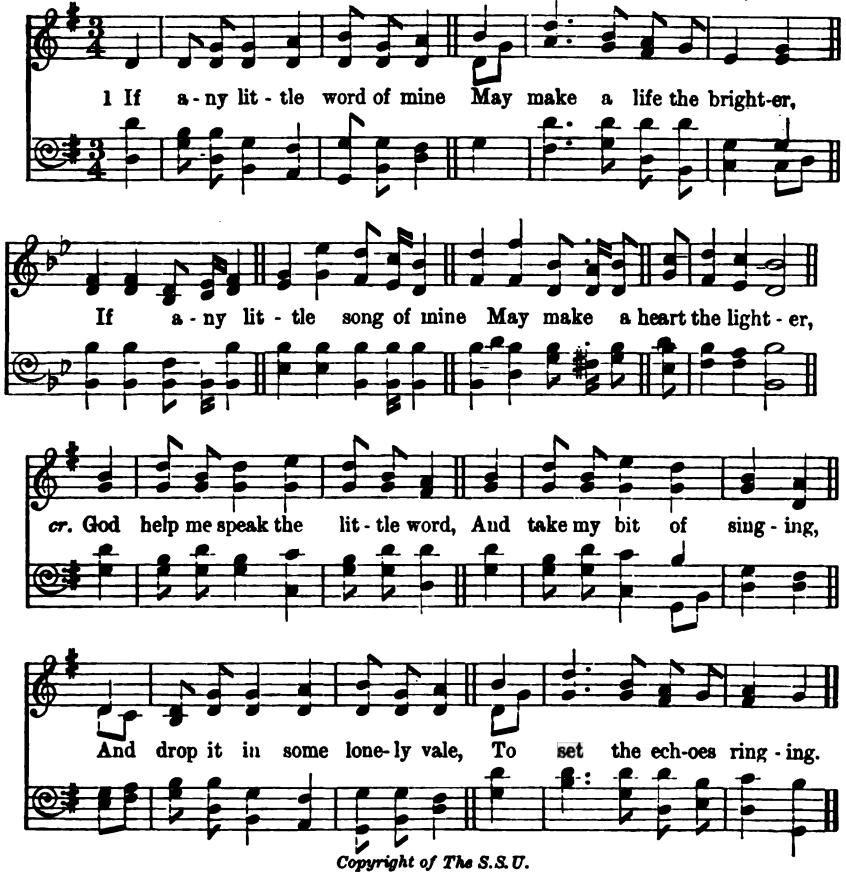
f 4 "Here a little, there a little,"
See what you can do;
p Life is full of solemn meaning,
Make it fair and true.
Opportunities of "littles"
Passed unheeded by,
dim. Make one sad gigantic failure
For eternity.

S. M. E., 1882.

357

Faithful in that which is least.—Luke xvi. 10.

Baltimore. 8.7. Iambic. Geo. F. Root, Mus. Doc., 1825-1895. Arr. by E. Rawdon Bailey, 1904.



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2 If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
May make a friend 's the fleeter,
If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
f God give me love, and care, and strength
To help my toiling brother.

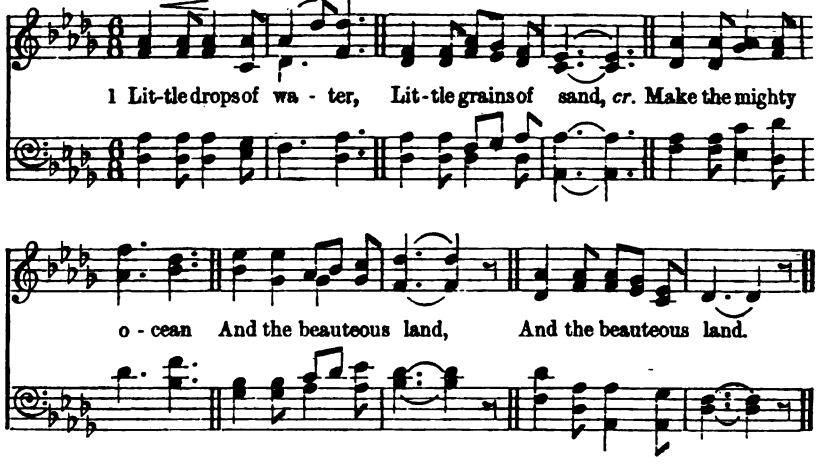
3 Then many a burden shall be eased,
Because I help to bear it,
And many a care be lighter made,
Because I try to share it;
And many a grief shall fly away
When my bright song shall bid it;
And Christ, the Lord of love, will say:—
"'Twas unto Me ye did it."

Anon., *circa* 1880.

358

Faithful in a very little.—Luke xix. 17.

Beatrice. [FIRST TUNE.] 6.5.6.5. Anon., *circa* 1850.



2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
f Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

p 3 And our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Far in sin to stray.

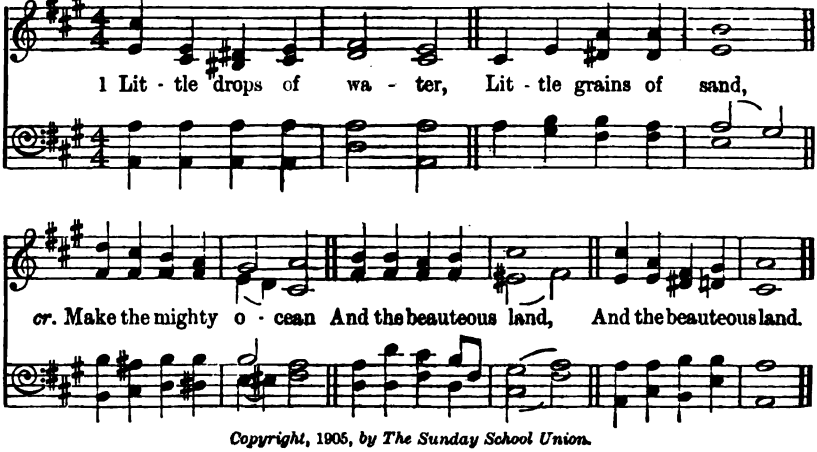
4 Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by useful hands,
cr. Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

5 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
f Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

E. C. Brewer, 1848 (*1st verse only*), *verses* 2-5 Anon., 1860.

Dalton. [SECOND TUNE.]

Gently 6.5.6.5. WILLIAM WORTHINGTON, 1905.



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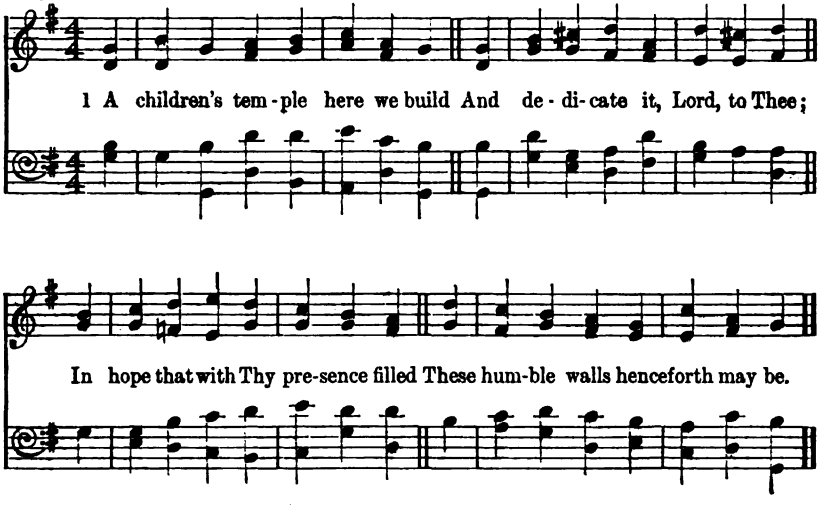
V. Times and Seasons.

1. Opening a New School Building.

359 *The glory of the Lord filled the house.*—2 Chron. vii. 1.

Angel's Hymn. L.M. ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1583-1625.



2.

p When Christ, Thy holy Child, was born,
He had not where to lay His head;
Though King of kings, He did not scorn
The meanness of a manger bed.

3.

He, who the throne of glory shares,
Came down, that we, through sovereign love,
Might be God's children and God's heirs,
Joint-heirs with Him in bliss above.

4.

And here, where simple souls are taught
To know and do His Father's will,
p Or infants to His arms are brought,
f He welcomes all, and blesses still.

5.

Come, Holy Ghost, while we draw nigh,
Such life and power to us afford,
cr. That each may Abba, Father, cry,
And young and old call Jesus, Lord.

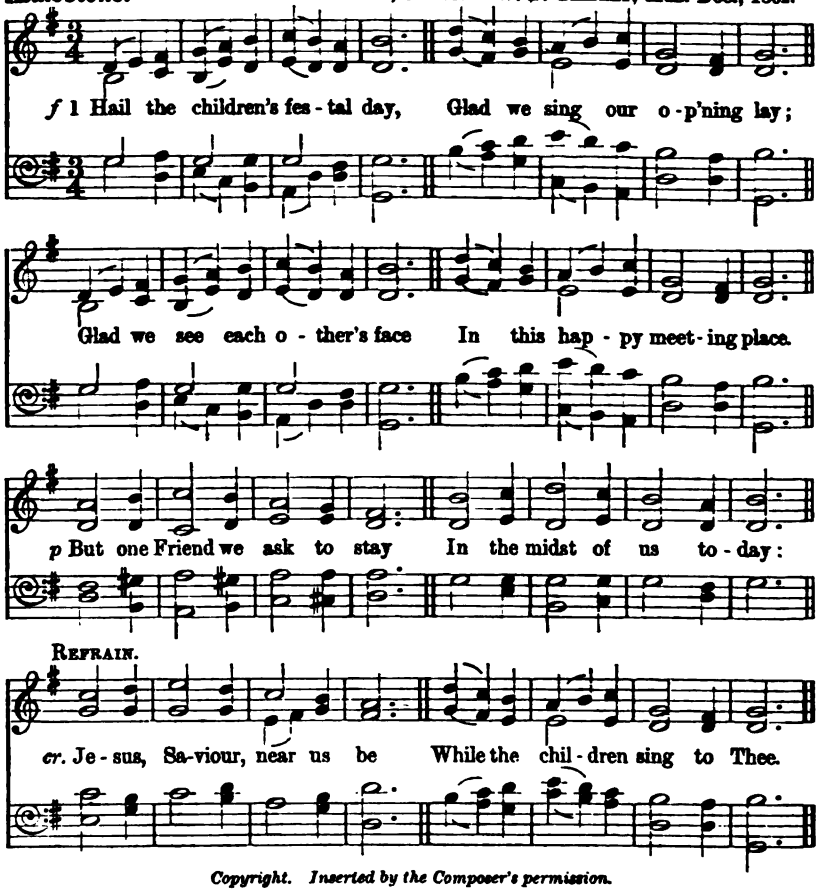
James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

2. Anniversaries.

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

360 *And there was very great gladness.*—Neh. viii. 17.

Maidstone. 7's., 8 lines. W. B. GILBERT, Mus. Doc., 1862.



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2 Gladsome ones are in His sight,
Happy spirits, faces bright;
Light the hearts that gather here
Where the friends we love appear;
p But a cloud is o'er the day
If the Saviour keeps away.
Jesus, Saviour, etc.

3 We have learnt to love that Name;
For the children Jesus came,
Blessed the merry little bands,
Touched them with His gentle hands,
Loved to have them by His side,
pp And to save them, even died.
Jesus, Saviour, etc.

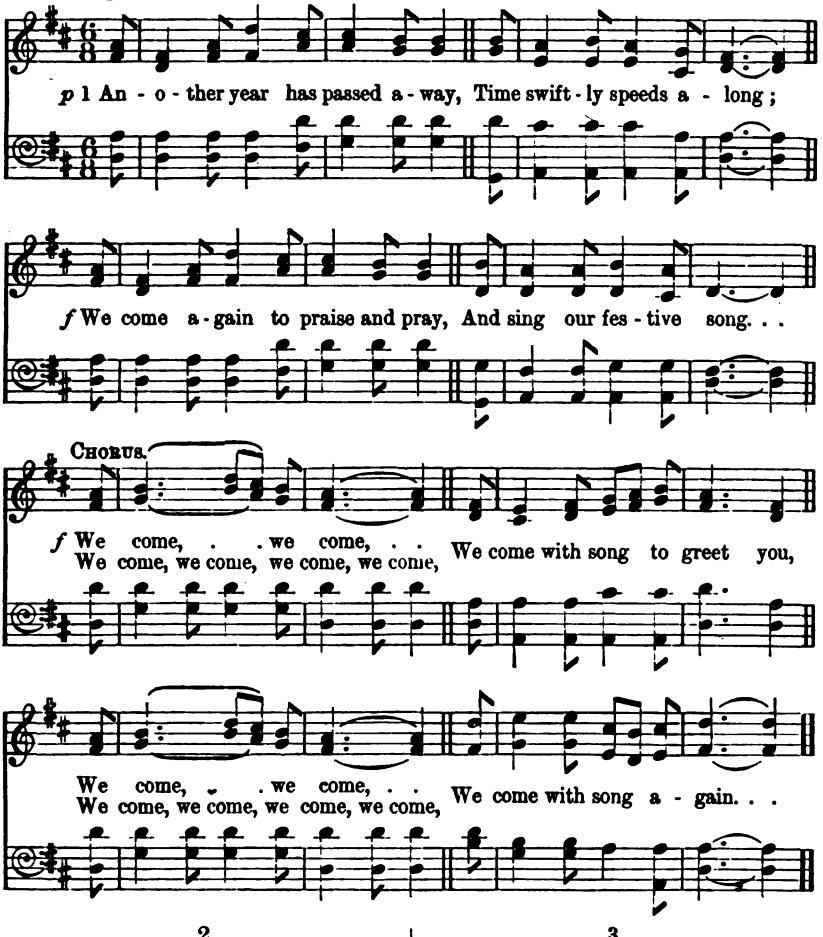
p 4 We are young, and little know
Of the way we have to go;
We are dark and need His light
For we cannot tell the right;
f Christ, the children's Friend, is strong,
He will save us from all wrong.
Jesus, Saviour, etc.

Marianne Farningham, 1875.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

361 *The memory of Thy great goodness.*—Psalm clxv. 7.

Another year has passed away. C.M. with Chorus. W. B. BRADBURY, 1866.



2.

We come, the Saviour's Name to praise;
To sing the wondrous love
Of Him who guards us all our days,
And guides to heaven above.
We come, etc.

3.

f We'll sing of mercies daily given
Through every passing year;
We'll sing the promises of heaven
With voices loud and clear.
We come, etc.

4.

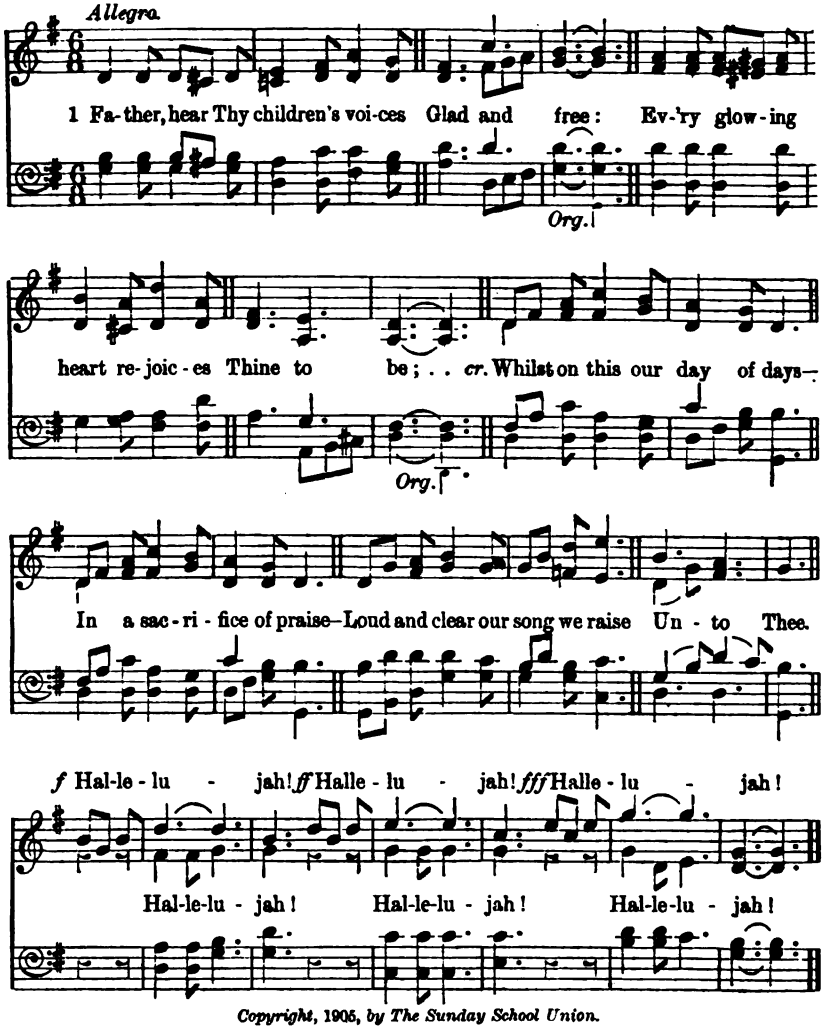
f Our youthful hearts we'll gladly raise,
Our voices sweetly sing,
A joyous song of grateful praise
To heaven's eternal King.
We come, etc.

I. P. Williams, 1859.

362

With my song will I praise Him.—Psalm xxviii. 7.

Father, hear Thy children's voices. P.M. CAREY BONNER, 1905.



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f 2 Grace divine hath strength provided
Day by day;
p Love, our wandering feet hath guided
All the way:
What we knew not, Thou hast taught;
cr. All our triumphs, Thou hast wrought;
Full redemption Thou hast brought:
Thanks we pay.
ff Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

p 3 For the hallowed, blest communion
With our King,
For all earthly bonds of union,
Praise we bring:
For the friendships old and new,
For the joys of service true,
f For the work we yet may do—
Now we sing—
ff Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

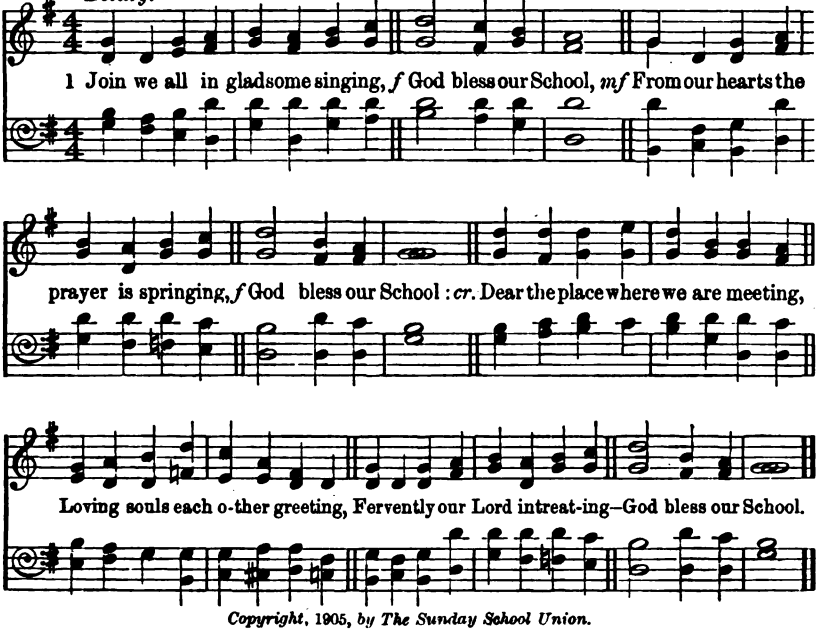
4 For our comrades loyal-hearted
Far away,
dim. Scattered now, and from us parted,
Lord, we pray.
pp Some have entered into rest,
Though we miss them,—they are blest,
cr. Closely folded to Thy breast—
Safe are they.
f Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

mf 5 All the way that lies before us
Thou dost know,
mf With Thy banner floating o'er us,
Forth we go—
f Marching onward into light,
cr. Strengthened ever by Thy might,
In Thy Name to win the fight,
O'er each foe.
ff Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Carey Bonner, 1905.

363 *The Lord shall bless thee out of Zion.*—Psalm cxxviii. 5.

Weimar. 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. From a German Chorale.
Har. by E. R. B., 1905.



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p 2 For our teachers we are praying,
God bless our School;
May they, Thy great love displaying,
Still guide our School;
cr. Let Thy bread to them be broken,
Let Thy word by them be spoken,
Oh, inspire them by this token—
Bless, bless our School.

p 3 Bless old scholars, Heavenly Father,
Far from our School,
All the wanderers do Thou gather—
Far from our School;
dim. May the sick ones know Thy healing,
In sad hearts Thy calm be stealing,
Do Thou, Thy dear Self revealing,
Thus bless our School.

4 Bind us all in sweet communion,
God bless our School,
cr. Till we join Heaven's grand re-union,
God bless our School.
f May we all in youth possess Thee,
May we all with joy confess Thee,
Trust Thee, love Thee, serve and bless Thee:—
God bless our School!

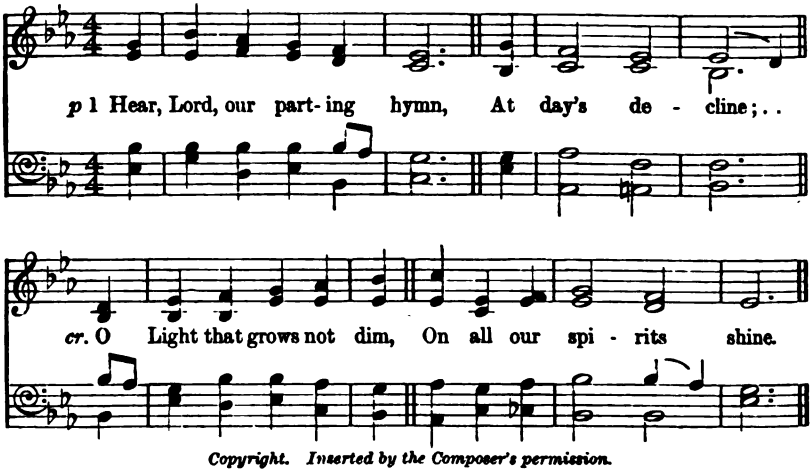
F. A. Jackson, 1905.

3. The Lord's Day.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

364 *The Lord shall be thine Everlasting Light.*—Isa. lx. 20.

Hear, Lord, our parting hymn. 6.4.6.6. Wm. H. Groser, 1905.



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mf 2 Here, on this Pearl of Days,
To us is given
To learn the life of praise,
And catch some gleams of heaven.

3 For earthly duties too,
Our minds prepare;
In each Thy will to do,
And serve Thee everywhere.

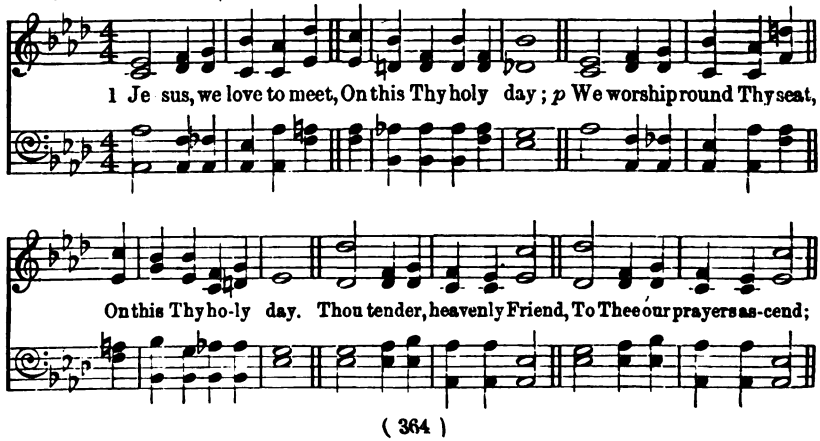
4 And while, for Christ's dear sake,
We bear our part,
cr. Bid Sabbath memories wake
Sweet music in the heart.

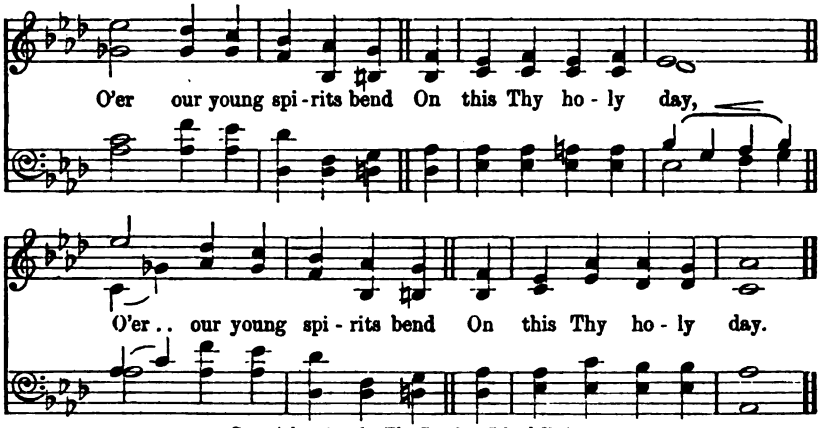
mf 5 Constant may we pursue
The path He trod;
f Till with pure eyes we view
The City of our God.

Wm. H. Groser, 1905.

365 *This is the day the Lord hath made.*—Psalm cxviii. 24.

St. Govan's. [FIRST TUNE.] 6's., 8 lines. W. G. Hancock, 1905.





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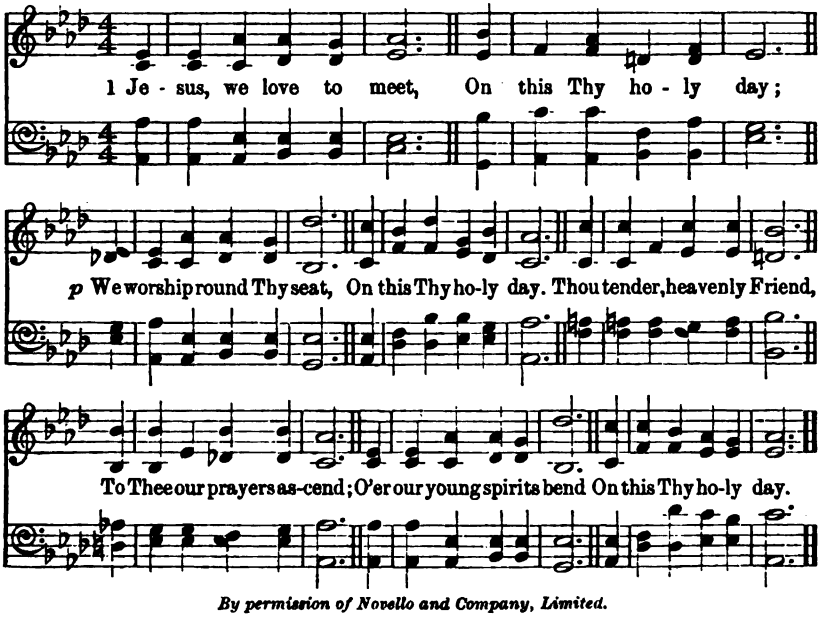
2 We dare not trifle now,
On this Thy holy day;
p In silent awe we bow,
On this Thy holy day.
Check every wandering thought,
cr. And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought
On this Thy holy day.

3 We listen to Thy word,
On this Thy holy day;
Bless all that we have heard,
On this Thy holy day;
Go with us when we part,
cr. And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart,
On this Thy holy day.

Elizabeth Parson, 1812-1873.

6's., 8 lines.

Bury St. Edmunds. [SECOND TUNE.] T. RICHARD MATTHEWS, *circa* 1870.



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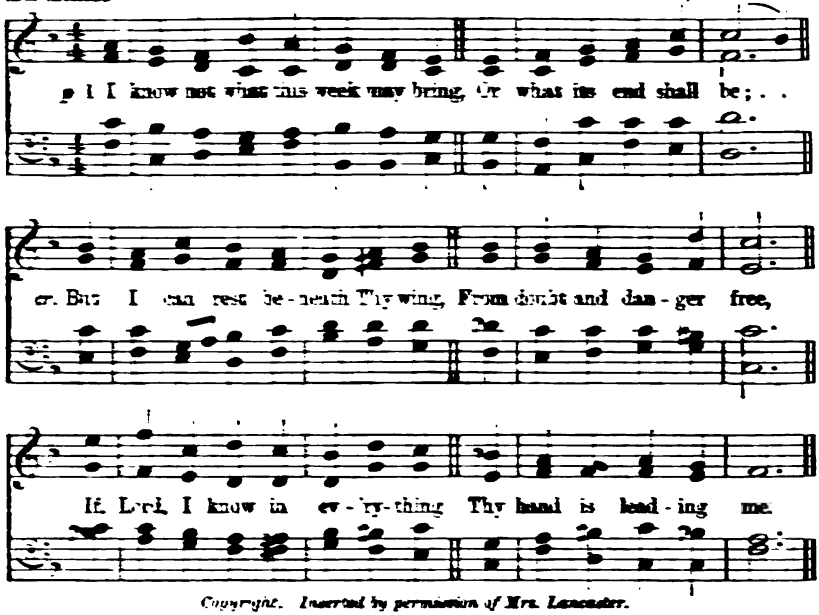
366

I will trust, and not be afraid.—Isa. xii. 2.

St. Silas. 8.4.8.4.8.4. J. LANCASTER, circa 1860.



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2

pp I know not if this speeding year
Shall mark my life's last stage:
Or many a season find me here
In long-drawn pilgrimage.
cr. It matters not, if Thou art near
In childhood, youth, and age.

3

f It may be health's abounding tide
Shall course through every vein:
p Or else for me the future hide
A heritage of pain:
To do or suffer, at Thy side,
Shall be my equal gain.

4

f Shall it be mine in future days
The listening ear to thrill?
p Or, far removed from earth's broad ways
Unnoticed tasks fulfil?
cr. It shall be my sufficient praise
To do my Father's will.

5

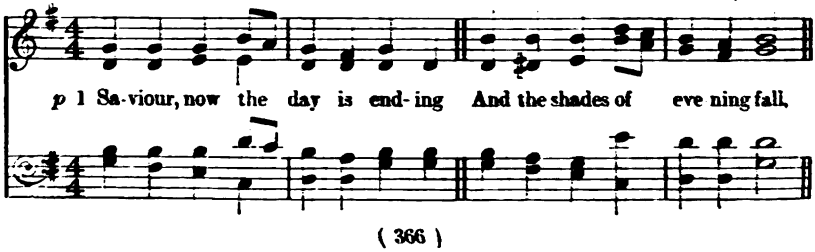
p What though amid the favoured throng
No place be mine to claim,
cr. To know that I to Thee belong
Is more than earthly fame;
And this shall make my life a song
Of triumph through Thy Name.

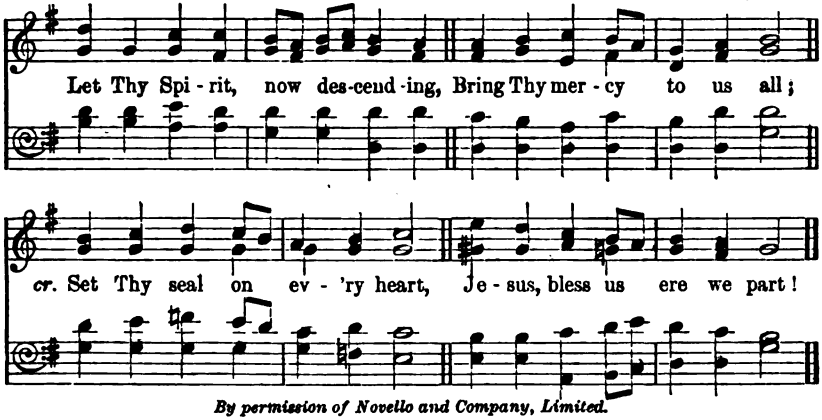
William H. Groser, 1905.

367

I commend you to God.—Acts xx. 32.

Gounod. 8.7.8.7.7.7. CHARLES GOUNOD, 1872.





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2.
Bless the gospel message spoken
In Thine own appointed way;
Give each fainting soul a token
Of Thy tender love to-day:
cr. Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

3.
p Comfort those in pain and sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of Thine:
cr. Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by Thy grace Divine;
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

4.
pp Pardon Thou each deed unholy;
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught:
cr. Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

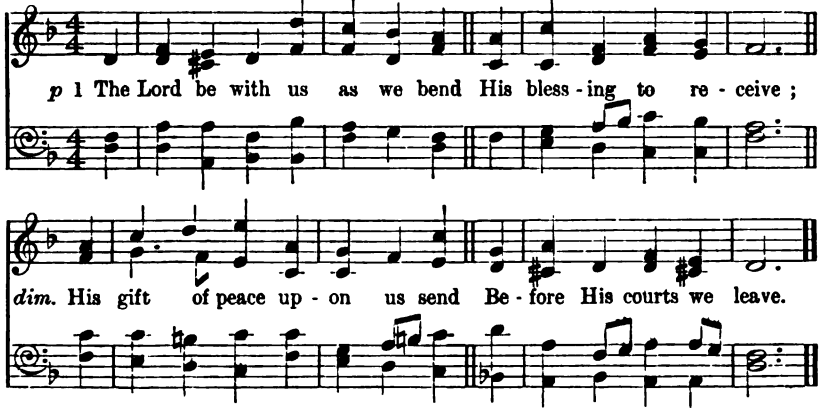
5.
Parents, teachers, friends, and pastor,
Fold them to Thy loving breast,
cr. Guard them safely, gracious Master,
Bless them and they shall be blest:
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part!

Sarah Doudney, 1871.

368

My peace I give unto you.—John xiv. 27.

St. Mary. C.M. PLAYFORD'S *Psalter*, 1677.



2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
p In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

p 3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
cr. Be He of every heart the Light,
Of every house the Guest.

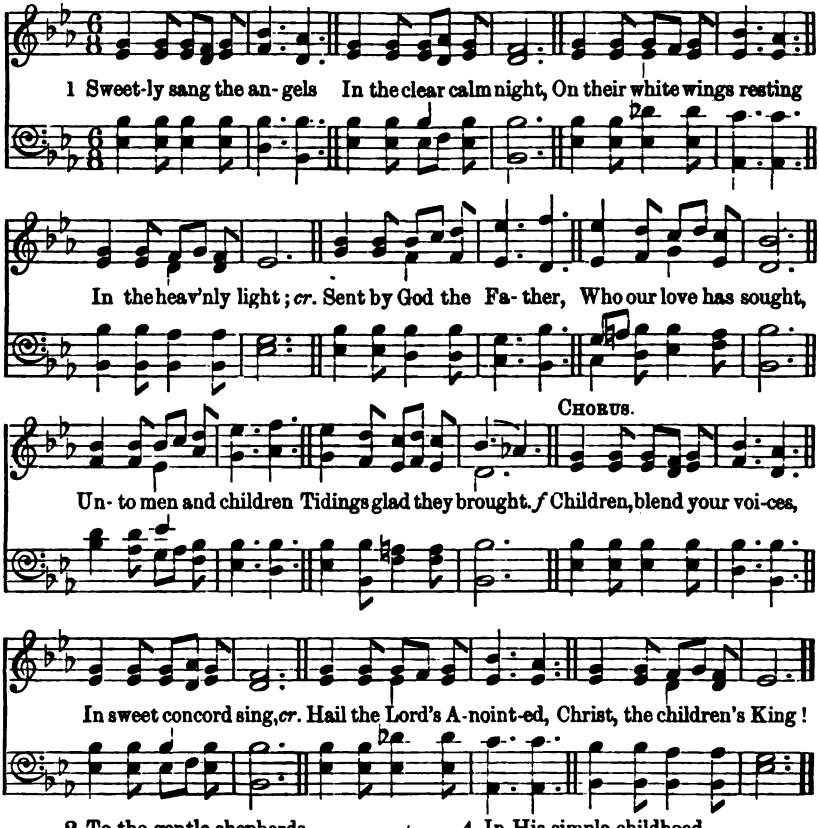
4 And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch He still shall keep,
cr. Crown with His peace, His own blest
And guard His people's sleep. [day,

John Ellerton, 1871.

4. Christmas.

369 *Ye shall find the child . . . lying in a manger.*—Luke ii. 12.

Fleury. 6.5., 8 lines with Chorus. From Rossini, 1792-1868.



2 To the gentle shepherds
It was first revealed—
p Watching 'mid the darkness
In the open field,
cr. That in David's city,
On that holy morn,
In a lowly stable,
Christ, our King, was born.
f Children, blend, etc.

3 Gladdened by the tidings,
Hastily they sped
To the crowded city,
And the manger bed;
There they found the Saviour,
With His mother mild;
Him they loved and worshipped,
Though a lowly child.
f Children, blend, etc.

4 In His simple childhood,
And His sacred youth,
All His ways were holy,
All His words were truth;
p For our sins He suffered,
And, through grief untold,
All His lambs He ransomed
For His sacred fold.
f Children, blend, etc.

p 5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Make us like to Thee;
Loving, true and tender,
Thou would'st have us be,
cr. Blessings rich and holy,
At this Christmas-tide,
Pour Thou out upon us,
Saviour, King, and Guide!
f Children, blend, etc.

John Julian, 1873.

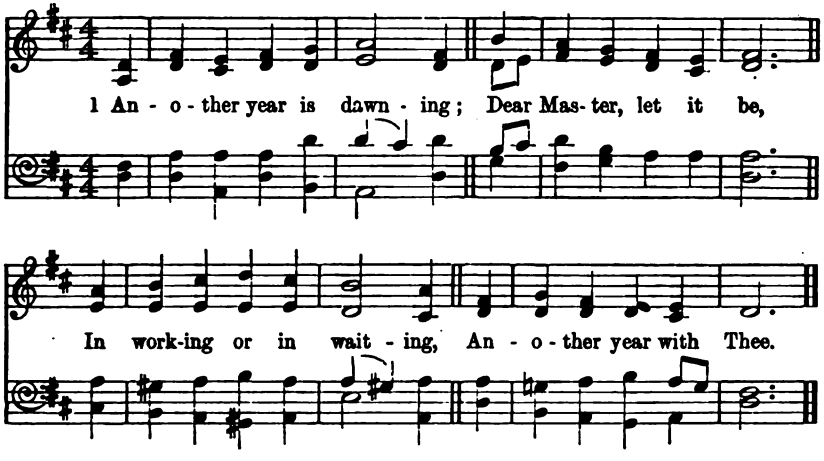
(See also Nos. 186 to 198.)

5. The New Year.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

370 *Still with Thee.*—Psalm cxxxix. 18.

Vulpius. 7.6.7.6. MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1609.



Superintendent—*Establish Thou the work of our hands, the work of our hands establish Thou it.*

Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart, wait, I say, on the Lord.

School (sit and sing)—

1 Another year is dawning;
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Supt.—*Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust.*

In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.

2 Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
dim. Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

Supt.—*The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him.*

f 3 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace,
cr. Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.

Supt.—*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the House of the Lord for ever.*

4 Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence all the days.

Supt.—*Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance; for ye serve the Lord Christ.*

5 Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Supt.—*Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.*

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.

f 6 Another year is dawning;
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven.
Another year for Thee.

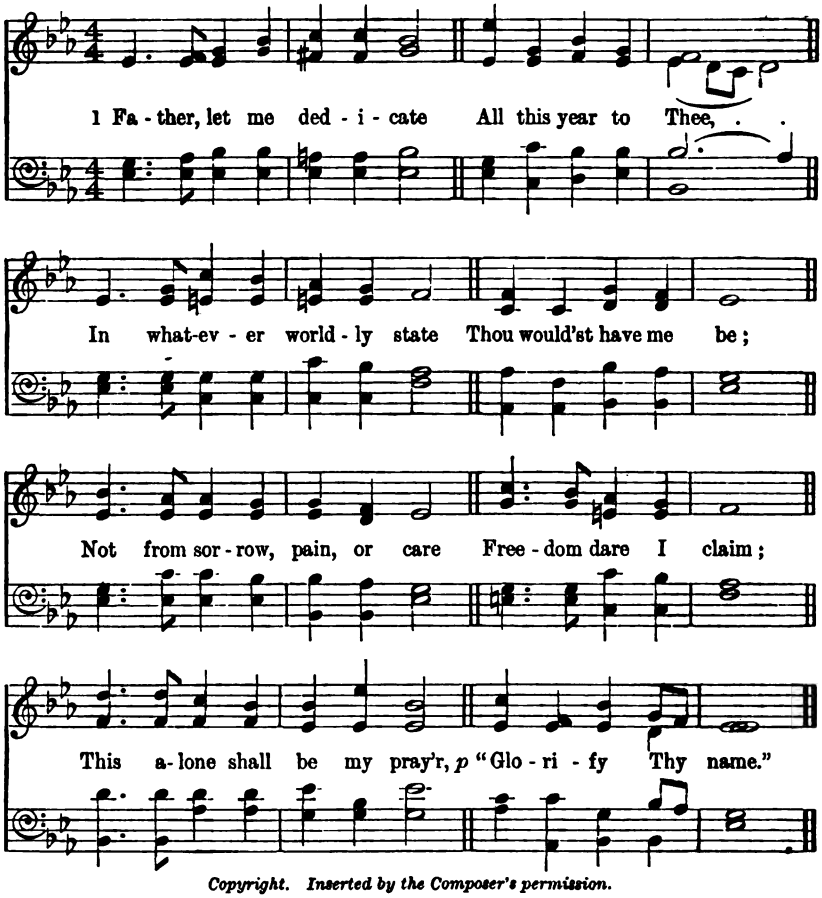
Frances R. Havergal, 1875.

* This hymn may also be sung to tune "St. Alphege," No. 580.

371

I will glorify Thy name.—Psalm lxxxvi. 12.

Dedicatio Anni. 7.5.7.5.7.5.7.5. REGINALD F. COULES, F.R.C.O., 1881.



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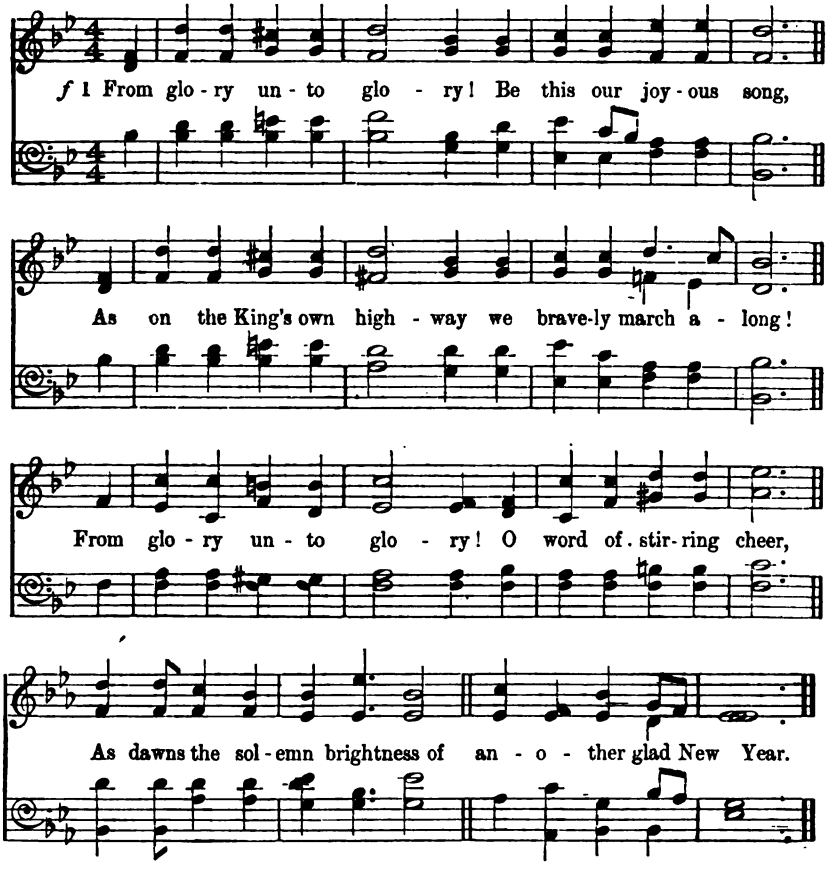
2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
cr. More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim;
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy name.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine,
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine,
cr. Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim;
And whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy name.

p 4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
cr. Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
"Glorify Thy name." *L. Tuttiett*, 1864.

372 *From glory to glory.*—2 Cor. iii. 18.

Fairford. 13's. FRANZ P. SCHUBERT, 1797-1828.



f 2 From glory unto glory! What great things He hath done,
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath won
ff From glory unto glory! what mighty blessings crown
The lives for which the Lord hath laid His own so freely down!

3 And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;
cr. And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God that mighty Love to know.

4 O let our adoration for all that He hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are one:
p And let our consecration be real, deep, and true;
O, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew.

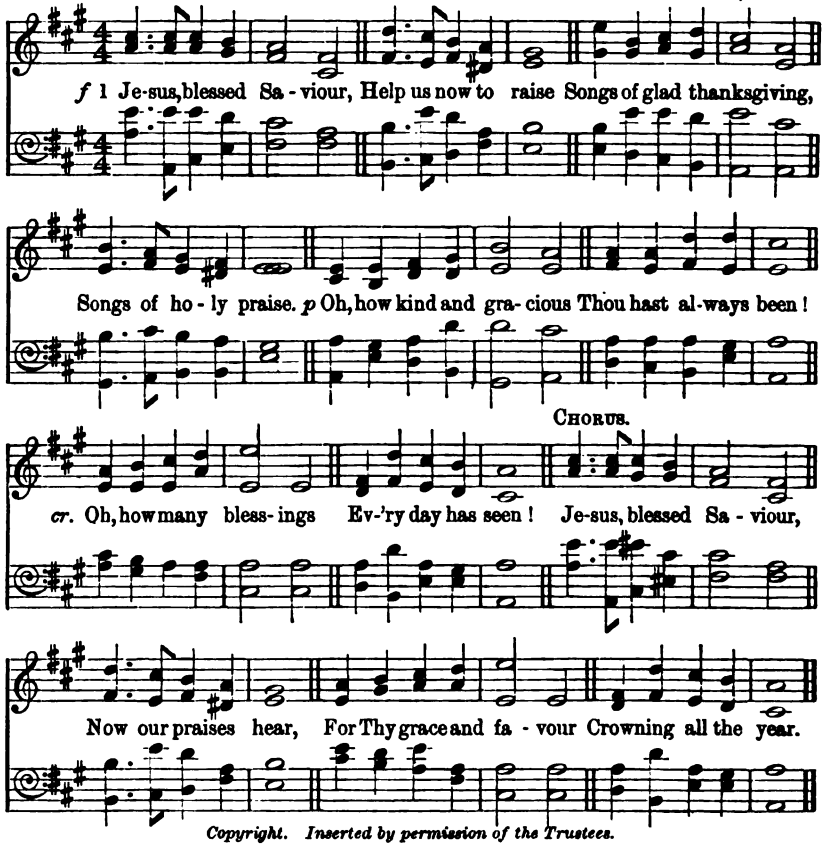
f 5 Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly shall from His fulness flow,
cr. To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
Until His very presence crown our happiest New Year.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874.

373

Thou hast holden me by my right hand; Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.—Psalm lxxiii. 23, 24.

Hermas. 6.5., 8 lines with Chorus. FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1871.



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p 2 Jesus, holy Saviour,
Only Thou canst tell
How we often stumbled,
How we often fell!
All our sins (so many)!,
Saviour, Thou dost know;
In Thy blood most precious,
Wash us white as snow.

f Jesus, blèssed Saviour,
Keep us in Thy fear,
Let Thy grace and favour
Pardon all the year.

p 3 Jesus, loving Saviour,
Only Thou dost know
All that may befall us,
As we onward go;

cr. So we humbly pray Thee,
Take us by the hand,
Lead us ever upward—
To the Better Land.

f Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us ever near,
Let Thy grace and favour
Shield us all the year.

4 Jesus, precious Saviour,
Make us all Thine own,
Make us Thine for ever,
Make us Thine alone.

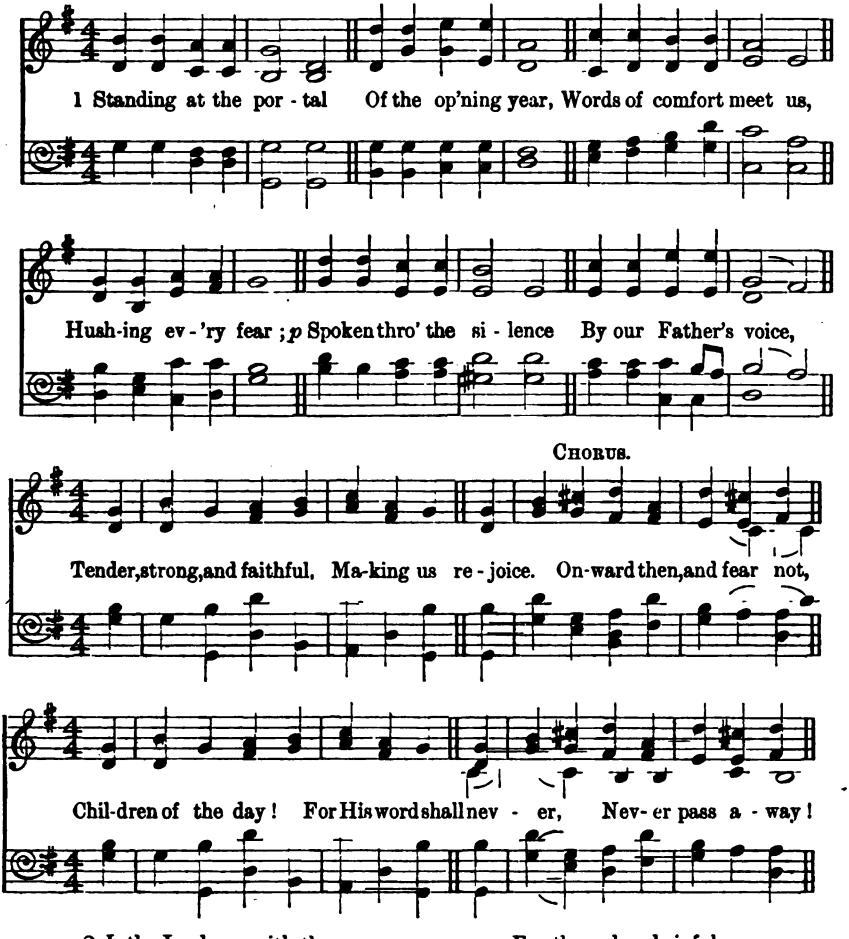
f Let each day, each moment
Of this glad New Year
Be for Jesus only,
Jesus, Saviour dear.

cr. Then, O blessèd Saviour
Never need we fear;
For Thy grace and favour
Crown our bright New Year!

Frances R. Havergal, 1873.

374 *He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.*—Heb. xiii. 5.

Haydn. 6.5., 8 lines with Chorus. F. J. Haydn, 1732-1809.



2 I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid!
I will keep and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed!
cr. Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand.
Onward then, etc.

3 For the year before us,
Oh, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
p For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
cr. For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.
Onward then, etc.

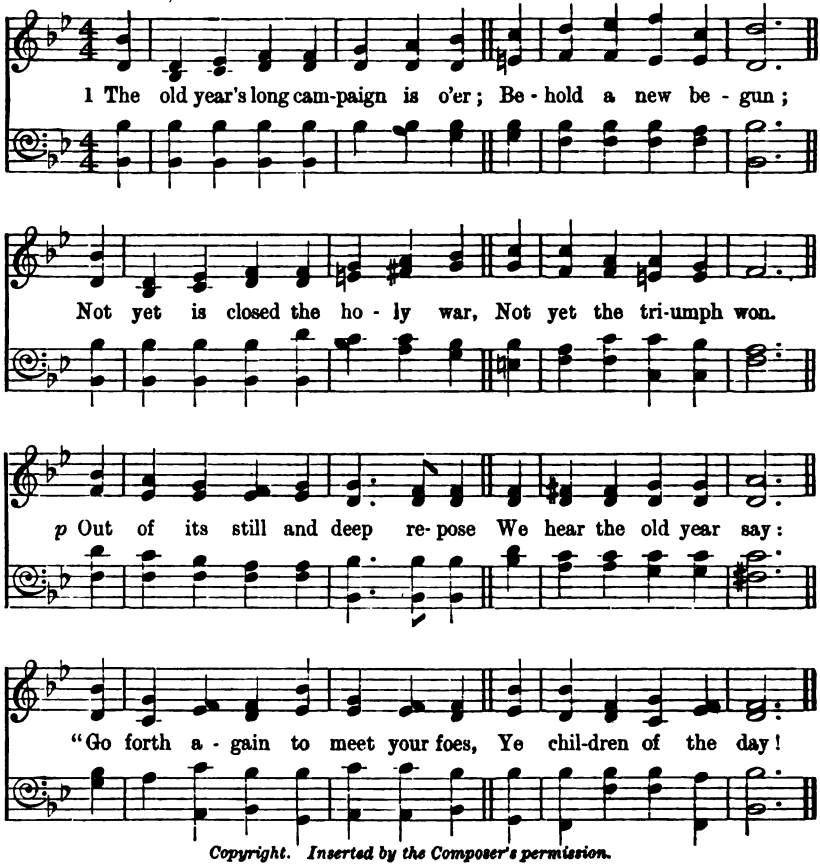
4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal cov'nant
He will never break!
cr. Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.
Onward then, etc.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874.

375

But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love.—1 Thess. v. 8.

Filius Dei. C.M. D. A. R. Gaul, Mus. Bac., *circa* 1859.



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2.

"Go forth! firm faith in every heart,
Bright hope on every helm,
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
And this no fear o'erwhelm.
f Go in the spirit and the might
Of Him who led the way;
Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day."

3.

f So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly;
Love we the holy warrior's life,
His death we hope to die.
We slumber not, that charge in view,
"Toil on while toil ye may,
Then night will be no night to you,
Ye children of the day."

4.

p Lord God, our Glory, Three in One,
Thine own sustain, defend;
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
Thy true light to the end;
cr. Till morning tread the darkness down,
And night be swept away,
And infinite, sweet triumph crown
Thy children of the day.

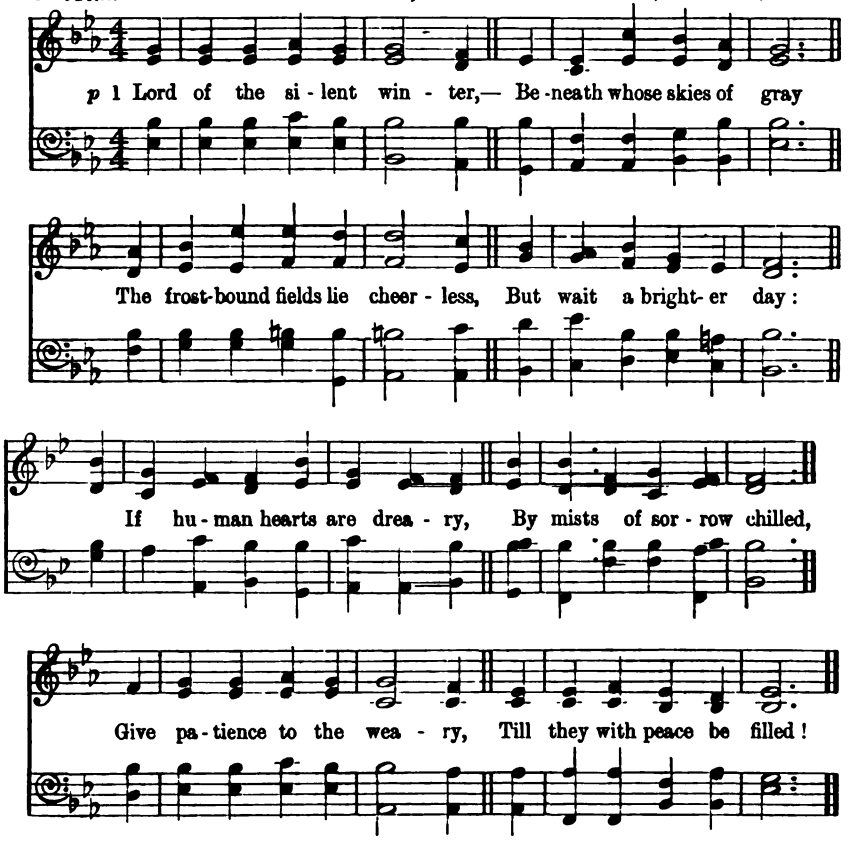
S. J. Stone, 1872.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Ellacombe," No. 162.

6. The Seasons.

376 *He changeth the times and the seasons.*—Dan. ii. 21.

Aurelia. 7.6., 8 lines. S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1864.



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f 2 Lord of the joyous springtime,—
When leaves and buds appear,
And lengthening days of beauty
Renew the softened year:
cr. Breathe on our hearts in blessing;
Away our sadness roll;
And send, all pain redressing,
A springtime to the soul!

3 Lord of the glowing summer,—
When waves the corn on high,
And fruits in valleys ripen,
Beneath a cloudless sky:
cr. Shine on our hearts' endeavour
To give our strength to Thee,
That in our spirits ever
A richer life may be!

p 4 Lord of the bounteous autumn,—
When orchards yield their store,
And golden sheaves, new-gathered,
Pass to the garner door:
cr. Grant now a full fruition
To every seed of truth,
Which fell, with blessed mission,
Upon our souls in youth!

5 Lord of the changing seasons!
Lord of our passing days!
cr. Wake Thou in us abundance
Of duty, love, and praise:
That hearts of wintry sadness
May feel the breath of spring,
f And summer's time of gladness
The autumn glories bring!

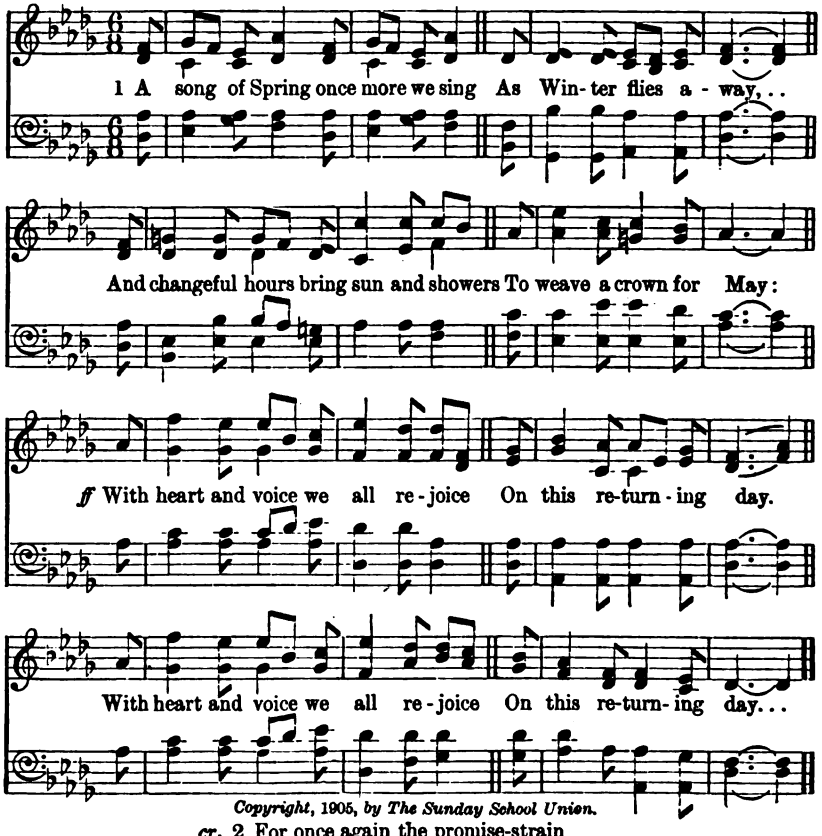
Dendy Agate, 1883.

7. Spring and Summer.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

377 *Thou blessest the springing thereof.*—Psalm lxv. 10.

St. Florence. 8.6., 6 lines with Repeat. W. G. HANCOCK, 1905.



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cr. 2 For once again the promise-strain
Floats down from days of yore,
That fruits of earth shall wake to birth,
To bless the toiler's store:
Each annual round with bounties crowned
Till time shall be no more.

f 3 Thee, Lord, we praise for Spring-tide days,
And life's yet fairer Spring;
These golden hours, these opening powers,
To Thy glad service bring:
Thine own to be, from sin set free—
Our Father, Saviour, King!

4 Though foes may throng, Lord, make us strong—
A firm, unfaltering band—
The good to seek, the truth to speak,
And for the right to stand;

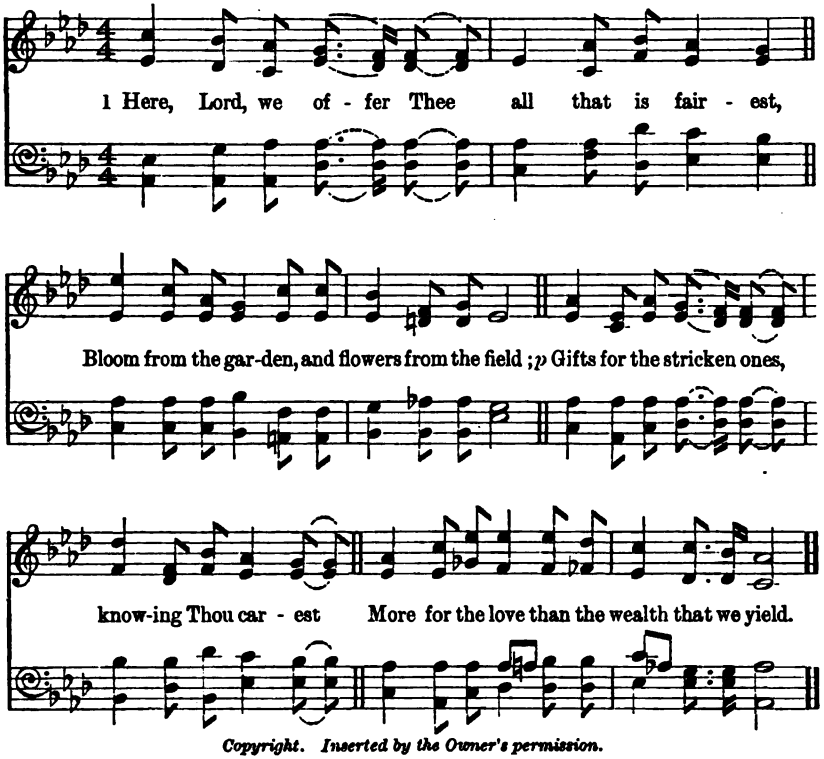
cr. Till, duty done, and victory won,
We gain the Better Land.

W. H. Groser, 1904.

378

Of Thine own have we given Thee.—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

Clare Market. 11.10.11.10. MARY PALMER, *circa* 1879.



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2.

dim. Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying;
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying;
Grant the departing a gentle release.

3.

cr. Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened,
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast quickened,
Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.

4.

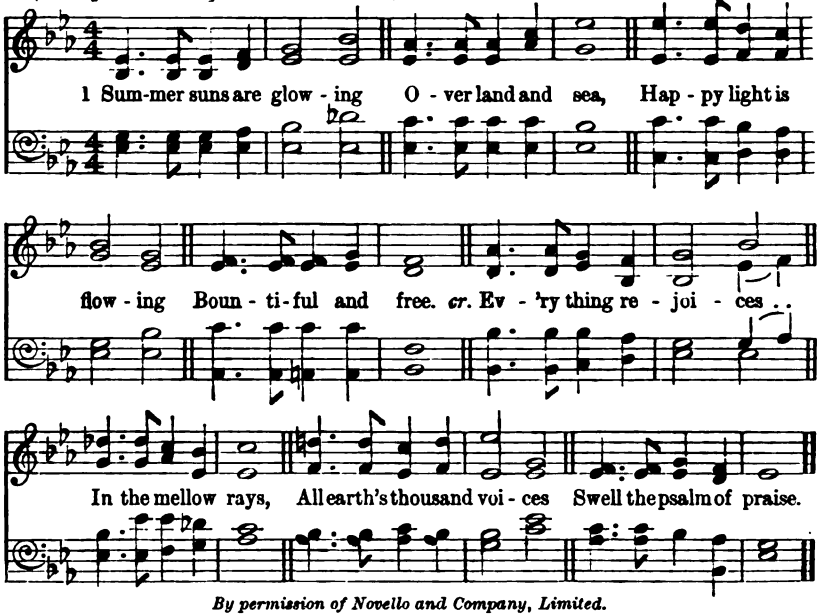
p We, Lord, like flowers, must bloom and must wither,
We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die;
f Gather us, Lord, to Thy bosom for ever,
Grant us a place in Thy house in the sky.

A. G. W. Blunt, 1879.

379

Thou hast prepared the light and the sun.—Psalm lxxiv. 16.

Ruth. [FIRST TUNE.] 6.5., 8 lines. S. SMITH, 1865.



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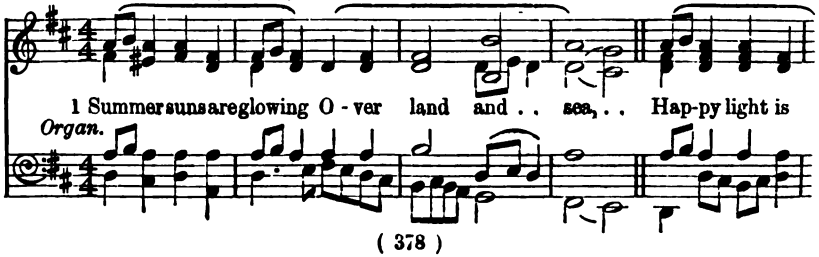
2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

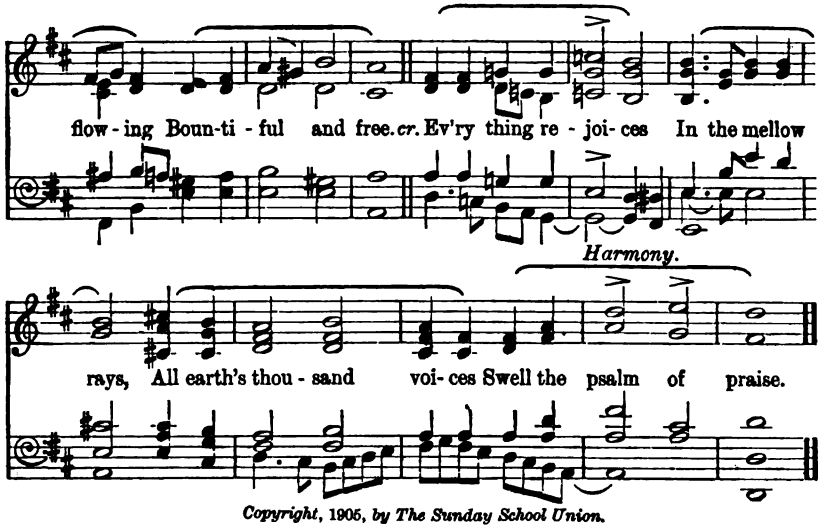
p 3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
cr. For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
p And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
cr. Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

f 4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
cr. Light of Light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. *W. W. How*, 1871.

Helmstedt. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.5., 8 lines. W. F. NEWEY, 1905.

Maestoso. Voices in Unison.





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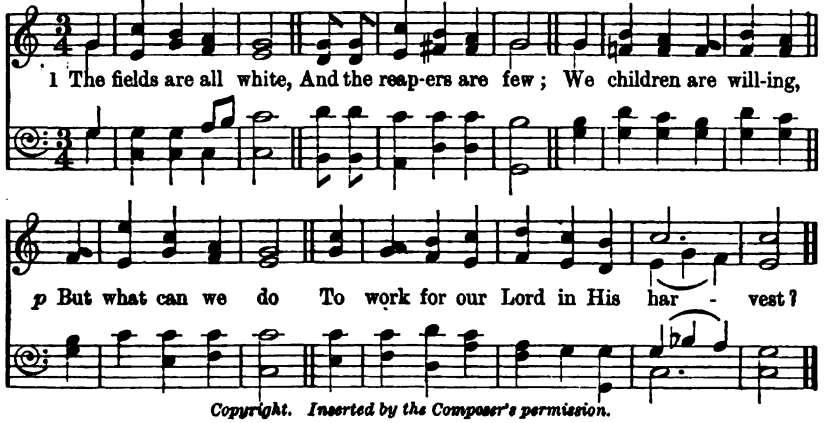
8. Autumn and Winter.

A. FOR THE JUNIOR SECTION.

380 *The fields . . . are white already to harvest.*—John iv. 35.

Harvest. 5.6.6.5.9. JOHN ADCOCK, 1881.



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2.

p Our hands are so small,
And our words are so weak,
We cannot teach others;
f How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

3.

f We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials—
cr. The least little thing
May work for our Lord in His harvest:

4.

Until, by-and-by,
As the years pass at length,
We too may be reapers
cr. And go forth in strength
To work for our Lord in His harvest.

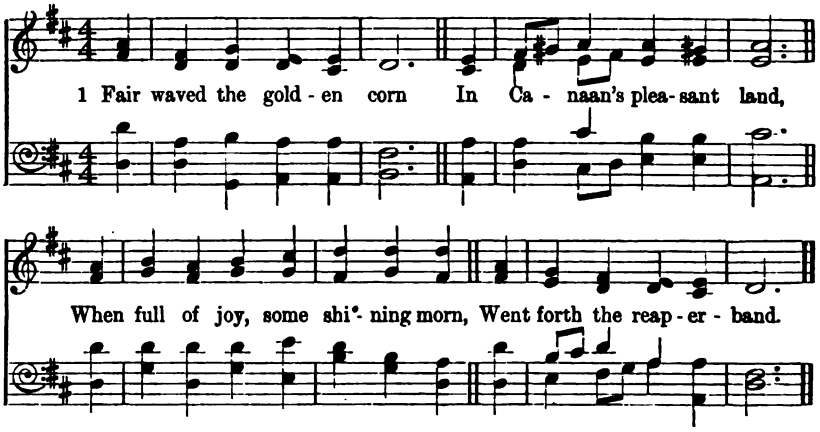
 Anon., circa 1875.

B. FOR THE MIDDLE SECTION.

381

The first fruits unto the Lord.—Lev. xxiii. 17.

Swabia. S.M. CRÜGER'S *Praxis Pietatis Melica*, 1698.



f 2 To God so good and great
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

3 For thus the holy word,
Spoken by Moses, ran:
p "The first ripe ears are for our Lord,
The rest He gives to man."

4 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
cr. And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

5 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
p And bless our evening hours.

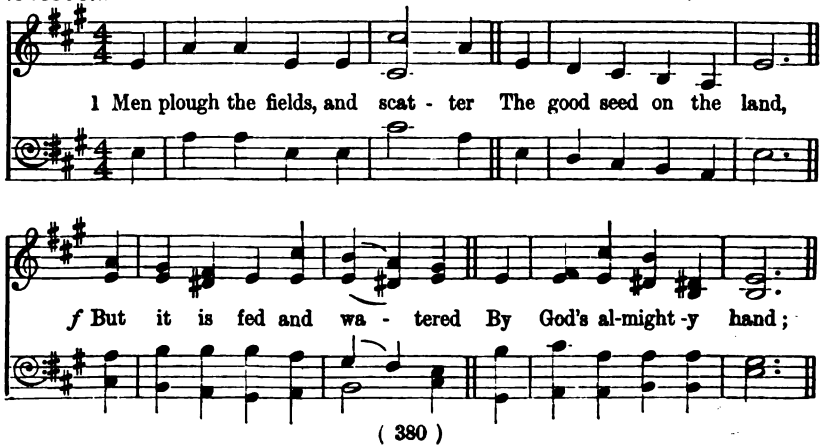
6 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
cr. That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven.

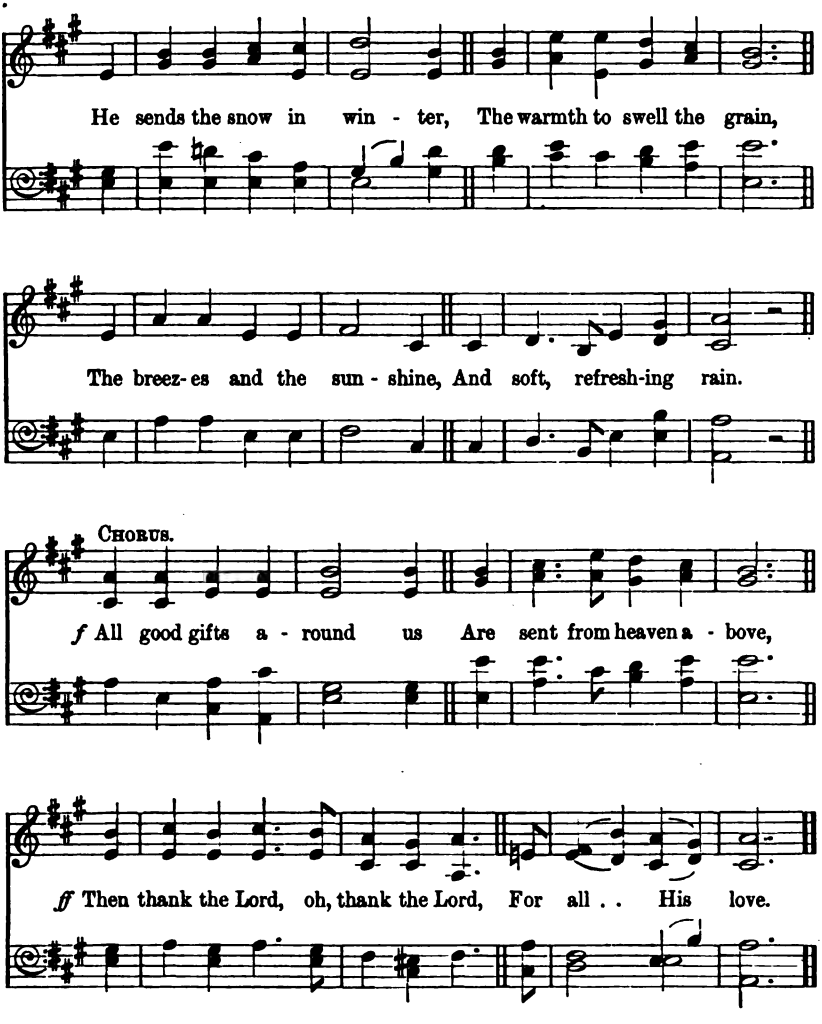
J. H. Gurney, 1851.

382

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.—Psalm lxv. 11.

Dresden. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. with Chorus. J. A. P. SCHULZ, 1747-1800.





2.

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
p He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
cr. Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, etc.

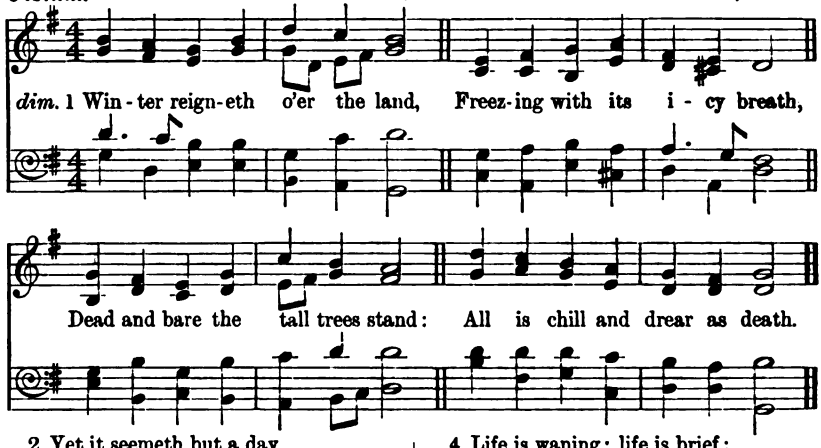
3.

f We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
cr. Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts, etc.

M. Claudius, 1782, *tr. Miss Campbell*, 1861.

383 *He casteth forth His ice like morsels: who can stand before His cold?*—Psalm cxlvii. 17.

Vienna. 7's. J. H. KNECHT, 1799.



2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

p 3 Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

4 Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh;
dim. Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade and fall and die.

cr. 5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all Nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

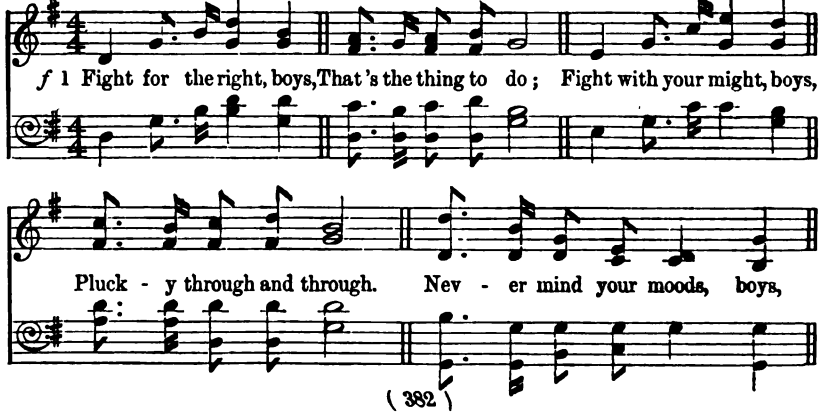
f 6 So, Lord, after slumber blest
Comes a bright awakening,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-ending Spring.

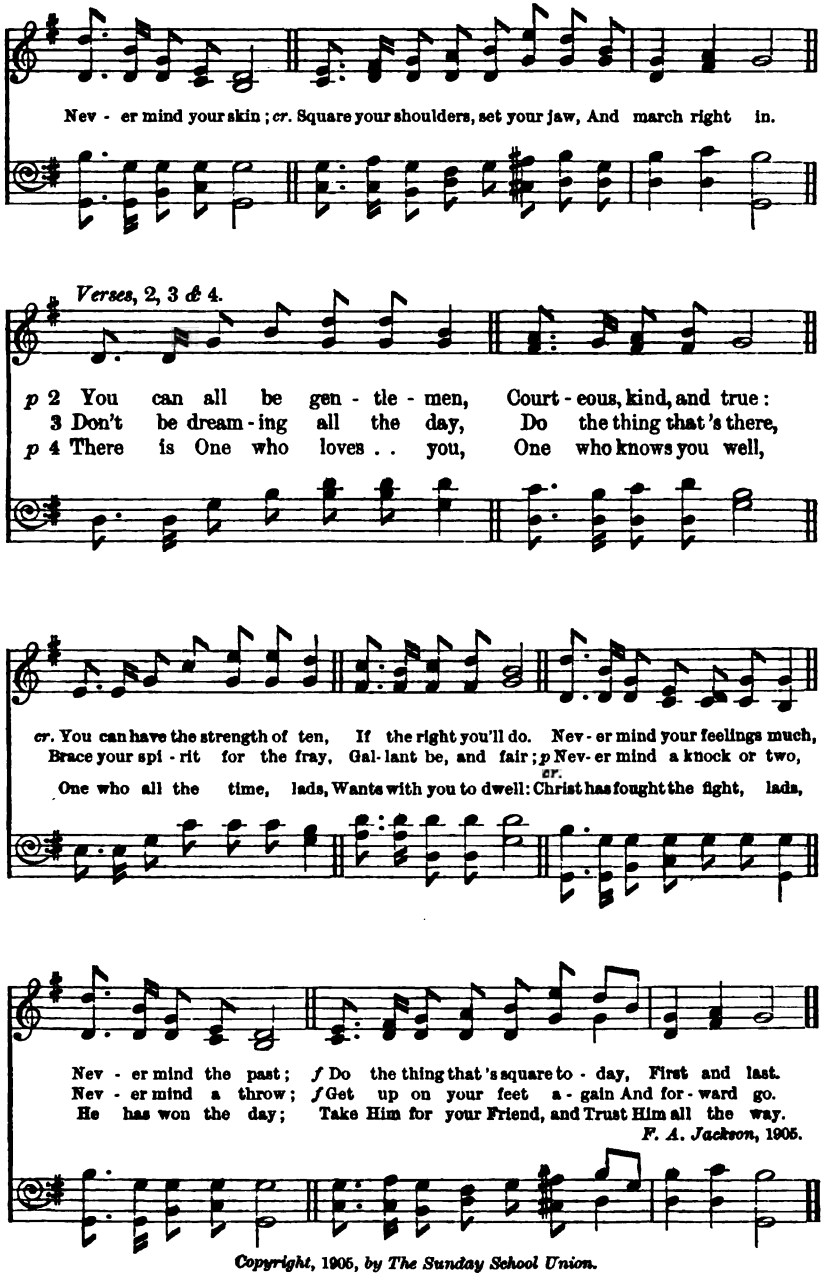
W. W. How, 1871.

VI. For Boys' Meetings or Brigades.

384 *Fight the good fight of faith.*—1 Tim. vi. 12.

Fight for the right, boys. P.M.
With much spirit. CAREY BONNER, 1905.





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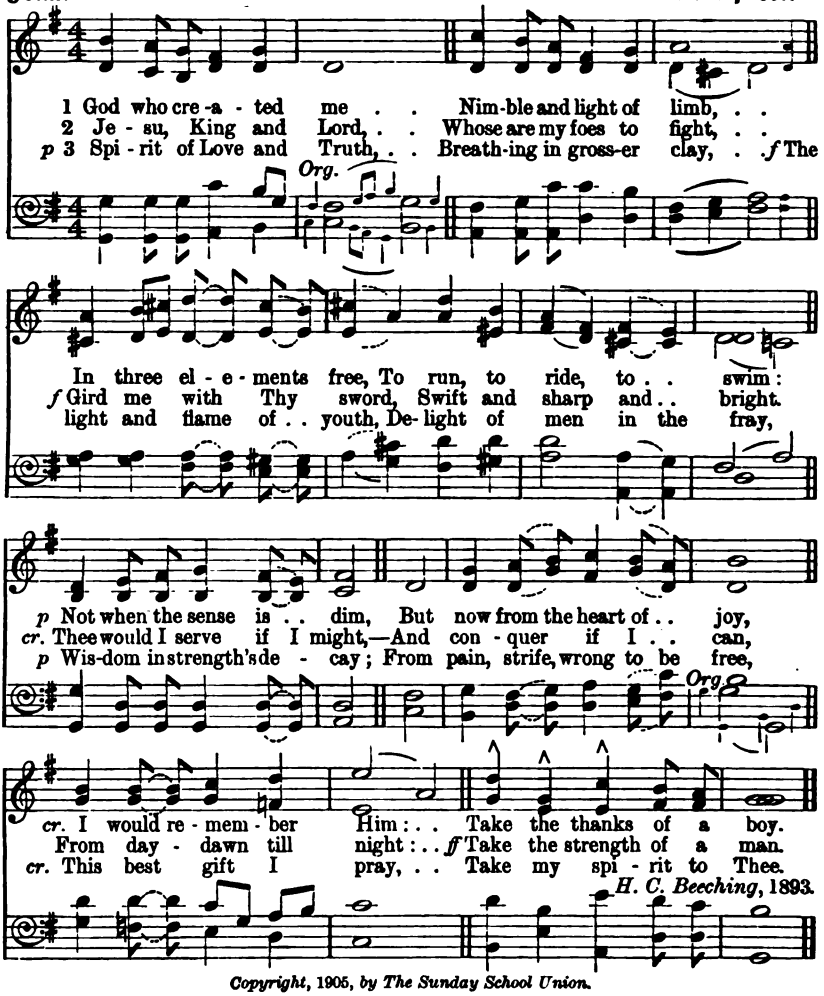
385

Remember now thy Creator.—Eccles. xii. 1.

Jona. P.M. A. Bryce, 1905.



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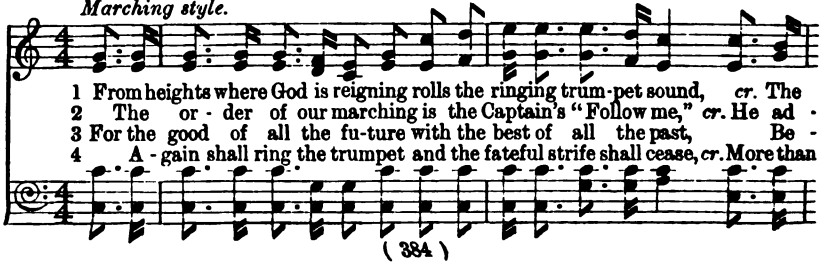
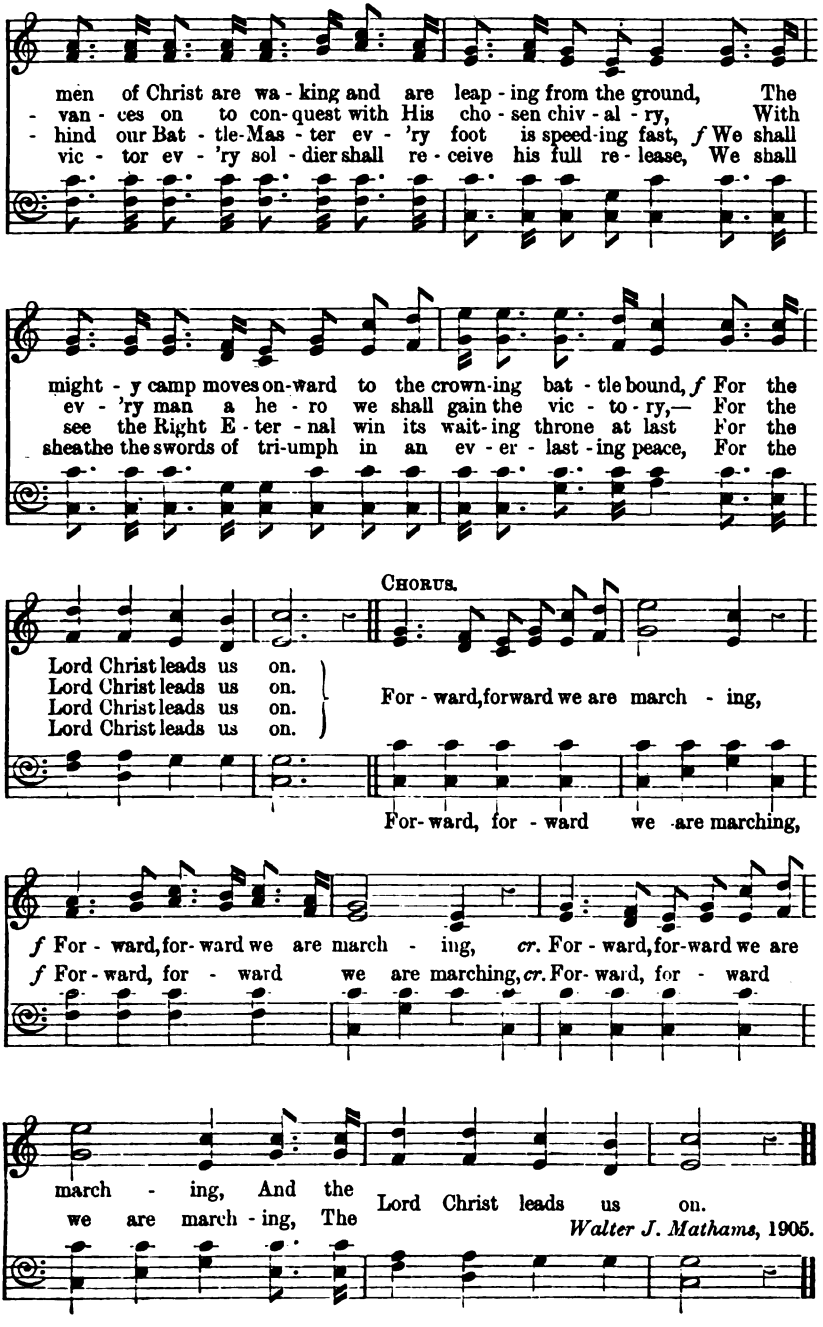
386

Follow Me.—Matt. viii. 22.

The Lord Christ leads us on. P.M. William Steffe, 1855.

Marching style.





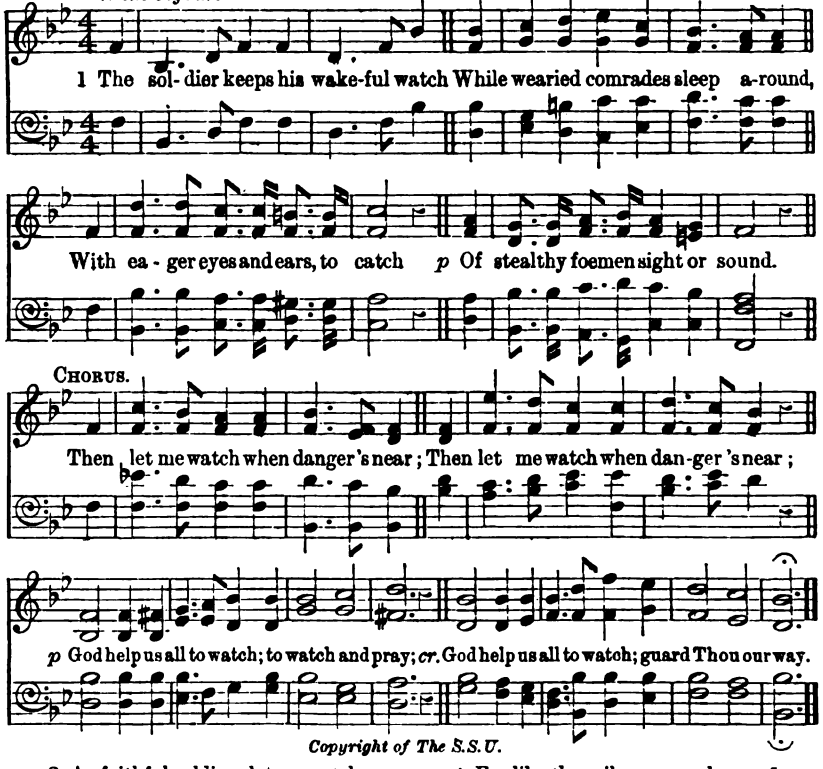
Walter J. Mathams, 1905.

387 The soldier keeps his wakeful watch.

Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men.—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

P.M. CARL WILHELM, 1815-1873.

With vigour.



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2 As faithful soldiers let us watch
For sin our strong and bitter foe,
dim. Lest he an easy victory snatch,
Break through our guard, and lay [us low.
Then, etc.

3 The sailor keeps his wakeful watch,
cr. When billows rise and tempests roar,
p With straining eyes the light to catch,
Which warns him from the danger-ous shore.
Then, etc.

4 For like the sailor, we are borne [sea;
Through storm and calm across the
cr. God fills our sails and drives us on,
To land us in eternity.
Then, etc.

p 5 Land me, O Lord, in safety there,
And all my dangerous way attend;
cr. Then praise shall leave no room for prayer, [end.
And my long watch shall have an
Then, etc.

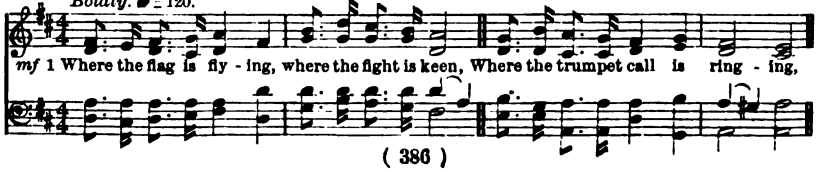
Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, K.C.B., 1881.

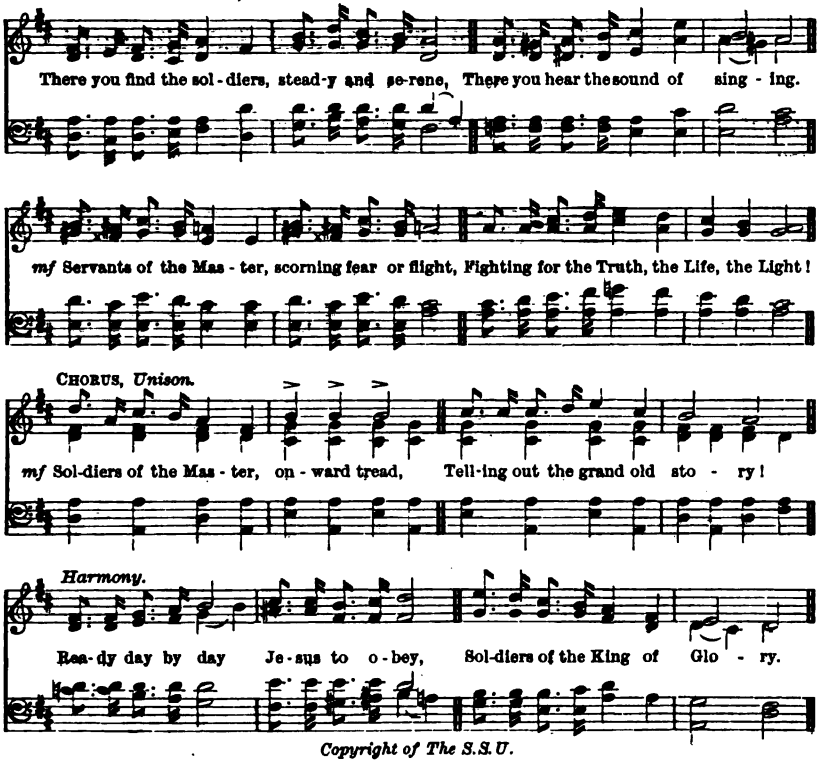
388 Soldiers of the Master.

A good soldier of Jesus Christ.—2 Tim. ii. 3.

P.M. H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus. Bac. (Oxon.), 1901.

Boldly. ♩ = 120.





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p 2 Where the darkness reigneth, where the power of sin
Binds the heart of man in sadness,
There you find the soldiers, waiting souls to win,
cr. Bringing them to light and gladness.
Servants of the Master, strong in love and might,
cr. Fighting for the Truth, the Life, the Light.
Soldiers of the Master, etc.

p 3 Where the pallid sufferer, weary, worn, and weak,
On his bed of pain is lying,
There you find the soldiers, words of hope to speak,
cr. Comforting the sick and dying.
Servants of the Master, watching in the night,
cr. Fighting for the Truth, the Life, the Light.
Soldiers of the Master, etc.

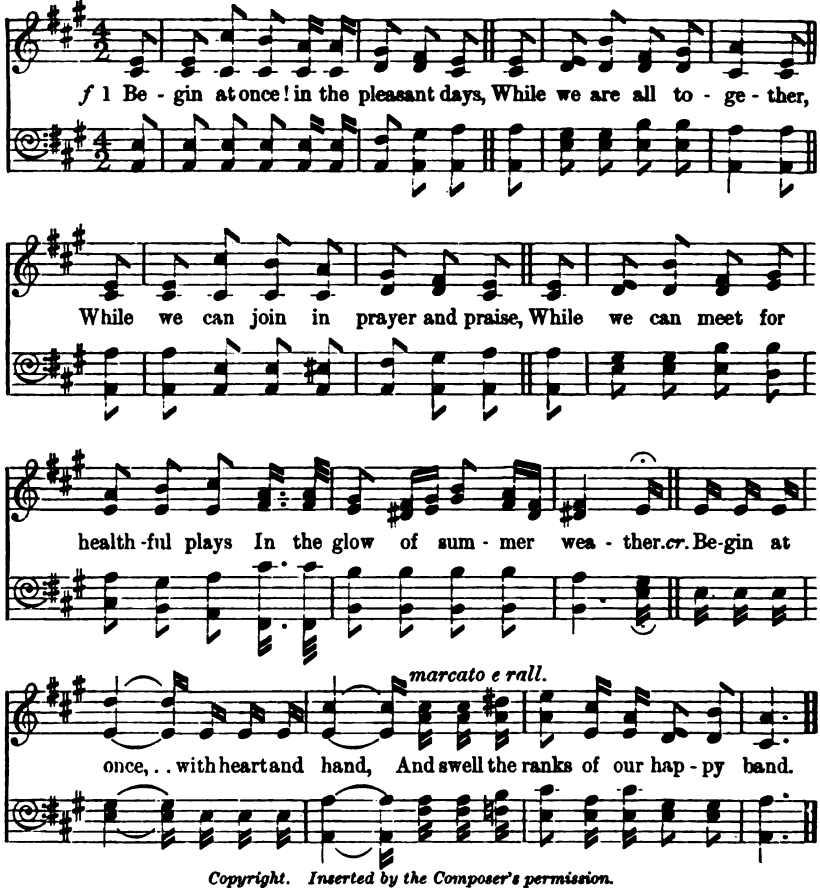
f 4 Where from angel-chorus, through the heavenly dome,
Rings a song of triumph splendid,
There you find the soldiers, entering their home,
cr. By the heavenly hosts attended.
f Servants of the Master, clad in spotless white,
cr. One with Him in Truth, in Life, in Light.
Soldiers of the Master, etc.

Colin Sterne, 1901.

VII. For Bands of Hope, and Week-night Gatherings.

389 *While it is called To-day.*—Heb. iii. 12.

Hope. P.M. LABAN SOLOMON, 1881.



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p 2 Begin at once! for we do not know
What may befall to-morrow!
How many a tempter, many a foe
Lieth in wait where'er you go
With the snare that leads to sorrow.
cr. Begin at once! nor doubting stand,
But swell the ranks of our happy band.

3 Begin at once! there is much to do;
O do not wait for others!
Join us to-day, be brave and true!
Join us to-day—there's room for you,
And a welcome from your brothers.
Begin at once, the work is grand
That God has given to our happy band.

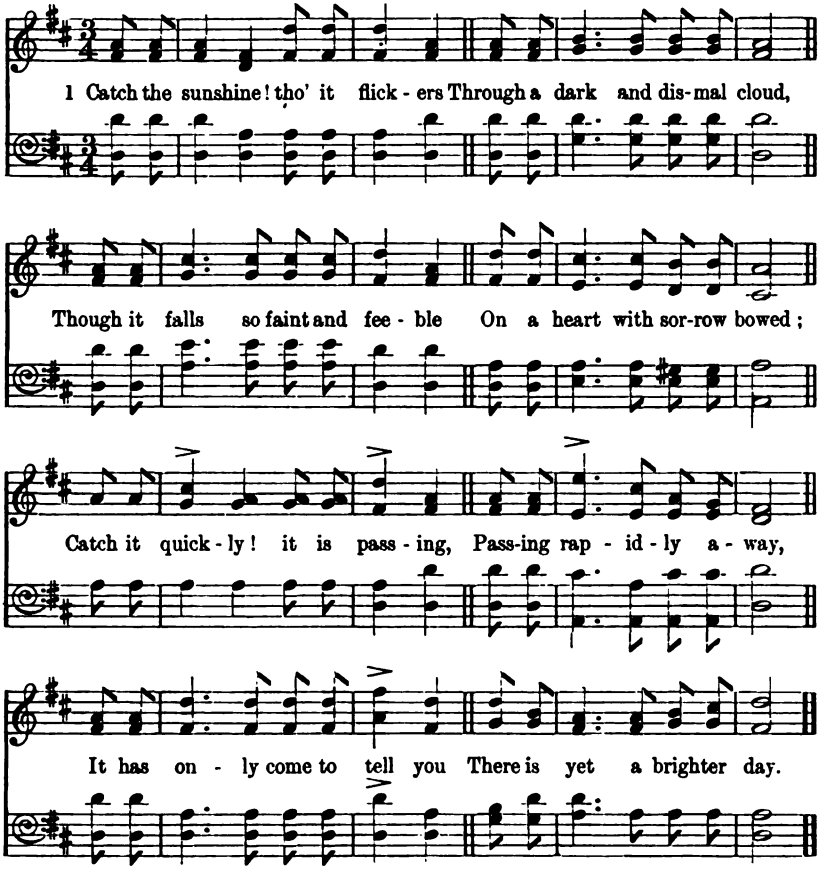
4 Begin at once! in the strength of God,
For that will never fail you!
Under His banner, bright and broad,
You shall be safe from fear and fraud,
And from all that can assail you.
Begin at once with resolute stand,
And swell the ranks of our happy band.

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-1879.

390 Catch the Sunshine.

Walk as children of light.—Eph. v. 8.

8.7., 8 lines. GEO. F. ROOT, Mus. Doc., 1820-1895.



2 Catch the sunshine! though life's tempest
May unfurl its chilling blast,
Catch the little, hopeful straggler;
Storms will not for ever last.
Don't give up, and say "Forsaken!"
Don't begin to say "I'm sad!"
Look! there comes a gleam of sunshine!
Catch it; oh, it seems so glad!

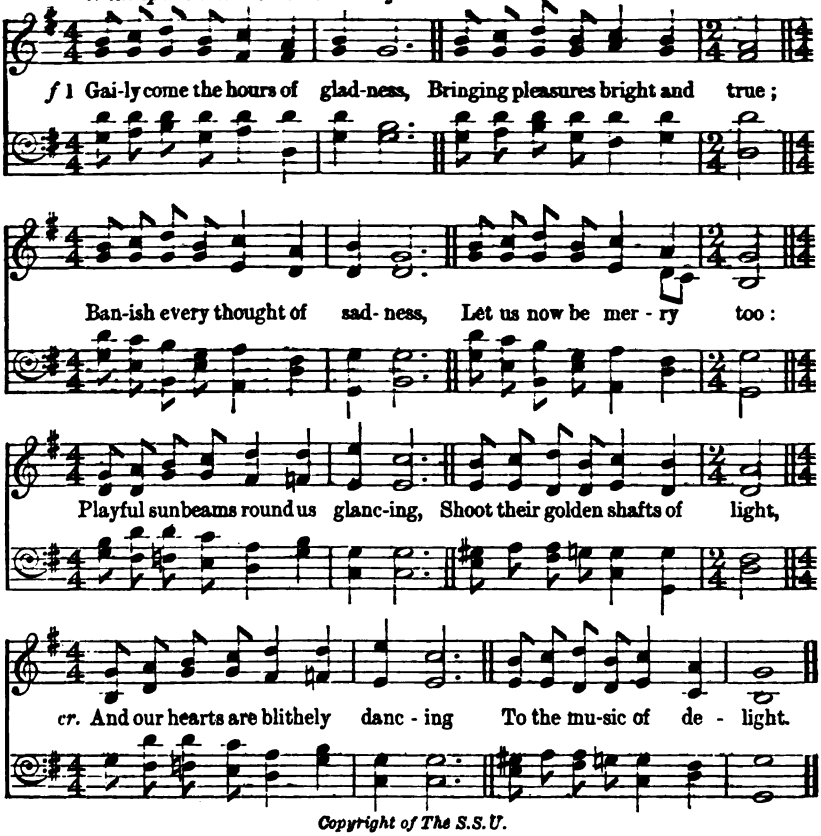
3 Catch the sunshine! don't be grieving
O'er that darksome billow there;
Life's a sea of stormy billows—
We must meet them everywhere.
Pass right through them; do not tarry—
Overcome the heaving tide;
There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine
Waiting on the other side.

4 Catch the sunshine! catch it gladly!
Messenger in Hope's employ,
Sent through clouds, through storms and billows,
Bringing you a cup of joy.
Don't be sighing, don't be weeping;
Life, you know, is but a span;
There's no time to sigh nor sorrow,
Catch the sunshine while you can.

Anon., circa 1860.

391 *Thou shalt go forth in the dances of them that make merry.*—Jer. xxxi. 4.

Joy Ripples. 8.7., 8 lines. Breton Air.
With spirit and well marked rhythm. Arr. by E. R. B., 1905.



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f 2 God has set the birds a-singing,
Every bush with song is rife,
Through the air they go a-winging,
For the very joy of life:
mp O'er the meadows brooks are babbling
Nature's everlasting theme:
And the willow-whips are dabbling
In the crystals of the stream.

f 3 All the trees their hands are clapping,
As the scented zephyrs play;
p Lilies on the lakes are lapping
Sunny ripples all the day:
Frisky, fleecy lambs are skipping
And the honey from the flowers
Happy, humming bees are sipping—
f Oh! This joyous world of ours!

4 In the harmony of voices
Let our melodies ring out,
f And the heart that most rejoices
Shall be gladdest in the shout:
Song of birds, all ruffle-throated,
Glee of childhood in accord,
ff Swell the music all full-noted,
In thanksgiving to the Lord.

W. H. Parker, 1905.

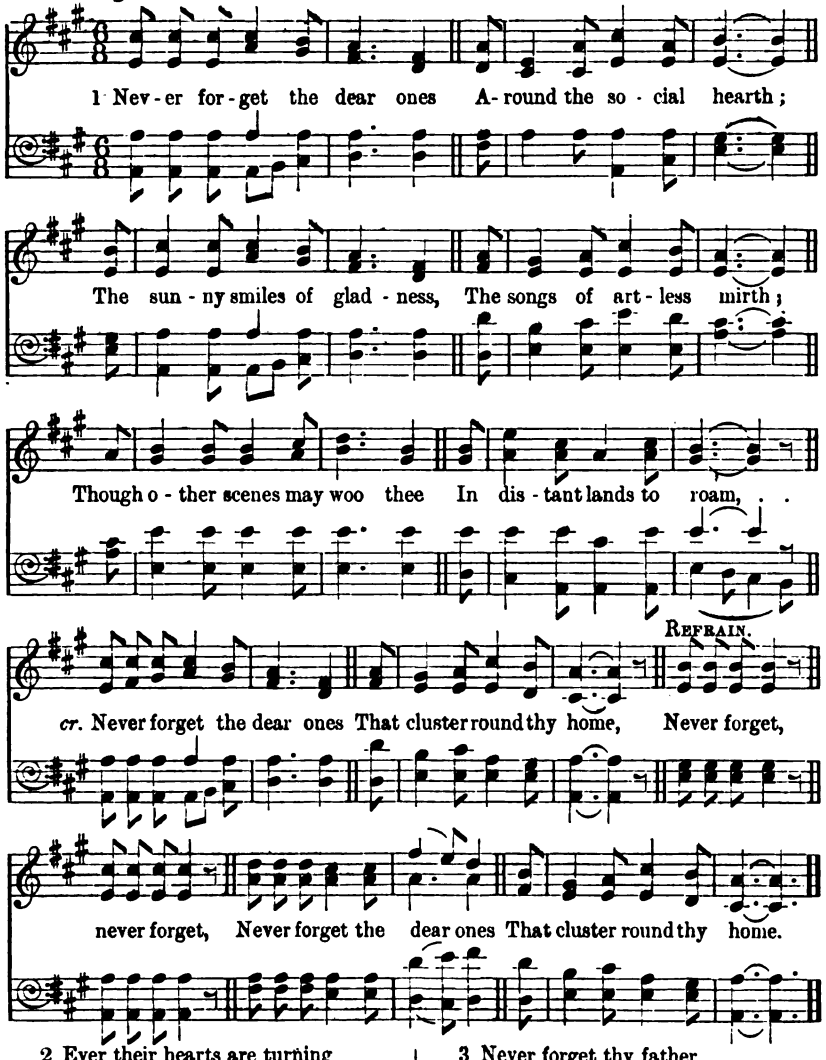
This hymn may also be sung to tunes "Deerhurst," No. 350, or "Conquest," No. 337.

VIII. Songs of Home.

392 *Honour thy father and mother.*—Eph. vi. 2.

7.6., 8 lines with Refrain.

Never forget the dear ones. GEO. F. ROOT, Mus. Doc., 1820-1895.



2 Ever their hearts are turning
To thee when far away,
Their love, so pure and tender,
Is with thee on thy way;
Wherever thou may'st wander,
Wherever thou may'st roam,
cr. Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.
Never forget, etc.

3 Never forget thy father,
Who cheerful toils for thee;
Within thy heart may ever
Thy mother's image be;
Thy sister dear, and brother,
They long for thee to come;
cr. Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.
Never forget, etc.

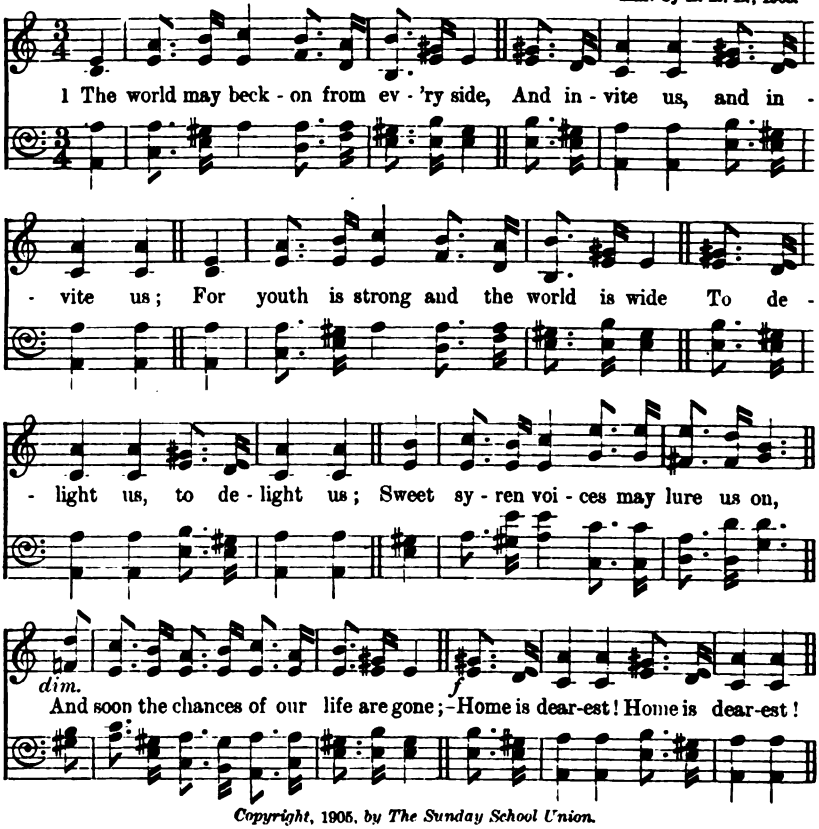
Anon., circa 1850.

393 Home is dearest.

Then (they) went unto their own home.—John xx. 10.

P.M.

Norwegian Air.
Har. by E. R. B., 1905.



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2.

There still are prizes the strong may win—
Ever yonder, ever yonder;
For these we wander from home and kin—
Ever wander, ever wander;
cr. Yet, though we capture the fairest prize
Of frozen land or of the sunny skies,
Home is dearest! Home is dearest!

3.

Be it a castle or meanest cot,
p Man reveres it, man reveres it;
Of all the earth 'tis the fairest spot,
f Love endears it, love endears it;
p When work is over and day is done
We want to *rest where the day begun—
Home is dearest! Home is dearest!

4.

And then, at last, there 's our Father's home—
f Home of glory, home of glory,
cr. To every child, wheresoe'er he roam,
Tell the story, tell the story;—
The home above, and of all the best,
Where wand'rers meet, and where the weary rest—
ff Home is dearest! Home is dearest!

W. H. Parker, 1905.

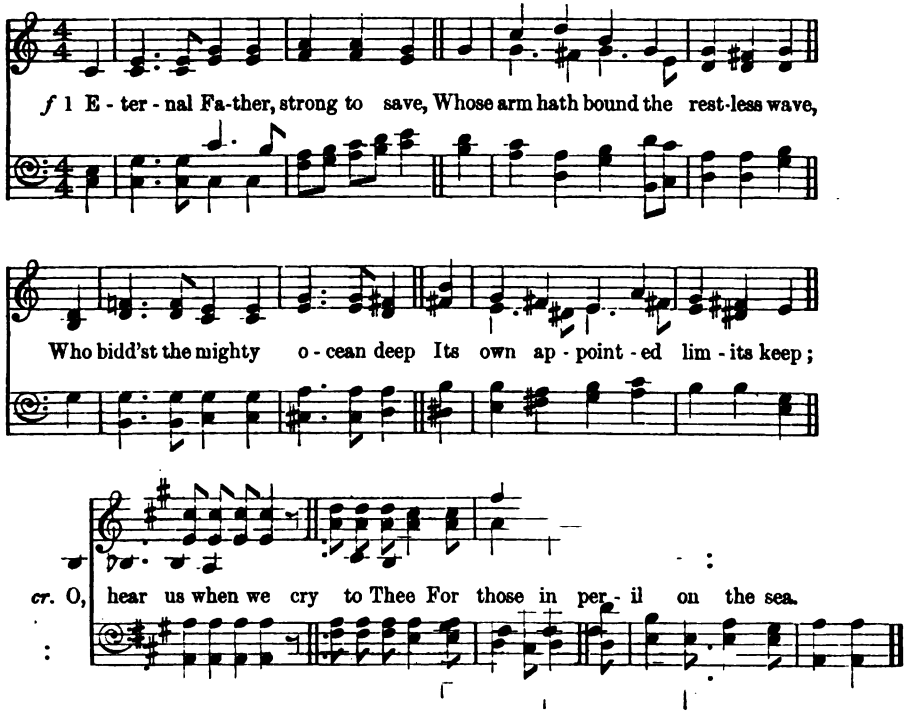
---

* rest

IX. Songs of the Sea.

394 *Thou rulest the raging of the sea.*—Psalm lxxxix. 9.

Melita. 8's., 6 lines. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1861.



2 O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
p And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
cr. O, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

p 3 Most Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace:
cr. O, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

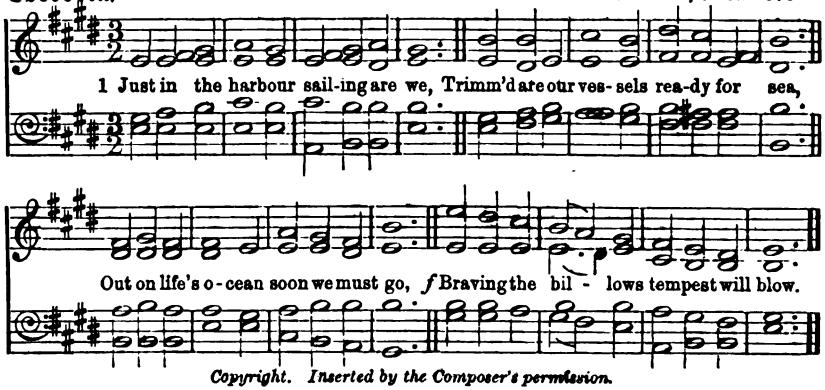
f 4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
cr. Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. Whiting, 1861.

395

He bringeth them to the desired haven.—Psalm cvii. 30.

Theodora. 9.9.9.9. A. LEGGE, *circa* 1870.



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2 Beacons are burning steady and bright,
Over the waters shedding their light;
p But there are breakers under the wave:
Jesus, in danger help us and save.

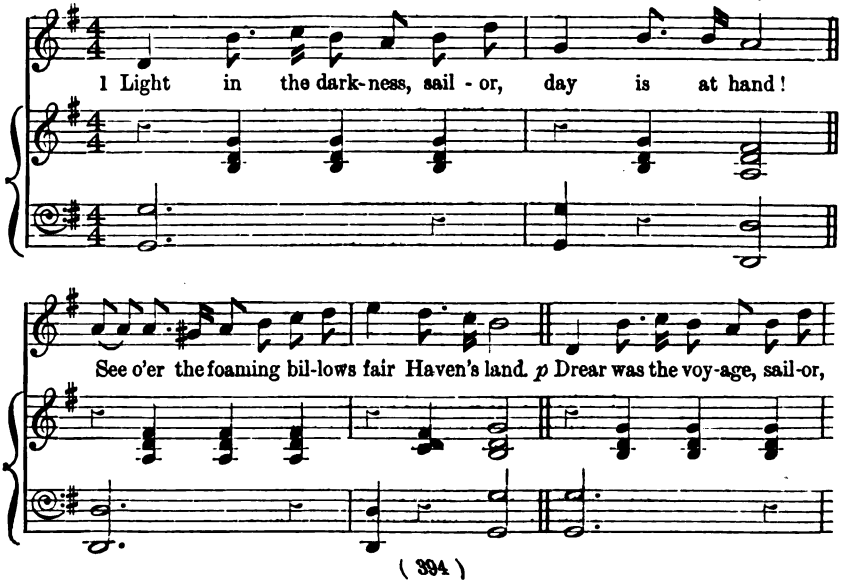
p 3 Mariners signal over the tide,
Where in our voyage perils abide;
cr. Trace on our ancient chart of the deep
Plainly the passage sailors must keep.

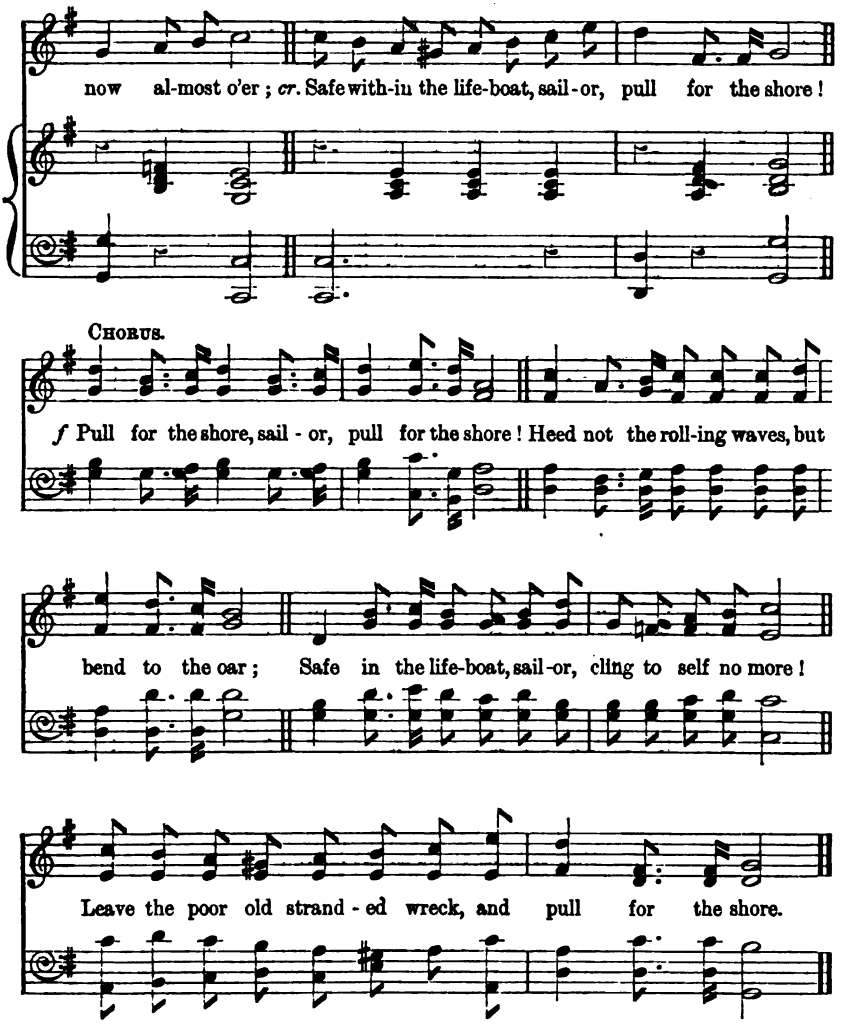
p 4 Masts may be broken, sails may be torn,
Ere our frail vessels homeward are borne;
cr. But as we anchor let us be sure
All the Lord's treasure still is secure. *W. H. Parker*, 1901.

396

The light dwelleth with Him.—Dan. ii. 22.

Lifeboat. 11.11.11.12. with Chorus. P. P. BLISS, 1872.





2 Trust in the lifeboat, sailor; all else will fail,
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale;
cr. Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;
Watch the "Bright and Morning Star," and pull for the shore.
Pull for the shore, etc.

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor; uplift the eye:
cr. Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
f Safe in the lifeboat, sailor, sing evermore—
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore!
Pull for the shore, etc.

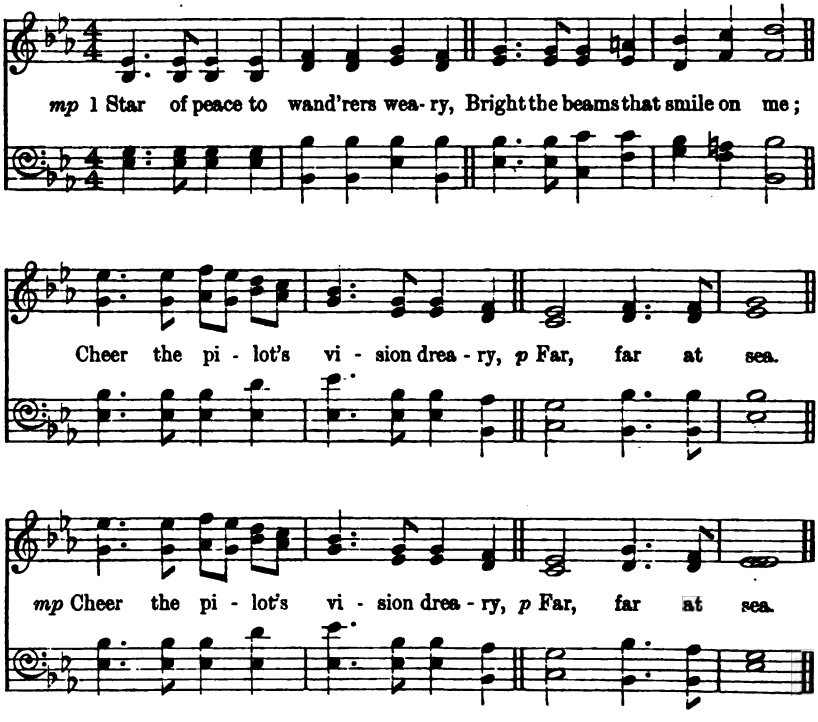
P. P. Bliss, 1872.

397

I am the bright and morning Star.—Rev. xxii. 16.

Star of Peace!

8.7.8.4. LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc., 1792-1872.



2.

Star of hope, gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee;
p Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3.

cr. Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4.

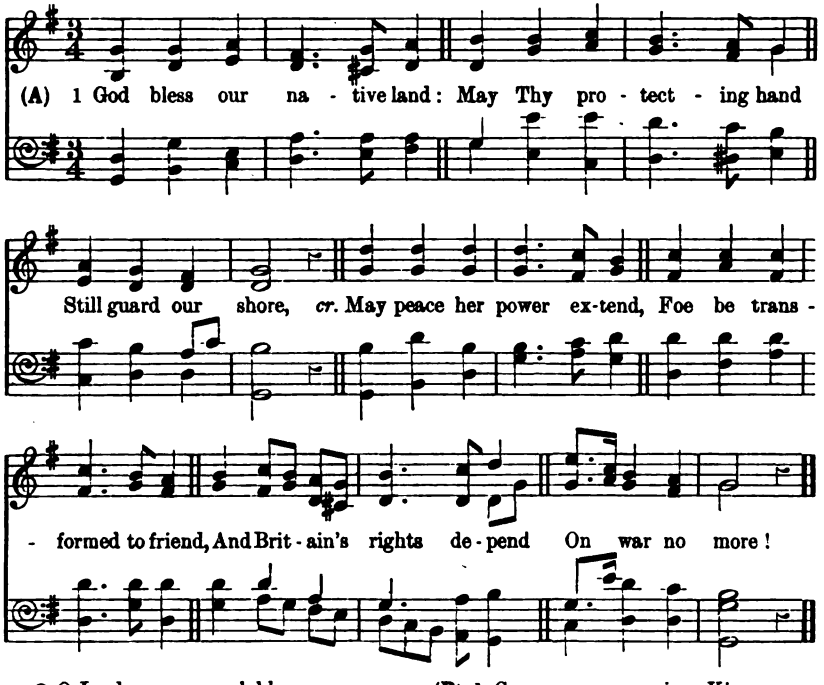
f Star Divine, O safely guide him;
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
p Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

Jane C. Simpson, 1830.

X. Our Native Land.

398 (A. & B.) *God be merciful unto us, and bless us.*—Psalm lxvii. 1.
All the people shouted, and said, God save the King.—1 Sam. x. 24.

National Anthem. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. Anon.



2 O Lord, our monarch bless
With strength and righteousness;
Long may he reign!
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above;
cr. And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle!
f Home of the brave and free,
Thou land of liberty!
May Heaven ne'er cease on thee
With love to smile.

f 4 Nor on this land alone;
But be God's mercies known
From shore to shore!
cr. And may the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

W. E. Hickson, 1836.

(B) 1 God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

2 O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
Make war to cease.
Keep us from plague and dearth,
Turn Thou our woes to mirth,
And over all the earth,
Let there be peace.

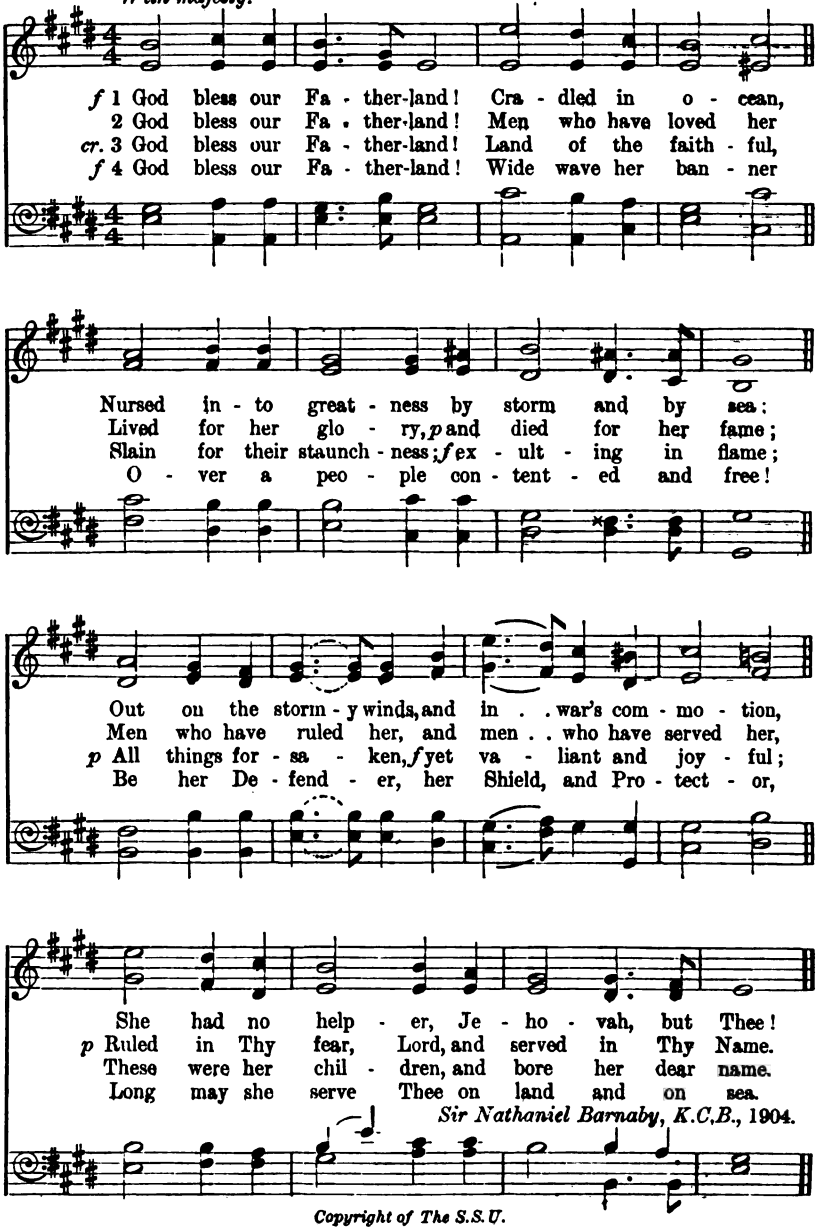
3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing, with heart and voice,
God save the King.

Verses 1 *and* 3, *Authorship uncertain*; *verse* 2, *Dean Hole*, 1887.

399

God, even our own God, shall bless us.—Psalm lxvii. 6.

Russia. *With majesty.* 11.10.11.10. ALEXIS LVOFF, 1799-1870.



Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, K.C.B., 1904.

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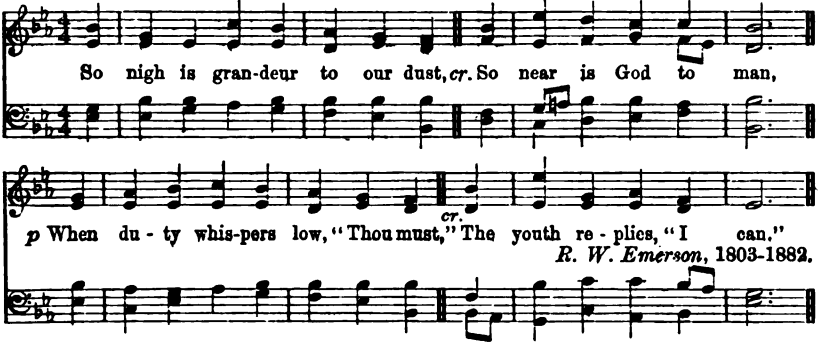
XI. Six Song-Sentences.

400 (A.)

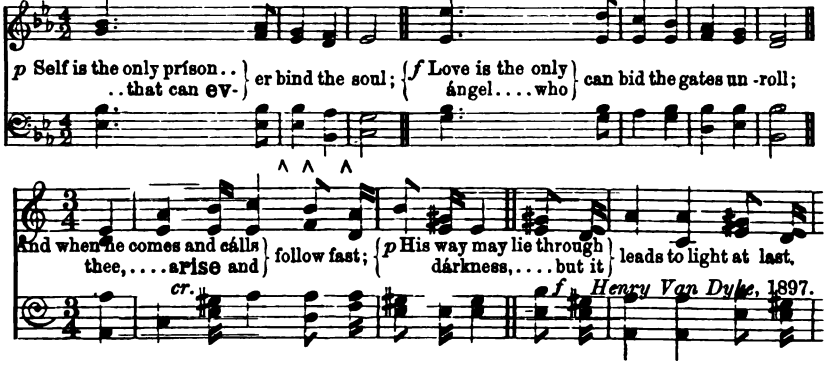
Bedford. C.M. W. Wheall, Mus. Bac., 1699.



R. W. Emerson, 1803-1882.

400 (B.)

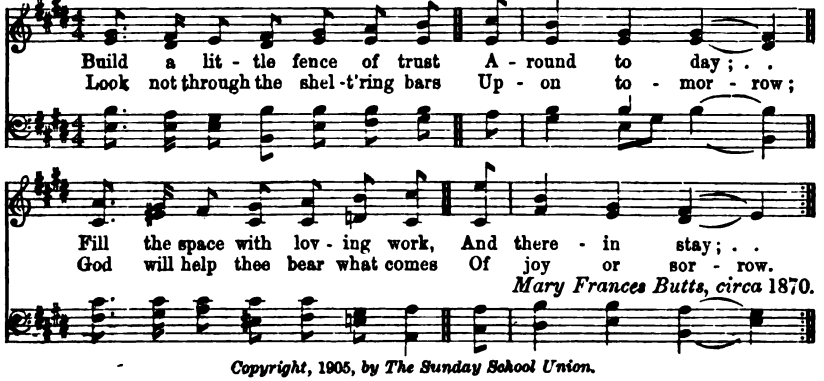
Mornington's Chant. P.M. Earl of Mornington, 1735-1781.



Henry Van Dyke, 1897.

400 (C.)

Cairntborpe. P.M. Kate Field, 1905.



Mary Frances Butts, circa 1870.

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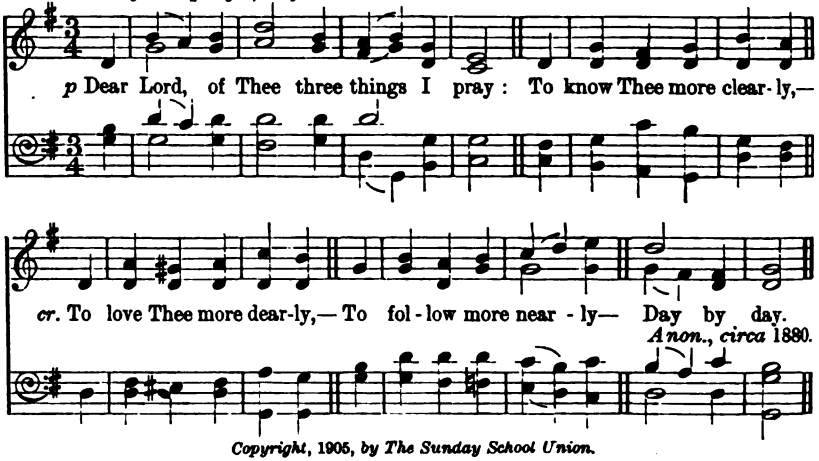
400 (D.)

Day by Day.

Slowly and prayerfully. 8.6.6.6.8. CAREY BONNER, 1905.



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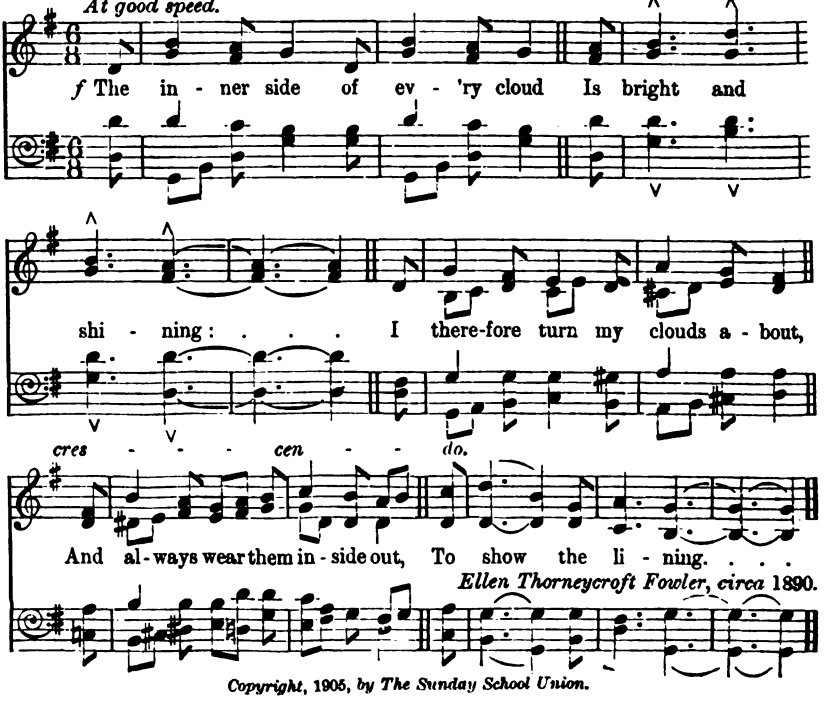
400 (E.)

Silver Lining.

At good speed. P.M. CAREY BONNER, 1905.



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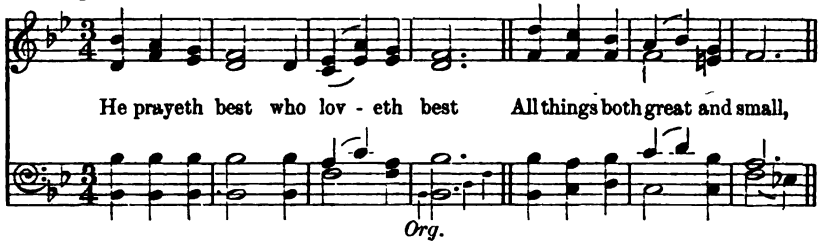
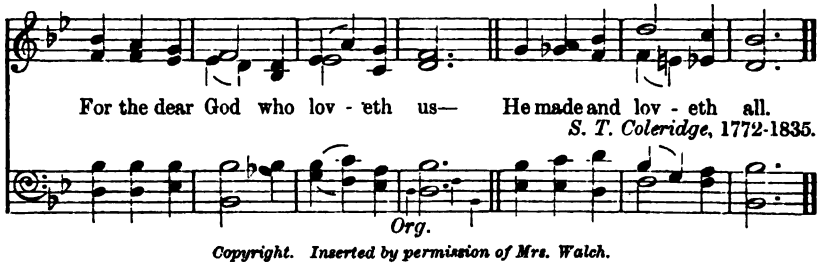
400 (F.)

Sawley. C.M. J. WALCH, 1871.





S. T. Coleridge, 1772-1835.

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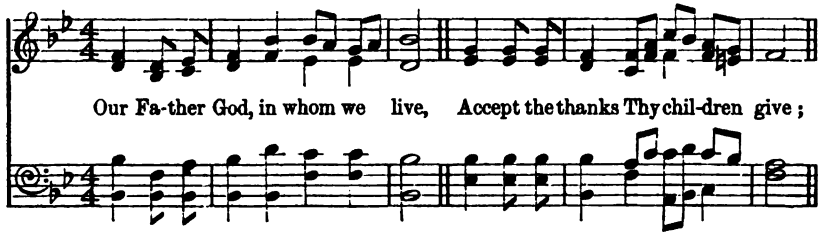
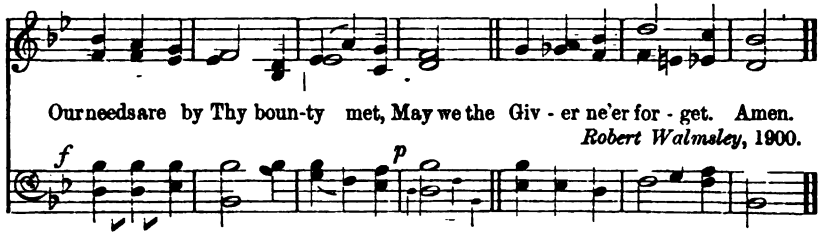
XII. Graces before Meals.

401 (A.)

Ernan. L.M. LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc., 1792-1872.

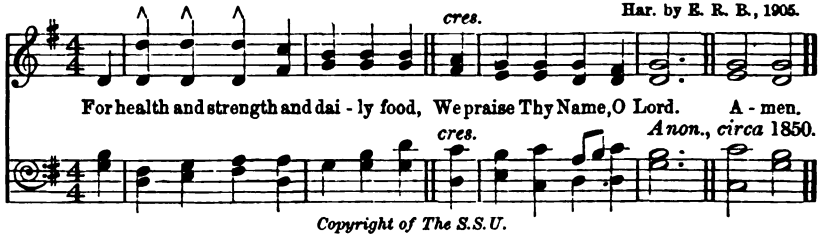




Robert Walmsley, 1900.

401 (B.)

For health and strength. 8.6. Anon., *circa* 1850.
Har. by E. R. B., 1905.



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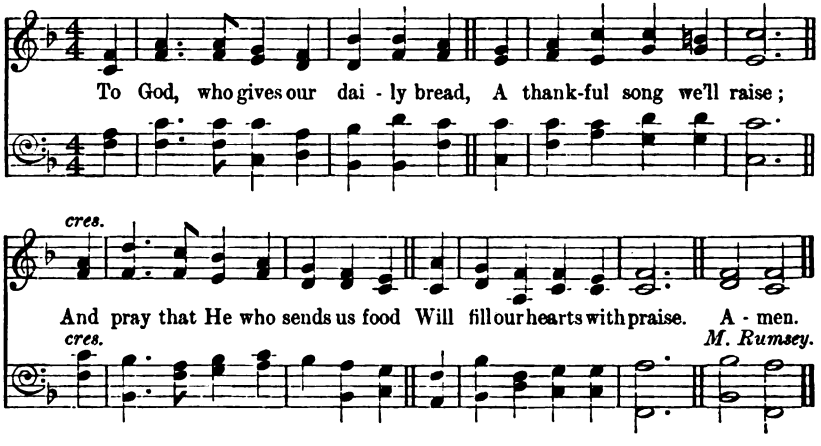
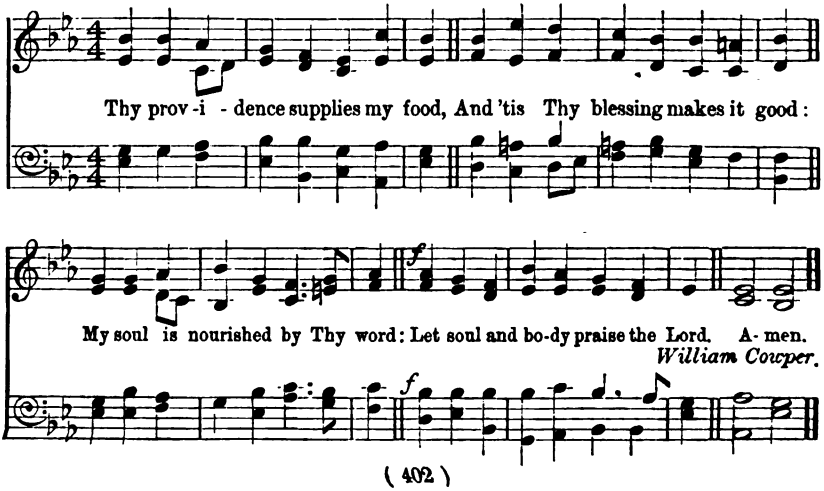
401 (C.)

Winchester Old. C.M. Este's *Psalter*, 1592.



401 (D.)

Melcombe. L.M. Samuel Webbe, 1792.



XIII. For the School Worship.

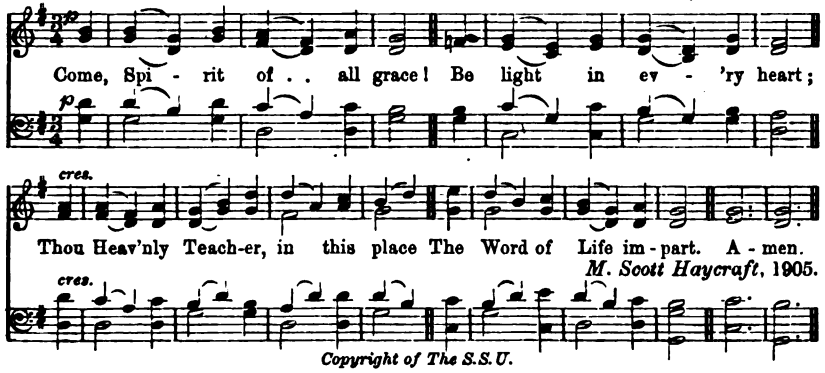
1. Verses to be sung at the Opening of School.

Supt.—*Jesus said, The Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, shall teach you all things.*—John xiv. 26.

Scholars.—*As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*—Rom. viii. 14.

402 (A.)

Dennis. S.M. HANS G. NÄGELI, 1768-1836.



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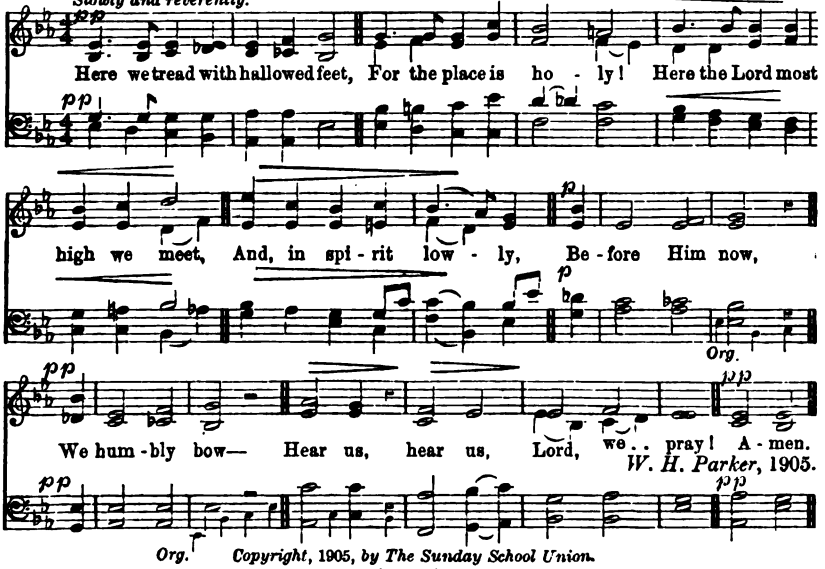
Supt.—*O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; fear before Him, all the earth.*—Psalm xcvi. 9.

Scholars.—*God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth.*—John iv. 24.

402 (B.)

Worship. P.M. R. Y. HARDING, 1905.



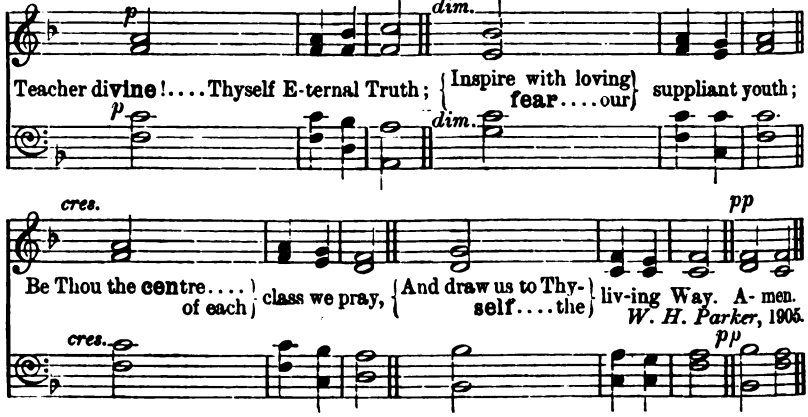
Copyright, 1905, by The Sunday School Union.

Supt.—*Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel, I am the Lord thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way thou shouldest go.* —Isa. xlviii. 17.

Scholars.—*Teach us Thy way, O Lord; we will walk in Thy truth: unite our hearts to fear Thy name.*—Psalm lxxxvi. 11.

402 (C.)

Troyte. 10's. A. H. D. Troyte, 1811-1857.



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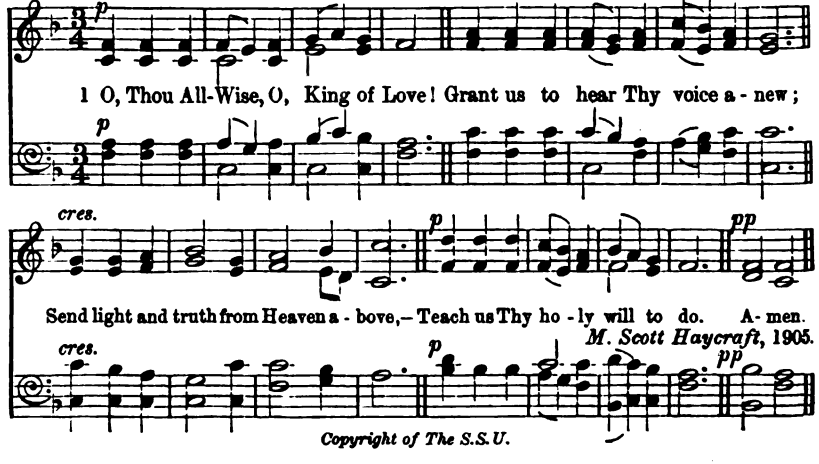
Supt.—*If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally.* —Jas. i. 5.

Scholars.—*Shew us Thy ways, O Lord; lead us in Thy truth and teach us; for Thou art the God of our salvation.*—Psalm xxv. 4, 5.

402 (D.)

Bursley. L.M. ? Peter Ritter, 1760-1846.



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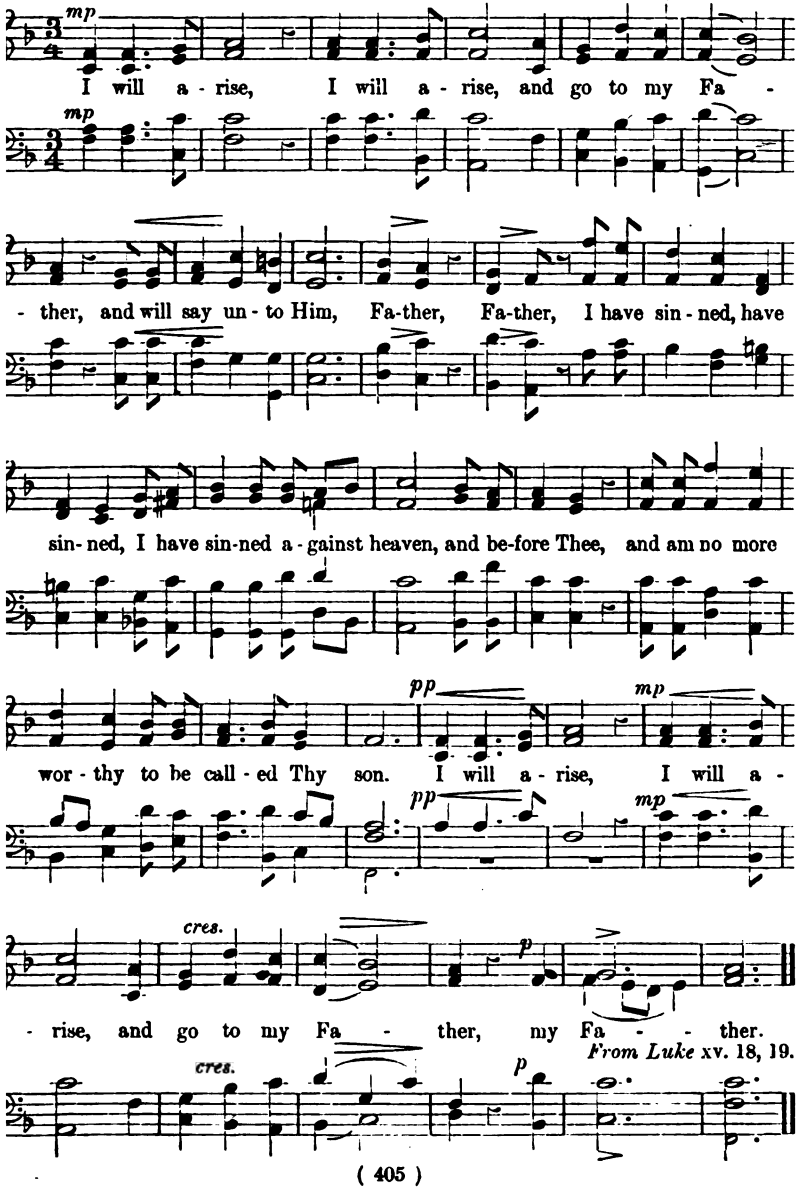
ipt.—*And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!*

holars.—*And he arose, and came to his Father.*—Luke xv. 17, 20.

02 (E.)

will arise. RICHARD CECIL, 1748-1810.



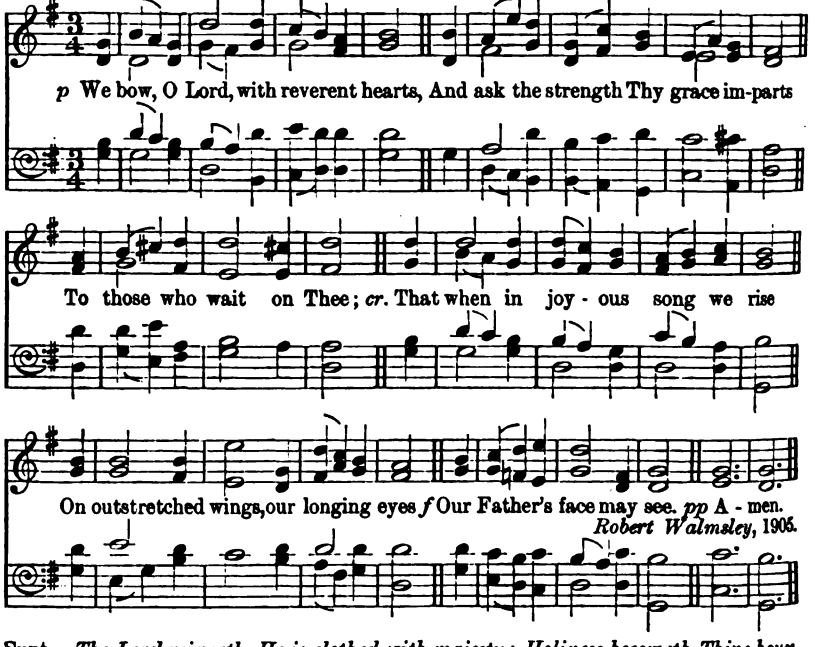
From Luke xv. 18, 19.

Supt.—*They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as the eagle.*—Isa. xl. 31.

Scholars.—*When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face, my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.*—Psalm xxvii. 8.

402 (F.)

Pembroke. 8.8.6.8.8.6. J. Foster, 1843.

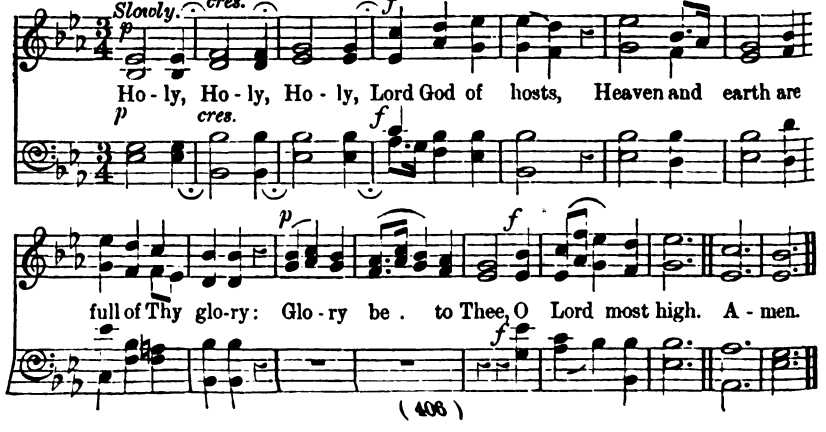


Supt.—*The Lord reigneth, He is clothed with majesty; Holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, for ever.*—Psalm xciii. 1, 5.

Scholars.—*The Lord is gracious and full of compassion. Holy and reverend is His name.*—Psalm cxi. 4, 9.

402 (G.)

Sanctus. John Camidge, Mus. Doc., 1790-1859.



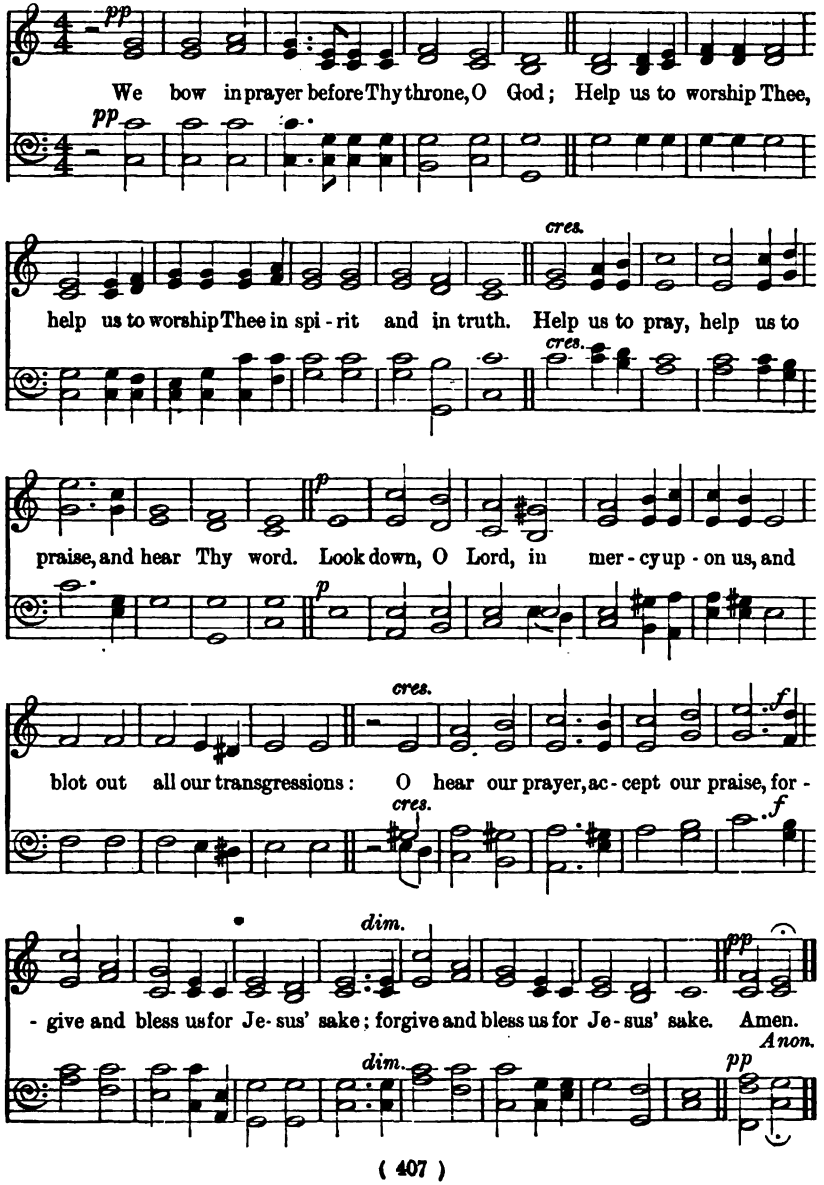
Supt.—*Praise waiteth for Thee, O God, in Sion, and unto Thee shall the vow be performed.*—Psalm lxv. 1.

Scholars.—*O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.*—Psalm lxv. 2.

402 (H.)

We bow in prayer.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1816-1868.

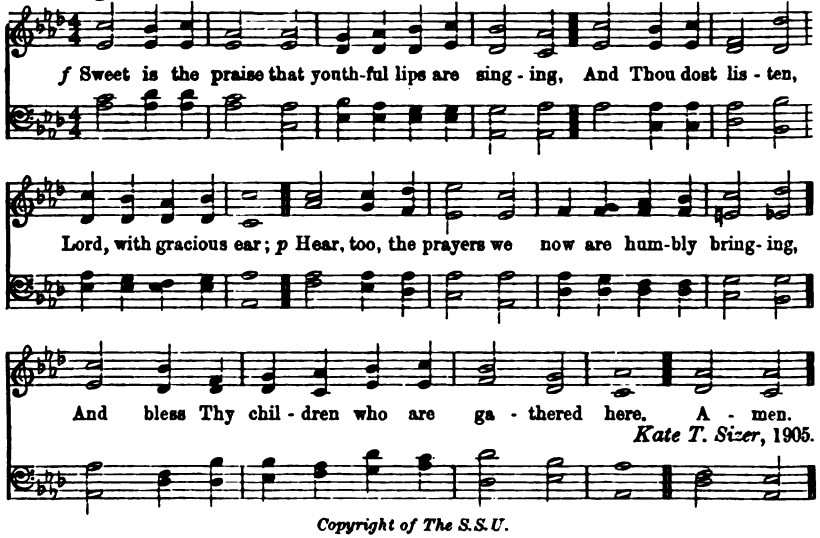


Supt.—*Serve the Lord with gladness; come before His presence with singing; be thankful unto Him, and bless His name; for the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting.*—Psalm c. 2, 4, 5.

Scholars.—*The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry.*—Psalm xxxiv. 15.

402 (I.)

Dawning. 11.10.11.10. R. G. CLEMENTS, *circa* 1880.



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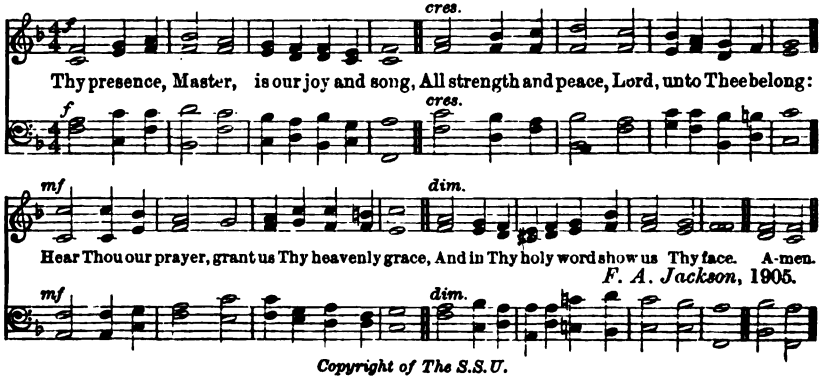
Supt.—*The Lord will give strength unto His people; the Lord will bless His people with peace.*—Psalm xxix. 11.

Scholars.—*Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance.*—Psalm lxxxix. 15.

402 (J.)

Toulon. 10's. *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.



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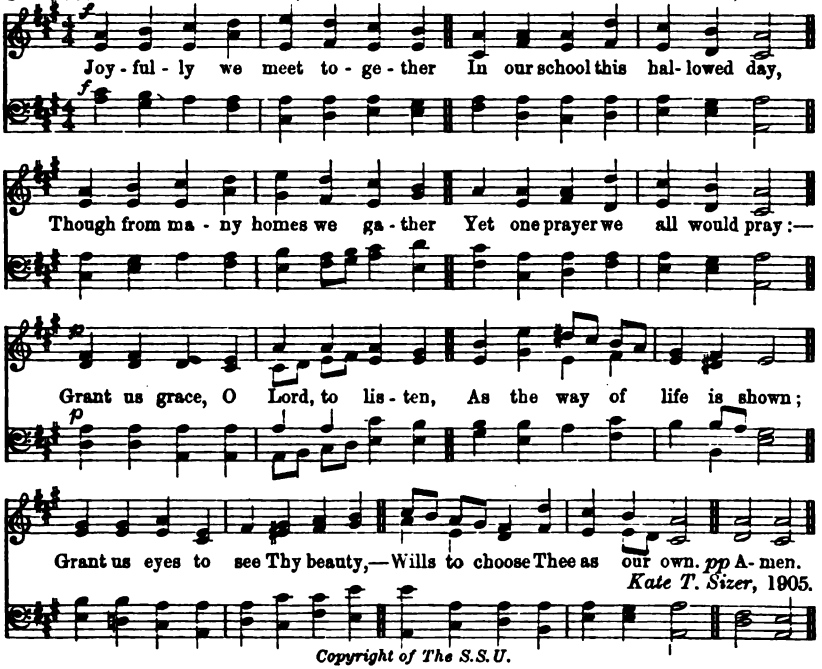
Supt.—*Let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice; let them also that love Thy name be joyful in Thee.*—Psalm v. 11.

Scholars.—*In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.*—Phil. iv. 6.

402 (K.)

Corinth. 8.7., 8 lines. S. Webbe's *Modern Church Music*, 1791.



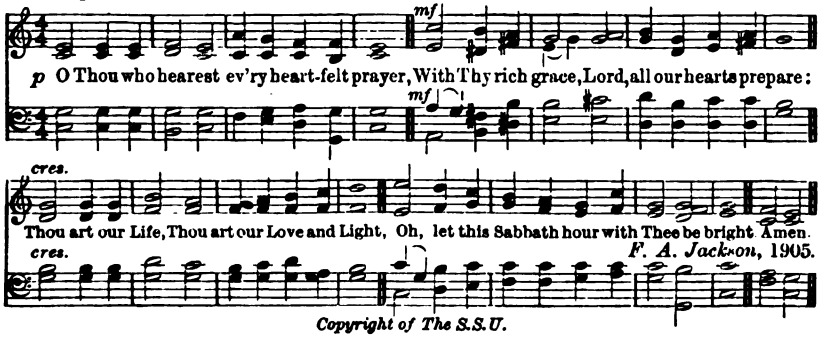
Copyright of The S.S.U.

Supt.—*O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.*—Psalm lxv. 2.

Scholars.—*Lord, Thou hast heard the desire of the humble; Thou wilt prepare their heart.*—Psalm x. 17.

402 (L.)

Hellespont or **Morecambe.** 10's. Anon., *circa* 1880.



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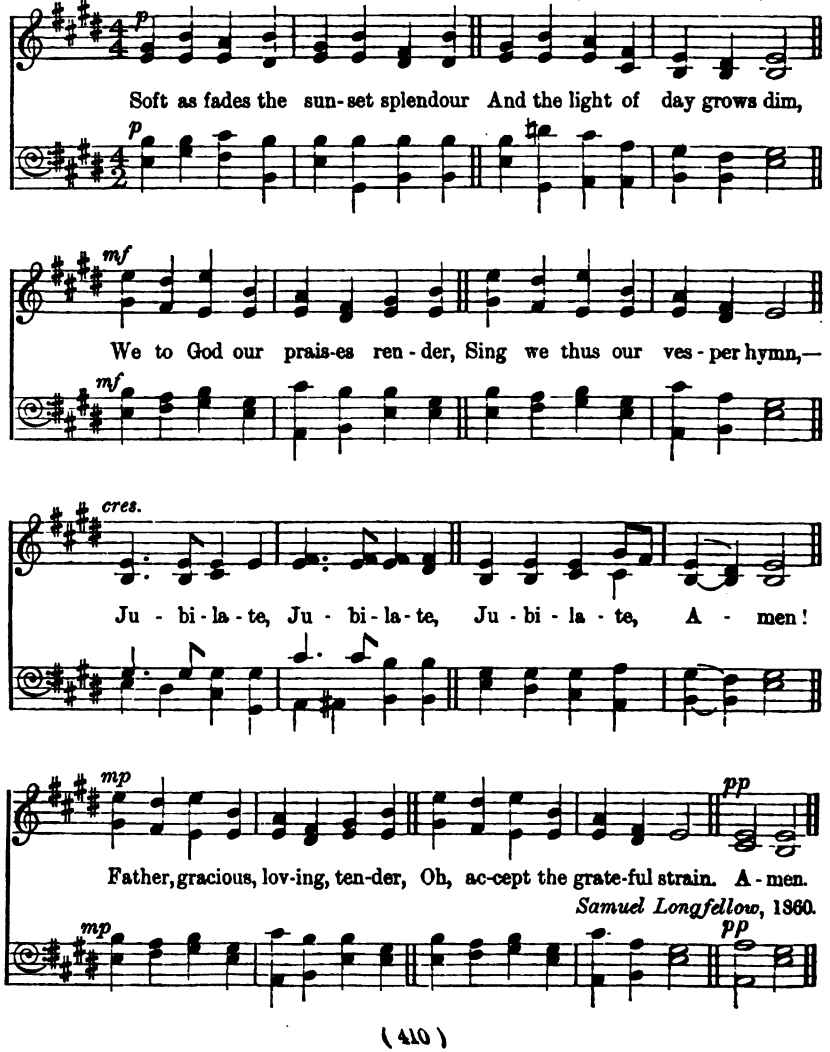
2. Vesper Verses to be sung at the Close of School.

Supt.—*Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and for evermore.*—Psalm cxiii. 2.

Scholars.—*From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised.*—Psalm cxiii. 3.

403 (A.)

Vesper Hymn. 8.7., 8 lines. Russian Air. Arr. by Sir JOHN STEVENSON, 1818.



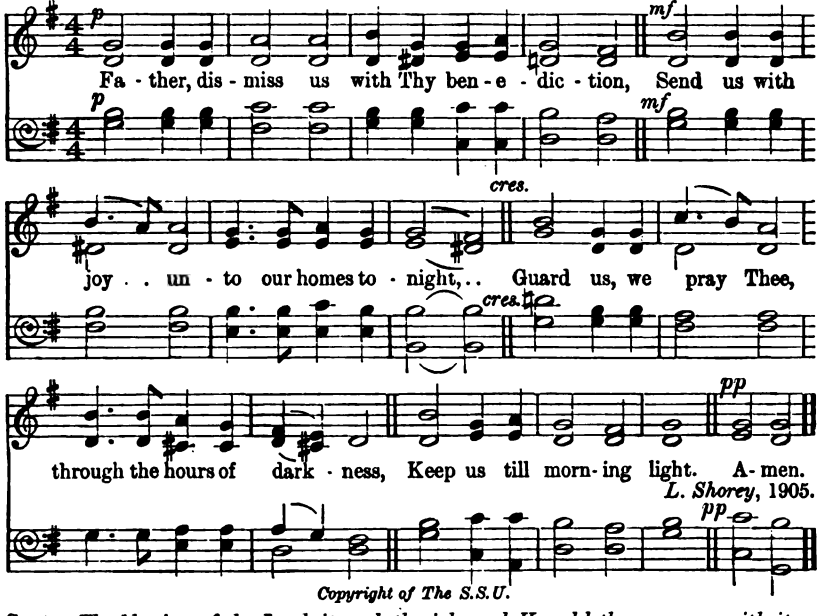
Samuel Longfellow, 1860.

Supt.—*The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee.*—Num. vi. 24, 25.

Scholars.—*I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.*—Psalm iv. 8.

403 (B.)

Integer vitæ. 11.11.11.5. FRIEDRICH F. FLEMMING, 1778-1813.



L. Shorey, 1905.

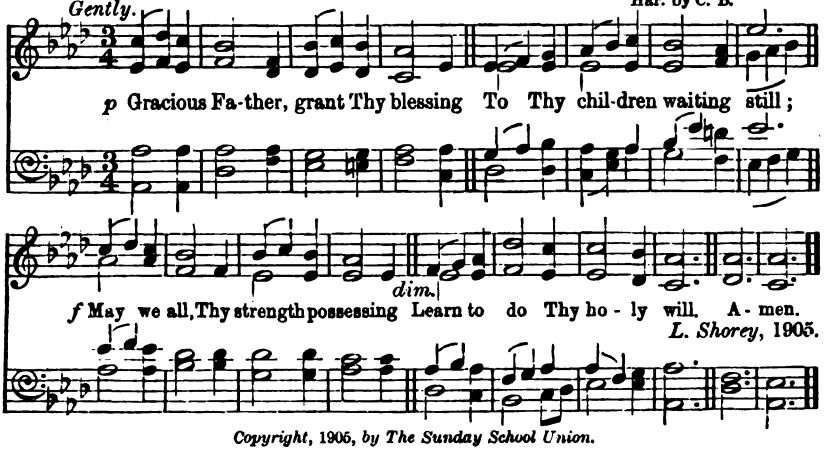
Copyright of The S.S.U.

Supt.—*The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.*—Prov. x. 22.

Scholars.—*They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.*—Isa. xl. 31.

403 (C.)

Newlyn. 8.7.8.7. MARGUERITE GRAY, 1905. Har. by C. B.



L. Shorey, 1905.

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[illegible] WORSHIP

[illegible] by *all* means.— [illegible]

[illegible] *the strength of my life.* —[illegible]

[illegible]

From Beethoven, 1770-1827.

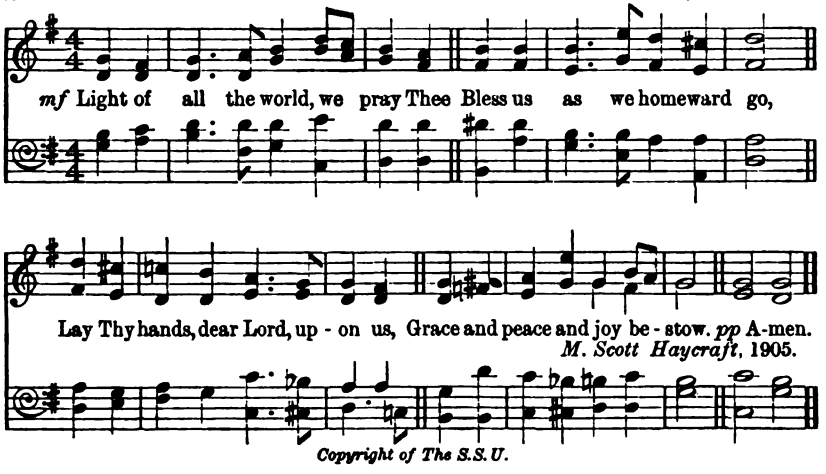
Samuel Longfellow, 1860.

Supt.—*Then spake Jesus, saying, I am the Light of the world.*—John viii. 12.

Scholars.—*In Him was Life, and the Life was the Light of men.*—John i. 4.

403 (E.)

Sardis. 8.7.8.7. From BEETHOVEN, 1770-1827.



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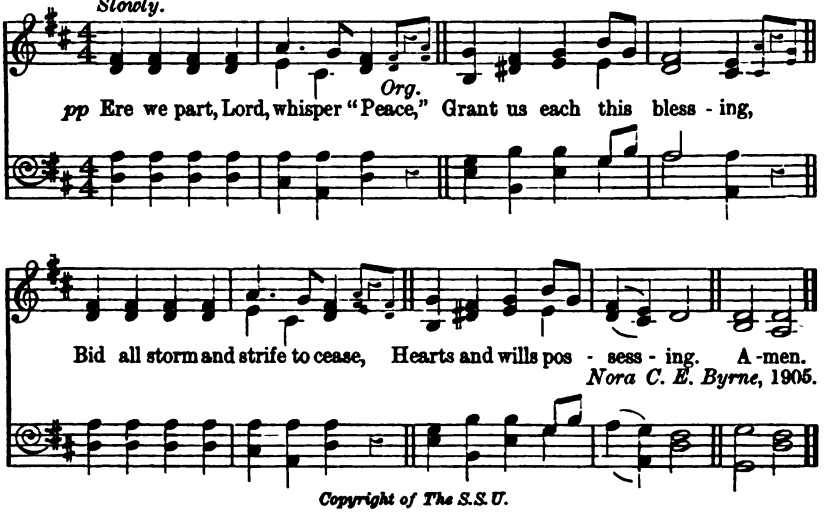
Supt.—*Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, Jesus came and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.*

Scholars.—*Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.*—John xx. 19, 20.

403 (F.)

Dona nobis pacem. 7.6.7.6. Trochaic. From MOZART, 1756-1791.



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FOR THE SCHOOL WORSHIP.

Supt.—*In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; be Thou my strong rock for a house of defence to save me.*

Scholars.—*Thou art my Rock and my Fortress: therefore for Thy name's sake lead me and guide me.*—Psalm xxxi. 1-3.

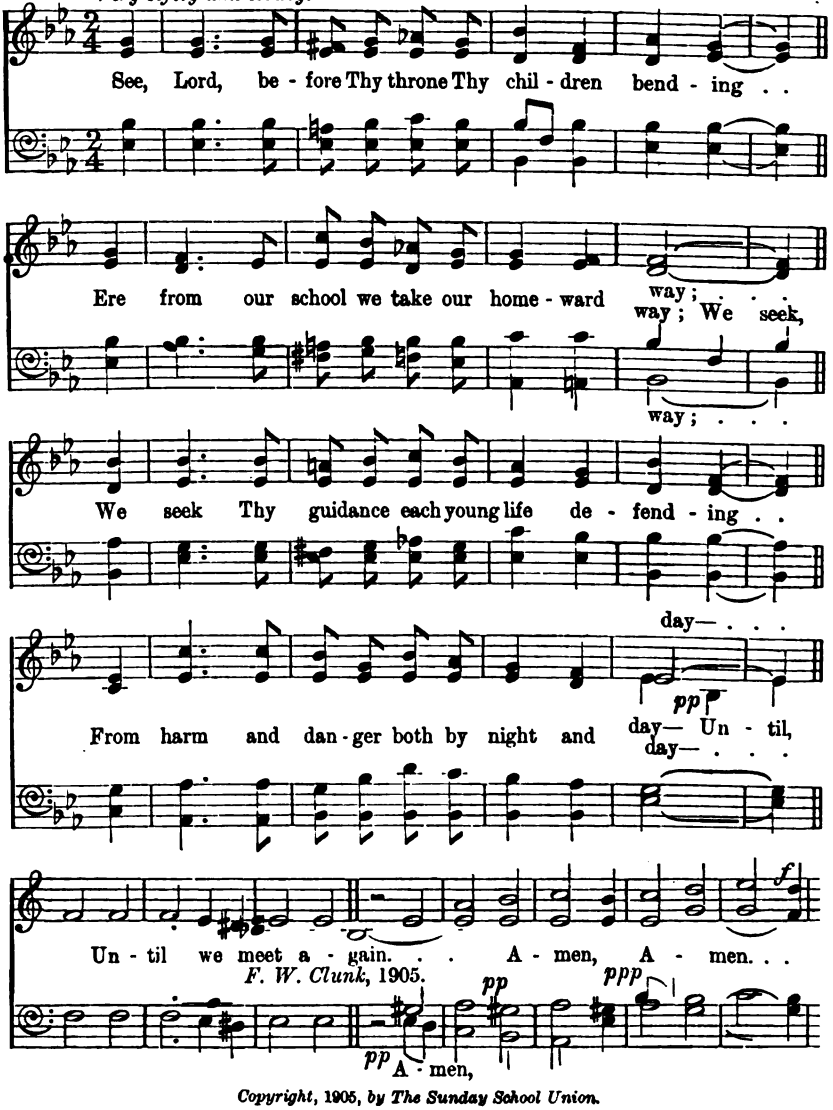
403 (G.)

See, Lord, before Thy throne.

P.M.

F. W. Clunk, 1905.
Har. by C. B.

Very softly and slowly.



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Supt.—*Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him.*—Psalm xxxvii. 7.

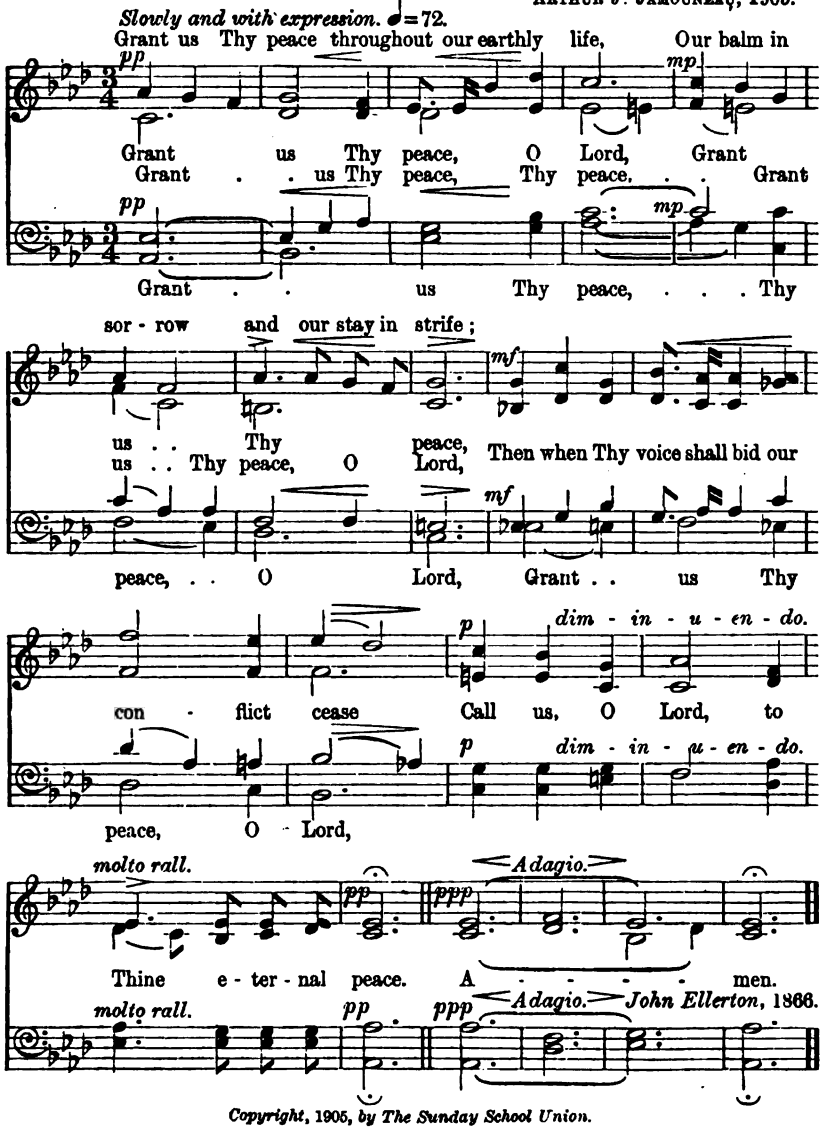
Scholars.—*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee.*—Isa. xxvi. 3.

403 (H.)

Grant us Thy peace.

10's.

ARTHUR J. JAMOUNEAU, 1905.



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NOTE.—When part-singing is impracticable the verse may be sung in Unison.

Sunk.—*Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.*—Matt. v. 8.
Scholars.—*Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.*—Rom. v. 1.

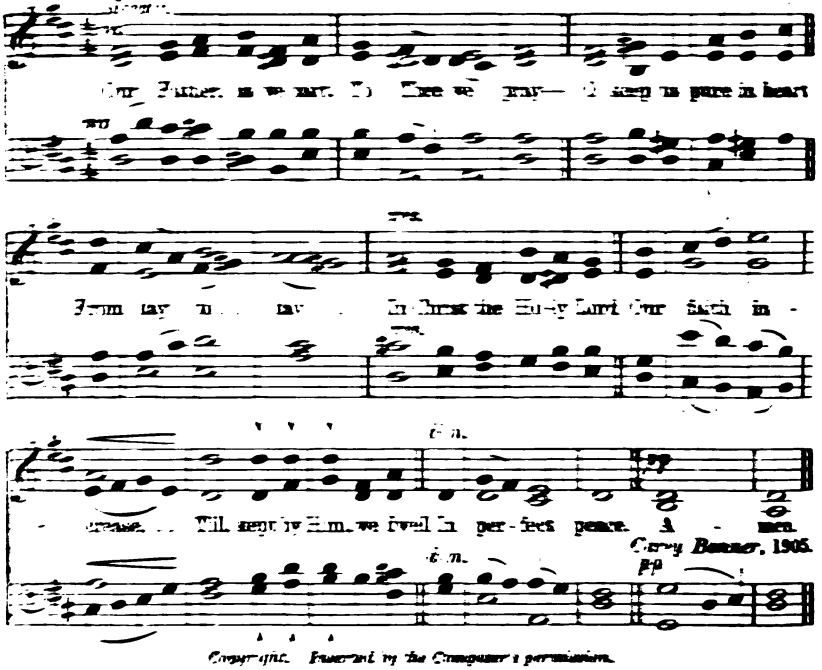
403 (L.)

Lithuanian. Sir J. Jones. Carey Bonner, 1905.

Our Father, as we sort, To Thee we pray— O keep us pure in heart

From day to day In Christ the Holy Lord Our faith in-

-crease. Till, kept by Him, we dwell In per-fect peace. A - men.



Carey Bonner, 1905.

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Sunk.—*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.*—Psalm cxxi. 1.
Scholars.—*My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth.*—Psalm cxxi. 2.

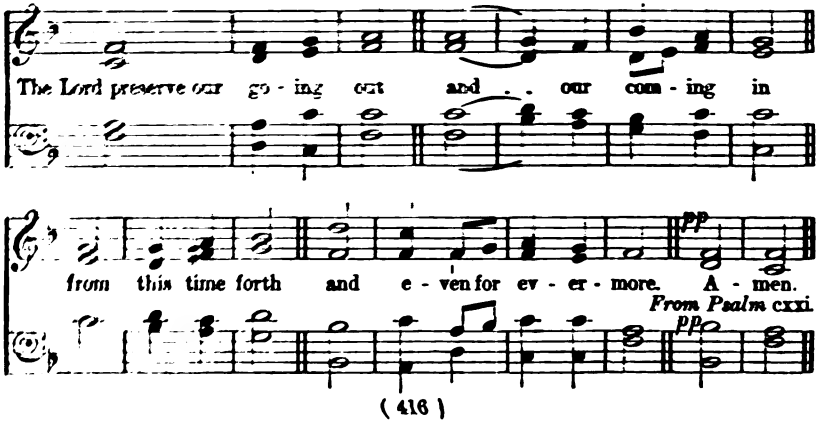
403 (J.)

Chant. Richard Langdon, Mus. Bac., 1729-1803.

The Lord preserve our go - ing out and . . our com - ing in

from this time forth and e - ven for ev - er - more. A - men.

From Psalm cxxi.

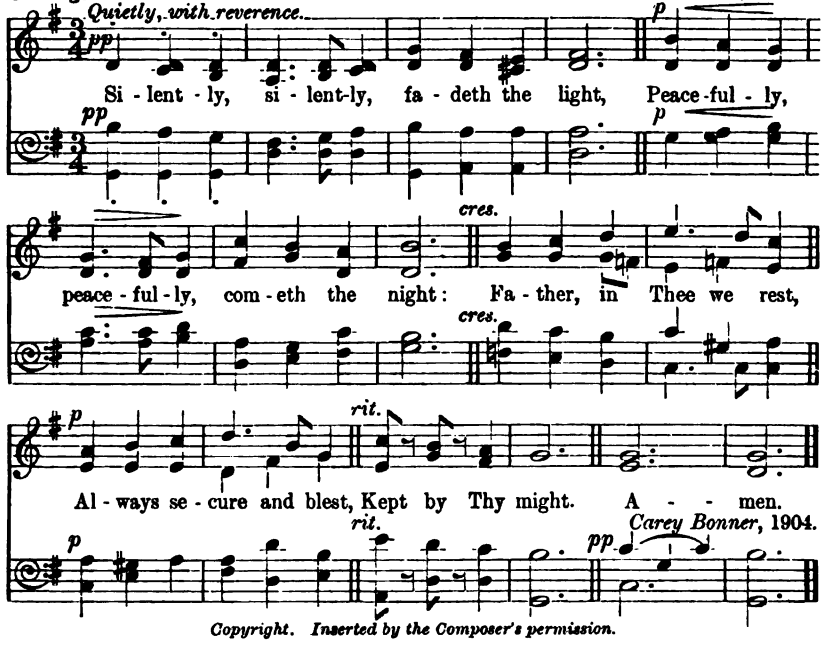


Supt.—*Let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.*—Psalm cxli. 2.

Scholars.—*He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.*—Psalm xci. 1.

403 (K.)

Glasgow. 10.10.6.6.4. CAREY BONNER, 1904.



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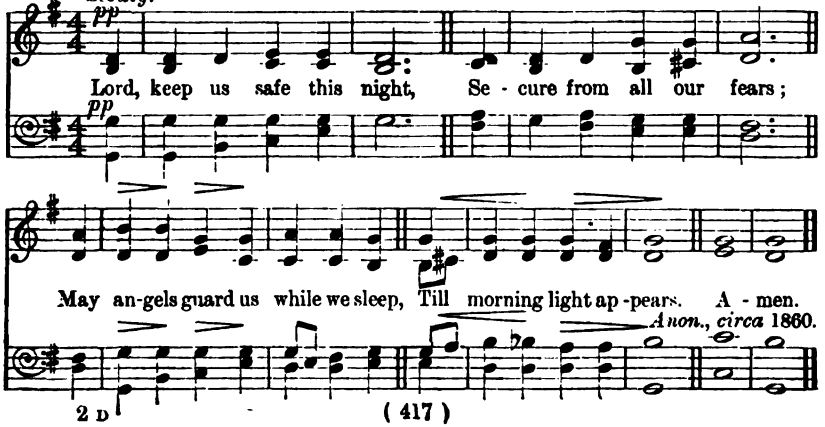
Supt.—*The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him.*—Deut. xxxiii. 12.

Scholars.—*He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.*—Psalm xci. 11.

403 (L.)

Lord, keep us safe this night. S.M. From BEETHOVEN, 1770-1827.



[redacted]

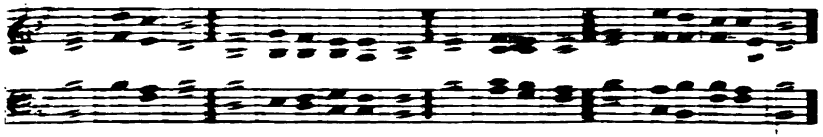
FOR THE SCHOOL WORSHIP

THE BEATITUDES

463 M.

WITH RESPONSIVE VERSES.

A. Lawes' Chant. — Henry Lawes, 1596-1662.



B. Mornington's Chant. — Earl of Mornington, 1735-1781.

NOTE.—The Responses may be taken to either of the above Chants, or Verses 1 to 6 may be taken to A, and 7 to 12 to B.

Superintendent.

1. "And seeing the multitudes, Jesus went up into the mountain: and when He had sat down, His disciples came into Him: and He opened His mouth and taught them."

All.

p	Thou speakest, **Lord**, our	hearts	in-	cline		
	Ta	is-	ten	to	Thy	voice,
	And when we hear Thy	words	di-	vine,		
cres.	Make	Thou	our	hearts	re-	joice.

2. "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

All.

	The poor in spirit	rich	shall	be.		
	And	in	Thy	king-	dom	share;
dim.	O grant us true hum-	i-	li-	ty,		
	That	we	may	enter	—	there.

3. "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted."

Girls.

p	Thy comforts, **Lord**, can	heal	the	smart,		
	That	sin	and	sor-	row	bring;
cres.	Bid Thou, O **Christ**, our	woes	de-	part;		
	Teach	all	sad	hearts	to	sing.

4. "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."

Boys.

f	We would be, **Lord**, Thy	con-	querors	brave;		
	In	meek-	ness	make	us	strong;
	For city, **field**, and	o-	cean	wave,—		
	All	un-	to	Thee	be-	long.

5. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."

Girls.

	Teach us to **hunger**	for	the	right,		
	Our	souls	to	thirst	for	Thee,
cres.	Turn for us **duty**	to	de-	light		
	Thy	law	to	li-	ber-	ty.

6. "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

Boys.

p	We pray for **mercy**;	we	would	show		
	Mer-	cy	and	kind-	li-	ness.
	Teach us to **love** both	friend	and	foe,		
	Thou	God	of	ten-	der-	ness.

7. "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

Girls.

	Our thoughts, **desires**, we	bring	to	Thee		
	For	pu-	ri-	fy-	ing	grace;
p	Give us clean **hearts**, that	we	may	see		
	The	beau-	ty	of	Thy	face.

8. "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God."

Boys.

p	Peace we would **practise**	and	pur-	sue		
	'Mid	stran-	gers	and	'mid	friends;
cres.	Peace, that the **angel**	her -	alds	knew,—		
	To	earth's	re-	mo-	test	ends.

9. "Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Girls.

	Grant us to **suffer**, ...	and	be	strong		
	Nor	e-	ver	yield	to	fear;
cres.	Who for the **right** en-	dure	the	wrong		
	In	glo-	ry	shall	ap-	pear.

10. "Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake."

Boys.

	All slander, **hate**, and	ev-	ery	ill,		
	For	Thy	sake	we	would	bear,
p	And should men perse-	cute	and	kill,		
f	Still	are	we	in	Thy	care.

11. "Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets who were before you."

Girls.

f	Glory to **Thee**, O	gra-	cious	One,		
	Who	dost	to	bless-	ings	turn
	The ills that **men** oft	fear	and	shun,		
	Ere	they	Thy	wis-	dom	learn.

12. **All.**

	Grant us Thy **light** to	make	us	wise,		
	Thy	grace	to	guide	our	feet;
cres.	Then here on **earth**, and	in	the	skies,		
	Thy	prais-	es	we'll	re-	peat.

James Seager, 1905.

PART III.

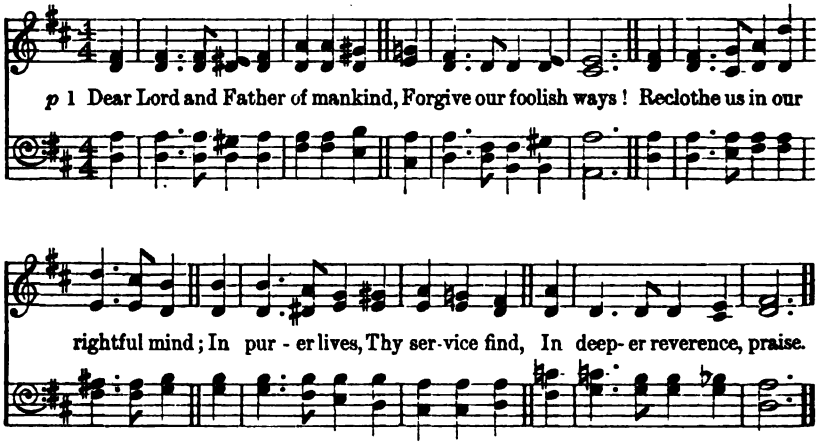
HYMNS FOR THE SENIOR SCHOOL OR INSTITUTE.

(*I.E.*, FOR SCHOLARS ABOVE FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE.)

I. "Our Father."

404 *And after the fire a still small voice.*—1 Kings xix. 12.

Rest. 8.6.8.8.6. F. C. MAKER, 1887.



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p 2 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!

p 3 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
dim. As noiseless let Thy blessing fall,
As fell Thy manna down.

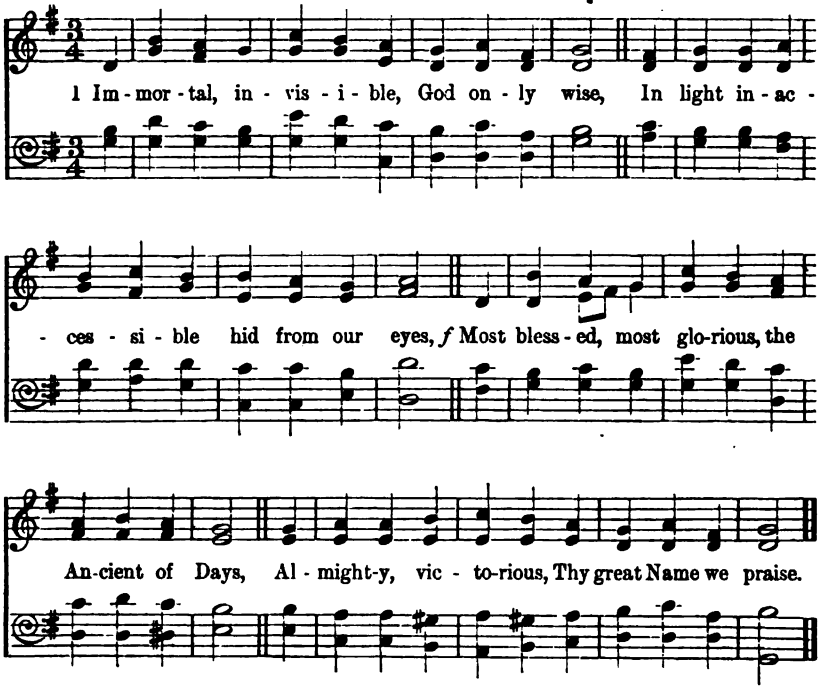
4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
cr. Take from our souls the strain and stress;
And let our ordered lives confess
p The beauty of Thy peace.

p 5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb,—let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
dim. O still small voice of calm!

J. G. Whittier, 1872.

405 *The King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God.*—1 Tim. i. 17.

St. Luke. 11's., 4 lines. Anon., *circa* 1840.



2 To all, life Thou givest—to both great and small;
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
p We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
cr. And wither and perish—but nought changeth Thee.

3 To-day and to-morrow with Thee still are Now;
Nor trouble, nor sorrow, nor care, Lord, hast Thou;
Nor passion doth fever, nor age can decay,
f The same God for ever that was yesterday.

4 Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
p Thine angels adore Thee, all veiling their sight;
cr. * But of all Thy rich graces this grace, Lord, impart—
* Take the veil from our faces, the veil from our heart.

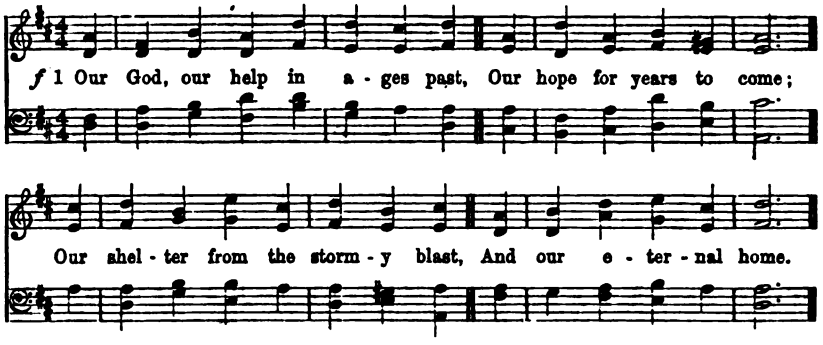
f 5 All laud we would render; O help us to see,
p 'Tis only the splendour of light hideth Thee;
cr. And so let Thy glory almighty impart,
Through Christ in the story, Thy Christ to the heart.

Walter C. Smith, D.D., 1876.

406

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.—Psalm xc. 1.

St. Ann's. C.M. Wm. Croft, Mus. Doc., 1678-1727.



2 Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
cr. Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame;
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

p 4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

p 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
dim. They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

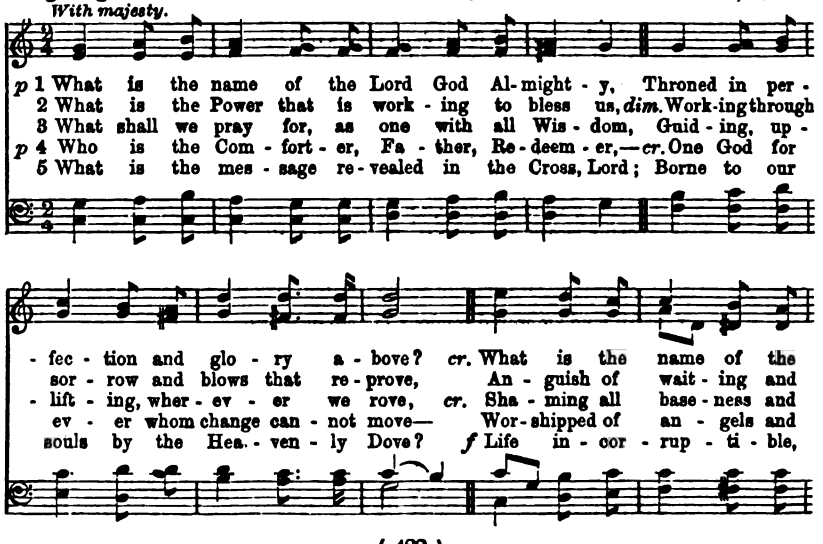
f 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

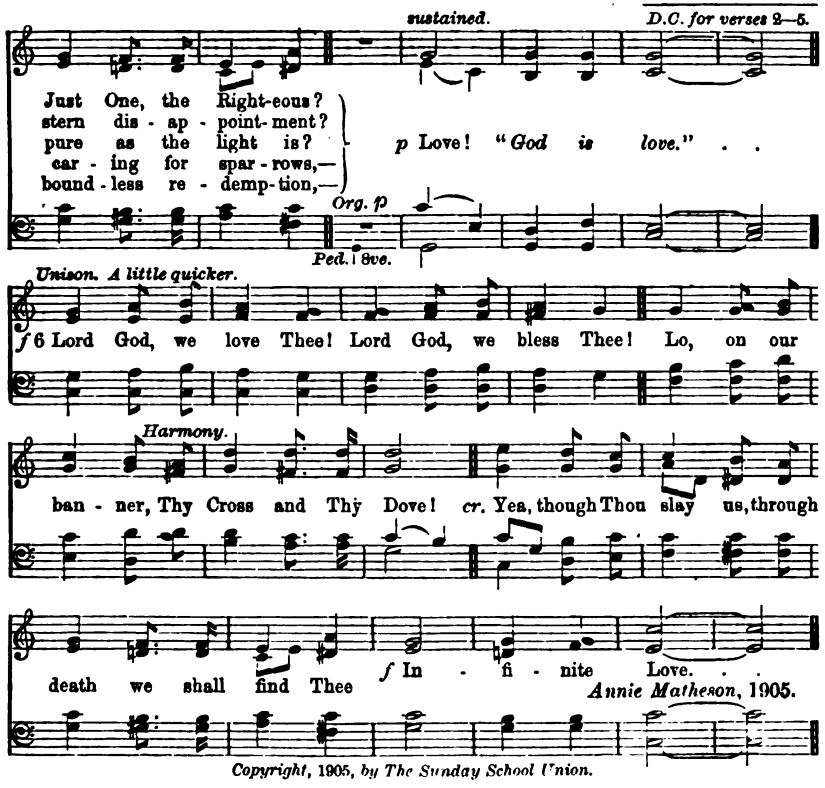
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

407

God is Love.—1 John iv. 8.

Mayburg. 11.10.11.4. Dactyllic. Carey Bonner, 1905.





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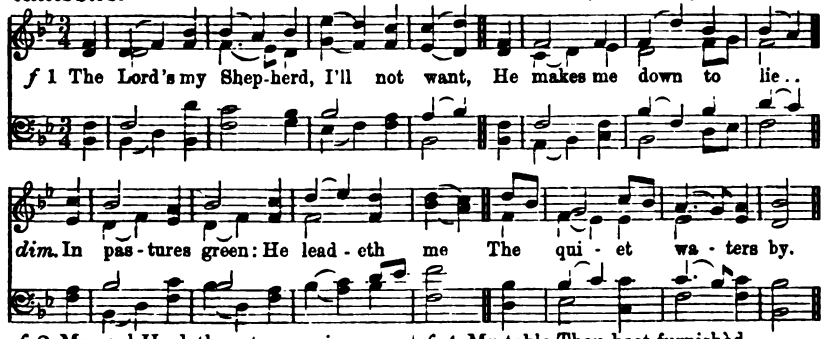
408 Wiltshire.

The Lord is my Shepherd.—Psalm xxiii. 1.

C.M. Sir GEORGE SMART, Mus. Doc., 1776-1867.



f 2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness.
Even for His own Name's sake.

p 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
cr. Yet will I fear none ill:
For Thou art with me: and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

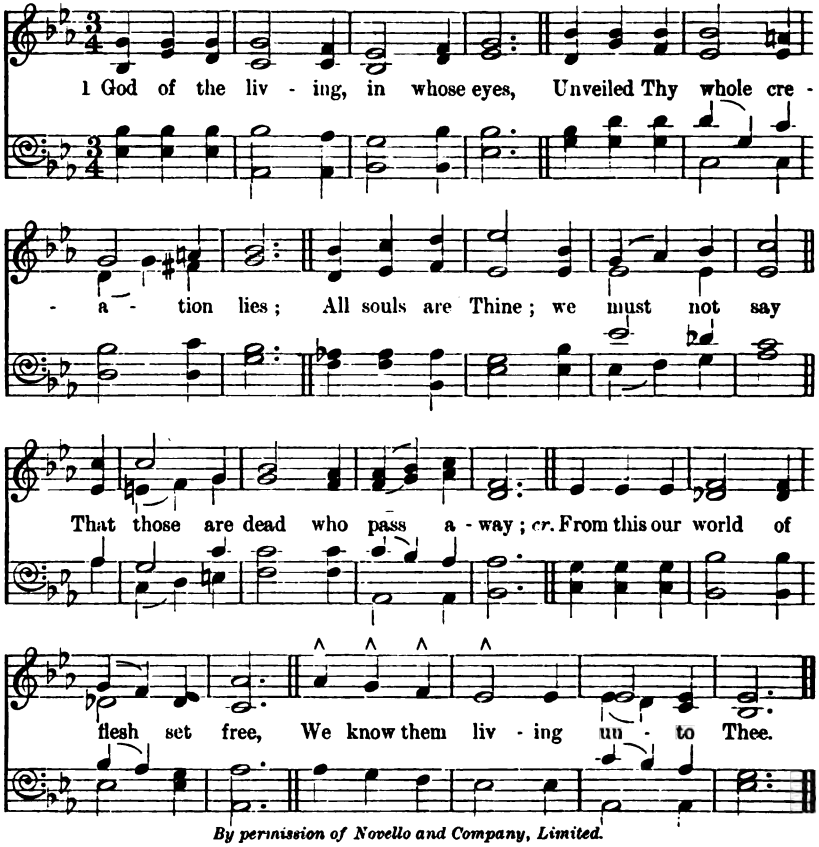
f 4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

f 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me:
cr. And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.
Scotch Paraphrase of Psalm xxiii.

II. "Which art in Heaven."

409 *All live unto Him.*—Luke xx. 38.

St. Chrysostom. 8's., 6 lines. Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838-1896.



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2.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All thine, and yet most truly ours;
cr. For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree;
cr. Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4.

p Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
cr. That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

5.

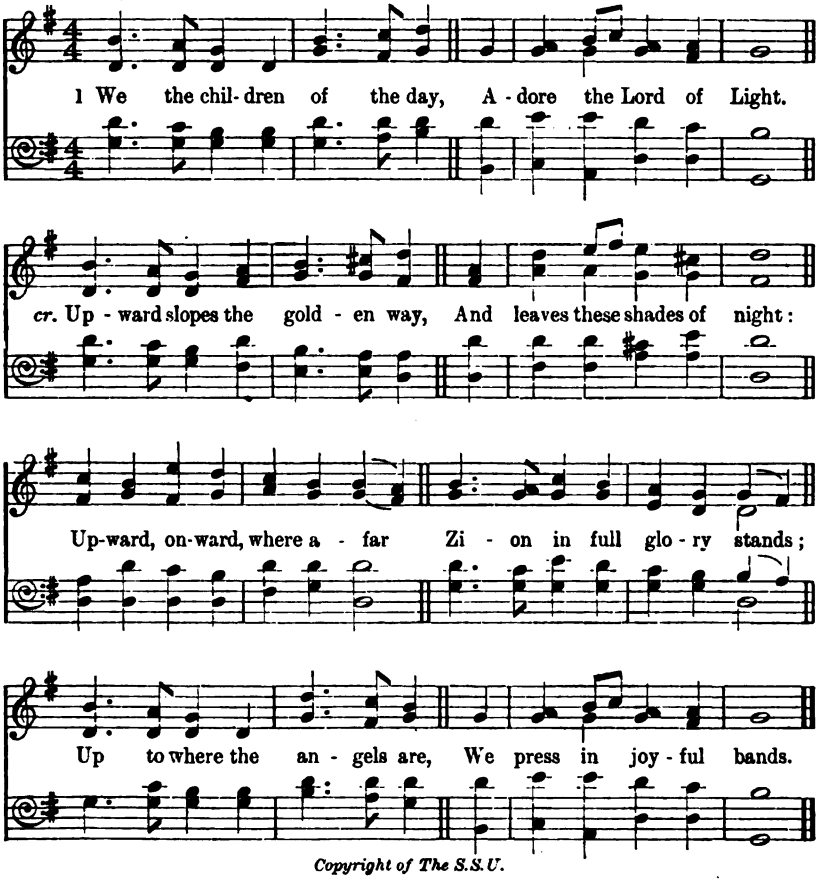
O Breather into men of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
cr. That body, soul, and spirit, be
For ever living unto Thee.

John Ellerton, 1858.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "St. Catherine," No. 203.

410 *Ye are all the children of light.*—1 Thess. v. 5.

Warrenne. No. 3. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. Trochaic. Dr. O. R. Barnicott, *circa* 1880.



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2 Nights and days are but the stair
That leads us to our Sun:
We press on with praise and prayer,
Until the height be won.
f There the nights of pain shall cease;
Darkness never more dismay;
p There is never-ending peace,
cr. And everlasting day.

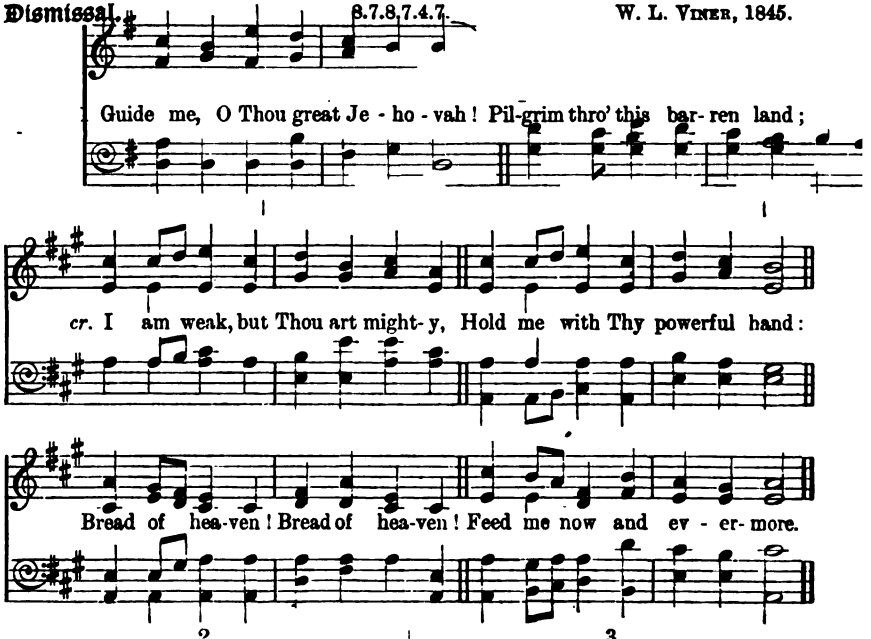
3 We, the pilgrims of the night,
Climb up the golden stair;
Steps in shadow, steps in light,
f But glory everywhere.
Nights made restful by Thy hand;
Days made joyful by Thy face:
Thou, Lord! all the way hast planned;
cr. We praise Thee for Thy grace.

Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, K.C.B., 1905.

411

The Lord went before them.—Ex. xiii. 21.

Dismissal. 8.7.8.7.4.7. W. L. Viner, 1845.



2.

Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
f Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3.

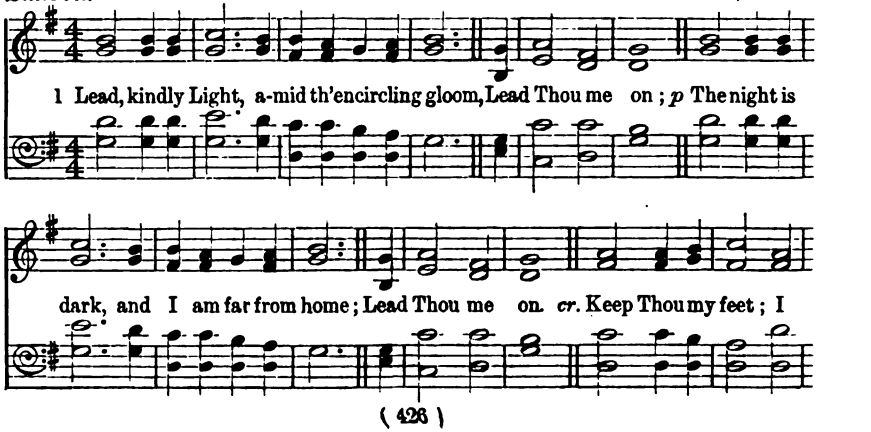
p When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
cr. Death of deaths, and hell's destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

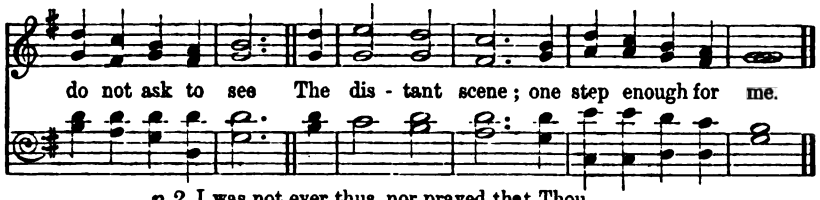
W. Williams, 1717-1790.

412

In the daytime also He led them with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire.—Psalm lxxviii. 14.

Sandon. 10.4.10.4.10.10. C. H. Purday, 1860.





p 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
m Lead Thou me on.
p I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

f 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
cr. And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

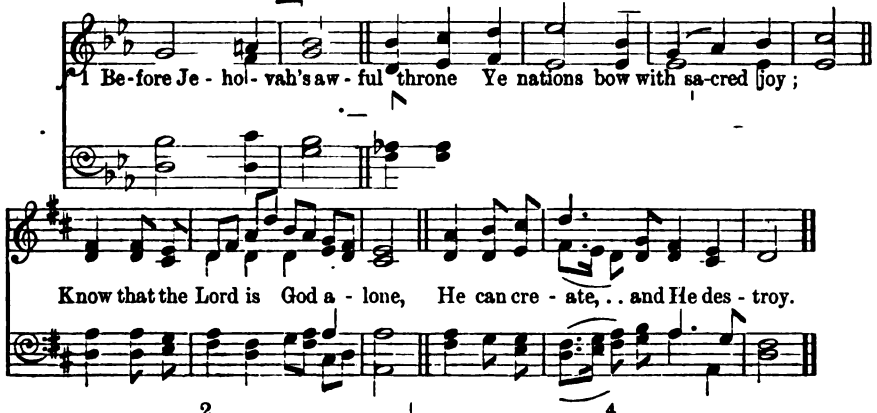
J. H. Newman, 1833.

III. "Hallowed be Thy Name."

413 *Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.*—Psalm c. 1.

Duke Street or **Honiton.** L.M. JOHN HATTON, 1790.

Slowly. With majesty.



2.
His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
cr. And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3.
We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

4.
f We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

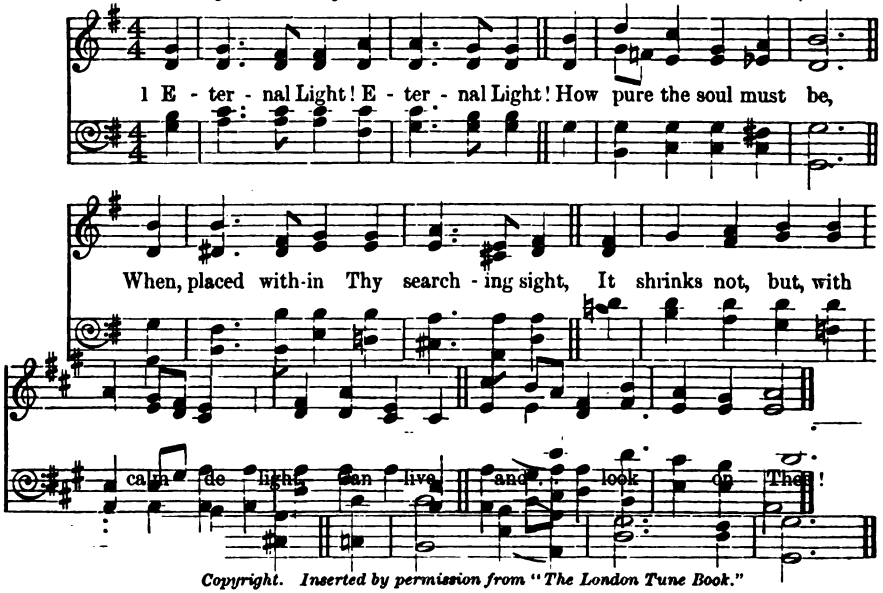
5.
Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
cr. Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Old Hundredth," No. 449.

414 *God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.*—1 John i. 5.

Newcastle. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.6.8.8.6. H. L. MORLEY, 1875.



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2 The spirits that surround Thy throne,
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
p Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

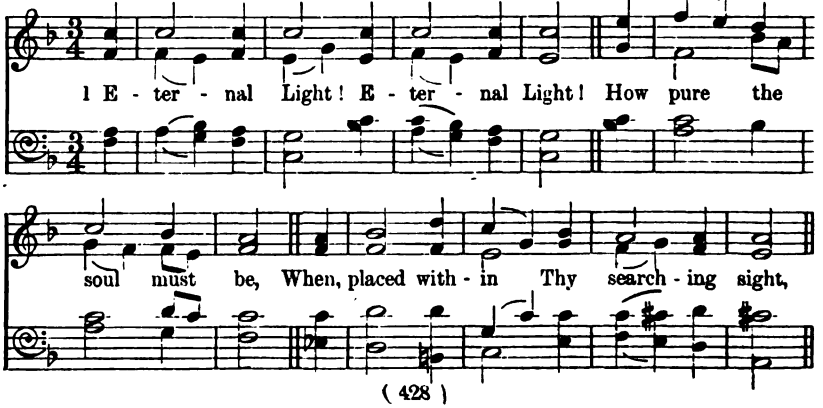
3 O how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

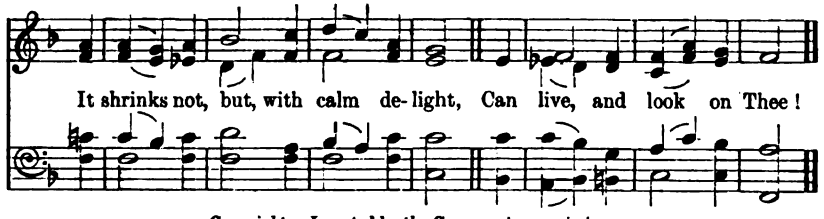
cr. 4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God:—

5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
f May dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love!

Thomas Binney, 1798-1874.

Royal Fort. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.6.8.8.6. EDWIN J. ORCHARD, 1863.





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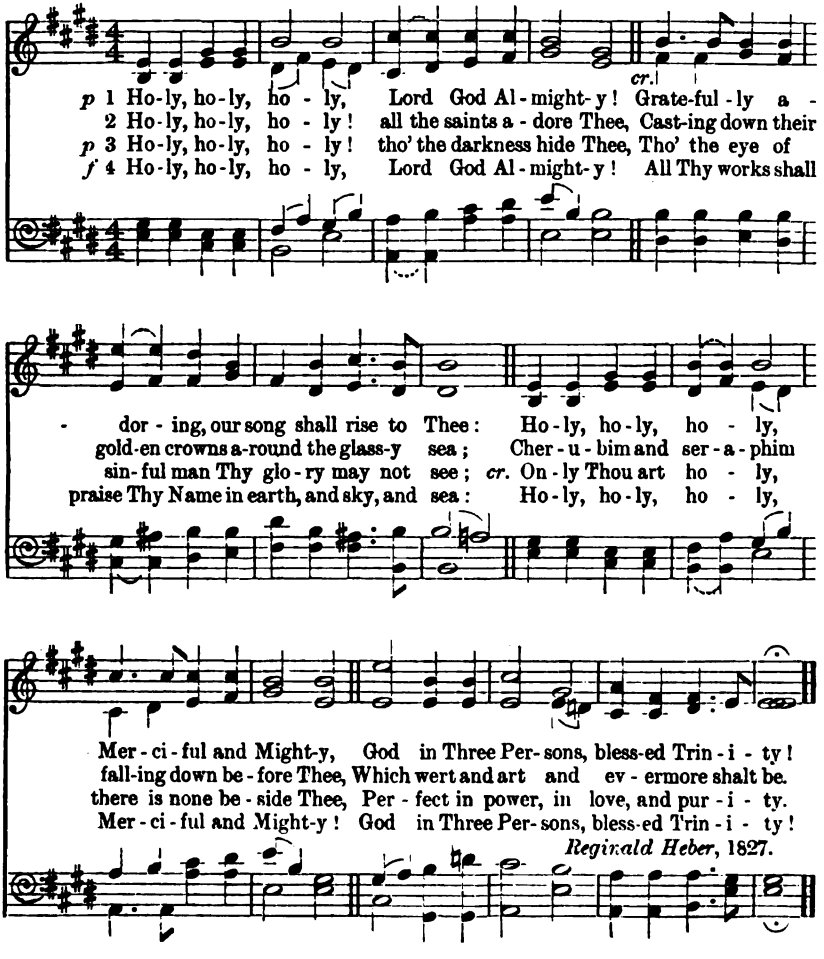
415 *Which was, and is, and is to come.*—Rev. iv. 8.

Nicæa. 11.12.12.10. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1862.

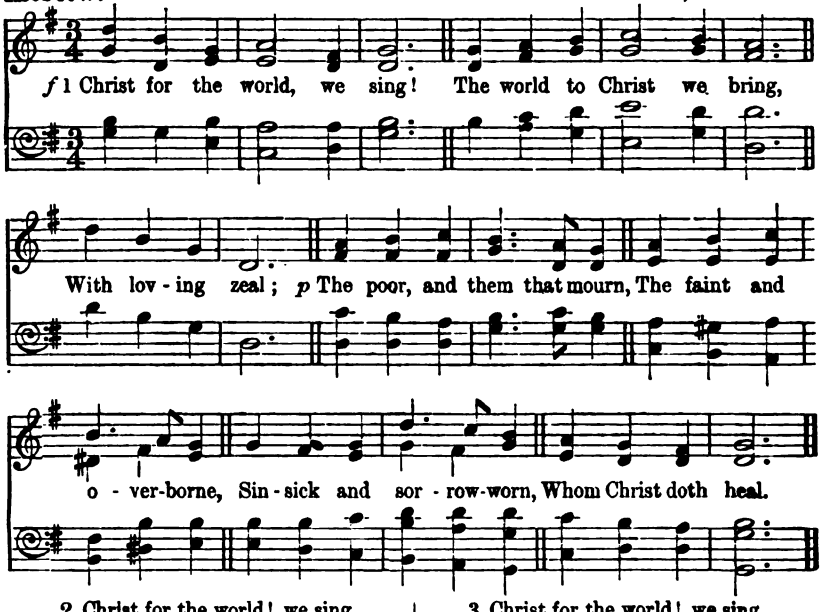


Reginald Heber, 1827.

IV. "Thy Kingdom Come."

416 *Go ye into all the world.*—Mark xvi. 15.

Moscow. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. FELICE GIARDINI, 1716-1796.



2 Christ for the world! we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
p The wayward and the lost,
By reckless passions tossed,
cr. Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

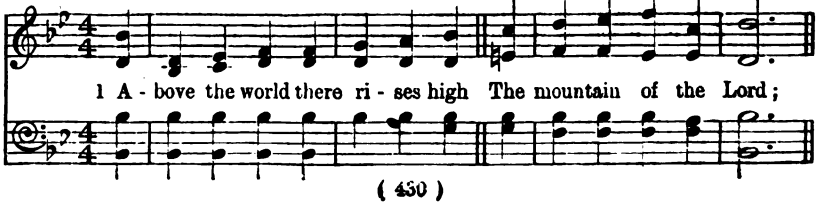
3 Christ for the world! we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

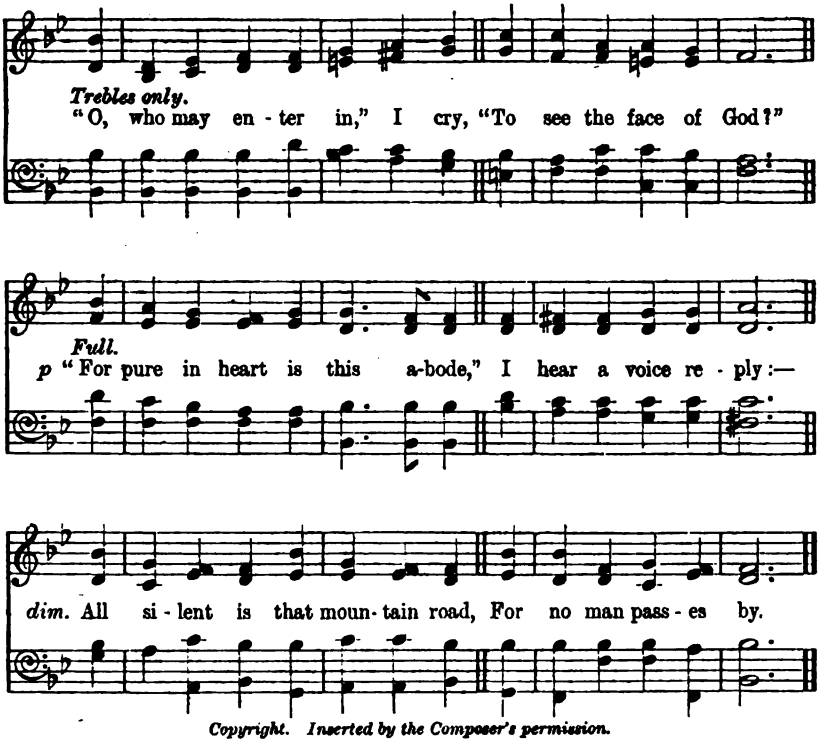
f 4 Christ for the world! we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
cr. The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott, 1869.

417 *Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.*—Psalm xxiv. 3, 4.

Filius Dei. C.M. D. A. R. GAUL, Mus. Bac., *circa* 1859.





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Men (Unison). 2 Who breaks the silence of the place
With trump and martial din?
Full. cr. The King of Glory comes apace,
And He must enter in.
Before the gates His heralds see!—
dim. But, from the heights, they say,
Men (Unison). mp "Who may this King of Glory be
To whom we should give way?"

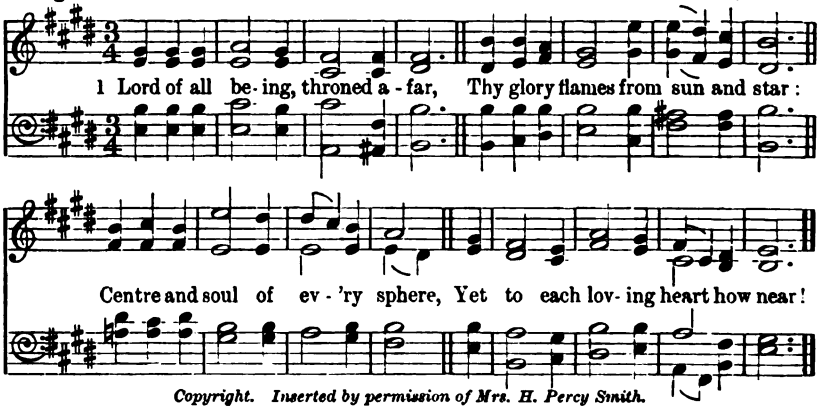
All (Unison). f 3 And know you not the Lord our King?
The Lord of Hosts is He:
From distant lands His armies bring
The spoils of victory.
Harmony. p His robes are red with battle stains;
His feet, His hands are marred;
dim. He purchased triumph by His pains—
And are the portals barred?

All (Unison). f 4 Then tremble all the doors, and shake
The gates with thunders loud!
Our King doth first His entrance make,
And after throngs a crowd;—
Harmony. A captive crowd His triumph grace,
Redeemèd from the foe,
And pure in heart, to seek His face,
Throughout the mount they go.

J. Compton Rickett, 1876.

418 *The Lord God is a Sun and Shield.*—Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

Marylon. L.M. H. PERCY SMITH, 1874.



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f 2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
p Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

p 3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
cr. Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

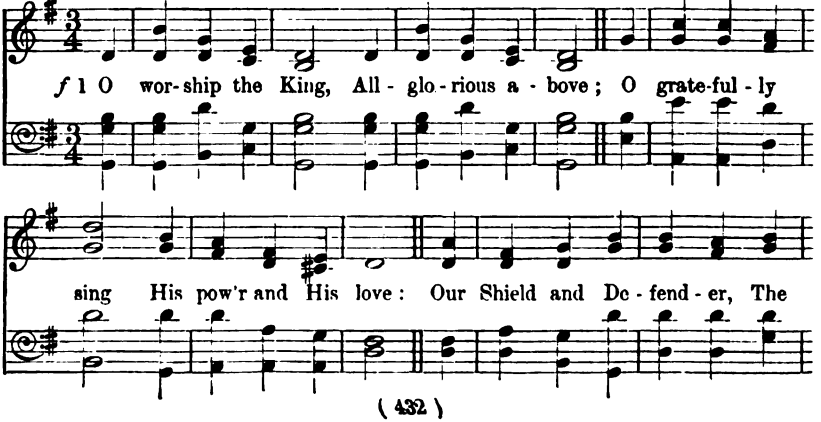
4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

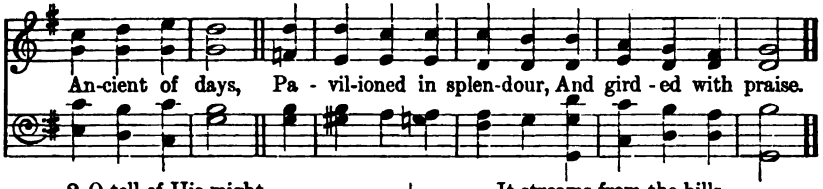
5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
f Till all Thy loving altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1849.

419 *All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.*—Psalm cxlv. 10.

Boughton. 5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc., 1861.





2 O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy, space;
p His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old:
cr. Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

p 4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

p 5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
cr. In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies, how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend

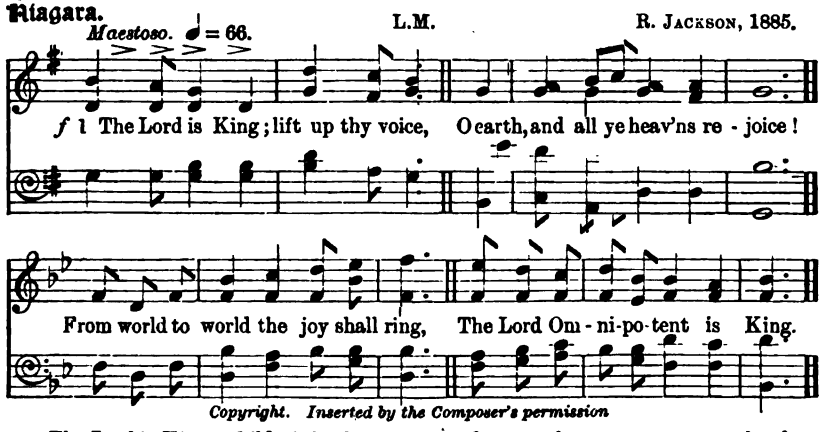
f 6 O measureless might!
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
Thy humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant, 1785-1838.

420

I am a great King, saith the Lord of Hosts.—Mal. i. 14.

Niagara. *Maestoso.* ♩ = 66. L.M. R. Jackson, 1885.



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p 2 The Lord is King; child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all His ways;
f Let every creature speak His praise.

3 He reigns: ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns:
And He is at the Father's side,—
The Man of Love, the Crucified.

p 4 Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

cr. 5 Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King!

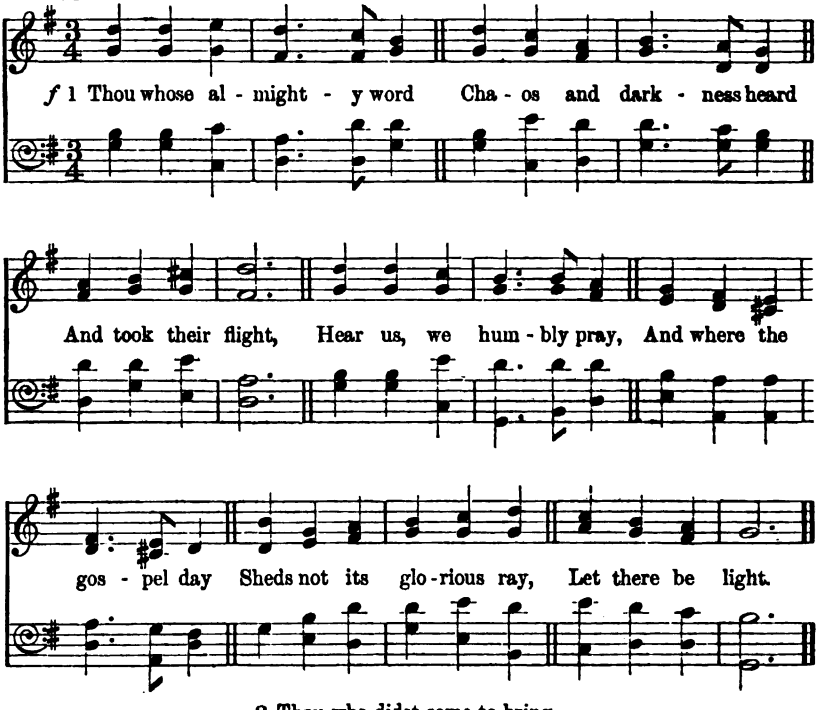
Josiah Conder, 1824.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Luther's Chant," No. 507.

421

Let there be light.—Gen. i. 3.

Philippi. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. JOHANN G. EBELING, 1635-1676.



2 Thou who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
cr. O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
cr. Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

f 4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide
Let there be light.

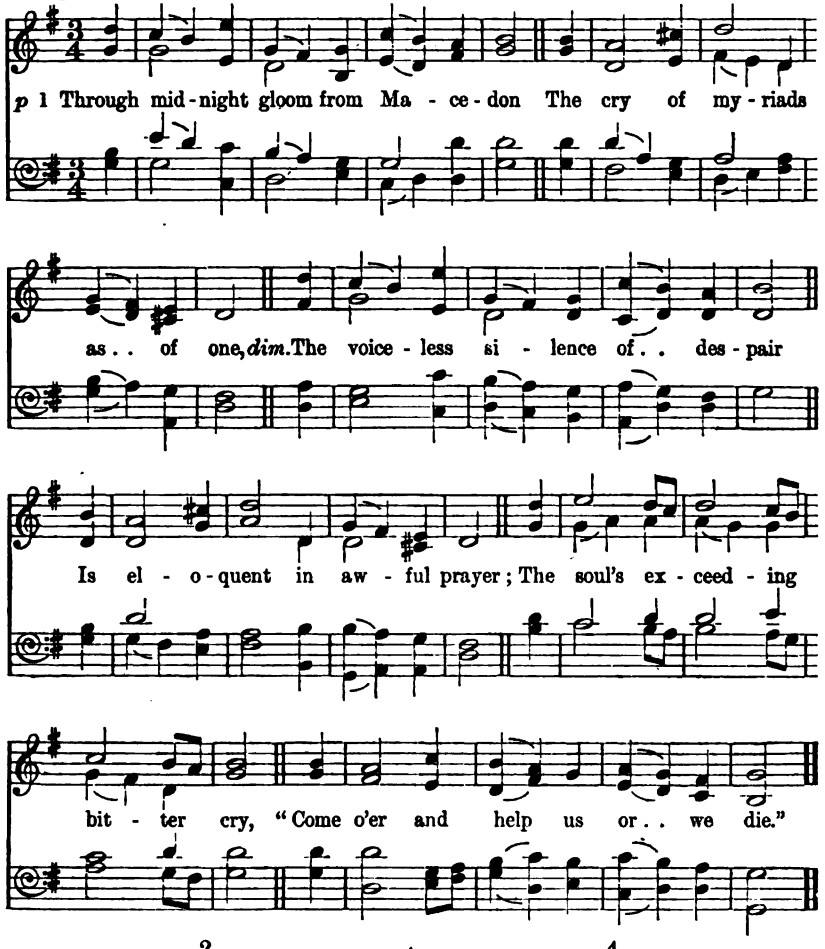
John Marriott, circa 1813.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Moscow," No. 416.

422

Come over into Macedonia and help us.—Acts xvi. 9.

Carey. 8's., 6 lines. HENRY CAREY, 1730.



2.

How mournfully it echoes on,
For half the world is Macedon!
These brethren to their brethren call,
And by the Lord which loved them all
And by the whole world's Life they cry,
p "O ye that live, behold we die!"

3.

Yet with that cry from Macedon
The very car of Christ rolls on:
"I come, who would abide My day,
In yonder wilds prepare My way!
My voice is crying in their cry,
Help ye the dying lest ye die!"

4.

O once for men, of man the Son,
Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon!
cr. Oh by the Kingdom and the Power
And Glory of Thine advent hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry,
Help us to help them lest we die!

5.

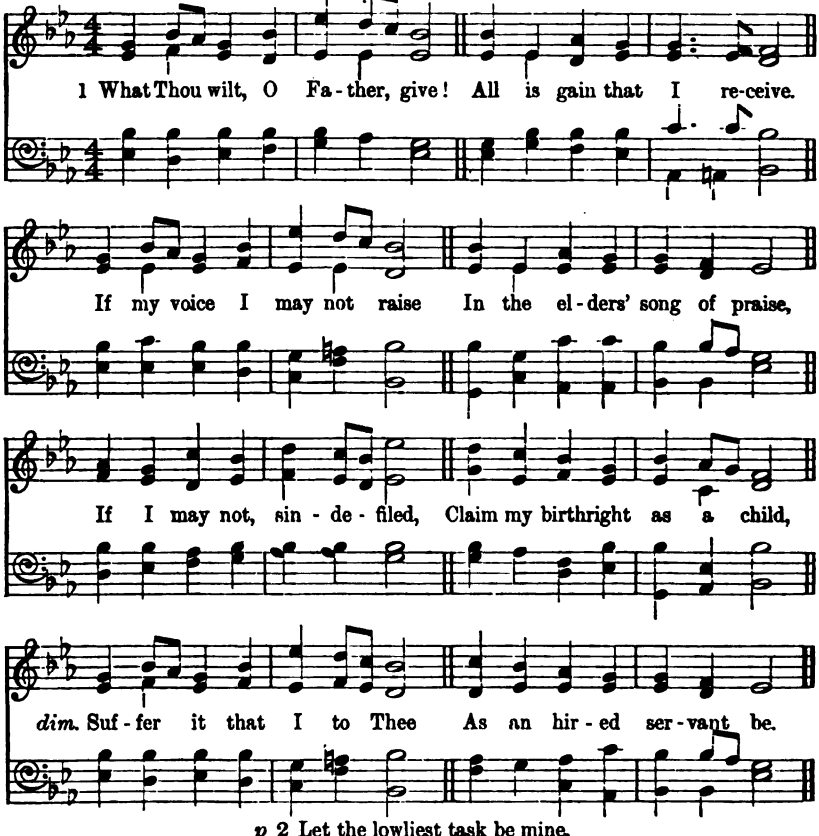
Yet fair the hope that speeds us on
With psalms of praise for Macedon!
cr. Thy blessing given, Thy promise bright,
And earnest sweet of morning light
Till "Alleluia" be the cry
Of souls that live and shall not die!

S. J. Stone, 1871.

V. "Thy will be done in Earth, as it is in Heaven."

423 *Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.*—Matt. xxvi. 39.

Tichfield. 7's., 8 lines. R. W. Beaty, 1830; Attributed also to W. J. Richardson.



p 2 Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful so the work be Thine;
Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of Thy grace;
cr. If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.

3 Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
p Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
cr. Out of self to love be led
And to heaven acclimated.

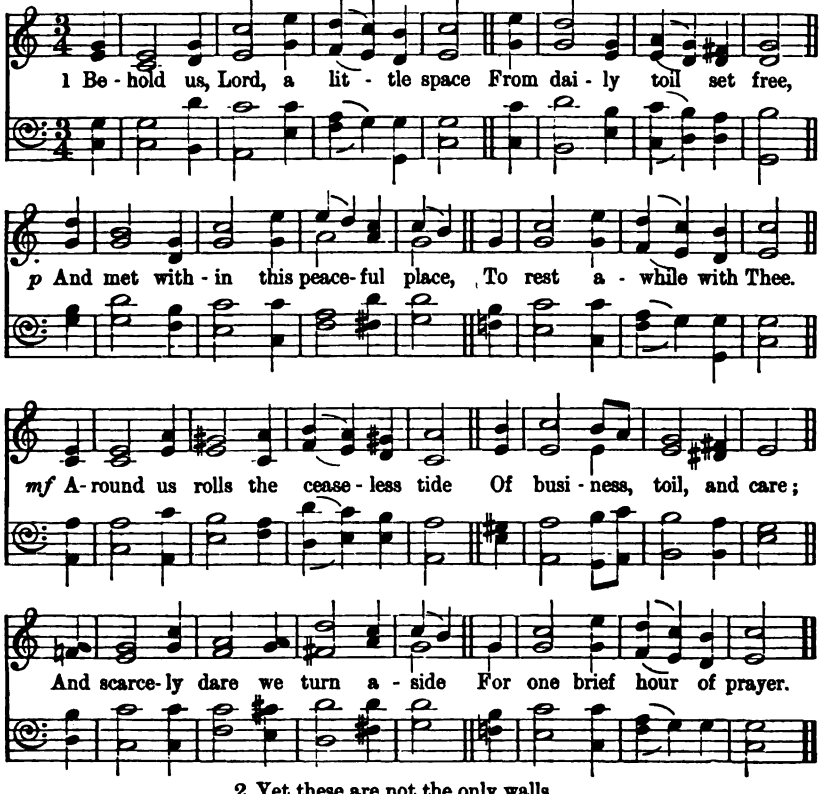
J. G. Whittier, 1865.

VI. "Give us this day our daily bread."

I. The Daily Life.

424 *Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.*—Col. iii. 17.

St. Matthew. C.M. D. Wm. Croft, Mus. Doc., 1678-1727.



2 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou may'st be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.
f Thine is the forge, the loom, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

3 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
And own that King of all the earth
Art Thou, and not Thy foe.
f Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

John Ellerton, 1871.

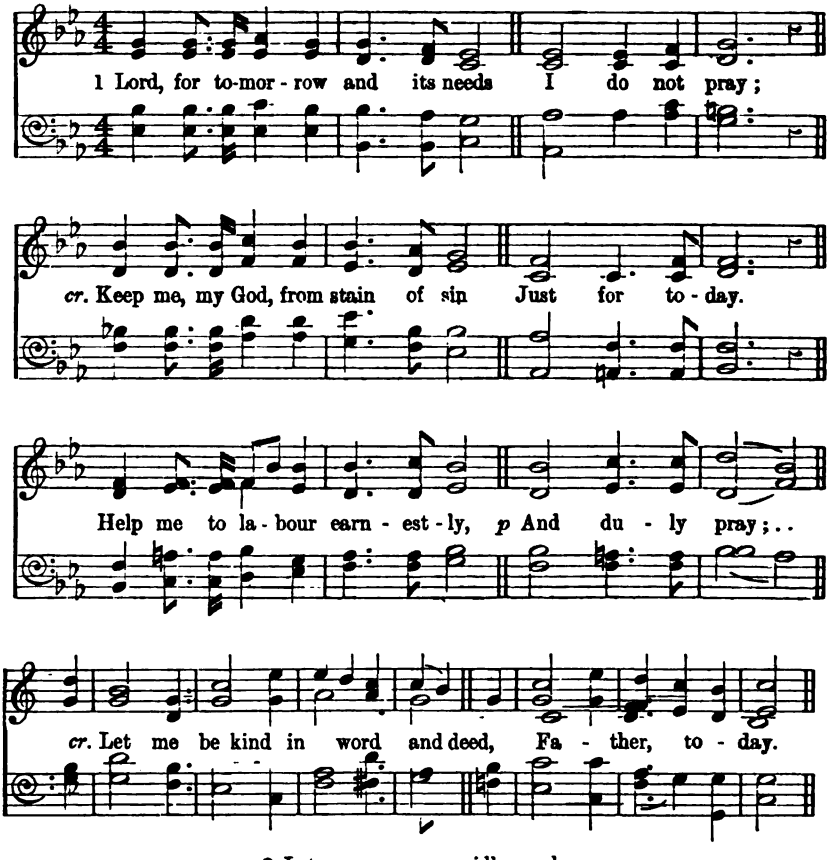
This hymn may also be sung to tune "Blenden," No. 76.

425

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.—Deut. xxxiii. 25.

To-Day.

P.M. Horatio R. Palmer, Mus. Doc., *circa* 1875.



2 Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say:
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Through all to-day;
p Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
cr. In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Dear Lord, to-day.

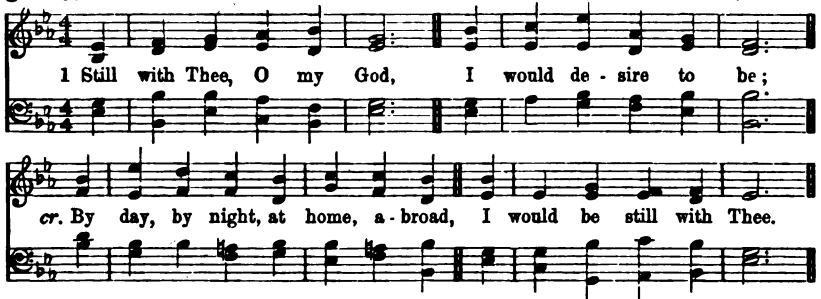
pp 3 And if to-day this life of mine
Should ebb away,
cr. Give me to know Thy life divine,
Father, to-day:
p So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
f Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Through each to-day.

Attributed to *E. R. Wilberforce*, *circa* 1870.

426

Still with Thee.—Psalm cxxxix. 18.

Franconia. S.M. KÖNIG'S *Liederschatz*, 1738.



f 2 With Thee, when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart;
dim. To hear Thy voice, 'mid clamour loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

p 4 With Thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising sun,
With Thee my heart would find.

dim. 5 With Thee, when darkness brings
The signal of repose;
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

mf 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be:
cr. By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

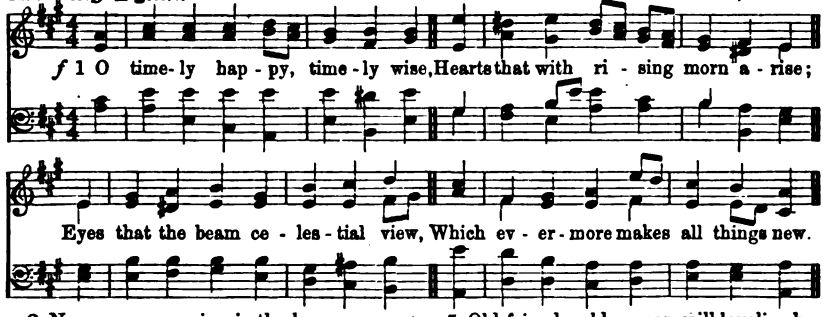
James D. Burns, 1857.

2. At Daydawn.

427

Ye are all the children of light, and of the day.—1 Thess. v. 5.

Morning Hymn. L.M. F. H. BARTHÉLÉMON, 1819.



2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
cr. Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
p New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

5 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
p Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Will dawn on every cross and care.

6 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

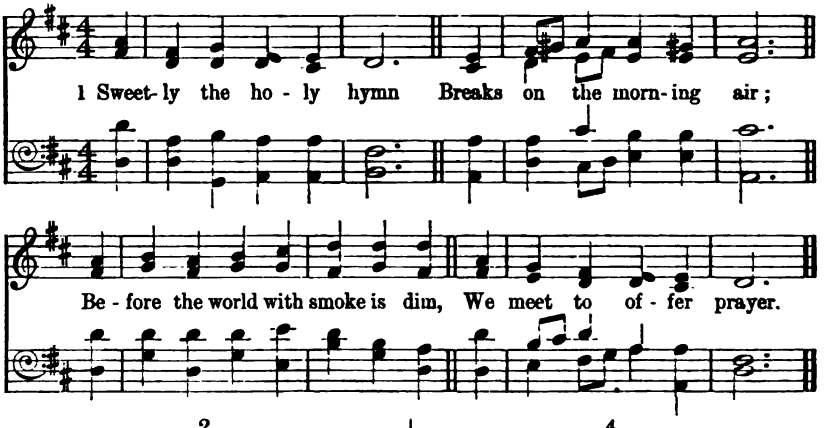
cr. 7 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble, 1827.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Melcombe," No. 401D.

428 *My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning.*—Psalm v. 3.

Swabia. S.M. CRÜGER'S *Praxis Pietatis Melica*, 1698.



2.

p While flowers are wet with dews,
Dew of our souls, descend!
Ere yet the sun the day renews,
O Lord, Thy Spirit send!

3.

f Upon the battle-field,
Before the fight begins,
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield,
To guard us from our sins.

4.

Ere yet our vessel sails
Upon the stream of day,
We plead, O Lord, for heavenly gales
To speed us on our way.

5.

p On the lone mountain side,
Before the morning's light,
The Man of Sorrows wept and cried,
And rose refreshed with might.

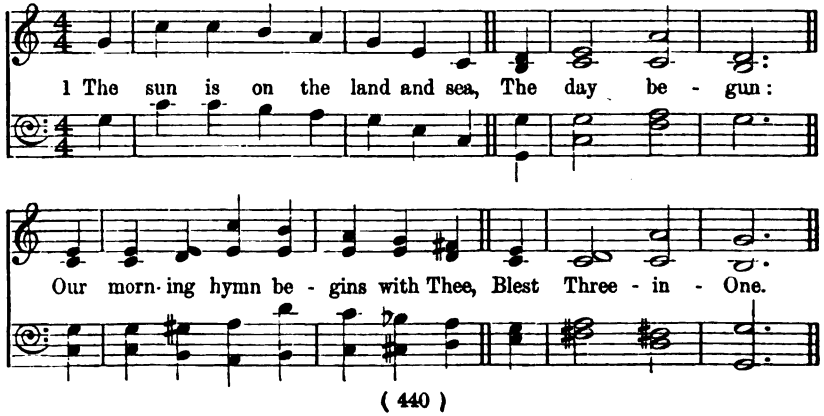
6.

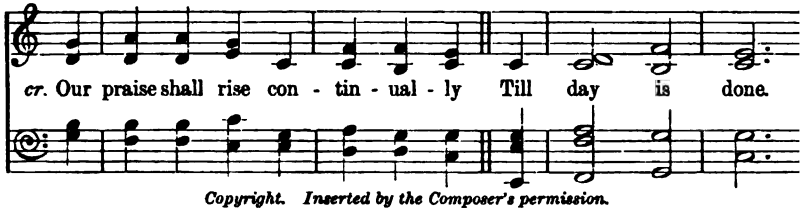
p O hear us, then, for we
Are very weak and frail;
cr. We make the Saviour's Name our plea,
And surely must prevail.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon, 1866.

429 *I will sing aloud of Thy mercy in the morning.*—Psalm lix. 16.

Wentworth. 8.4.8.4.8.4. F. C. MAKER, 1881.





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p 2 Thy love was ever in our view,
Like stars, by night:
mf Thy gifts are every morning new,
O God of light;
Thy mercy like the Heavens' blue,
Fills all our sight.

p 3 We do not know what grief or care
The day may bring:
cr. The heart shall find some gladness there
That loves its King:
The life that serves Thee everywhere
Can always sing.

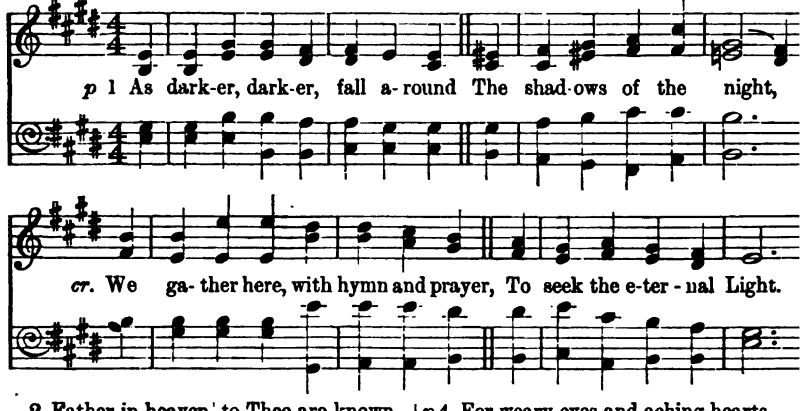
f 4 All glory to the Father be,
With Christ the Son,
And Holy Spirit, unto Thee,
For ever One;
All glory to the Trinity:
While ages run.

Louis F. Benson, D.D., 1897.

3. At Eventide.

430 *That maketh the day dark with night.*—Amos v. 8.

Salzburg. C.M. JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN, 1737-1806.



2 Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
p Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

3 We pray Thee for all absent friends,
Who have been with us here;
p And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

p 4 For weary eyes and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen
We pray Thee, God of love.

5 We pray Thee for the little bark
Just launched upon life's sea!
p Are not the depths of parents' love,
O Father, known to Thee?

6 We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
And at Thy footstool lay,
cr. And, Father, Thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

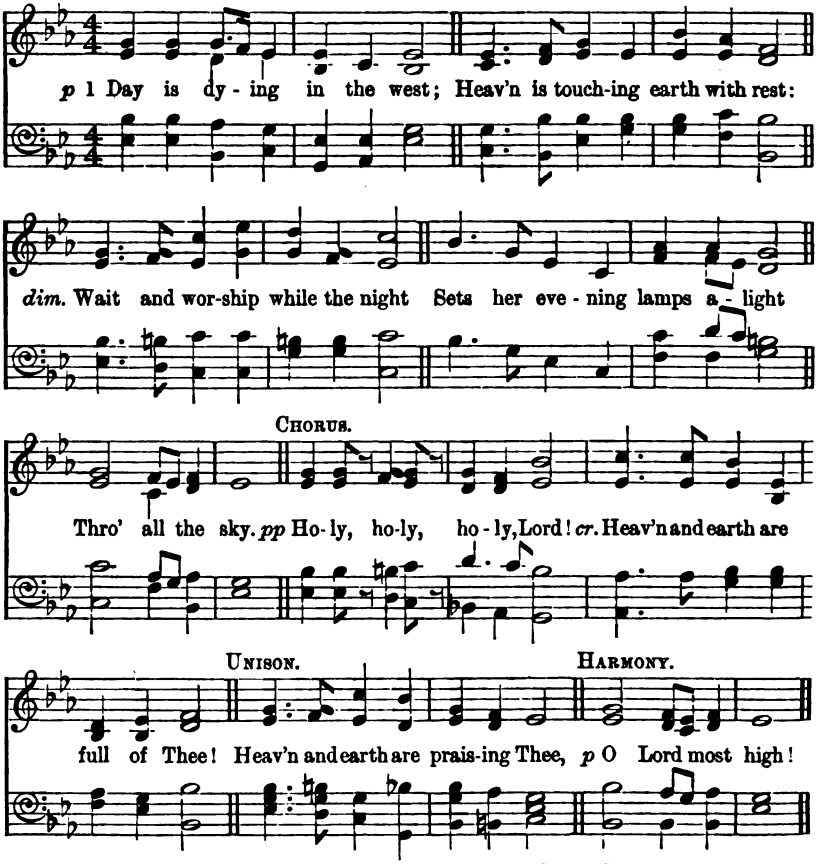
Anon., circa 1870.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Wiltshire," No. 408.

431 Day is dying in the West.

The shadows of the evening are stretched out.—Jer. vi. 4.

7.7.7.7.4. with Chorus. Dr. F. K. March, 1905.



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2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
cr. Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh. Holy, etc.

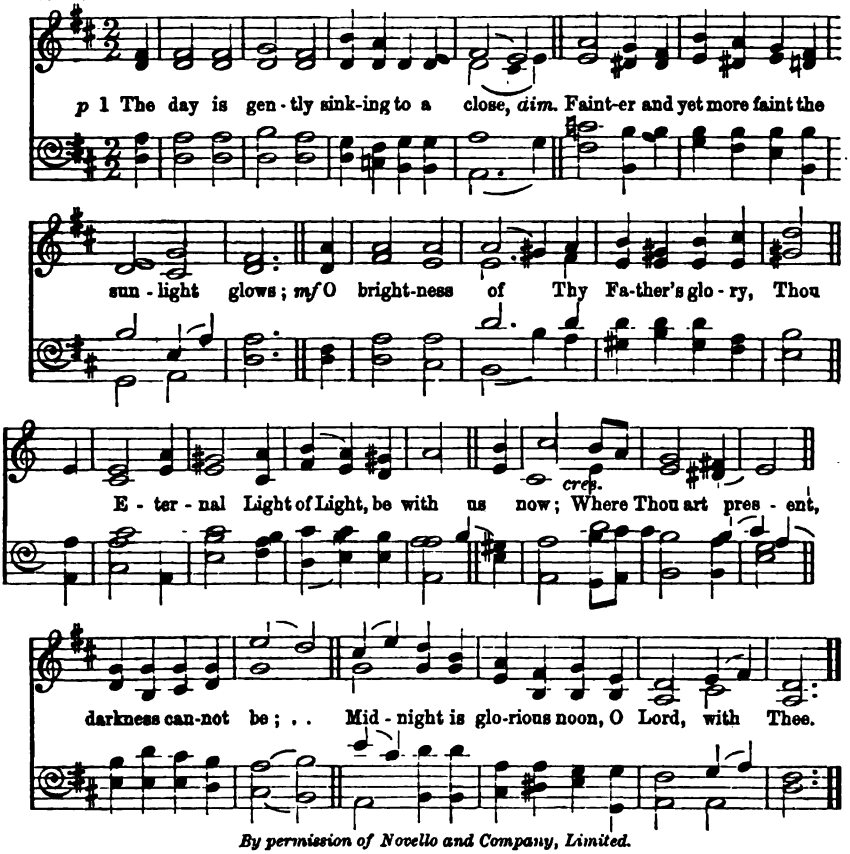
p 3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
cr. Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face
Our hearts ascend. Holy, etc.

p 4 When for ever from our sight,
Pass the stars—the day—the night,
cr. Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end. Holy, etc.

Mary A. Lathbury, 1877.

432 *God is Light, and in Him is no darkness at all.*—1 John i. 5.

Nachtlied. 10's., 6 lines. HENRY SMART, 1872.



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dim. 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
cr. O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

mf 3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
p Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail;
cr. When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

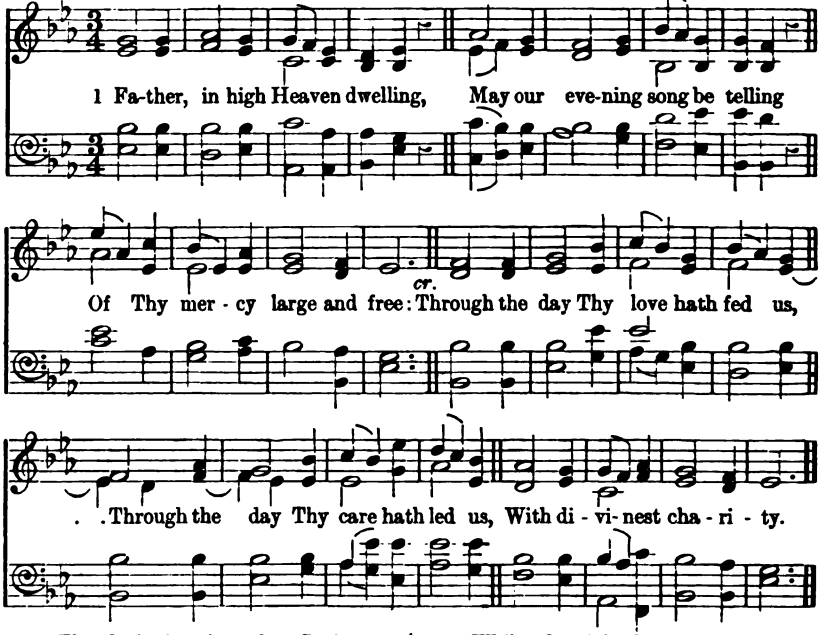
dim. 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
cr. May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
ff In that blest day which has no eventide.

Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., 1862.

433

Deliver us from evil.—Luke xi. 4.

Evening Hymn. 8.8.7.8.8.7. W. Jackson (of Masham), 1815-1866.



p 2 This day's sins, O pardon, Saviour!—
Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
Envy, pride, and vanity;
cr. From the world, the flesh, deliver,
Save us now, and save us ever,
O Thou Lamb of Calvary!

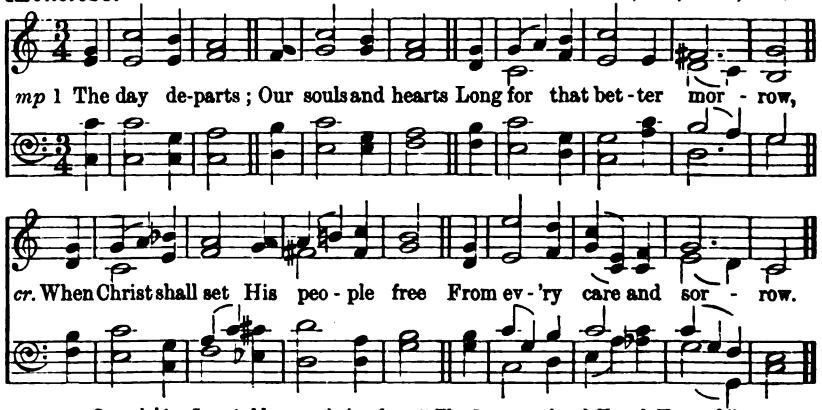
p 3 Whilst the night dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost! each heart be filling
With Thine own serenity;
pp Softly let our eyes be closing,
Loving souls on Thee reposing,
cr. Ever-blessèd Trinity.

George Rawson, 1853.

434

The day was now far spent.—Mark vi. 35.

Montrose. 4.4.7.8.7. Iambic. Ed. Bunnett, Mus. Doc., 1887.



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dim. 2 The sunshine bright
Is lost in night;
cr. O Lord, Thyself unveiling,
Shine on our souls with beams of love,
All darkness there dispelling.

mp 3 Be Thou still nigh,
With sleepless eye,
While all around are sleeping;
cr. And angel-guards, at Thy command,
Afar all danger keeping.

4 The land above,
Of peace and love,
No earthly beams need brighten,
cr. For all its borders Christ Himself
Doth with His glory lighten.

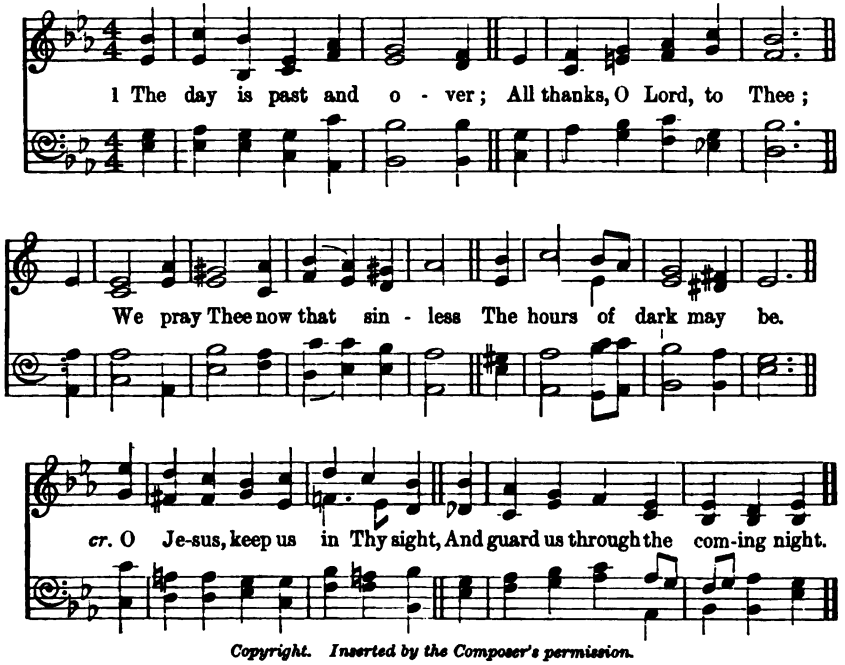
mp 5 Lord Jesu, Thou
Our Refuge now,
Forsake Thy servants never;
cr. Uphold and guide, that we may stand
Before Thy throne for ever.

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1670-1739, *tr. H. L. L.*

435

The night also is Thine.—Psalm lxxiv. 16.

St. Anatolius. 7.6.7.6.8.8. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN, 1862.



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2 The joys of day are over:
We lift our hearts to Thee;
p And ask Thee, that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
cr. O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over:
We raise the hymn to Thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
cr. O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

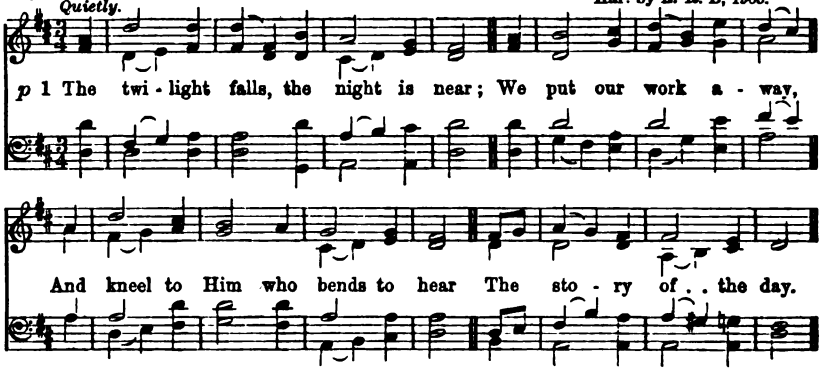
4 Be Thou our souls' Preserver,
dim. O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go.
cr. Lover of men, O hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

Anatolius, 7th century, tr. J. M. Neale, 1862.

436

For your Father knoweth.—Matt. vi. 8.

Aylward. C.M. Fr. Aylward, 1813-1872. Har. by E. R. B, 1905.



2 The common story; yet we kneel
To tell it at Thy call,
cr. And cares grow lighter when we feel
Our Father knows them all.

dim. 3 Thou knowest all: we bend our head,
Our wearied eyelids close,
cr. Content and glad awhile to tread
The way our Father knows.

cr. 4 And He has loved us! all our heart
With answering love is stirred;
And poverty and toil and smart,
Find healing in that word.

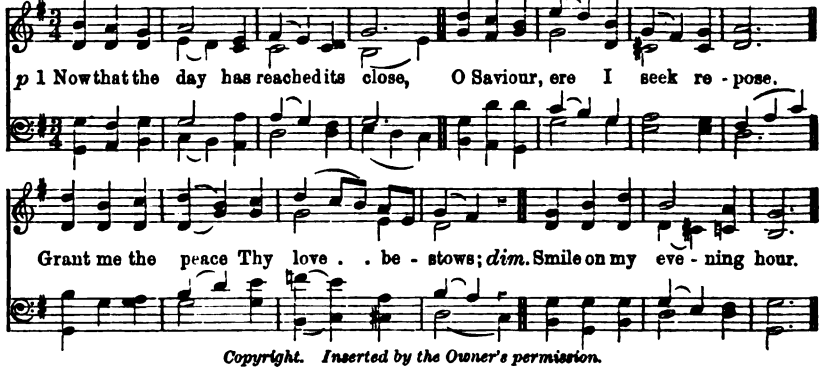
5 Homeward we go to love and rest,
When nightly shadows fall;
dim. And sleep confiding on His breast,
Who knows and pities all.

From the "Shadow of the Rock," circa 1860.

437

Now the eventide was come.—Mark xi. 11.

Intercessor or **Eventide.** 8.8.8.6. Melody by Cuthbert Howard. Har. by Carey Bonner, 1896.



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2.
p Weary, I come to Thee for rest;
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;
cr. Grant me Thy Spirit for my Guest;
Smile on my ev'ning hour.

3.
O Jesus, Lord, enthroned on high,
Thou hear'st a contrite spirit's sigh;
dim. Look down on me with pitying eye;
Smile on my ev'ning hour.

4.
My only intercessor Thou,
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer and every vow;
Smile on my ev'ning hour.

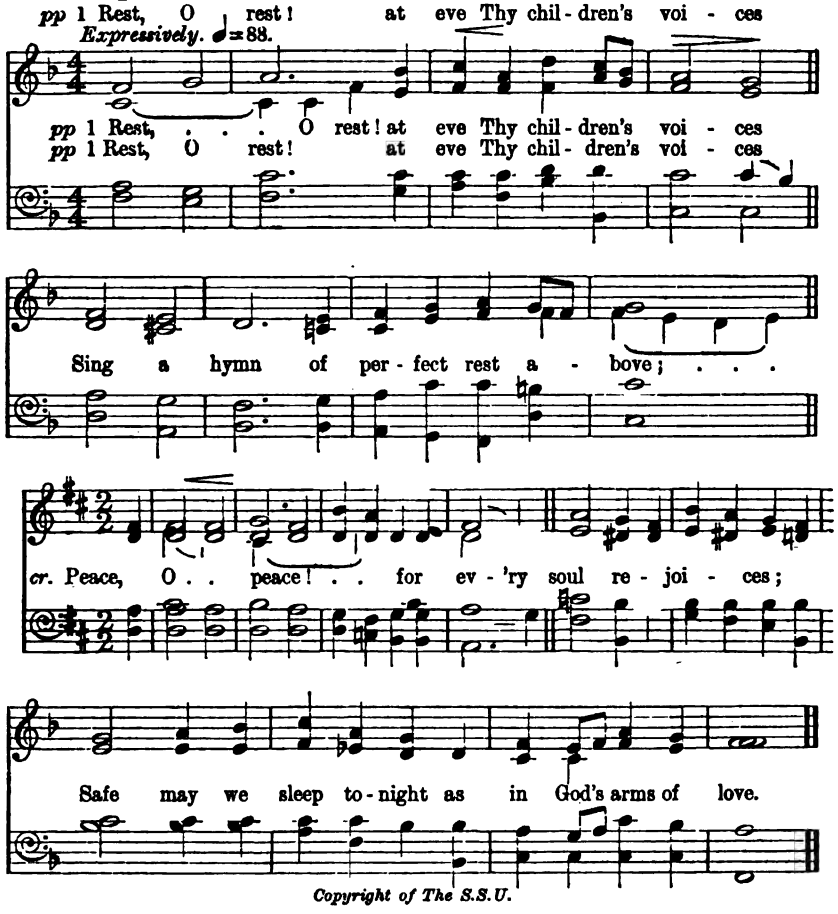
5.
p Oh, when my life's short course shall end,
pp And death's dark shades around impend,
cr. My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my ev'ning hour.

Charlotte Elliott, 1835.

438 *Rest in the Lord.*—Psalm xxxvii. 7. *Peace be unto you!*—Luke xxiv. 36.

Rest and Peace.

P.M. H. Ernest Nichol, Mus. Bac., 1897.



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p 2 Rest, O rest! for evening closeth o'er us,
Calm and still be every troubled breast;
cr. Peace, O peace! the life that lies before us,
All is in God's own hand, and what He does is best.

3 Rest, O rest! but raise thine eyes above thee;
Stars on stars are burning in the sky;
Peace, O peace! for there is One to love thee;
Lift up thy heart in prayer, for He is ever nigh.

4 Rest, O rest! and fear not for the morrow,
p Calm thy mind and let thy soul be still;
mf Peace, O peace! He knoweth all thy sorrow;
Strive not and question not, but seek to do His will.

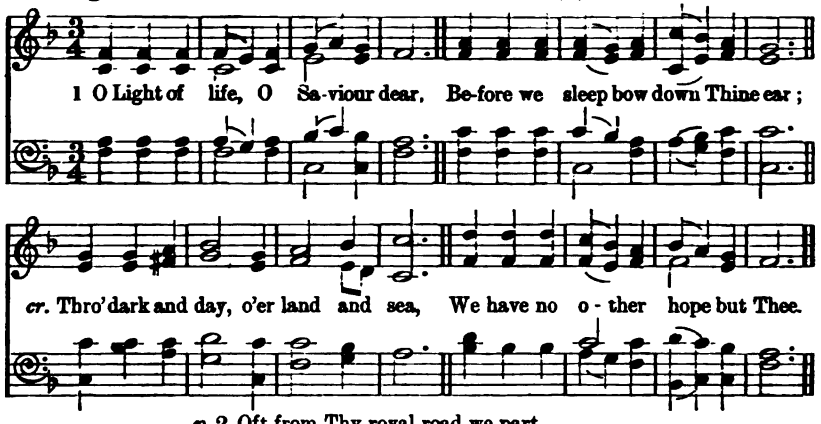
pp 5 Rest, O rest! as fade the lights of even,
Let thy life pass on from day to night;
cr. Peace, O peace! beyond our earth is heaven,
Where we shall dwell with God in changeless Love and Light.

Colin Sterne, 1897.

439

The Life was the light of men.—John i. 4.

Dursley. L.M. (?) P. Ritter, 1760-1846.



p 2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,
Lost in the mazes of the heart;
dim. Our lamps put out, our course forgot,
We seek for God and find Him not.

cr. 3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!
What dawning rises upon the night!
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we
Find Guide and Path and All in Thee.

mp 4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,
Abide with us, more nearly near:
cr. Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,
The Sun of God's own Paradise.

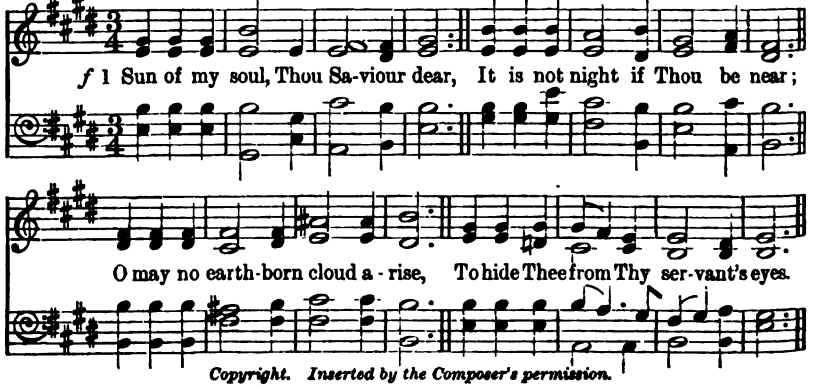
ff 5 Praise God our Maker and our Friend;
Praise Him through time, till time shall end:
Till psalm and song His Name adore
Through Heaven's great day of Evermore.

F. T. Palgrave, 1865.

440

Abide with us.—Luke xxiv. 29.

Whitburn or **Vesperus.** [first tune.] L.M. Henry Baker, Mus. Bac., 1866.



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2 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
dim. Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

p 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

f 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
p Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

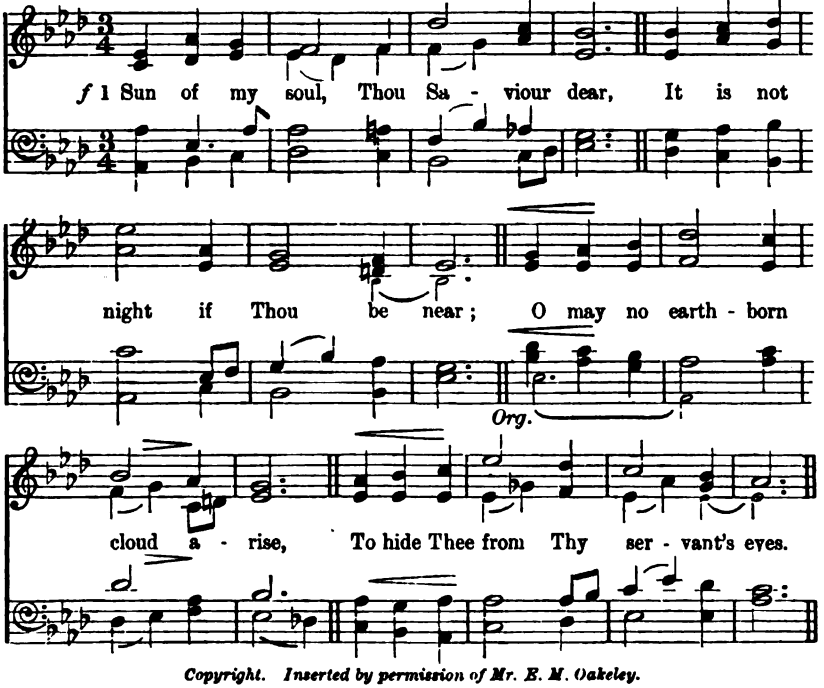
p 5 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
Let him no more lie down in sin.

mf 6 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
p Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

f 7 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
cr. Till in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1827.

Abends. [SECOND TUNE.] L.M. Sir H. S. OAKELEY, Mus. Doc., 1874.



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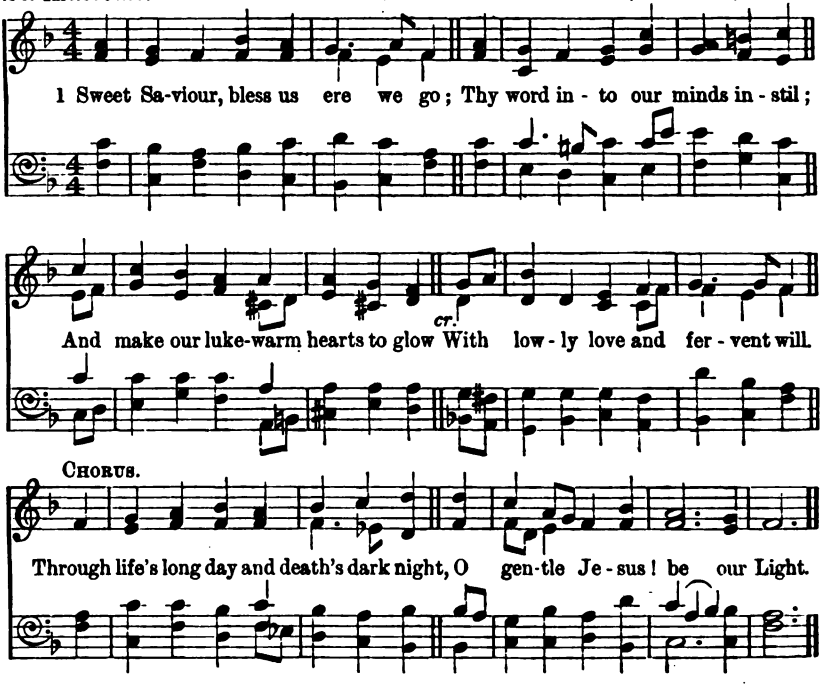
441 *Jesus Himself stood in the midst, and saith, Peace be unto you.*—Luke xxiv. 36.

St. Matthias. 8's., 6 lines. W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc., 1861.



p 2 The day is done; its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, etc.

mf 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
dim. And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day, etc.

f 4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty;
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day, etc.

mf 5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day, etc.

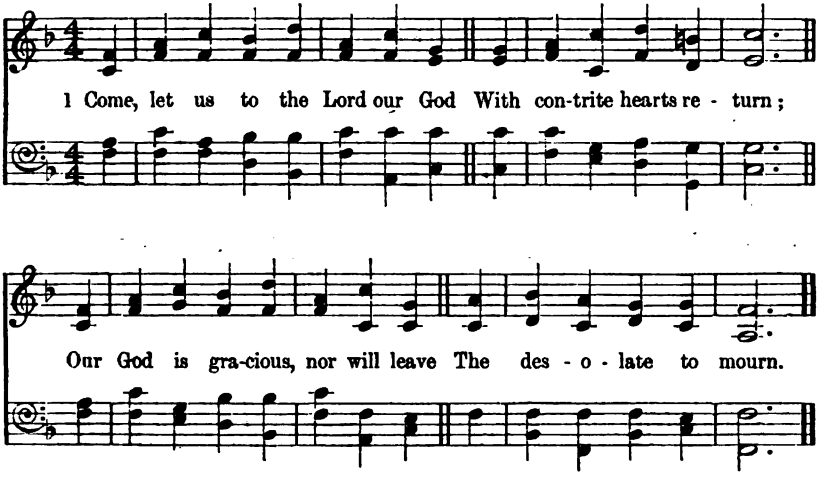
p 6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful—unto Thee we call;
f O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life's long day, etc.

F. W. Faber, 1852.

VII. "Forgive us our Debts as we forgive our Debtors."

442 *Come, let us return unto the Lord.*—Hos. vi. 1.

York. C.M. *Scotch Psalter*, 1615.



2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
cr. And though His arm be strong to smite
'Tis also strong to save.

p 3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned,
cr. The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
cr. His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs His voice.

mp 5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:

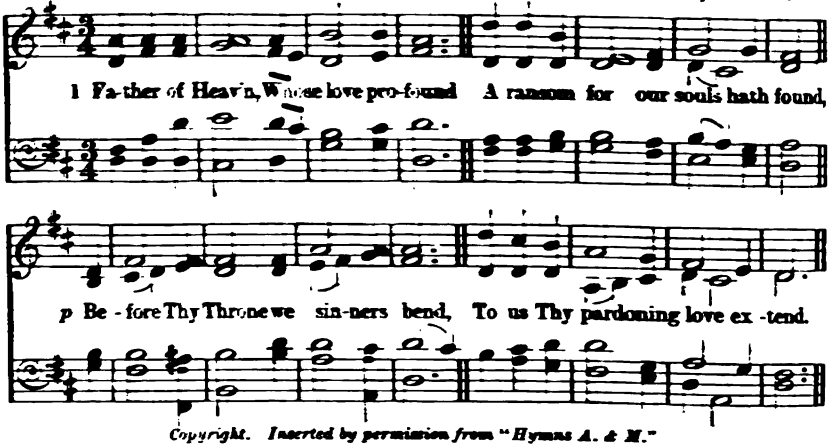
f 6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
cr. That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

John Morrison, 1749-1798.

443

God be merciful unto us and bless us.—Psalm lxvii. 1.

Rivaulx. L.M. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1823-1876.



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2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
p Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
cr. Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy quickening power extend.

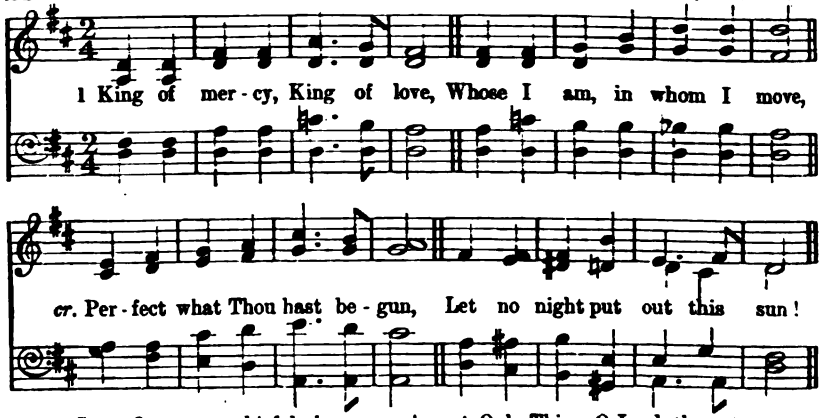
4 Thrice Holy! Father, Spirit, Son;
p Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,
cr. Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

Edward Cooper, 1805.

444

Turn ye even to Me with all your heart.—Joel ii. 12.

Sherborne. 7's. Mendelssohn, 1809-1847.



2 Grant I may, my chief desire,
Long for Thee, to Thee aspire;
Let my youth, my bloom of days,
Be my comfort, and Thy praise:

p 3 That hereafter, when I look
O'er the sullied, sinful book,
cr. I may find Thy hand therein
Wiping out my shame and sin.

4 Only Thine, O Lord, the art
To reduce a stubborn heart;
f And, since Thine is victory,
Strongholds should belong to Thee.

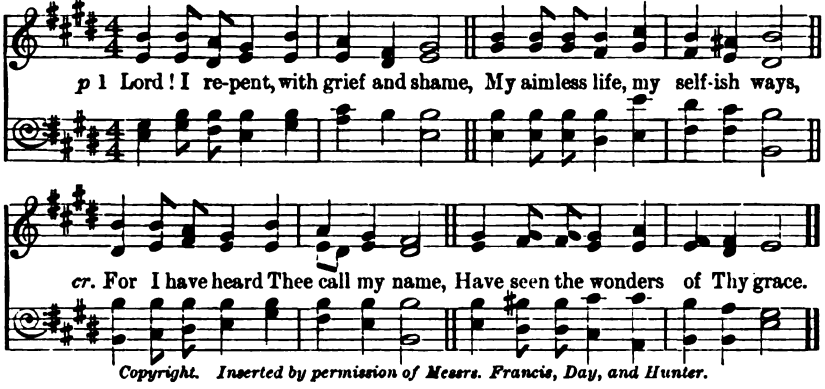
p 5 Lord, then take it: leave it not
Unto my dispose or lot;
cr. Since I would not have it mine,
O my God, let it be Thine!

Henry *Vaughan*, 1622-1695.

445

Master, I will follow Thee.—Matt. viii. 19.

Hampstead. L.M. W. SMALLWOOD, 1831-1897.



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2 Thy call to take the soldiers' way,
To leave behind the sinful past,
To watch by night and march by day,
Has reached my slumbering soul at last.

3 I see Thy standards lifted high;
I hear the leaders' clarions call,
cr. I can no more rest idly by;
With them I'll fight, or with them fall.

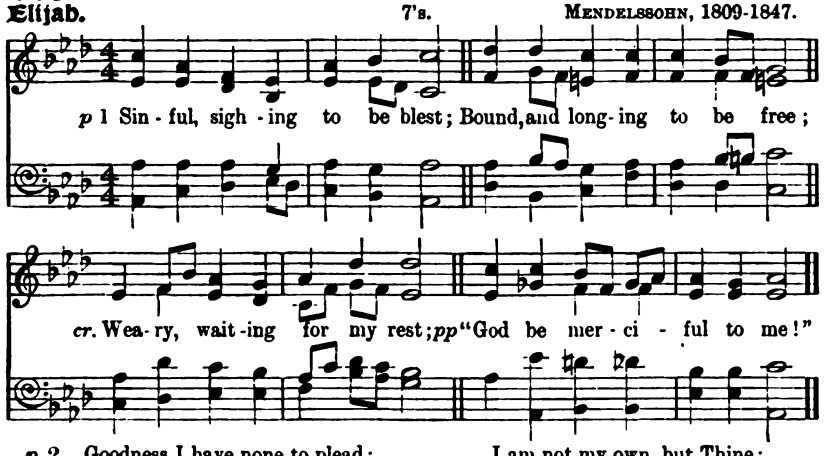
f 4 Their foes be mine, and mine their road,
Theirs be my hope and my employ,
My duty theirs, and my abode;
Mine be their conflict and their joy.

Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, K.C.B., 1905.

446

Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.—Luke xvii. 13.

Elijah. 7's. MENDELSSOHN, 1809-1847.



p 2 Goodness I have none to plead;
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need;
pp "God be merciful to me!"

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
cr. Yet Thou canst interpret sighs;
pp "God be merciful to me!"

4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee;
I am not my own, but Thine;
pp "God be merciful to me!"

f 5 There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone;
pp "God be merciful to me!"

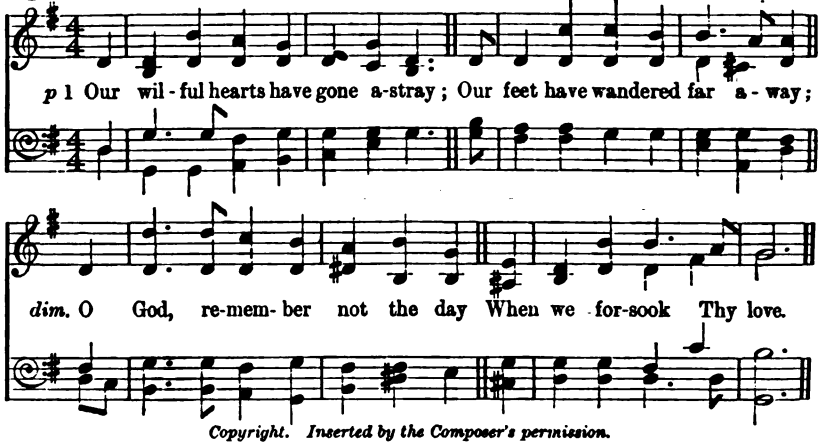
cr. 6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be;
He's my all, and for His sake,
pp "God be merciful to me!"

J. S. B. Monsell, 1865.

447

He arose and came to his father.—Luke xv. 20.

Lynwood. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.8.8.6. J. BOOTH, 1905.



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2 O patient Eyes that saw us go!
p O careless hearts to grieve Him so!
dim. O feet so swift to leave, so slow
When we came back to Love!

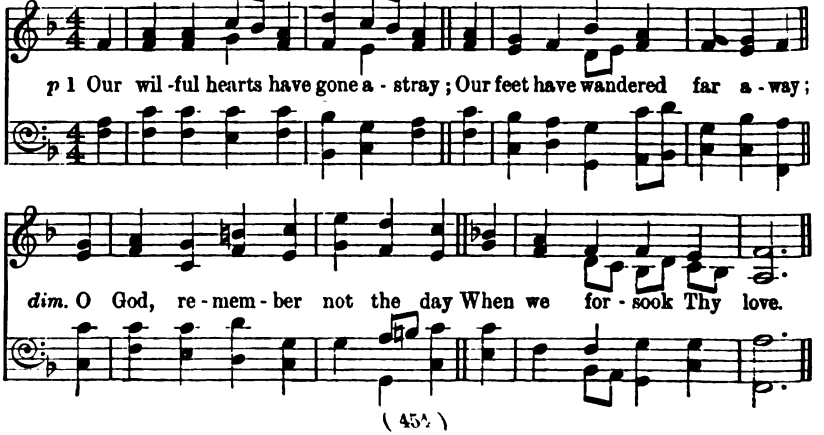
3 We followed far the wayward will;
cr. Our eyes turned home from every hill;
They found Thee waiting, watching still,
When we came back to Love.

p 4 We found no home to east or west;
We bore no peace within the breast,
cr. Until once more we were at rest
When we came back to Love.

pp 5 "Our Father!" Hallowed be the Name
That all within Thy house proclaim;
cr. Their prayer and ours at last the same,—
Thy will be done, O Love.

Louis F. Benson, D.D., 1897.

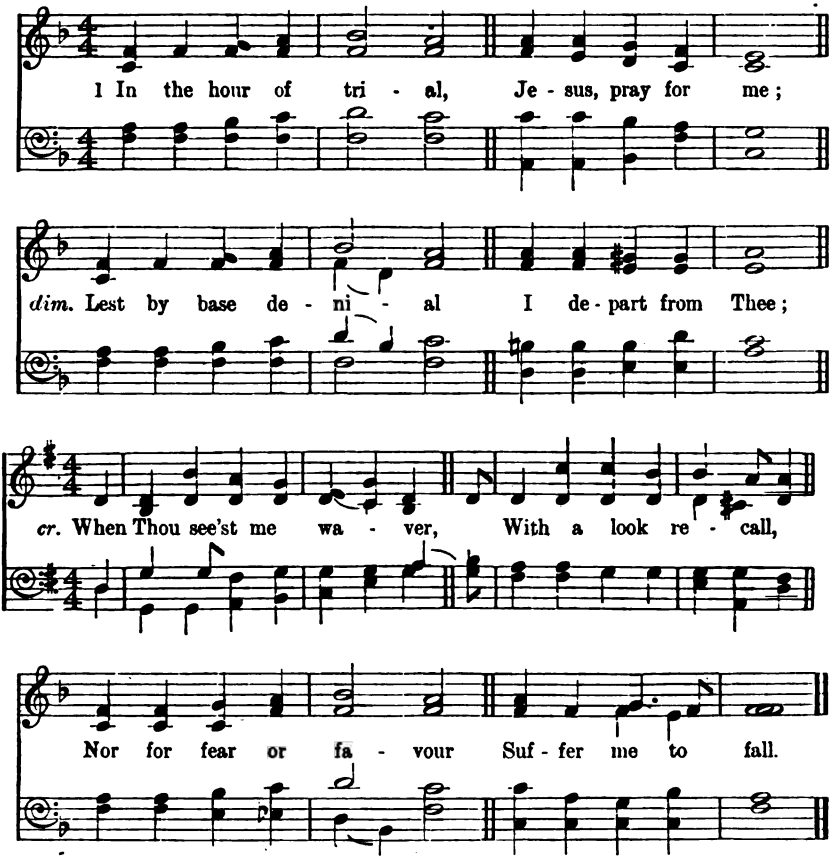
Silverstone. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.8.8.6. T. M. MUDIE, 1809-1876.



VIII. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

448 *I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.*—Luke xxii. 32.

St. Mary Magdalene. 6.5., 8 lines. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1862.



2 With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures,
Spread to work me harm:—
p Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
cr. Pour Thy benediction
On the sacrifice:
Then, upon Thine altar
Freely offered up,
p Though the flesh may falter,
f Faith shall drink the cup.

p 4 When, in dust and ashes,
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
f On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

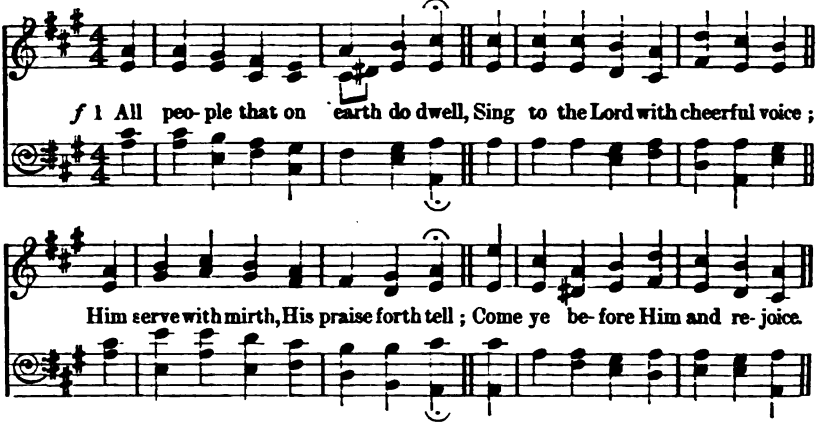
James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

IX. "For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory, for ever."

449

Serve the Lord with gladness.—Psalm c. 2.

Old Hundredth. L. M. Guillaume Franc (?), *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.



2 Know ye the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
p We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter, then, His gates with praise,
cr. Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

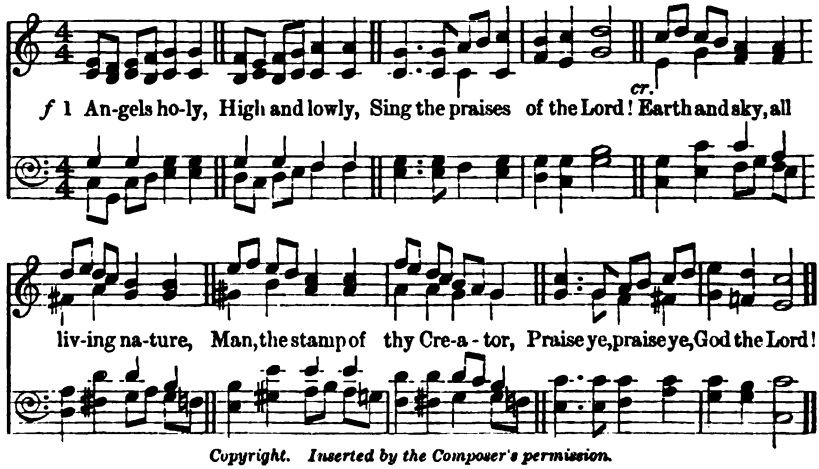
4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
cr. His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe, 1560-61.

450

Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts.—Psalm ciii. 21.

Windermere. 4.4.7.8.8.7. F. C. Maker, 1881.



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mp 2 Sun and moon bright,
Night and noon-light,
Starry temples azure-floored,
cr. Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared,
cr. Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

4 Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared;
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
f Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

5 Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured;
p Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
f Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

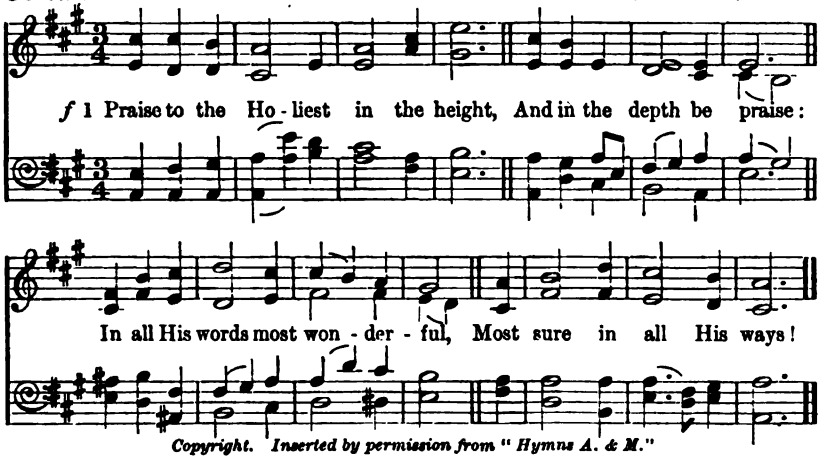
f 6 Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
ff Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

John Stuart Blackie, 1845.

451

The second man is the Lord from heaven.—1 Cor. xv. 47.

Gerontius. C.M. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1868.



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2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

4 O generous love! that He, who smote
In man for man the foe,
p The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

p 5 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

f 6 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

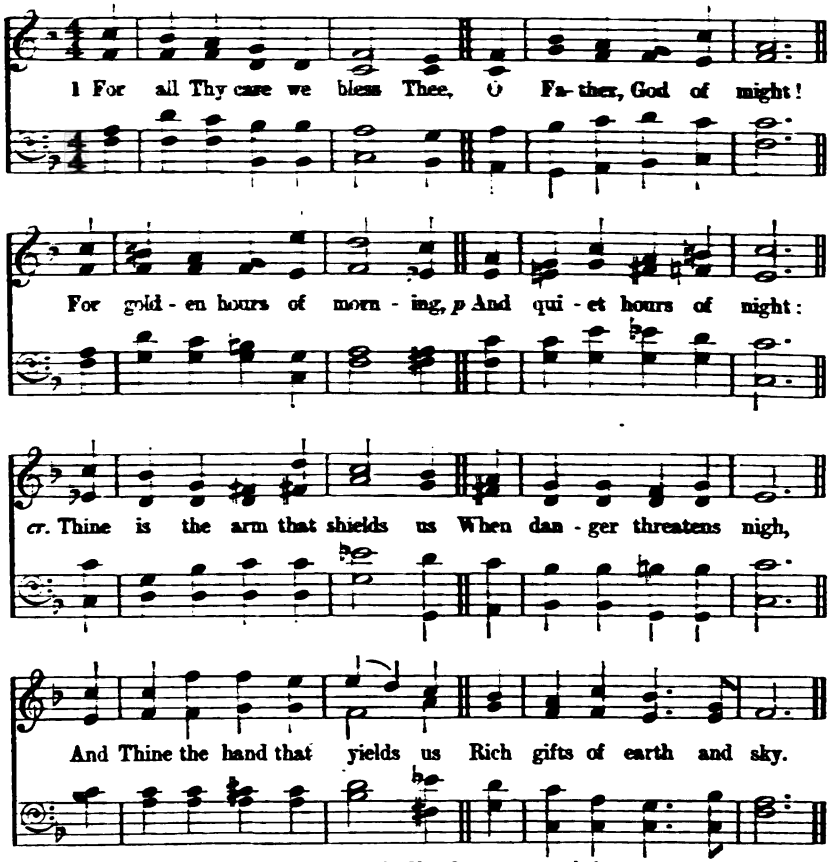
J. H. Newman, 1868.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "St. Agnes," No. 151.

452

Bless the Lord, O my soul.—Psalm ciii. 1.

St. Ewen. 7.6.. 8 lines. ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1881.



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2.

For all Thy love we bless Thee;
No mortal lips can speak
p Thy comfort to the weary,
Thy pity for the weak:
f By Thee life's path is brightened
With sunshine and with song;
The heavy loads are lightened,
The feeble hearts made strong.

3.

For all Thy truth we bless Thee;
p Our human vows are frail,
cr. But through the strife of ages
Thy word can never fail;
The kingdoms shall be broken,
The mighty ones will fall,
f The promise Thou hast spoken
Shall triumph over all.

4.

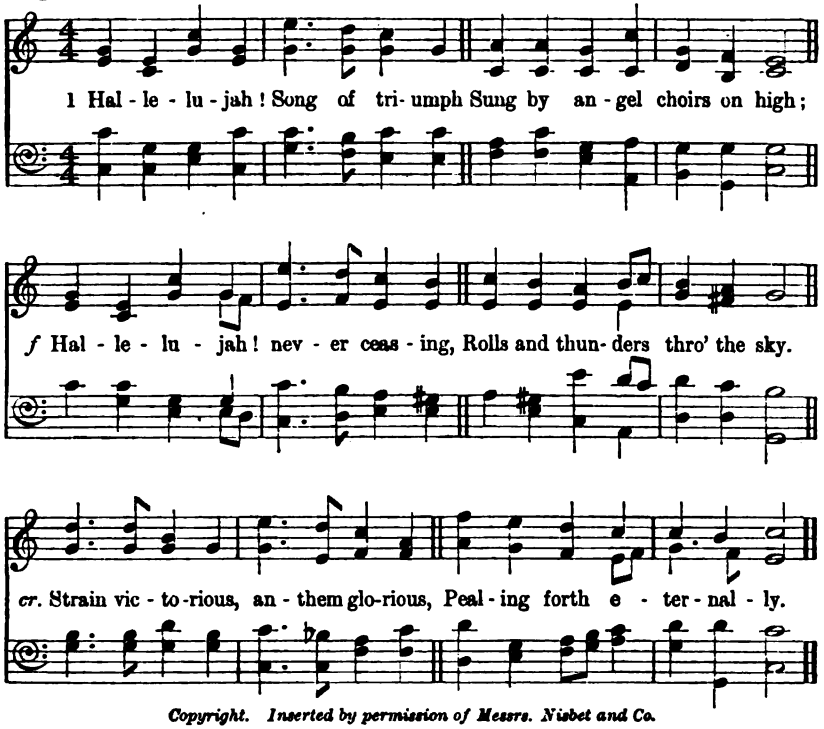
f O teach us how to praise Thee,
And touch our lips with fire!
Yea, let Thy Dove descending,
Our hearts and minds inspire;
cr. Thus toiling, watching, singing,
We tread our onward way,
And every hour is bringing
Nearer the dawn of day.

Sarah Doudney, 1871.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Aurelia," No. 376.

453 *Hallelujah: for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.*—Rev. xix. 6.

Regent's Square. 8.7., 6 lines. HENRY SMART, 1867.



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2 Hallelujah! Church redeemèd,
Thou dost love the song to raise;
p And, though exiles from thy glory,
We would join thee in thy praise,
f Loudly singing, ever bringing
Unto God our grateful lays.

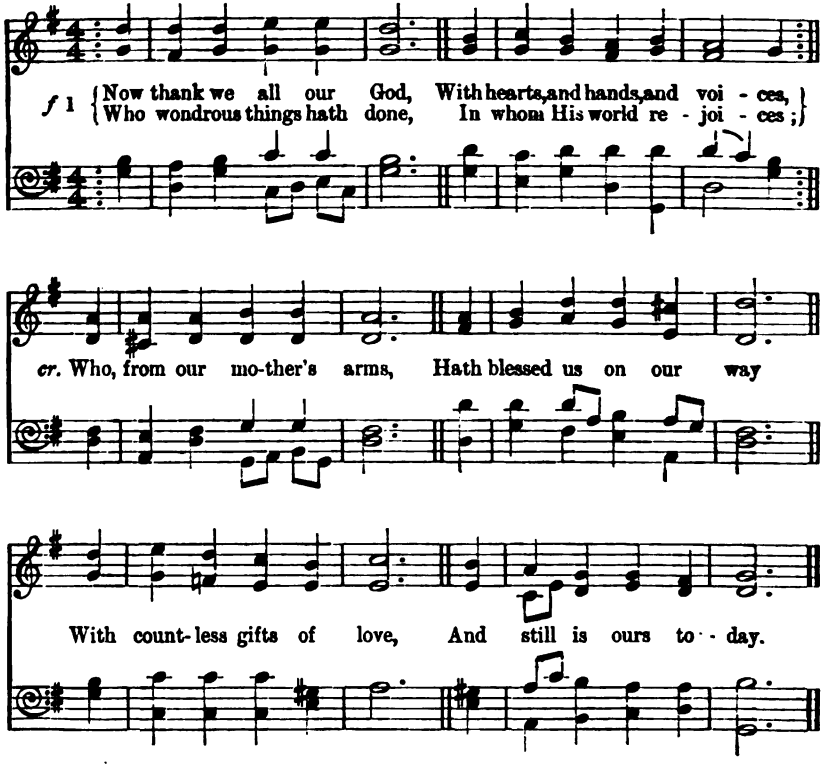
p 3 Hallelujah! yet with trembling
We uplift that heavenly strain,
dim. For a wail of sin and weakness
Mingles with the blest refrain.
cr. Lord, our sadness turn to gladness,
Set us free from evil's chain.

4 To Thyself, O Father, bring us,
When the strife of sin is o'er,
f Then with all Thy ransomed children
Perfect praise shall we outpour;
Then in glory sing before Thee
Hallelujah evermore.

Carey Bonner (from the Latin), 1896.

454 *The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.*—Psalm cxxvi. 3.

Wittemberg. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1648.



2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

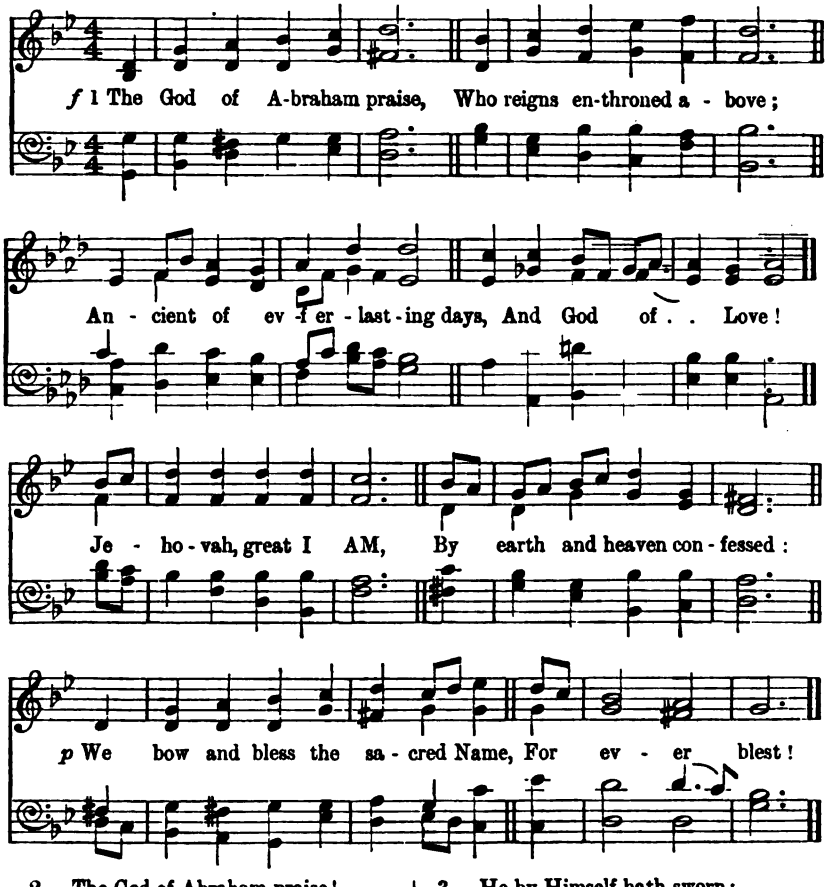
(*Unison.*) *ff* 3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

M. Rinckart, 1586-1649, *tr. Catharine Winkworth.*

455

The God of Abraham.—Gen. xxxi. 42.

Leoni. 6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4. Hebrew Air.



2 The God of Abraham praise!
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand.
p We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
cr. And Him our only portion make,
Our Shield and Tower.

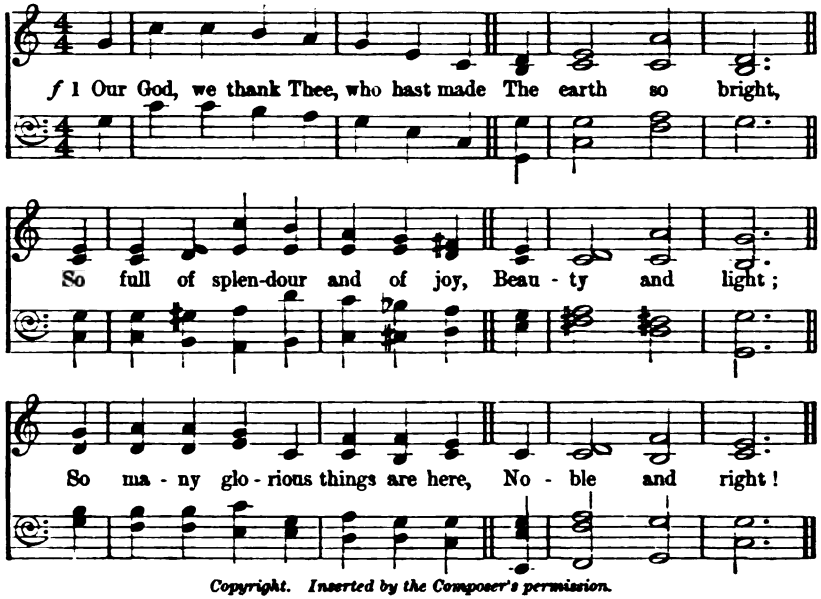
3 He by Himself hath sworn;
We on His oath depend;
We shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To Heaven ascend:
We shall behold His face,
We shall His power adore,
f And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore!

ff 4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high:
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God and ours!
We join the heavenly lays,
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise!

Thomas Olivers, 1770.

456 *Set your affection on things above.*—Col. iii. 2.

Wentworth. 8.4., 6 lines. F. C. Maker, 1881.



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2 We thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
p So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
cr. That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

p 3 We thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
cr. So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

p 4 For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
cr. So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things!

f 5 We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much,
To long for more;
p A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

mf 6 We thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
dim. Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast!

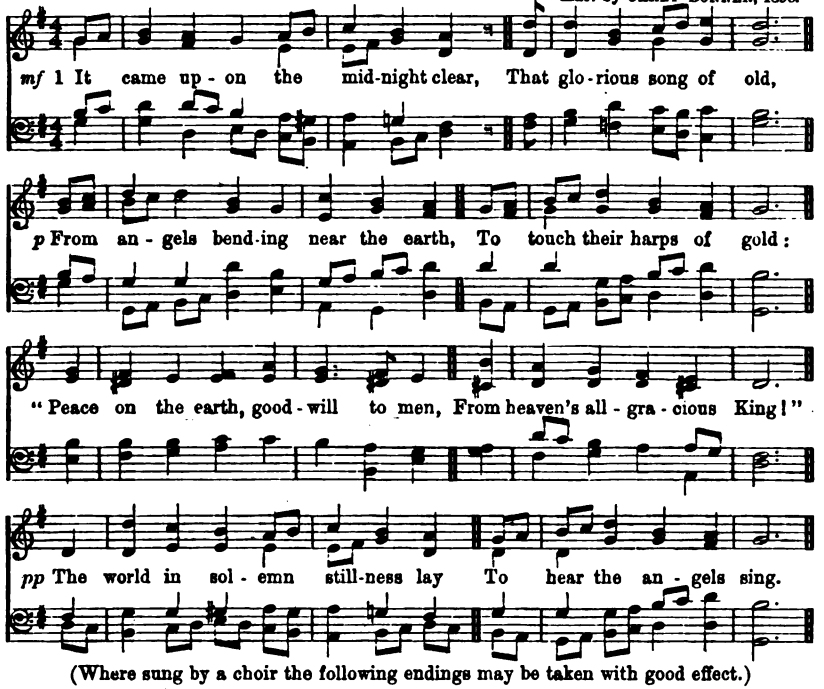
Adelaide Anne Procter, 1858.

Jesus the Christ.

I. His Birth.

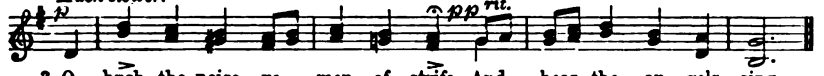
457 *A multitude of the heavenly host, praising God.*—Luke ii. 13.

Good Tidings. C.M. D. Old Air.
Har. by CAREY BONNER, 1896.



(Where sung by a choir the following endings may be taken with good effect.)

S. & C. *Ending for 3rd and 4th verses.*



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p 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
pp And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

mf 3 Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
cr. And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
pp rit. O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

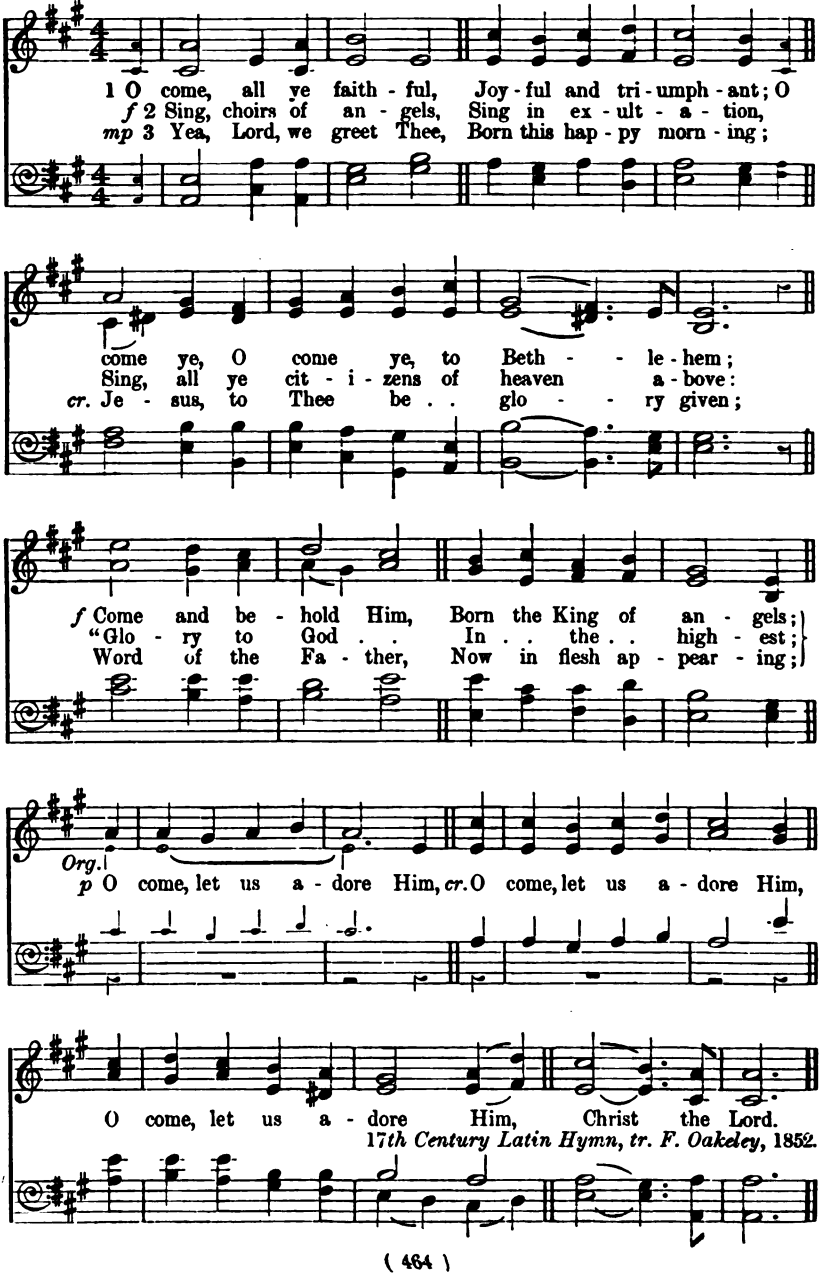
p 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,
cr. Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
pp rit. O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

f 5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
cr. When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
ff rit. And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

E. H. Sears, 1850.

458 *Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass.*—
Luke ii. 15.

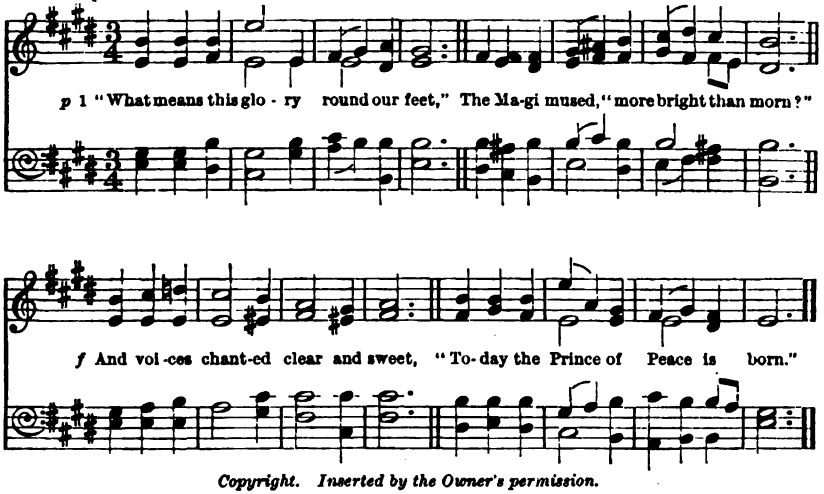
Adeste Fideles. P.M. J. Reading (?), 1677-1764.



17th Century Latin Hymn, tr. F. Oakeley, 1852.

459 *The glory of the Lord shone round about them.*—Luke ii. 9.

Antwerp. L.M. W. SMALLWOOD, 1831-1897.



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p 2 "What means that star," the shepherd said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
f And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

p 3 'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
dim. We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas! He seems so slow to come.

4 But it was said in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to Him.

cr. 5 All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our willing hearts incline
To that sweet life which is the Law.

6 So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

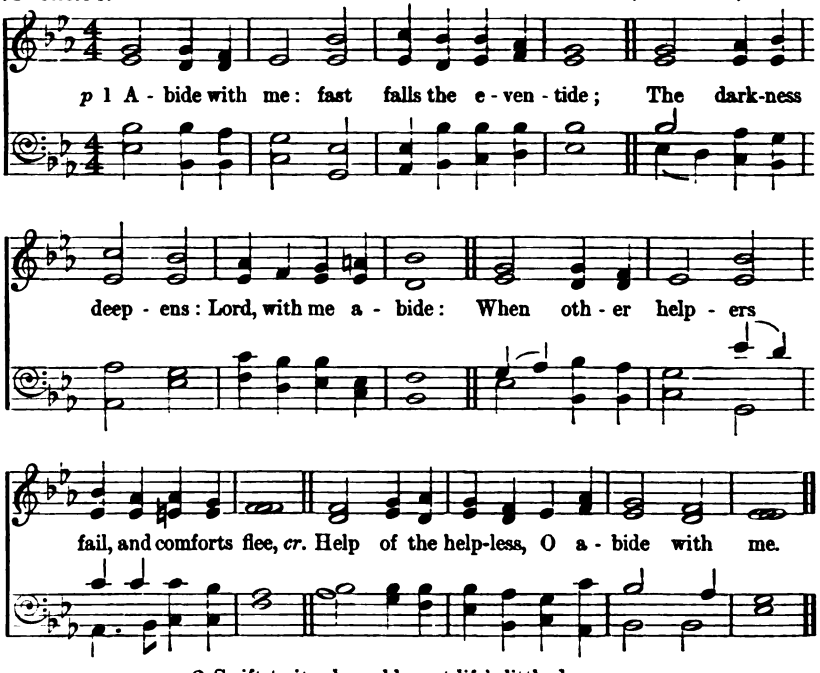
7 For they who to their childhood cling,
And keep their natures fresh as morn,
f Once more shall hear the angels sing,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

J. Russell Lowell, 1819-1891.

2. His Earthly Life and Ministry.

460 *Abide with us, for it is toward evening.*—Luke xxiv. 29.

Eventide. 10's. W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc., 1861.



p 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
cr. O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
cr. But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

5 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

f 6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
cr. Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

p 7 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
cr. Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

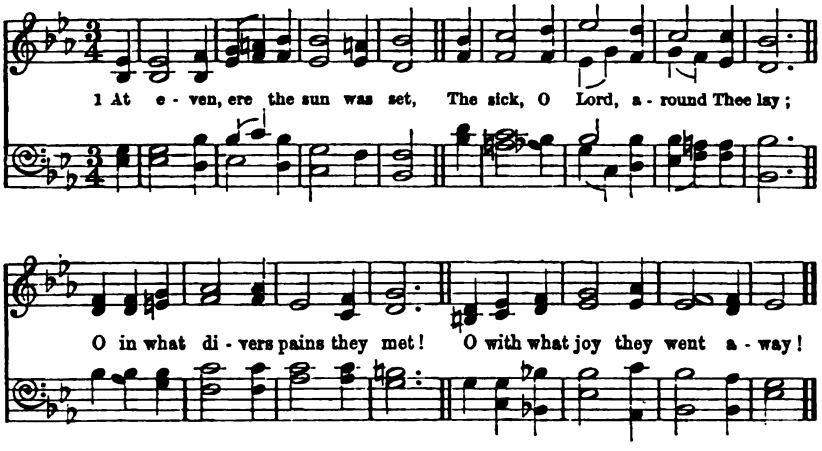
H. F. Lyte, 1850.

461

I am the Lord that healeth thee.—Ex. xv. 26.

L.M.

Angelus. Georg Josephi (in Scheffler's *Geistliche Hirtenlieder*), 1657.



p 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
mp We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
dim. And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt,
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only Thou canst cast them out;

5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
dim. And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a Friend in Thee.

6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
p And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

7 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

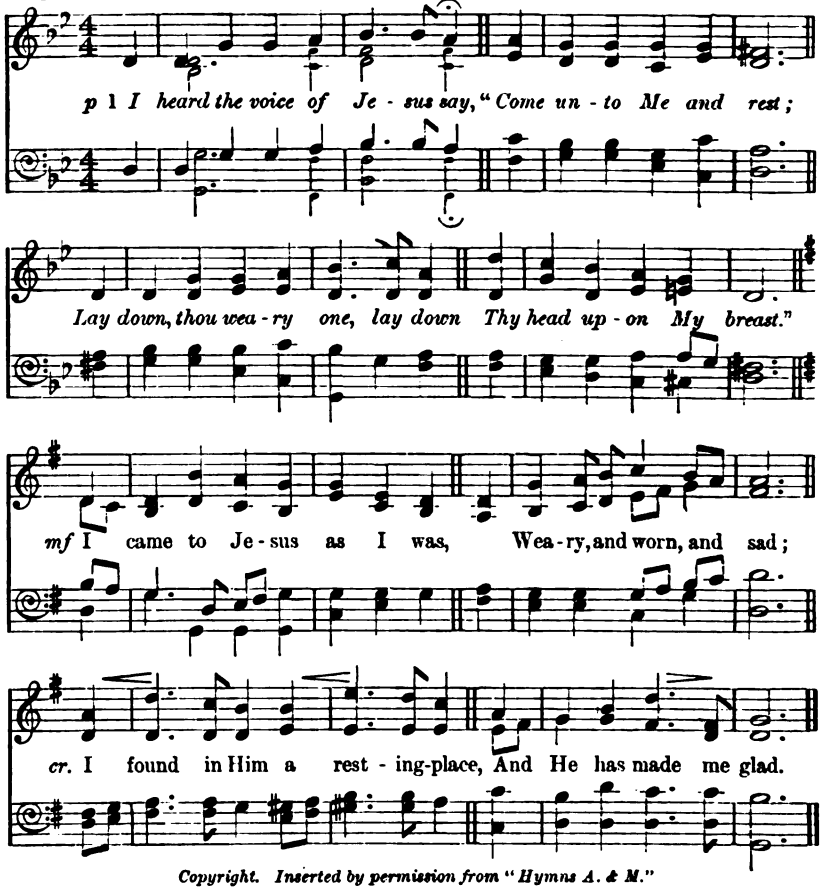
8 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
p Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. Twells, 1868.

462

Of His fulness have all we received.—John i. 16.

Vox Dilecti. C.M. D. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1868.



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p 2 *I heard the voice of Jesus say,*
"Behold, I freely give
The living water,—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live."
mf I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
f My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

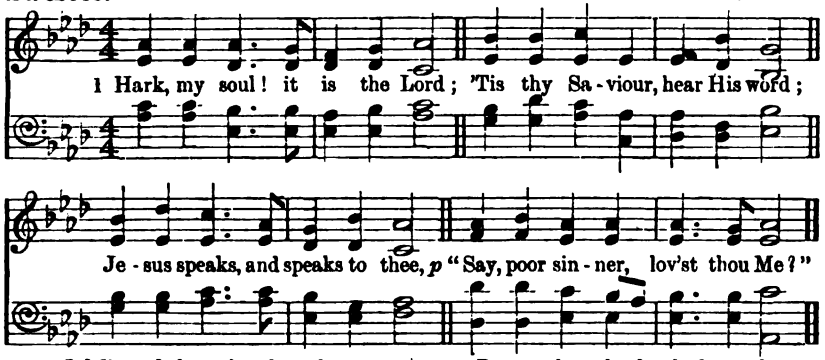
p 3 *I heard the voice of Jesus say,*
"I am this dark world's Light;
mf *Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,*
And all thy day be bright."
f I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
cr. And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar, 1846.

463

Thou knowest that I love Thee.—John xxi. 16.

St. Bees. 7's. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1862.



2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
cr. Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
p Yes, she may forgetful be,
cr. Yet will I remember thee.

f 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

cr. 5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be,—
Say, poor sinner, lov's't thou Me?"

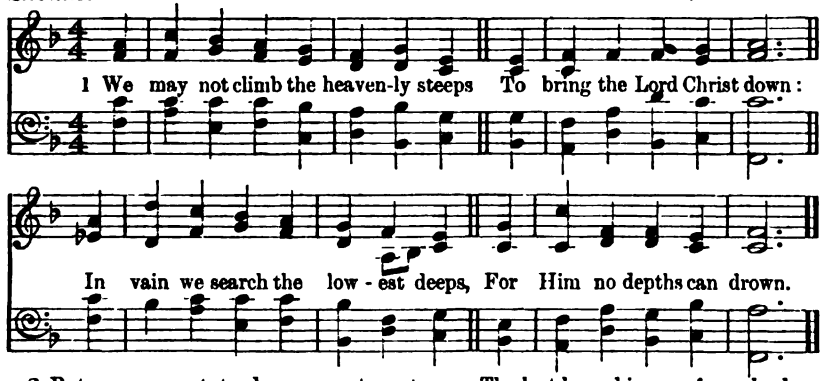
p 6 Lord! it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
cr. Yet I love Thee, and adore—
O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1768.

464

One is your Master, even Christ.—Matt. xxiii. 8.

Albano. C.M. Vincent Novello, 1781-1861.



2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
cr. And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
cr. We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

p 4 Through Him the first fond prayers are
Our lips of childhood frame, [said
pp The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.

mf 5 O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign, [call,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy
We test our lives by Thine.

p 6 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
cr. But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

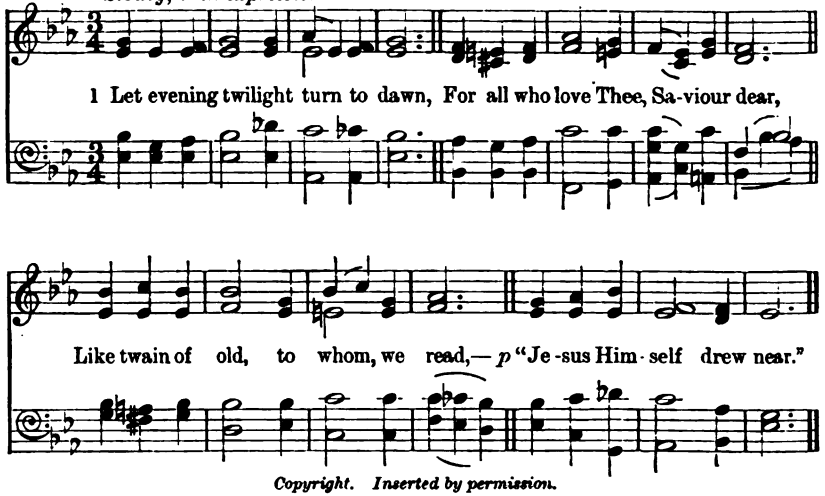
J. G. Whittier, 1856.

465

Jesus Himself drew near.—Luke xxiv. 15.

Rawdon. 8.8.8.6. Anon. Har. by C. B., 1896.

Slowly, with expression.



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2 Yet we remember how 'tis writ,
That while He sought their doubt to clear,
dim. Their eyes were held, and told them not,
Jesus Himself drew near.

3 With burning hearts they heard His words,
Unfolding how each ancient seer
cr. Said, "Christ must suffer." So in Light,
Jesus Himself drew near.

4 Drew near, was near, (*p*) yet still seemed far,
While sitting down their meal to cheer!
Then closer still, in vanished Form,
Jesus Himself drew near.

p 5 Not now a figure by their side,
cr. But in their hearts, Indweller dear!
His present Spirit bade them say,
pp Jesus Himself is Here!

6 So dwell in us by faith, dear Lord!
In us by grace Thy throne uprear,
cr. Then of our darkest hours we'll say,
Jesus Himself drew near.

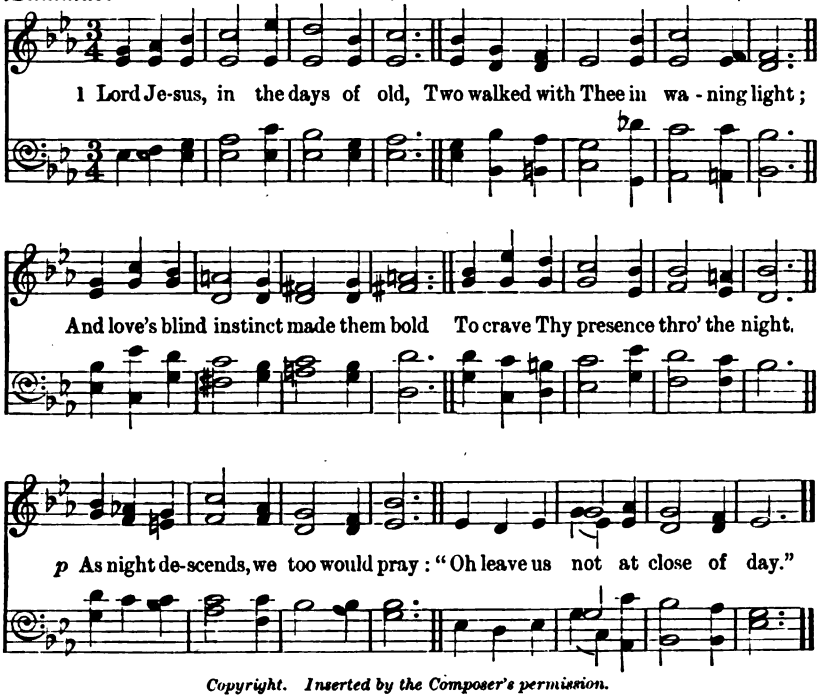
7 Be near us, Lord, till sense no more
Divides from Him our souls revere:
Be with us, Lord, till through the tomb,
To Jesus we draw near.

T. Vincent Tymms, D.D., 1892.

466

Abide with us, for it is toward evening.—Luke xxiv. 29.

Emmaus. 8's., 6 lines. R. S. Newman, 1877.



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2.

Did not their hearts within them burn?
And, though their Lord they failed to know,
Did not their spirits inly yearn?
cr. They could not let the Stranger go.
Much more must we who know Thee pray:
p "Oh leave us not at close of day!"

3.

f The hours of day are glad and good,
And good the gifts Thy hand bestows,—
The body's health, the spirit's food,
dim. And rest, and after rest repose.
We would not lose day's golden gains,
So stay with us as daylight wanes.

4.

p Perchance we have not always wist
Who has been with us by the way;
Amid day's uproar we have missed
Some word that Thou hast had to say,
dim. In silent night, O Saviour dear,
We would not fail Thy voice to hear.

5.

p Day is far spent, and night is nigh,
Stay with us, Saviour, through the night;
Talk with us, touch us tenderly,
Lead us to peace, to rest, to light;
cr. Dispel our darkness with Thy face,
Radiant with resurrection grace.

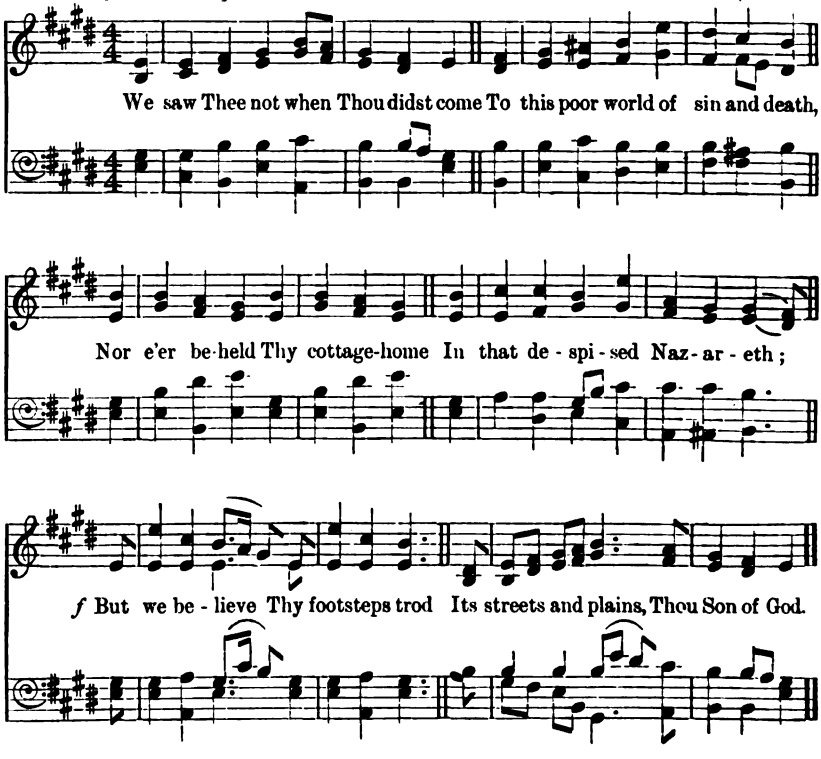
6.

Nor this night only, blessed Lord,
f We, every day and every hour,
Would walk with Thee Emmausward
To hear Thy voice of love and power;
dim. And every night would by Thy side
Look, listen, and be satisfied.

J. Ashcroft Noble, circa 1870.

467 *He that descended is the same also that ascended.*—Eph. iv. 10.

Eaton. [FIRST TUNE.] 8's., 6 lines. Z. WYVILL, 1802.



2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
p Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do";
cr. Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

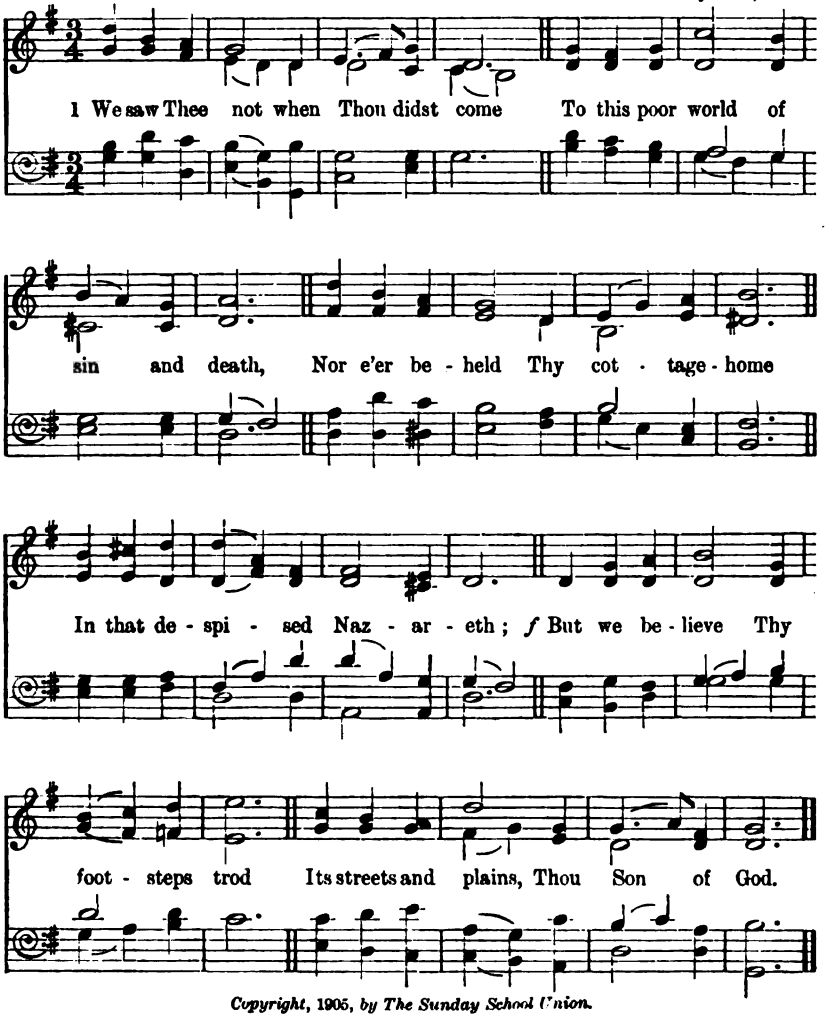
p 3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
f But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
f Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
p No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
f But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

Anne Richter, 1834; *rewritten by J. H. Gurney*, 1851.

Beckmondwike. [SECOND TUNE.] 8's., 6 lines. ROBT. GRAHAM. Har. by C. B., 1905



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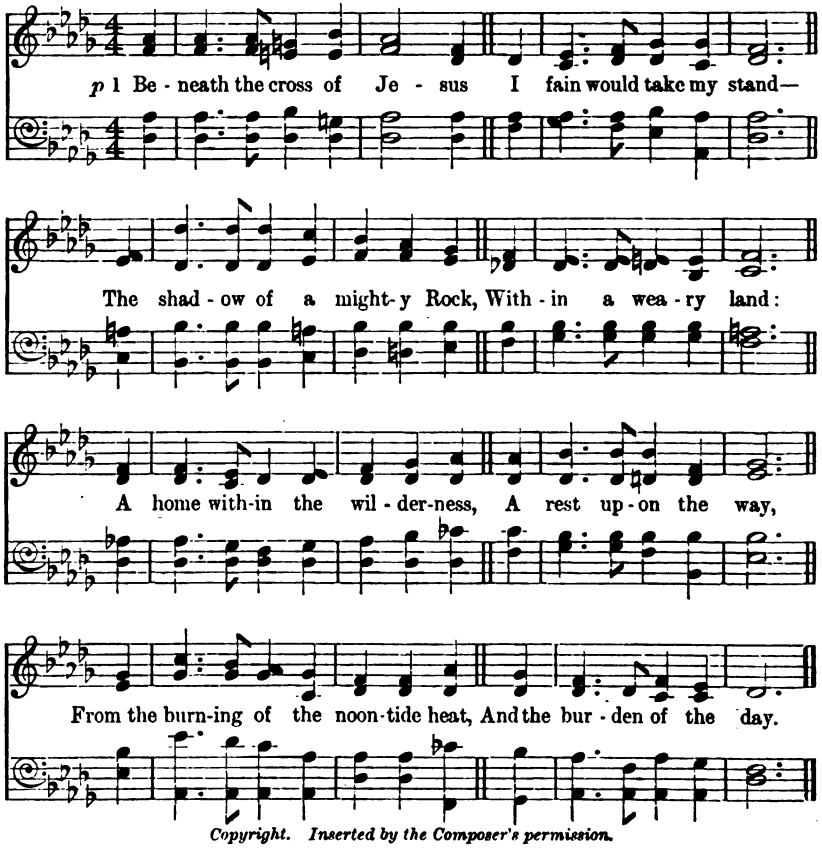
3. His Death on Calvary.

468 *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.*—Gal. vi. 14.

St. Christopher. 7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6. F. C. Maker, 1881.



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f 2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where heaven's love
And heaven's justice meet!
As to the holy patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
cr. So seems my Saviour's cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

p 3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
cr. And there between us stands the cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

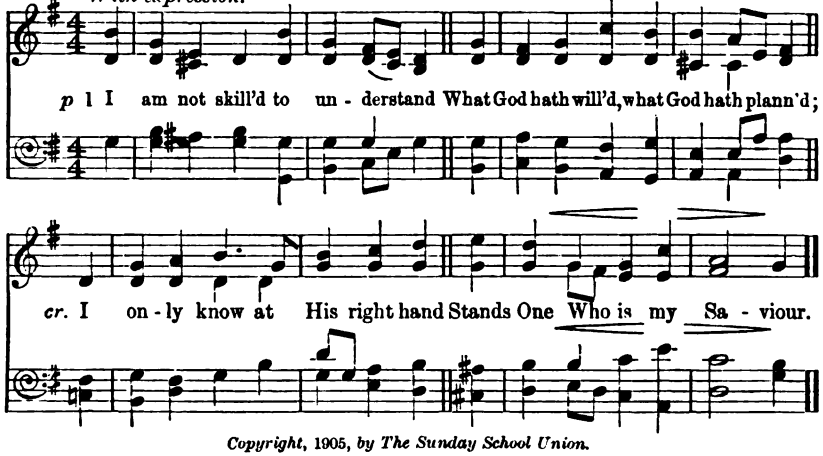
pp 4 Upon the cross of Jesus
Mine eyes at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
cr. And from my smitten heart with tears
Two wonders I confess—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1872.

469

God hath raised . . . a Saviour, Jesus.—Acts xiii. 23.

Greenwell. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.8.8.7 ERNEST B. LESLIE, 1905.



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f 2 I take God at His word and deed,
"Christ died to save me," this I read,
p And in my heart I find a need
Of Him to be my Saviour.

3 And was there then no other way
For God to take?—I cannot say;
cr. I only bless Him day by day
Who saved me through my Saviour.

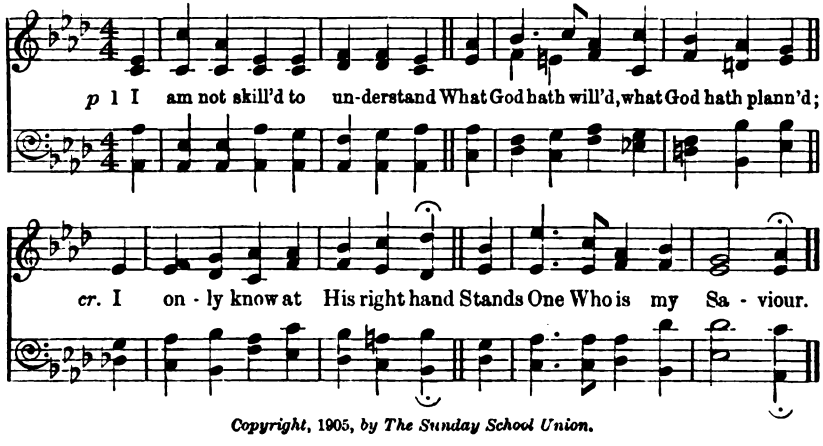
p 4 That He should leave His place on high
And come for sinful man to die,
cr. You count it strange? so do not I,
Since I have known my Saviour.

5 And oh! that He fulfilled may see
The travail of His soul in me,
And with His work contented be,
As I with my dear Saviour!

cr. 6 Yea, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace from this spring,
That He who lives to be my King,
Once died to be my Saviour.

Dora Greenwell, 1874.

Elbay. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.8.8.7. F. A. CHALLINOR, Mus. Doc., 1905.



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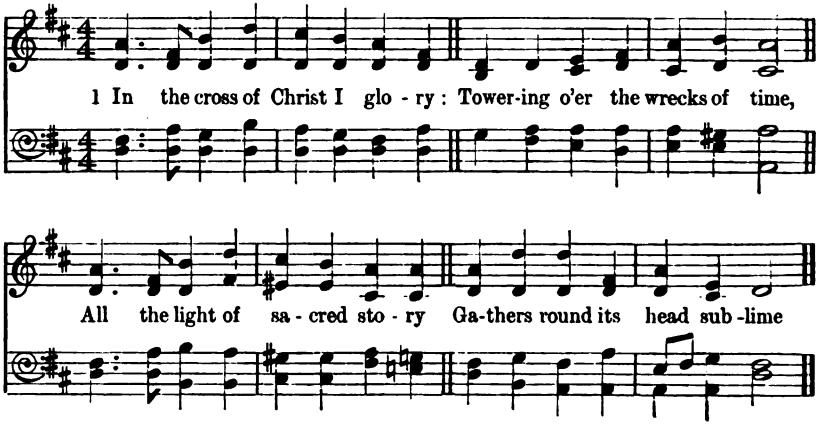
470 *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*—Gal. vi. 14.

St. Oswald. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.7.8.7. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc., 1857.



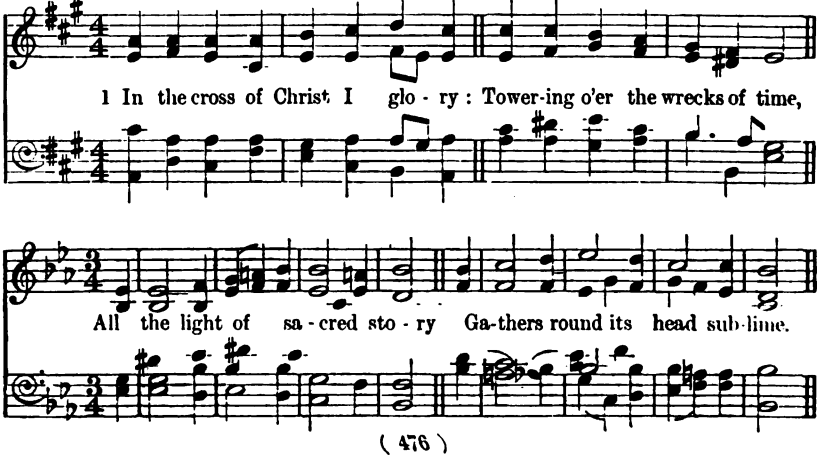
p 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
cr. Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon our way,
cr. From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
p Peace is there, that knows no measure;
f Joys, that through all time abide.

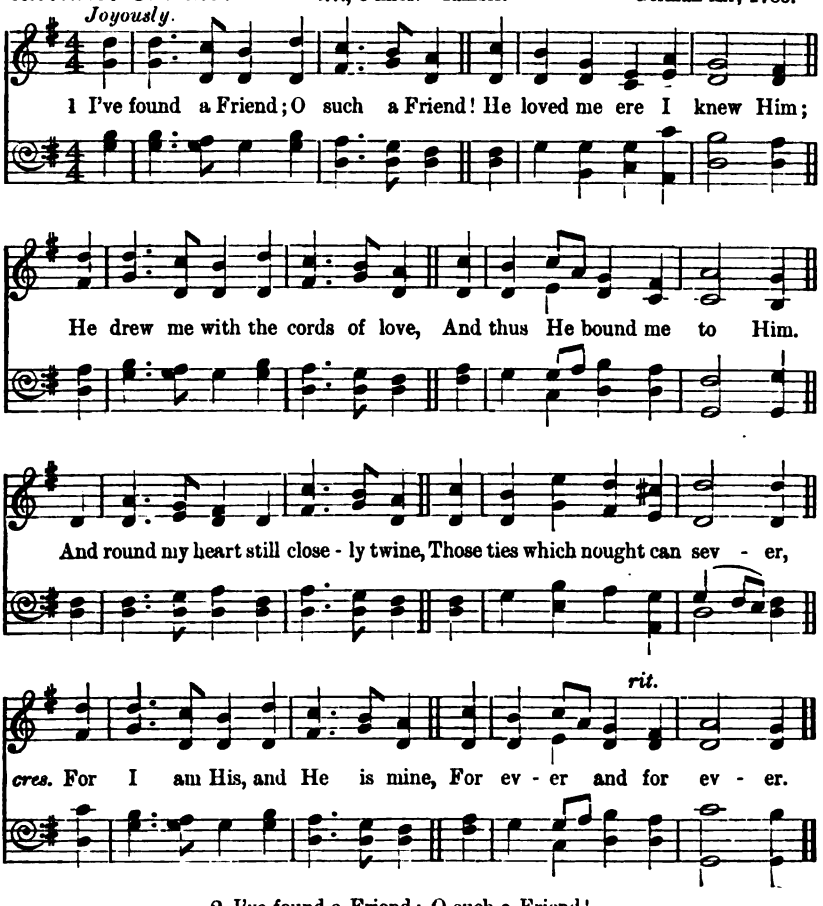
Sir J. Bowring, 1825.

Pange Lingua. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.7.8.7. Ancient Latin Air.



471 *There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*—Prov. xviii. 24.

Woolwich Common. 8.7., 8 lines. Iambic. German Air, 1785.



2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
p He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Nought that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver;
cr. My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His for ever.

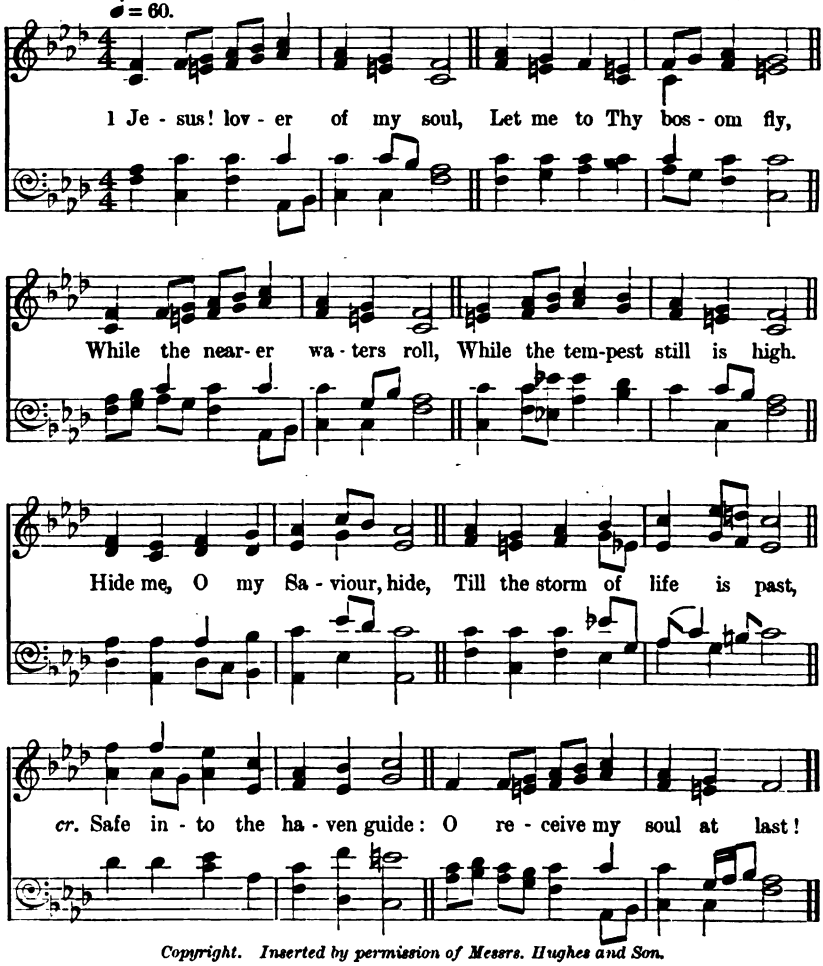
3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!
So kind, and true, and tender;
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
f From Him who loves me now so well,
What power my soul shall sever?
p Shall life? or death? shall earth? or hell?
f No! I am His for ever.

J. G. Small, 1866.

472

To lay hold upon the hope set before us.—Heb. vi. 18.

Aberystwith. [FIRST TUNE.] 7's., 8 lines. JOSEPH PARRY, Mus. Doc., 1877.



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2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
cr. All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

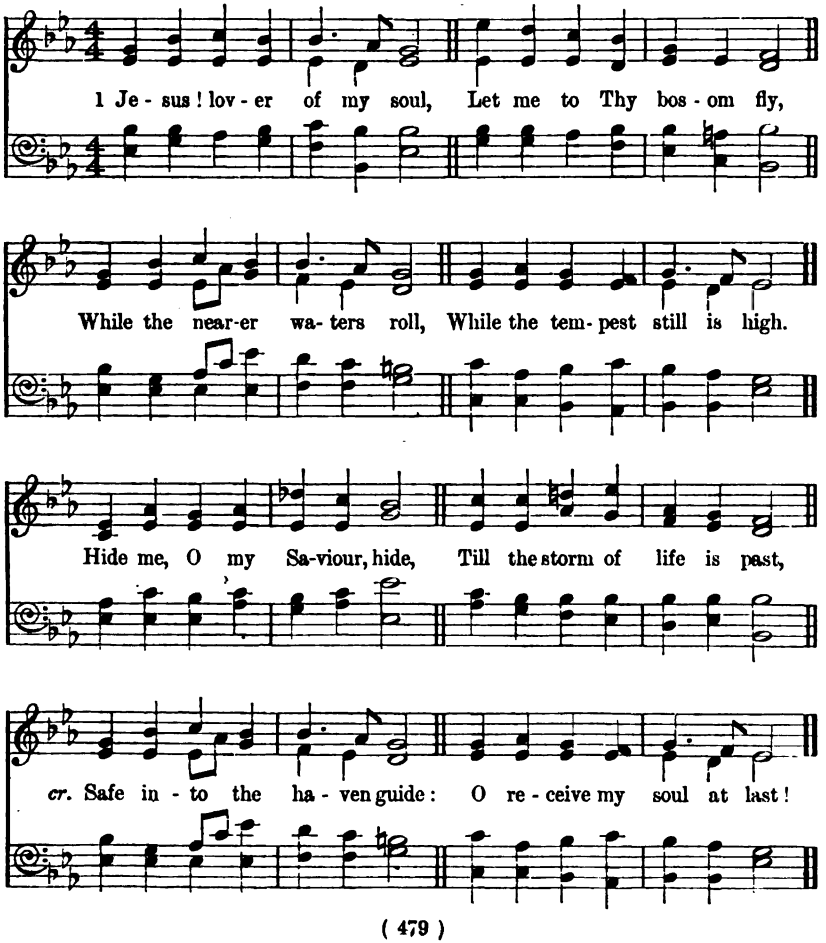
f 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:

Just and Holy is Thy Name,
p I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
cr. Thou art full of truth and grace.

f 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
cr. Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

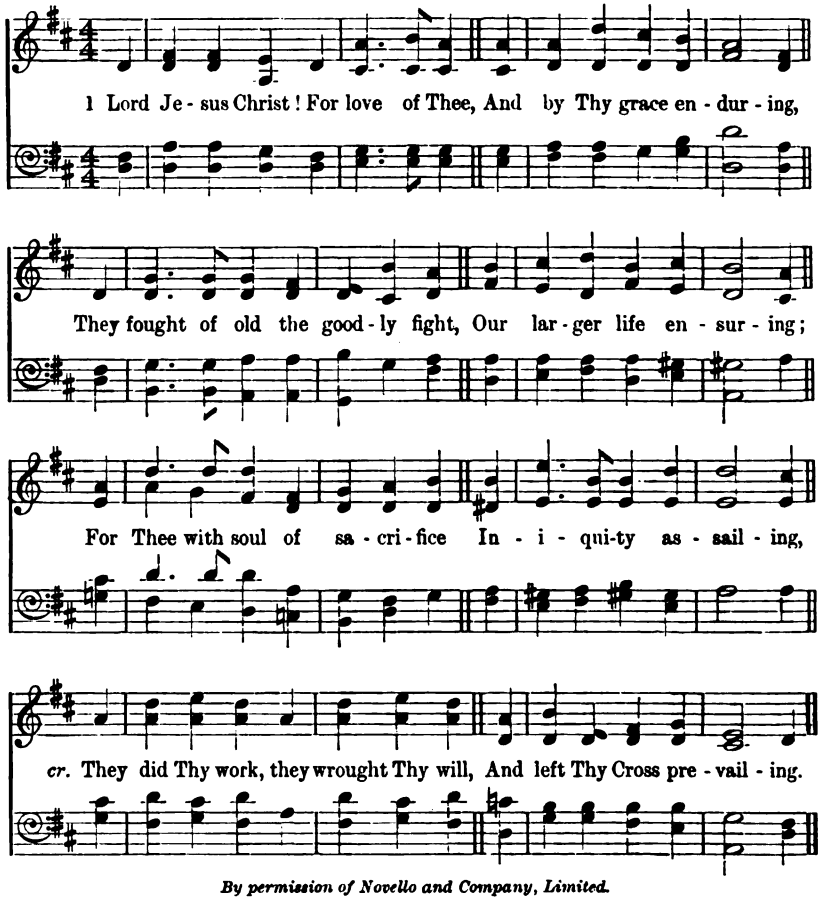
Charles Wesley, 1740.

Hollingside. [SECOND TUNE.] 7's., 8 lines. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc., 1861.



473 *The preaching of the Cross . . . unto us which are saved, is the power of God.*—1 Cor. i. 18.

The Blessed Name. 8.7., 8 lines. Iambic. Sir JOSEPH BARNBY, 1891.



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2.

f Lord Jesus Christ! For love of Thee,
With that same grace inspiring,
We take Thy banner from their hands,
To higher deeds aspiring,
cr. For Thee we front the force of sin,
With faith and hope unfailing,
Grant us our fathers' blessing still,
To see Thy Cross prevailing.

3.

f Lord Jesus Christ! For love of Thee,
With that same grace sustaining,
Behind us march our eager sons,
Each tempting truce disdaining;
For Thee with flashing eyes they move,
Thy future glory hailing,
cr. O, let them win the golden dream,
And see Thy Cross prevailing.

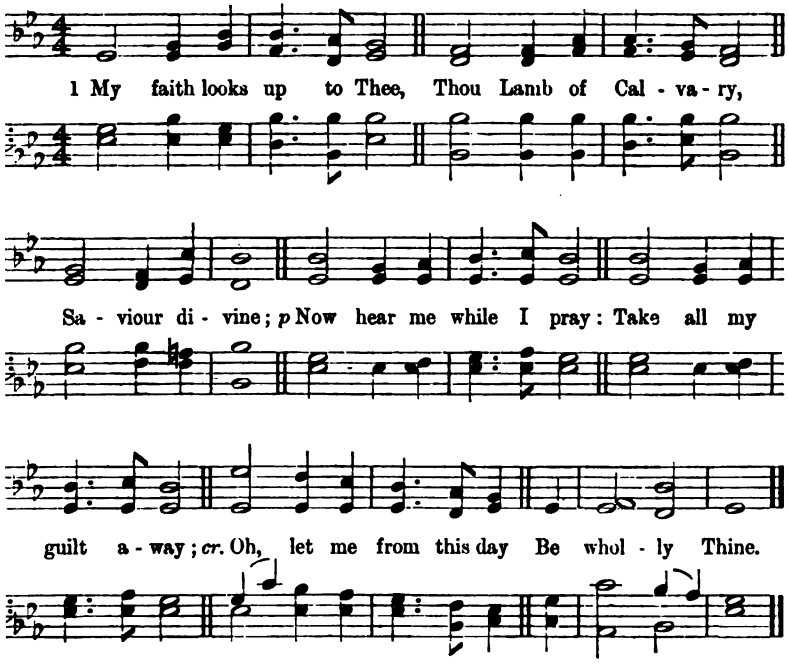
4.

Lord Jesus Christ! For love of Thee,
And by Thy grace abounding,
Our triumph song through earth and
At last shall be resounding; [heaven
ff "*Glory and honour to the Lamb*
For all His sore travailing,
Forever and forevermore
His Cross shall be prevailing."

Walter J. Mathams, 1899.

'4 *Behold the Lamb of God.*—John i. 29

vet or Harlan. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc., 1832.


1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sa - viour di - vine; *p* Now hear me while I pray: Take all my
guilt a - way; *cr.* Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
p As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee,
cr. Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

p 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide:
cr. Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

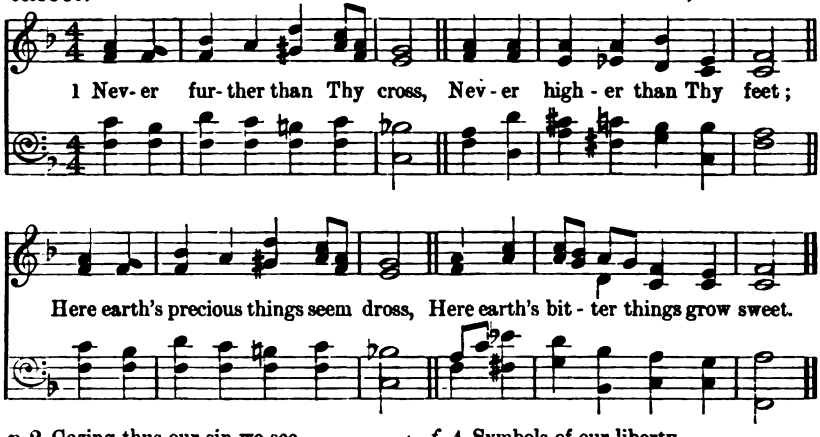
pp 4 When ends life's transient dream—
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll—
cr. Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer, 1831.

475

They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh.—Gal. v. 24.

Weber. 7's. From WEBER, 1786-1826.



p 2 Gazing thus our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus;
Sin which laid the cross on Thee,
Love which bore the cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

f 4 Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite;
Captives, by Thy cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy cross, we fight.

f 5 Pressing onwards as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end.

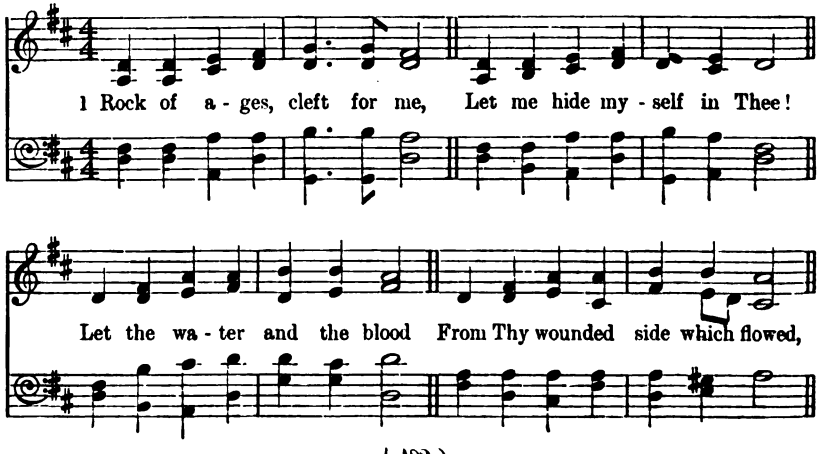
f 6 Till amid the Hosts of Light,
We in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

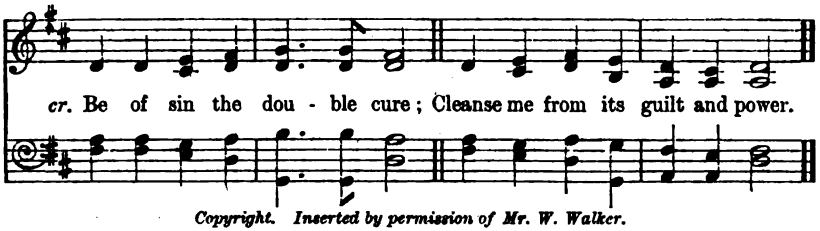
Elizabeth Charles, 1859.

476

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—Psalm lxi. 2.

Redhead, No. 76 or **Ajalon.** [FIRST TUNE.] 7's., 6 lines. RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853.





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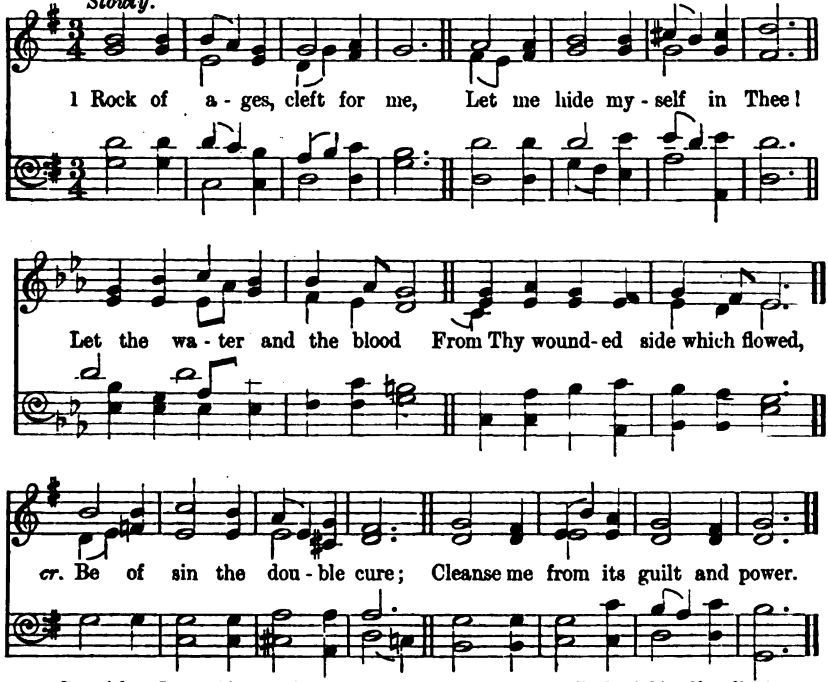
p 2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
cr. All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

dim. 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,—
When my eyes shall close in death,—
cr. When I soar through worlds unknown,—
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages! shelter me!
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Augustus M. Toplady, 1775.

Woodside. [SECOND TUNE.] 7's., 6 lines. J. THORNTON, *circa* 1890.



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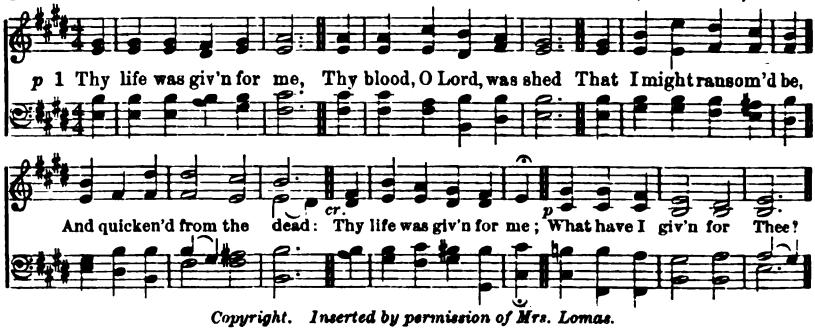
477

Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.—Gal. ii. 20.

Oasis. 6's., 6 lines. GEORGE LOMAS, Mus. Bac., 1881.



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2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know:
cr. Long years were spent for me;
p Have I spent one for Thee?

3 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell:
cr. Thou sufferedst all for me;
p What have I borne for Thee?

mf 4 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love:
cr. Great gifts Thou broughtest me;
p What have I brought to Thee?

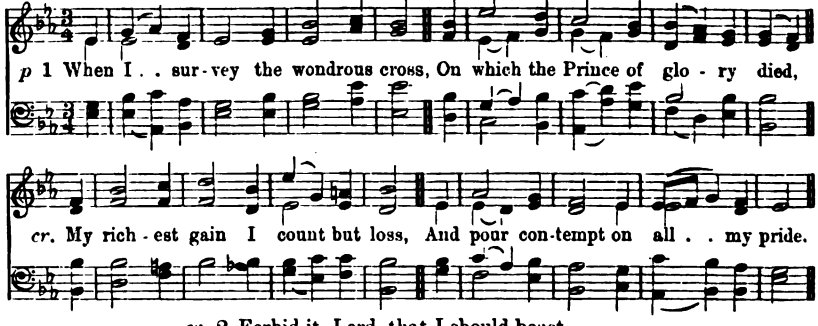
p 5 O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent,
cr. World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent:
f Thou gav'st Thyself for me;
I give myself to Thee!

Frances R. Havergal, 1859.

478

He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again.—2 Cor v. 15.

Rockingham. L.M. EDWD. MILLER, Mus. Doc., 1790.



cr. 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

p 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

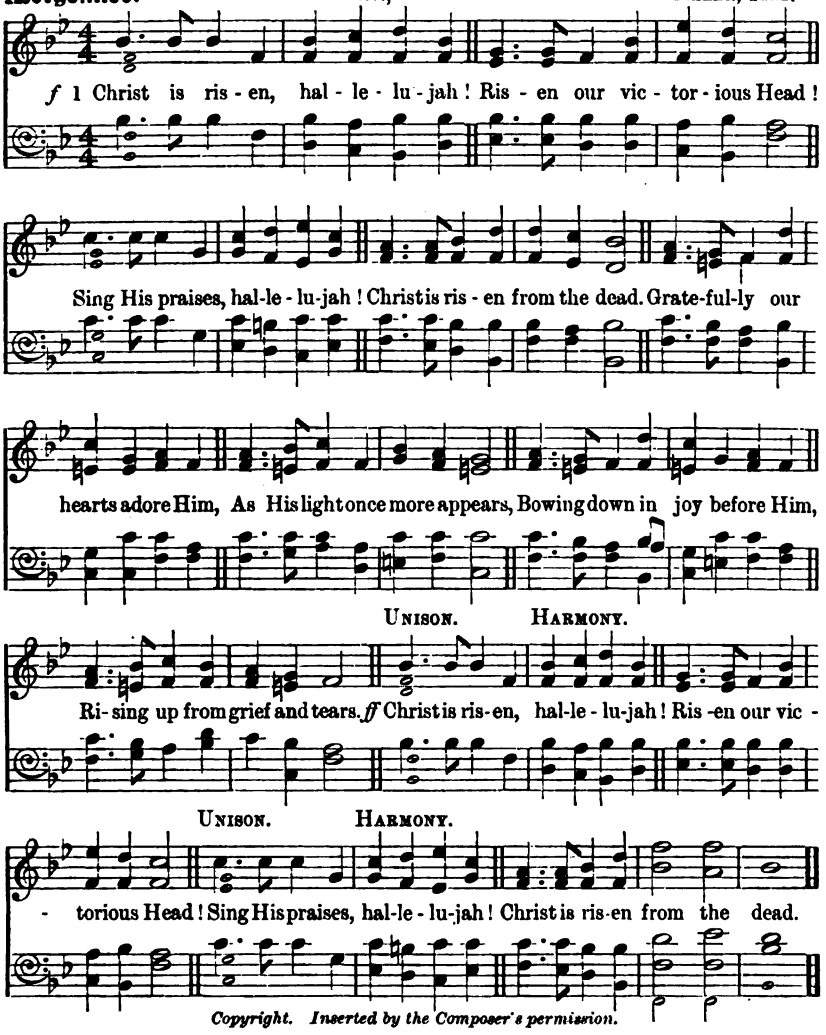
p 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
cr. Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

Isaac Watts, 1707.

4. His Resurrection.

479 *Now is Christ risen from the dead.*—1 Cor. xv. 20.

Morgenlied. 8.7., 12 lines. F. C. Maker, 1881.



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f 2 Christ is risen, all the sadness
Of His earthly life is o'er,
Through the open gates of gladness
He returns to life once more.
cr. Death and hell before Him bending,
See Him rise, the Victor now,
Angels on His steps attending,
Glory round His wounded brow.
Christ is risen, etc.

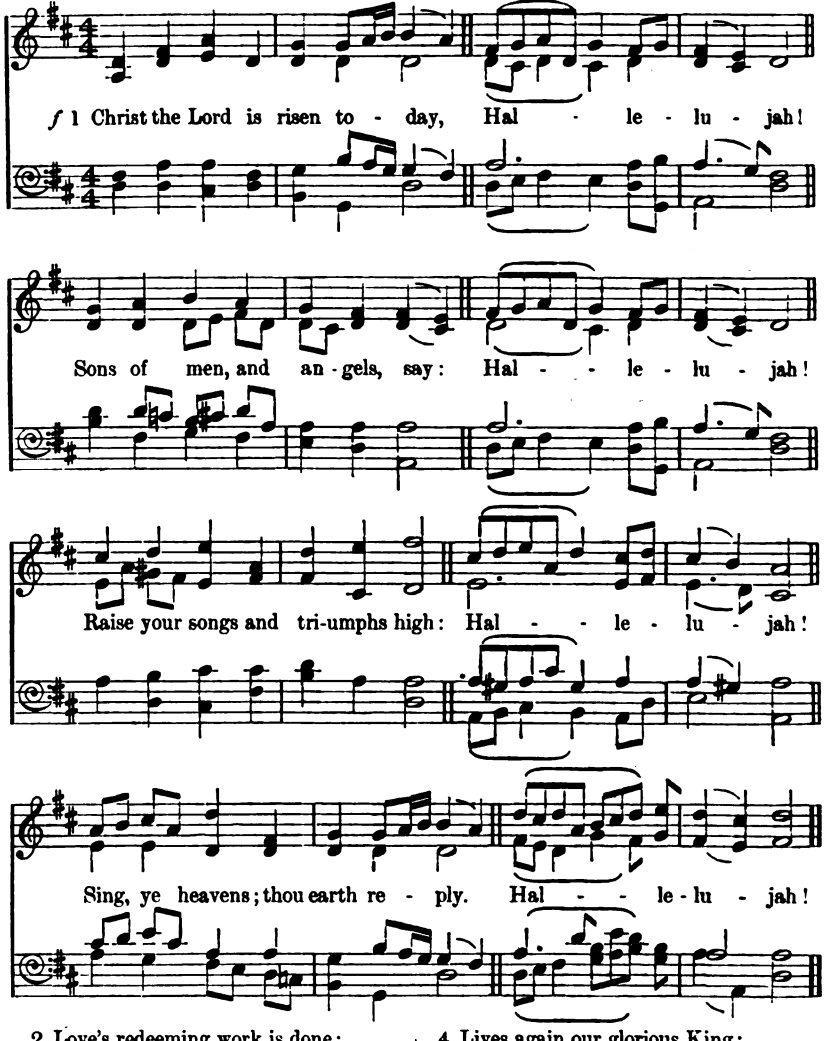
f 3 Christ is risen, henceforth never
Death or hell shall thus enthral,
We are Christ's, in Him for ever,
We have triumphed over all.
cr. All the doubting and dejection
Of our trembling hearts have ceased,
'Tis His day of resurrection,
Let us rise and keep the feast.
Christ is risen, etc.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

480 Easter Hymn.

The first-fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. xv. 20.

7's., with Refrains. *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.



2 Love's redeeming work is done;
f Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er:
Lo! He sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
f Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
p Once He died our souls to save:
f Where's thy victory, O Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise:
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

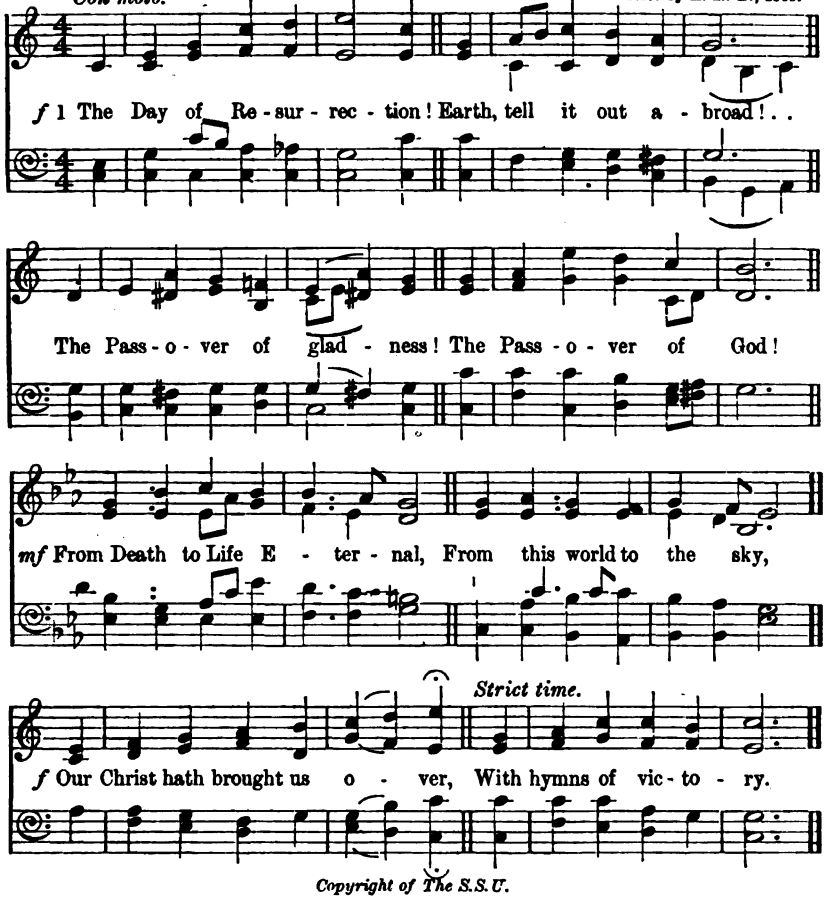
Charles Wesley, 1739.

N.B.—When sung to "Easter Hymn," the word "Hallelujah" follows every line.

481 *The first day of the week . . . He is not here, but is risen.*—Luke xxiv. 1, 6.

Et Resurrexit. 7.6., 8 lines. CARYL FLORIO. Arr. by E. R. B., 1905.

Con moto.



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mf 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection-Light;
p And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain,
His own *All hail!* and hearing,
f May raise the victor strain!

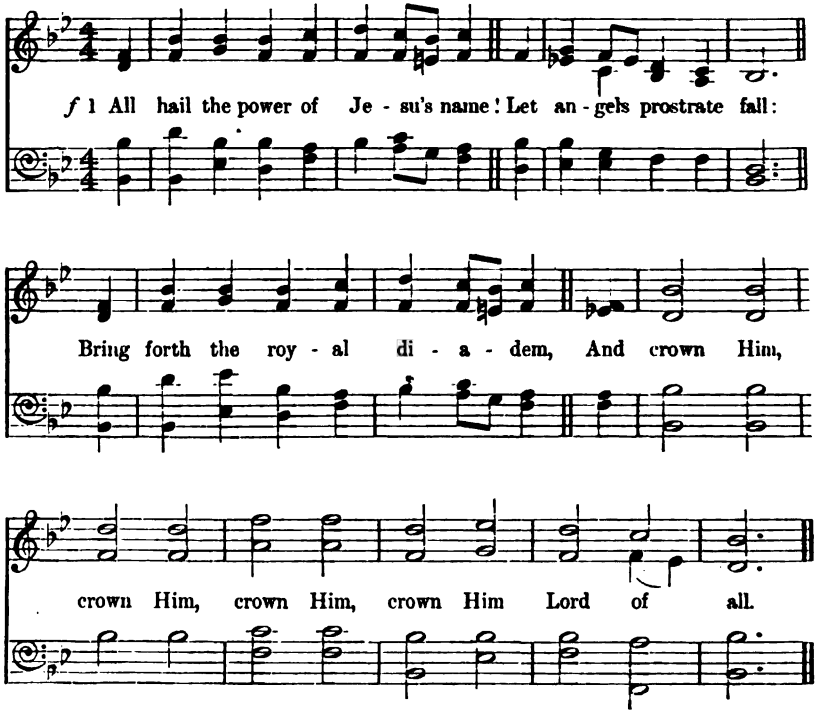
Unison f 3 Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein:
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,—
ff For Christ the Lord is risen,—
Our Joy that hath no end.

St. John Damascene, tr. J. M. Neale, 1863.

5. His Ascension and Reign.

482 *King of kings, and Lord of lords.*—Rev. xix. 16.

Miles' Lane. [FIRST TUNE.] C.M. with Refrain. WM. SHRUBSOLE, 1779.



2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

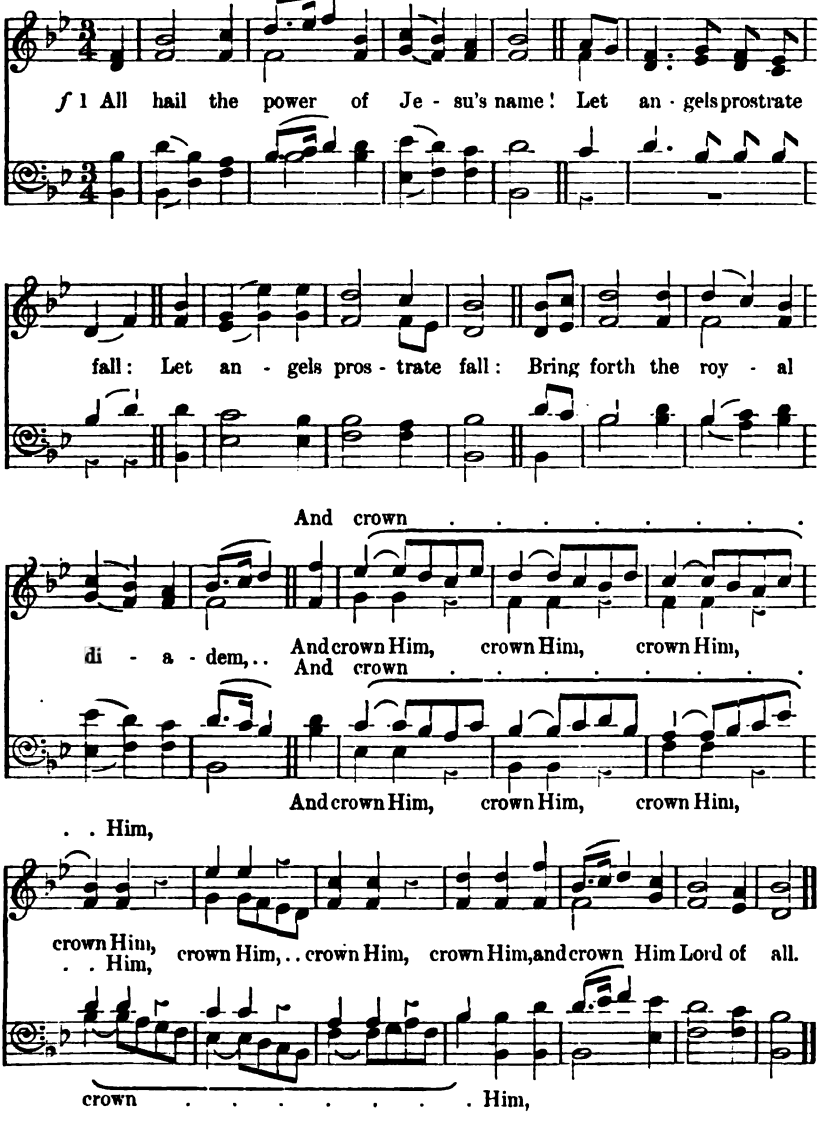
p 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
cr. Hail Him who saves you by His grace
And crown Him Lord of all.

p 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
cr. Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

ff 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!
Edward Perronet, 1779.

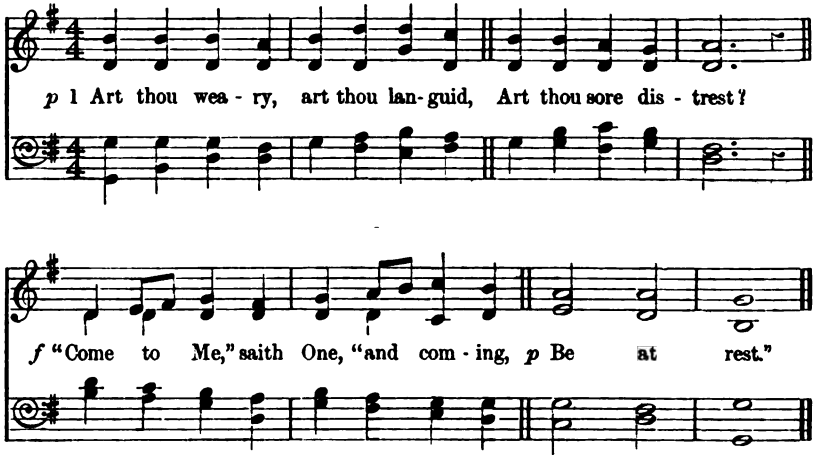
Diadem. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M. with Refrain. JAMES ELLOR, 1838.



483

Cast thy burden upon the Lord.—Psalm lv. 22.

Stephanos. 8.5.8.3. Sir HENRY W. BAKER, 1868.



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2.

mf Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
p "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3.

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
f "Yea, a crown, in very surety:
p But of thorns."

4.

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
p "Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

5.

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
f "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed."

6.

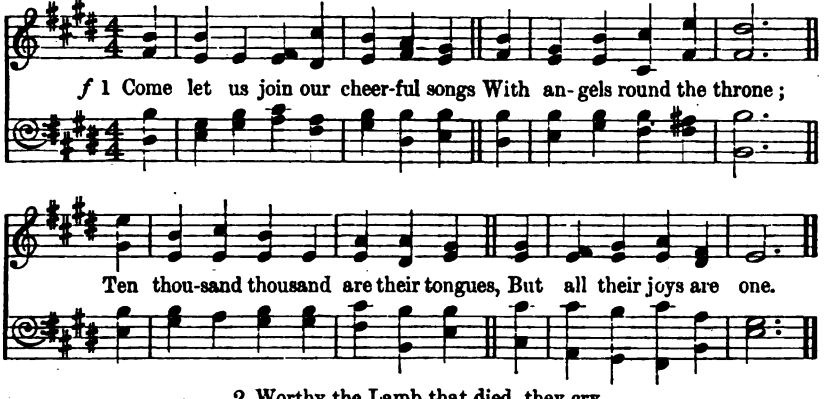
If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
cr. "Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

Stephen the Sabaite, tr. J. M. Neale, 1862.

484

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.—Rev. v. 12.

St. Fulbert. [FIRST TUNE.] C.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc., 1852.



2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
f Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

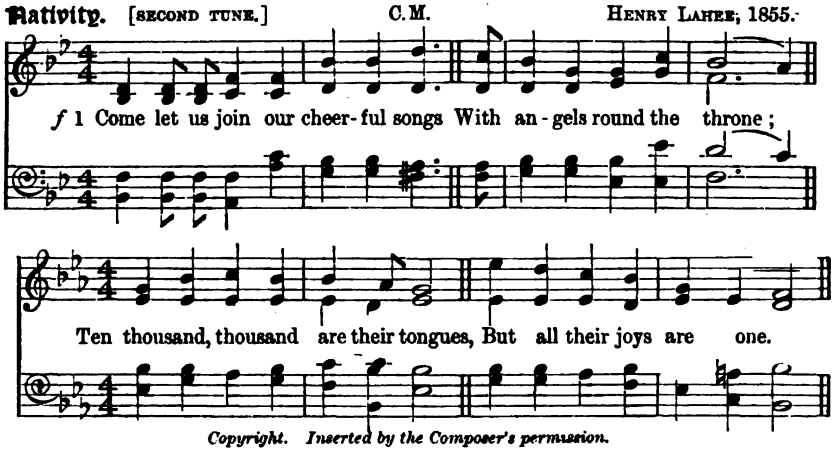
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
cr. And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

f 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

ff 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

Nativity. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M. HENRY LAHEE, 1855.



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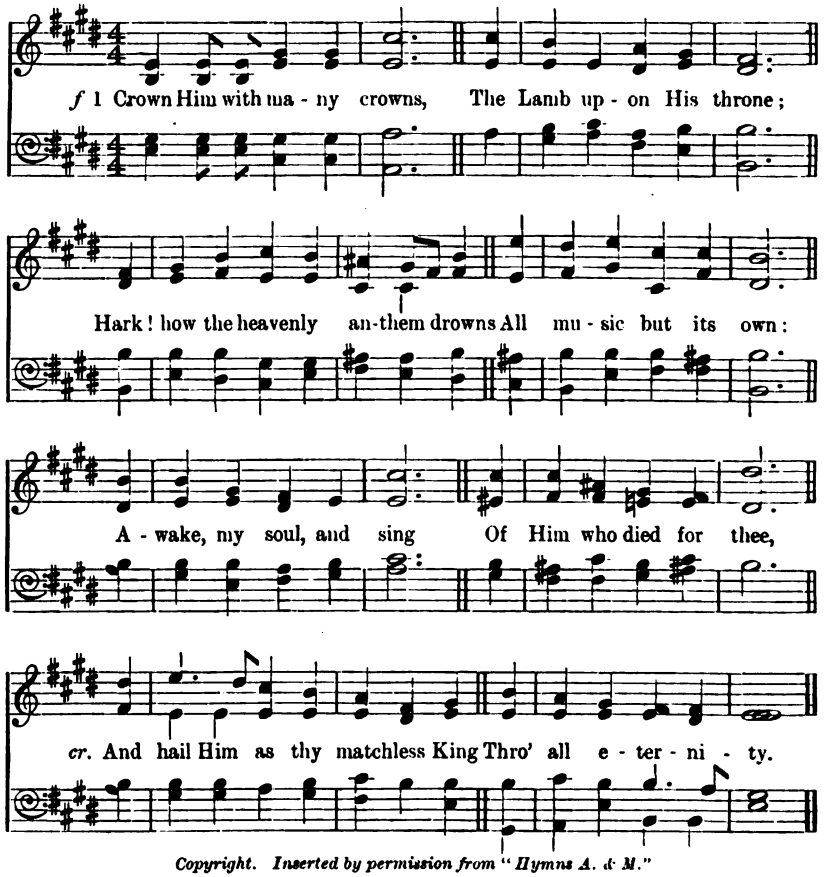
485

On His head were many crowns.—Rev. xix. 12.

Diademata. S.M. D. Sir Geo. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc., 1868.



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2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man,
p Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

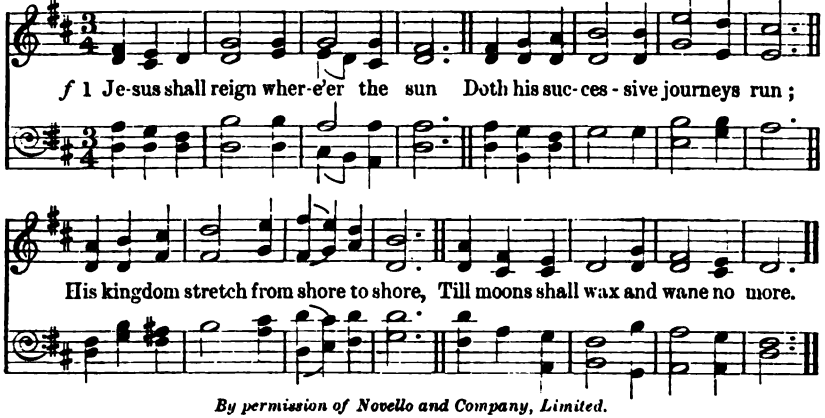
f 3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing,
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died,—eternal life to bring,
And lives, that death may die.

f 4 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above,
Crown Him the King to whom is given
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns
As thrones before Him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

Matthew Bridges, 1851, *and Godfrey Thring*, 1882.

486 *He shall have dominion also from sea to sea.*—Psalm lxxii. 8.

Ombersley. [FIRST TUNE.] L.M. W. H. GLADSTONE, 1872.



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2.
For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3.
f People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
p And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

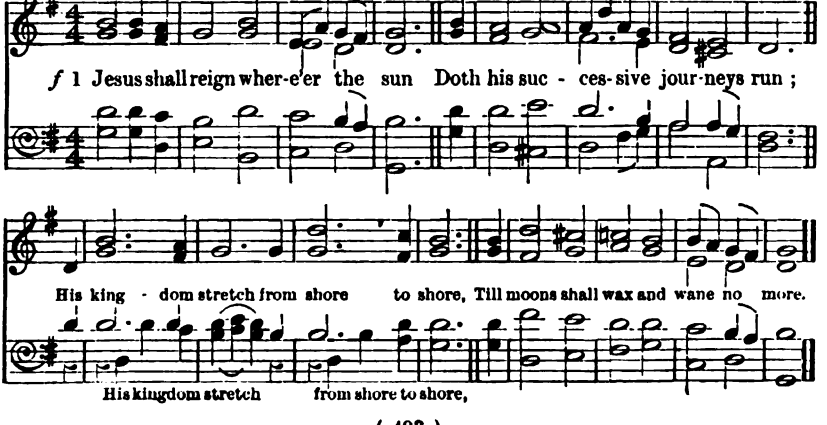
4.
f Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

5.
Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6.
ff Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

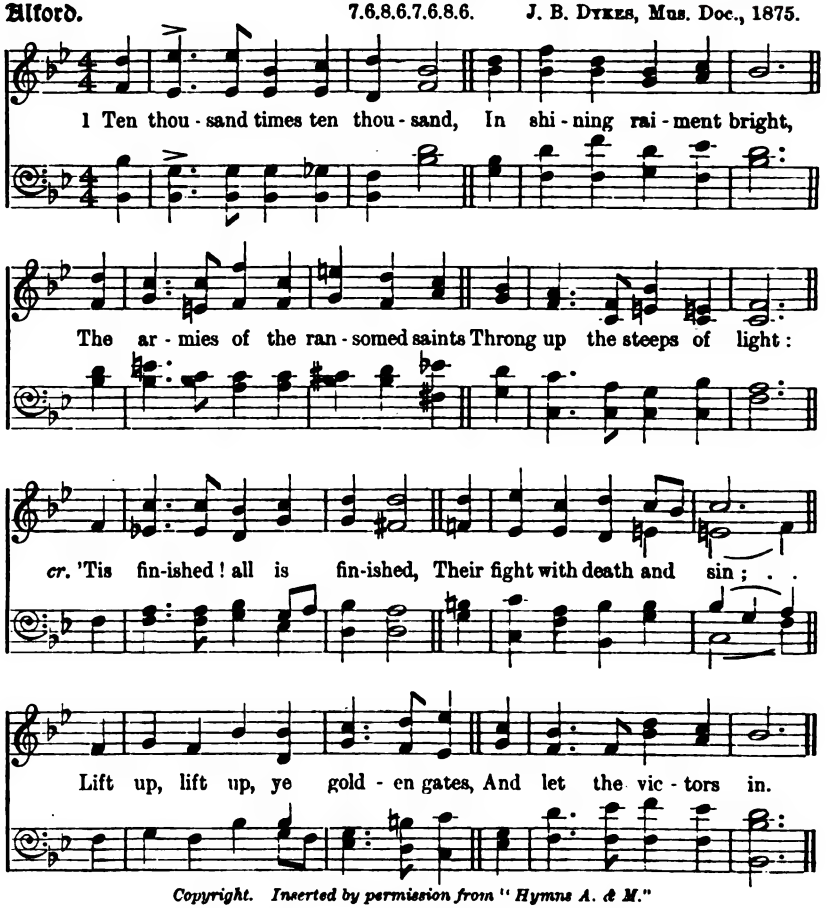
Ely or **Accrington.** L.M. WILLIAM MOORE, *circa* 1860.



487

A great multitude, which no man could number.—Rev. vii. 9.

Alford. 7.6.8.6.7.6.8.6. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1875.



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f 2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What harping of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid!

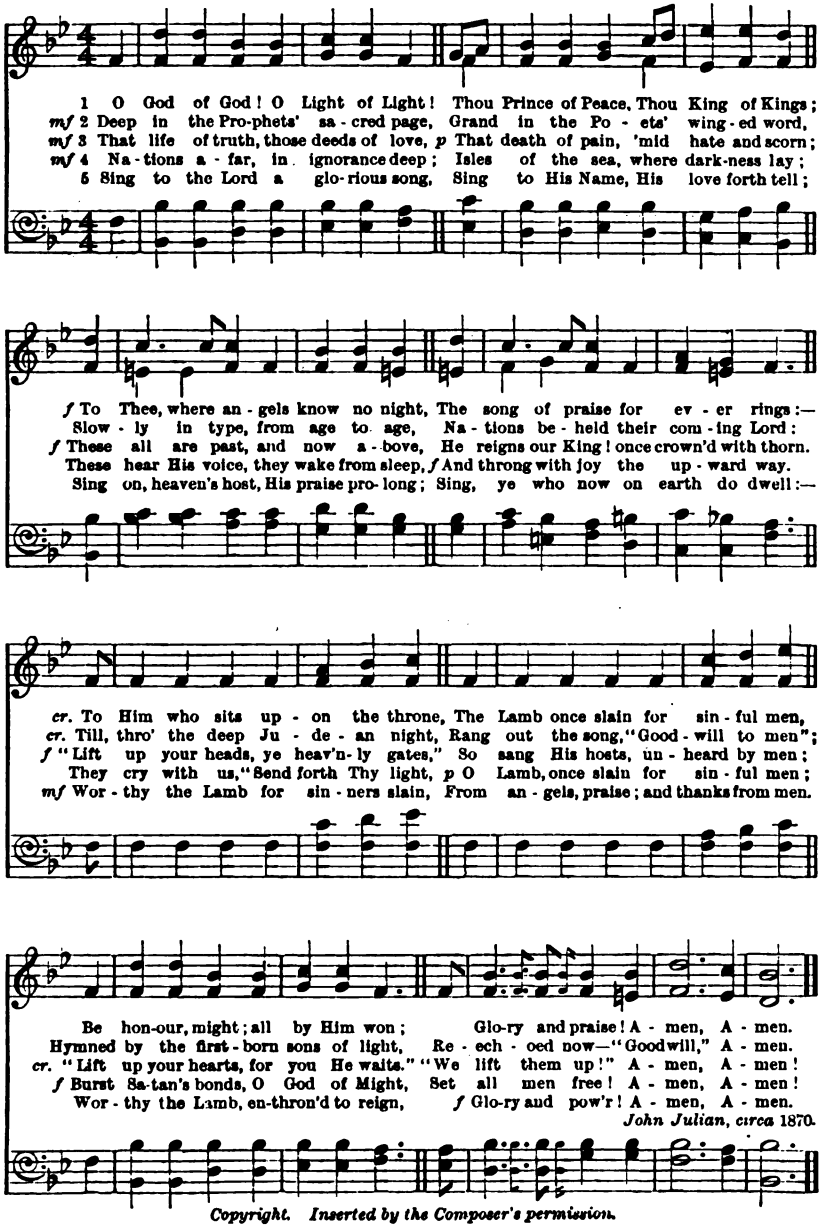
f 3 Oh, then what rapturous greetings,
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
p That flowed with tears of late;
cr. Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign;
cr Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

H. Alford, 1867.

488 *Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.*—Rev. v. 12.

St. Serf or **Holy Innocents.** L.M. D. HENRY LAHEE, *circa* 1870.



John Julian, circa 1870.

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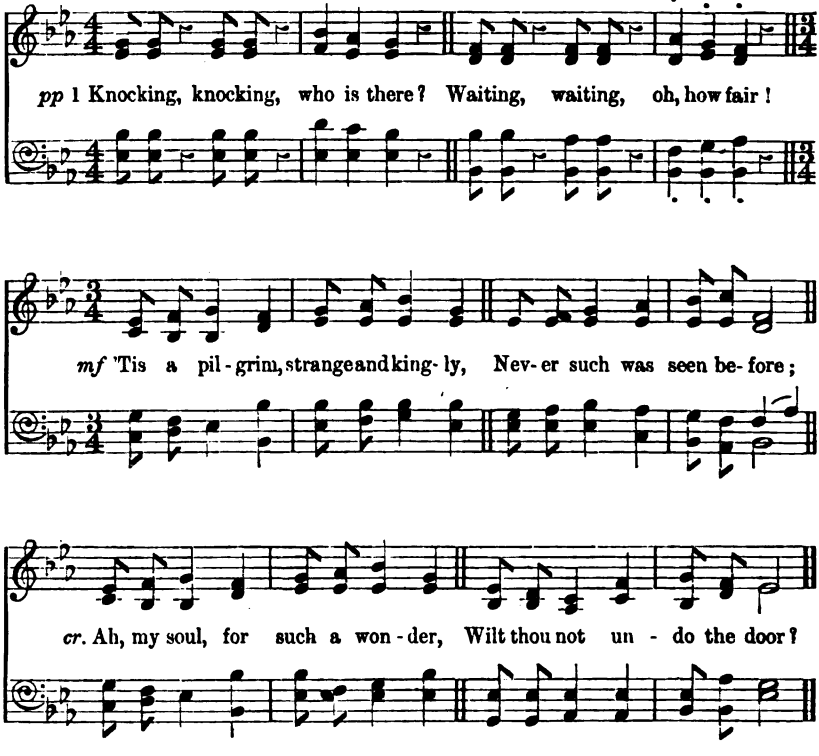
6. His Names and Work.

489 *Behold, I stand at the door and knock.*—Rev. iii. 20.

7.7.8.7.8.7.

Knocking, knocking, who is there? GEO. F. ROOT, Mus. Doc., 1820-1895.



2.

pp Knocking, knocking, still He 's there!
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair:
p But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy vine,
dim. With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

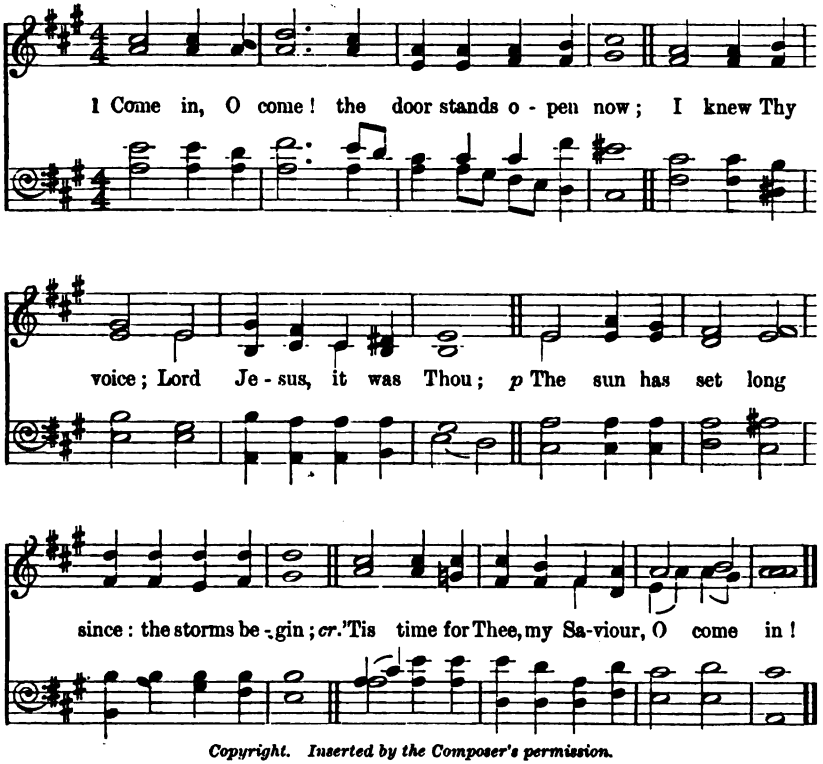
3.

cr. Knocking, knocking—what! still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair!
mf Yes, the piercèd hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownèd hair
cr. Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour waiting there.

Harriet Beecher Stowe (adapted), 1867.

490 *If any man . . . open the door, I will come in.*—Rev. iii. 20.

Rakestraw. 10.10.10.10. CUTHBERT HOWARD, 1896.



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2.

I seek no more to alter things, or mend,
Before the coming of so great a Friend;
All were at best unseemly; and 'twere ill,
Beyond all else, to keep Thee waiting still.

3.

Then, as Thou art, all holiness and bliss,
Come in, and see my chamber as it is;
cr. I bid Thee welcome boldly, in the name
dim. Of Thy great glory and my want and shame.

4.

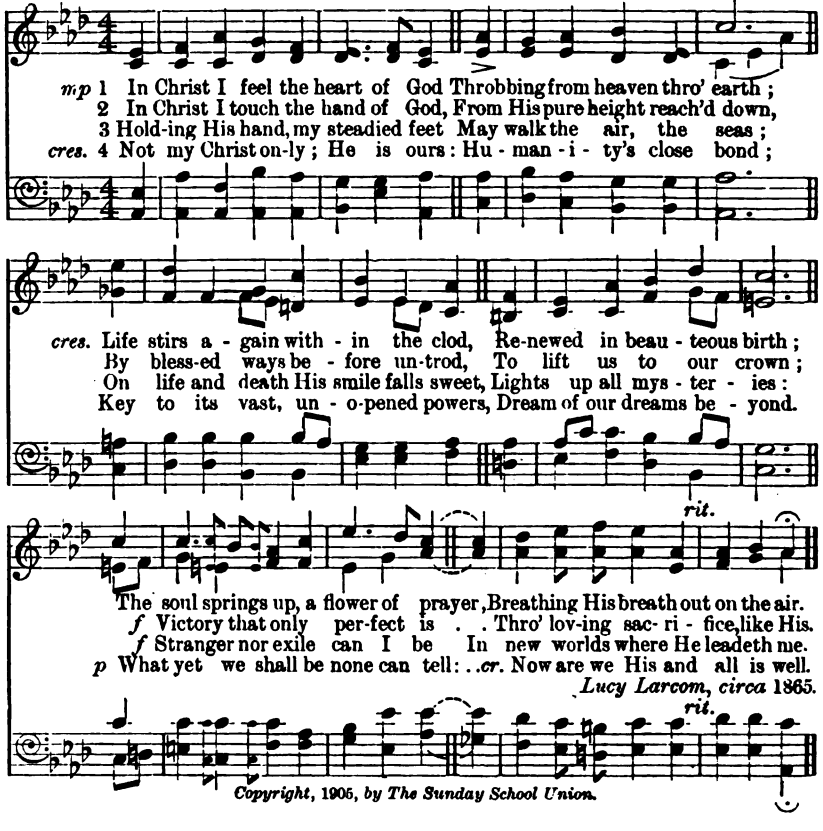
Come, not to find, but make, this troubled heart
A dwelling worthy of Thee as Thou art;
cr. To chase the gloom, the terror, and the sin,
Come, all Thyself, yea come, Lord Jesus, in!

H. C. G. Moule, circa 1885.

491

He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.—John xiv. 9.

Dewsbury. 8.6.8.6.8.8. ROBT. GRAHAM. Har. by C. B., 1905.



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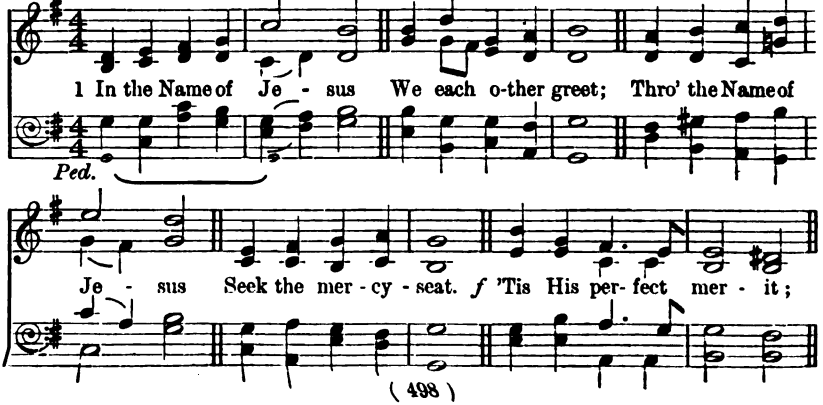
492

Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.—Col. iii. 17.

Edina. 6.5., 8 lines. Sir H. S. OAKELEY, Mus. Doc., 1868.



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2 In the face of Jesus
We the Father see;
Brightness of His glory,
Image true is He;
Of the love unbounded,
Dimly seen before,
Love ere worlds were founded,
Love for evermore.

3 'Twas the voice of Jesus,
Full of grace and truth,
Charm'd our listening childhood,
Won our wayward youth.

cr. Now, through years before us,
Many, Lord, or few,
Sway Thy sceptre o'er us,
All our wills renew.

4 At the feet of Jesus
Finds our faith its rest;
At the cross of Jesus,
Union deep and blest.

cr. Still on Thee relying,
Keep us, Saviour-Friend,
Daily strength supplying,
Faithful to the end.

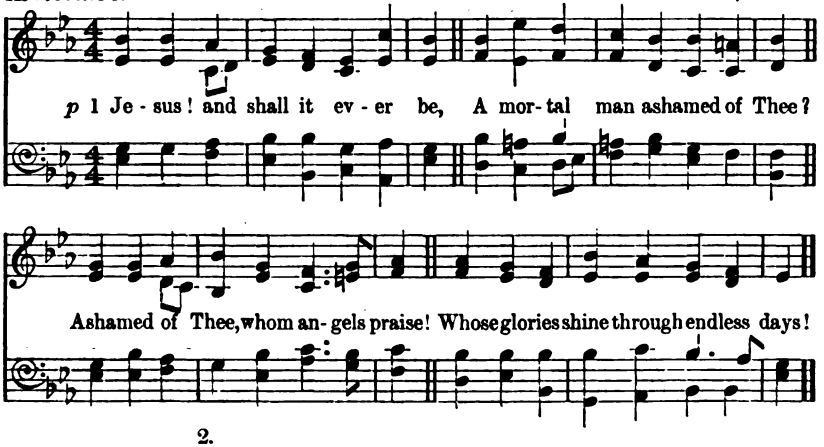
W. H. Groser, 1896.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Ruth," No. 379.

493

Ashamed of Me.—Mark viii. 38.

Melcombe. L.M. SAMUEL WEBBE, 1792.



2.

cr. Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3.

Ashamed of Jesus!—just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star! bids darkness flee.

4.

f Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
p No! when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

5.

p Ashamed of Jesus!—Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

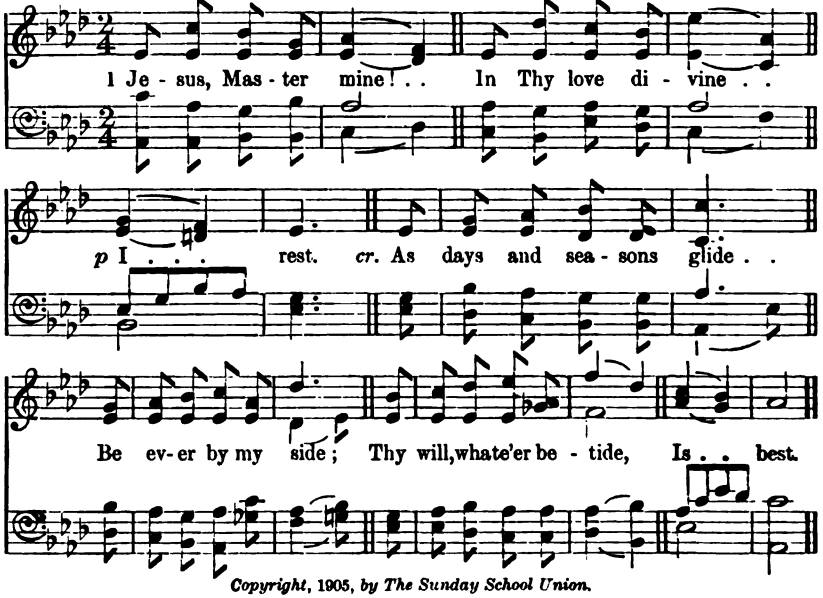
6.

cr. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg, 1765.

494 *Ye call Me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am.*—John xiii. 13.

Magister. 5.5.2.6.6.6.2. R. Y. Harding, 1905.



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f 2 Jesus, Brother true!
With Thy strength endue
My heart.
cr. Then though the world deceive,
My soul to Thee shall cleave;
The sharpest sting shall leave
No smart.

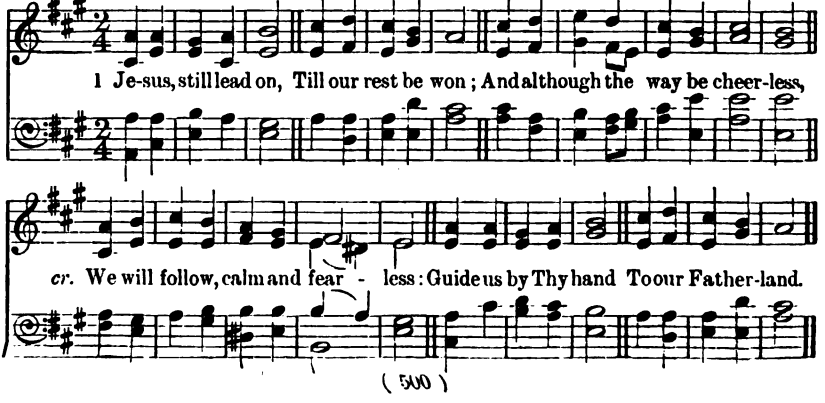
3 Jesus, Shepherd wise!
Fix my wandering eyes
On Thee.
cr. Thy wisdom's heavenly lore,—
A rich unbounded store,
My staff for evermore
Shall be.

f 4 Jesus, Saviour King!
Praise to Thee I'll sing
Alway.
When life's swift race is run
And life's fierce battle won,
ff On Thy head be the crown
For aye.

Joseph Brown Morgan, 1896.

495 *He led them forth by the right way.*—Psalm cvii. 7.

Spire. 5.5.8.8.5.5. Adam Dresse, 1680.



p 2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
cr. Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

p 3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
cr. Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

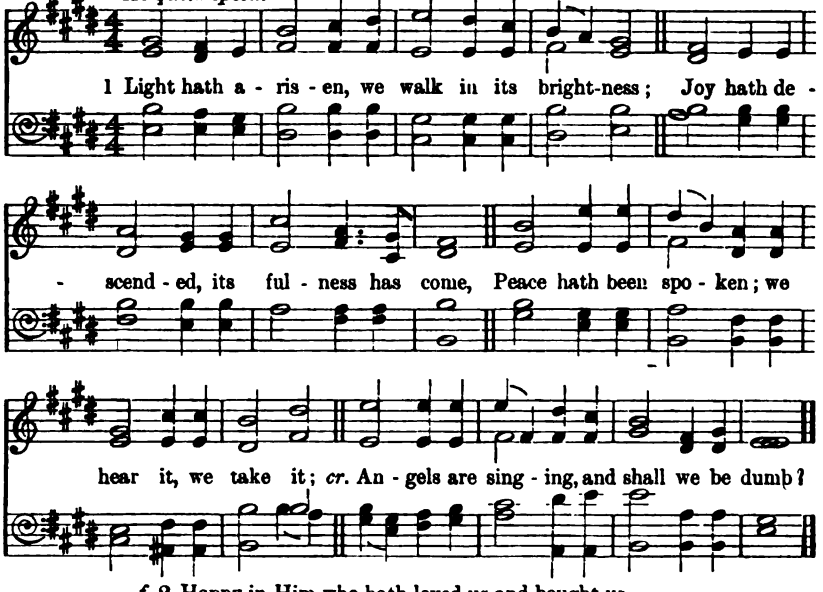
f 4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won:
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

N. L. Zinzendorf, tr. Jane Borthwick, 1854.

496 *I will go in the strength of the Lord God.*—Psalm lxxi. 16.

Epiphany Hymn. 11.10.11.10. Dactyllic. J. F. THRUPP, 1827-1867.

At quick speed.



f 2 Happy in Him who hath loved us and bought us,
Rich in the life which He gives to His own,
p Filled with the peace passing all understanding,
Never less lonely than just when alone.

f 3 Safe in His strength, in His love ever happy,
What are the tremblings and tossings of time?
Firm in His grasp, to His arm ever clinging,
Upward, still upward we buoyantly climb.

f 4 High on the rock, in our fortress sure sheltered,
Wave, wind, and foeman assail us in vain;
Buckler and shield is He, what can alarm us?
What though the fiery darts shower like the rain?

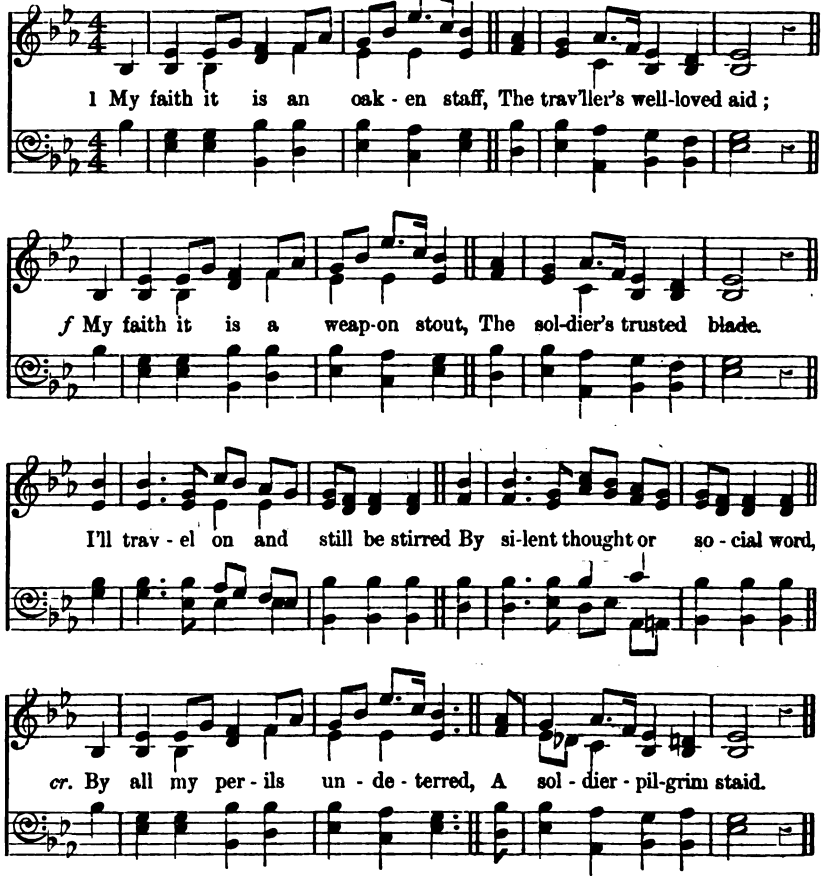
ff 5 Lead on, our Captain, we follow, we follow;
Life is no slumber, our battle no dream;
Lift up Thy banner, we rally, we rally;
Wave high Thy sword, we press on in its gleam.

Horatius Bonar, 1867.

497

A man full of faith.—Acts vi. 5.

Faith. 8.6.8.6.8.8.8.6 German Air.



2 I have a Captain, and the heart
Of every private man
Has drunk in valour from His eyes
Since first the war began;
He is most merciful in fight,
p And of His scars a single sight
The embers of our failing might,
cr. Into a flame can fan.

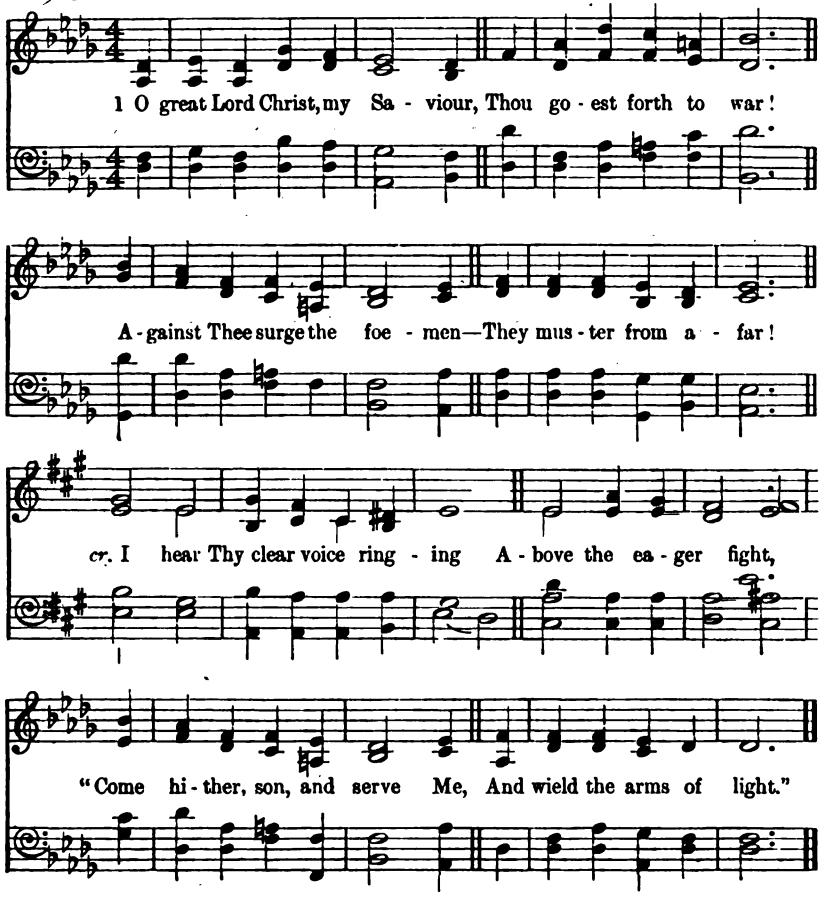
3 I have a Guide, and in His steps
When travellers have trod,
Whether beneath was flinty rock
Or yielding grassy sod,
cr. They cared not, but with force unspent,
Unmoved by pain they onward went,
Unstayed by pleasures till they bent
Their zealous course to God.

4 My faith it is an oaken staff,
p O, let me on it lean;
My faith it is a trusty sword,
p May falsehood find it keen!
Thy Spirit, Lord, to me impart,
cr. O make me what Thou ever art,—
Of patient and courageous heart,
As all true saints have been.

T. T. Lynch, 1818-1871.

498 *A good soldier of Jesus Christ.*—2 Tim. ii. 3.

Ewing. 7.6., 8 lines. ALEXANDER EWING, 1853.



2 I see amid the darkness,
Where tides of battle toss,
Aloft Thy broad white banner,
Marked with the blood-red cross;
cr. And all around are marshalled
The men whose hearts are pure:
Through Thine anointing Spirit
They shall, O Christ, endure.

pp 3 But I am all unstable
As a wind-shaken reed;
Forgotten vow and failure
And sins my way impede:
Behold, they are as scarlet
Before Thy holy face:
I cannot tell their number;
cr. I can but trust Thy grace.

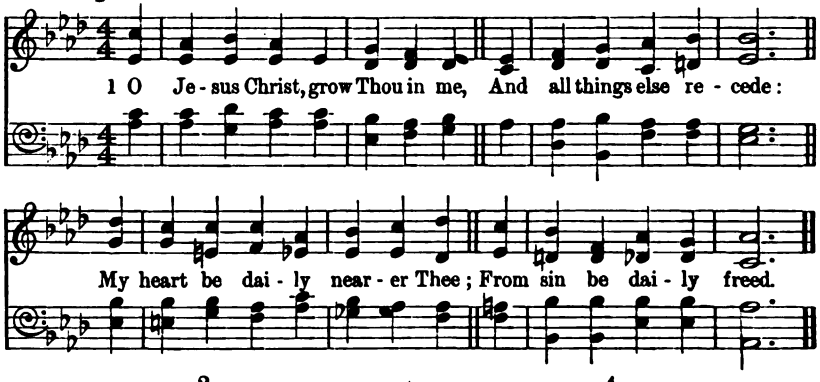
cr. 4 Yet would I, Lord, press near Thee,
And share Thy toil divine—
Thy love's long patient vigil
Ere lights of morning shine!
My Captain, O my Captain,
Stretch forth Thy nail-pierced hand,
And claim me by that token
One of Thy soldier band!

Alfred H. Vine, 1895.

499

Until Christ be formed in you.—Gal. iv. 19.

St. Marguerite. C.M. E. C. Walker, 1881.



2.

cr. Each day let Thy supporting might
My weakness still embrace;
My darkness vanish in Thy light,
Thy life my death efface.

3.

In Thy bright beams which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought:
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

4.

cr. More of Thy glory let me see,
Thou Holy, Wise, and True!
I would Thy living image be,
In joy and sorrow too.

5.

f Fill me with gladness from above,
Hold me by strength divine!
Lord, let the glow of Thy great love
Through my whole being shine.

6.

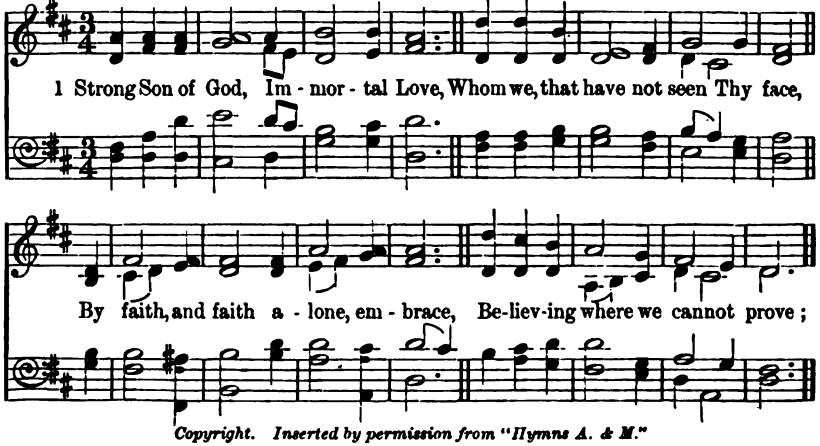
Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
cr. Oh, make me daily through Thy grace
More meet to bear Thy name!

J. C. Lavater, tr. H. B. Smith, 1860.

500

Thou art the Son of God.—John i. 49.

Rivaulx. L.M. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1868.



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2.

cr Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why:
He thinks he was not made to die:
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

3.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how:
p Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

4.

dim. Our little systems have their day:
They have their day and cease to be:
cr. They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

5.

p We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see,
cr. And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

6.

[Let knowledge grow from more to more,
p But more of reverence in us dwell:
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

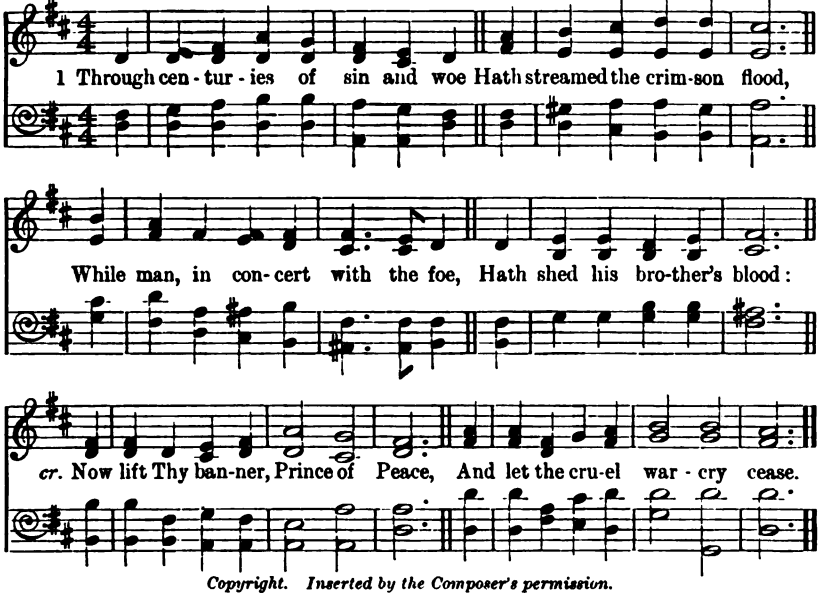
7.

But vaster. We are fools and slight,
We mock Thee when we do not fear;
But help Thy foolish ones to bear;
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.]

Lord Tennyson, 1850.

501 *Neither shall they learn war any more.*—Isa. ii. 4.

Palmyra. 8.6.8.6.8.8. J. Summers, Mus. Doc., 1863.



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p 2 In vain, 'mid clamours loud and rude,
Thy servants seek repose;
See, day by day, the strife renewed,
And brethren turned to foes:
cr. Then lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,
Make wrongs among Thy subjects cease.

3 Still to the heavens the weak will pour
Their loud unanswered cry;
Still wealth doth heap its secret store,
And want forgotten lie:
cr. Lift high Thy banner, Prince of Peace,
Let hatred die, and love increase.

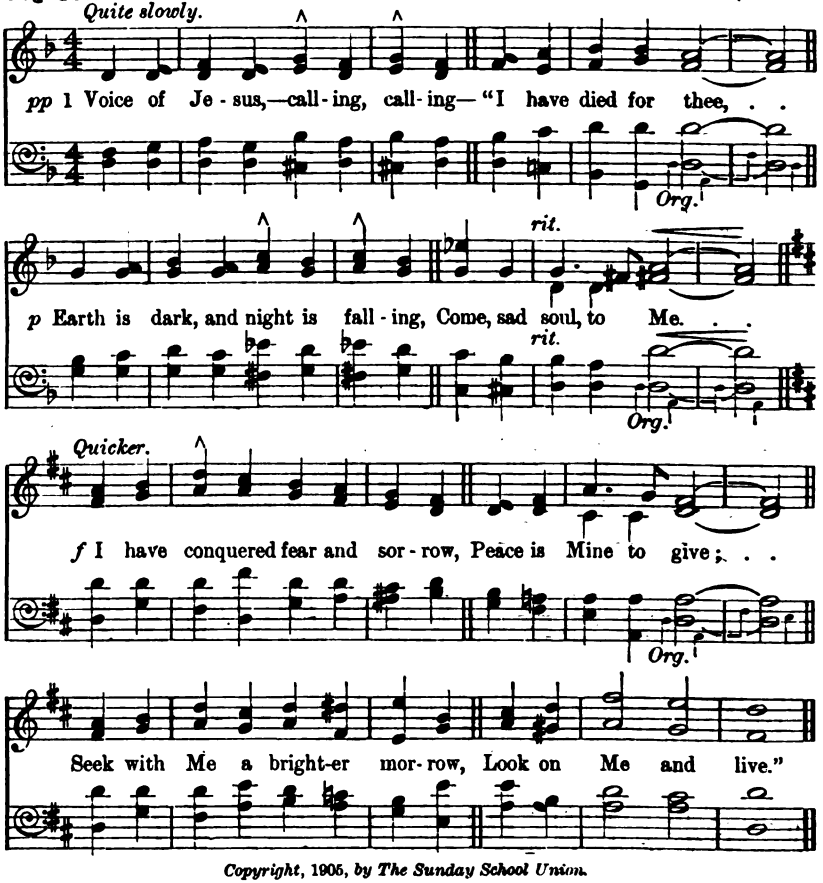
f 4 Thy Gospel, Lord, is grace and love;
O send it all abroad,
Till every heart submissive prove,
And bless the reigning God.
cr. Come, lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,
And give the weary world release.

J. Hampden Gurney, 1838.

502

Come unto Me.—Matt. xi. 28.

Vox Christi. 8.5., 8 lines. CAREY BONNER, 1905.



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p 2 Voice of Jesus,—calling, calling—
"Art thou still afraid?
Is that sin so fair, so thralling,
Canst not strike it dead'
f Look on Me, O faint believer,
Look and steadfast be;
cr. I have loved thee, loved for ever,
Leave that sin, for Me."

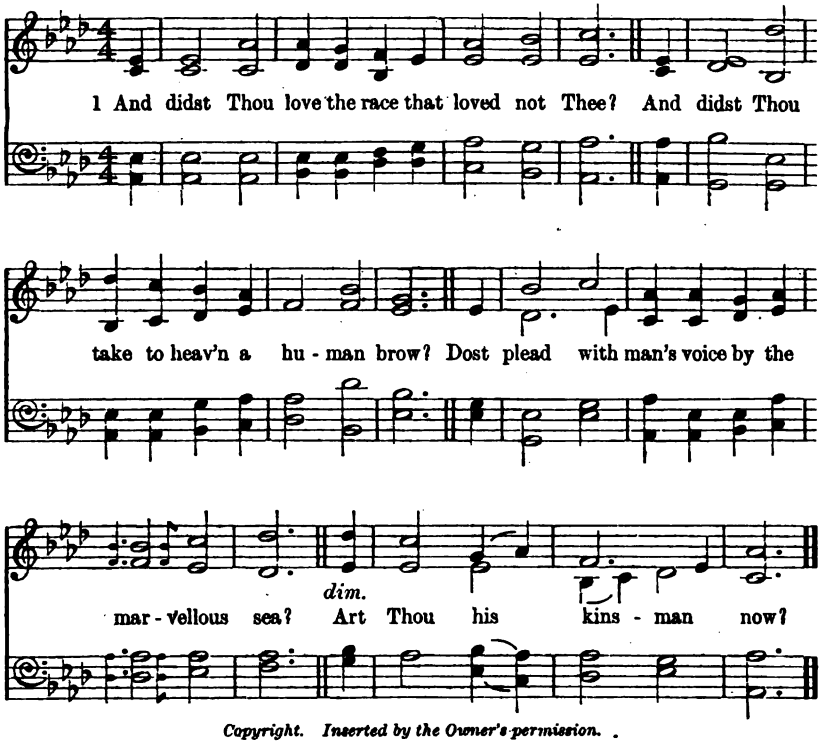
p 3 "Cling, belovèd, I am near thee
dim. In the hour of death;
Call, belovèd, I can hear thee,
pp Hear thy faintest breath."
cr. Voice of Jesus,—calling, calling—
"Now the stream is past,
Earthly cares and burdens falling,
ff Thou art mine, at last."

Kathleen Knox, circa 1880.

503

The love of Christ constraineth us.—2 Cor. v. 14.

Artavia. 10.10.10.6. E. J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc., 1887.



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2 O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough!
O Man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
dim. Whose lips drawn human breath!

cr. 3 By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where, sinless, Thou dost shine,
To draw us sinners in;

p 4 By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
cr. I pray Thee, visit me.

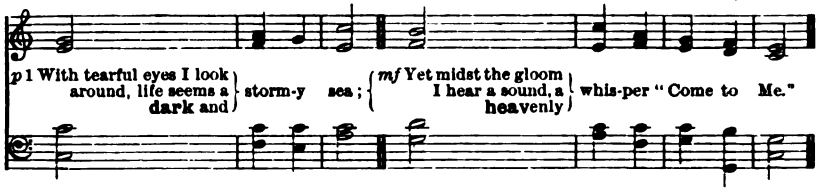
5 Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
p Die ere the Guest adored she entertain—
cr. Lest eyes that never saw Thine earthly day
dim. Should miss Thy heavenly reign.

Jean Ingelow, 1863.

504

Come unto Me.—Matt. xi. 28.

Come to Me. L.M. W. B. Bradbury, 1860.



2 It tells me of a place of rest; it tells me **where** my | soul may | flee: ||
cr. Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed, how **sweet** the | bidding | "Come to | Me." ||

p 3 When nature shudders, loth to part from all I **love**, en- | joy, and | see; ||
dim. When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, a **sweet** voice | utters, | "Come to | Me." ||

dim. 4 Come, for all else must fail and die, earth is no **resting**- | place for | thee; ||
cr. Heavenward direct thy weeping eye, I am thy | portion, | "Come to | Me." ||

dim. 5 O Voice of mercy! voice of love! in conflict, **grief**, and | ago- | ny, ||
cr. Support me, cheer me from above! and **gently** | whisper, | "Come to | Me." ||

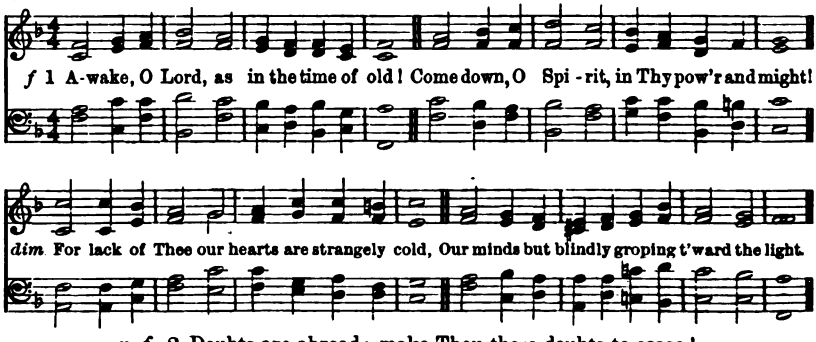
Anon., 1860.

The Holy Spirit.

505

And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.—Acts ii. 1.

Toulon. 10's. *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.



p f 2 Doubts are abroad; make Thou these doubts to cease!
p f Fears are within: set Thou these fears at rest!
p f Strife is among us; melt that strife to peace!
p f Change marches onward: may all change be blest!

p 3 It is not knowledge that we chiefly need,
Though knowledge sanctified by Thee is dear:
cr. It is the will and power to love indeed;
It is the constant thought that God is near.

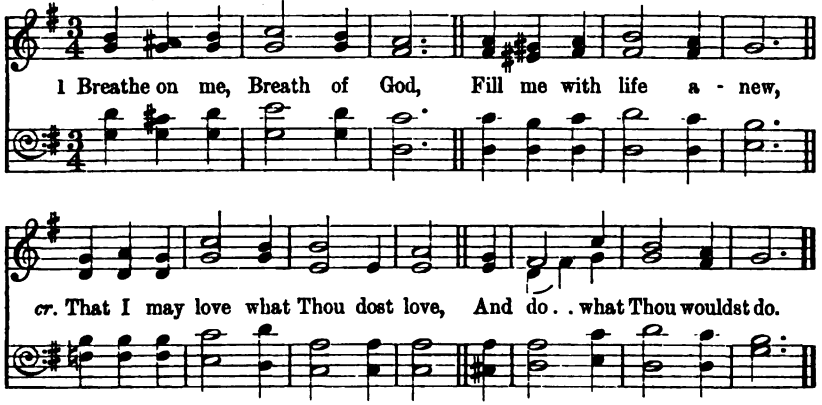
4 Make us to be what we pretend to be;
Let prayer be prayer, and praise be heartfelt praise;
From unreality oh! set us free,
And let our words be echoed by our ways.

5 Turn us, good Lord, and so shall we be turned:
Let every passion grieving Thee be stilled:
cr. Then shall our race be won, our guerdons earned,
Our Master looked on, and our joy fulfilled.

Henry Twells, 1901.

506 *The breath of the Almighty hath given me life.*—Job xxxiii. 4.

Woolwich. [FIRST TUNE.] S.M. C. E. KETTLE, 1881.



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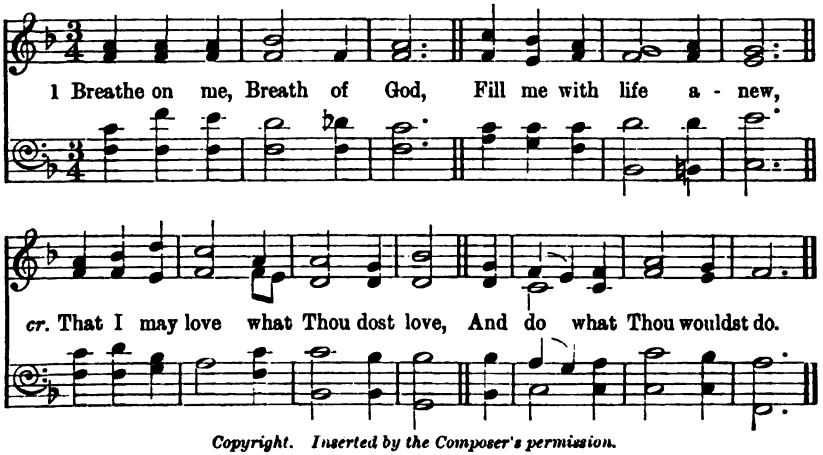
p 2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
cr. Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
f Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

mf 4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
cr. But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

E. Hatch, 1886.

Trentham. [SECOND TUNE.] S.M. R. JACKSON, 1890.



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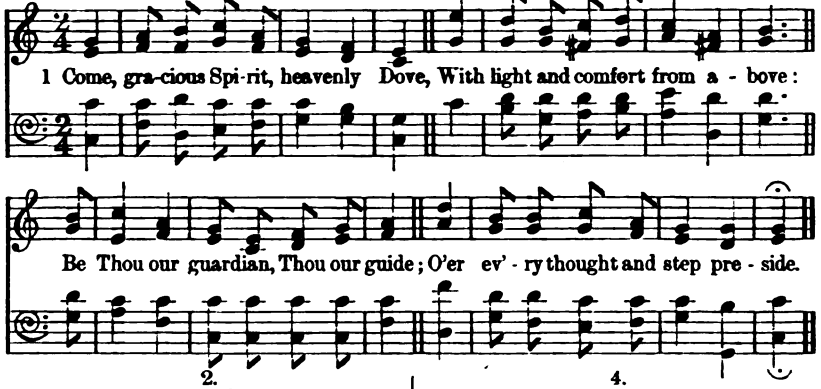
507

As many as are led by the Spirit of God.—Rom. viii. 14.

Luther's Chant. L.M. C. Zeuner, *circa* 1860.



2.

Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
cr. Lead to Thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
p Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4.

Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
cr. Lead us to Christ—the living way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray.

5.

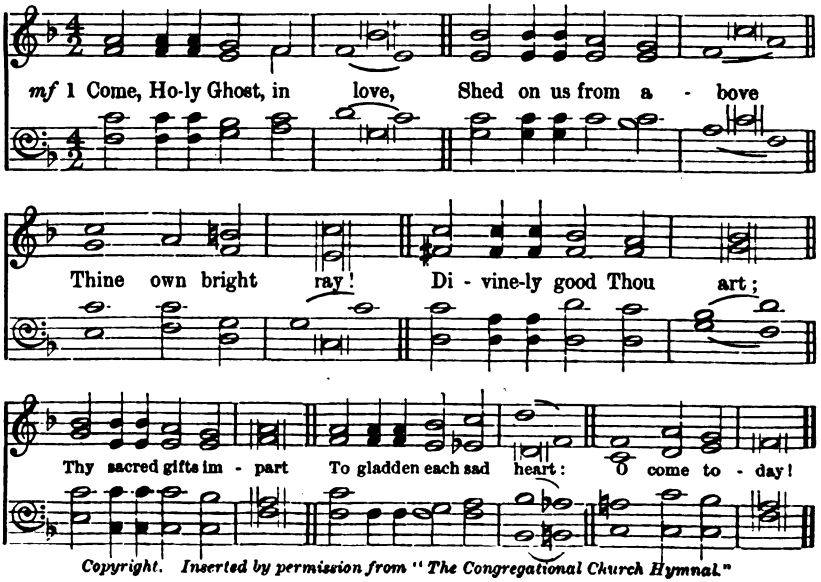
cr. Lead us to God, our final rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Simon Browne, 1680-1732.

508

He shall give you another Comforter.—John xiv. 16.

Kirby Bedon. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. E. Bunnett, Mus. Doc., 1887.



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2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
p Rest which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

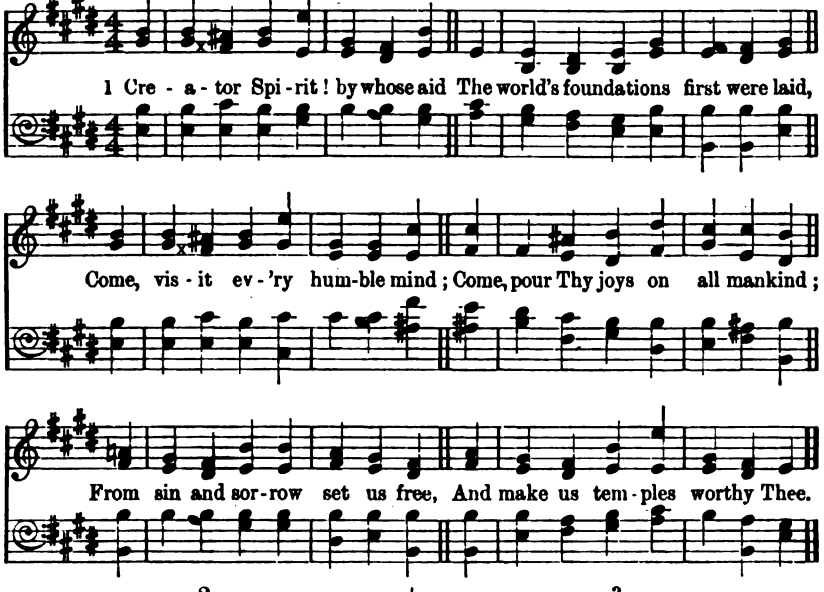
3 Come, Light serene, and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast;
cr. We know no dawn but Thine,
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

f 4 Come, all the faithful bless:
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

(?) Robert II. *of France, tr. Ray Palmer*, 1858.

509 *Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.*—1 Cor. vi. 19.

Dura. 8's., 6 lines. H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1806-1876.



2.

Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
m Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3.

f Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
m Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee:
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.

4.

f Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's Name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
p Who for lost man's redemption died;
f And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee!

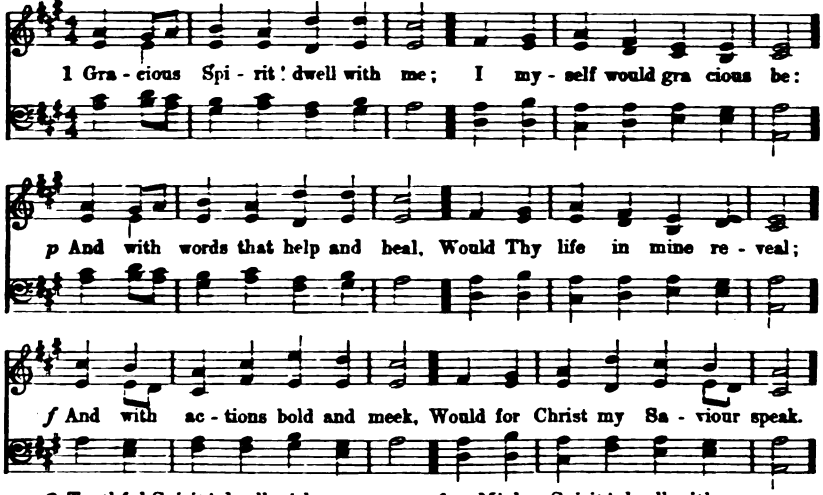
Attributed to Charlemagne, tr. J. Dryden, 1693.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Eaton," No. 467.

510

He hath given us of His Spirit.—1 John iv. 13.

Dir. 7's., 6 lines. CONRAD KOCHER, 1786-1872.



2 Truthful Spirit! dwell with me;
I myself would truthful be:
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
cr. And with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

p 3 Tender Spirit! dwell with me;
I myself would tender be:
Shut my heart up like a flower,
At temptation's darksome hour;
f Open it when shines the Sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

f 4 Mighty Spirit! dwell with me,
I myself would mighty be:
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where, unaided, man must fail;
cr. Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

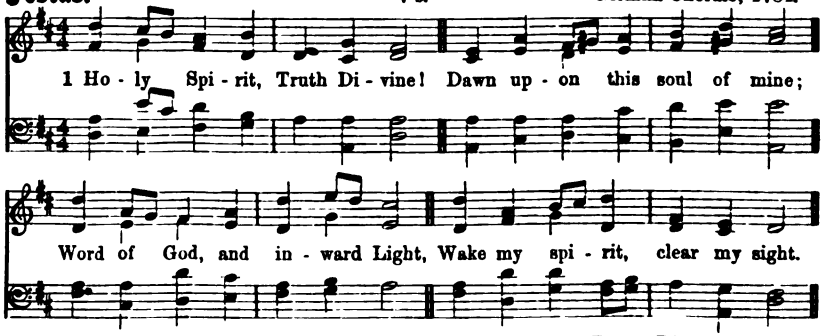
p 5 Holy Spirit! dwell with me;
I myself would holy be:
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
cr. And whatever I can be,
Give to Him, who gave me Thee.

Thomas T. Lynch, 1855.

511

For the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness.—Eph. v. 9.

Festus. 7's. German Chorale, 1784.



mp 2 Holy Spirit, Love Divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire!

f 3 Holy Spirit, Power Divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive!

4 Holy Spirit, Right Divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Lord, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

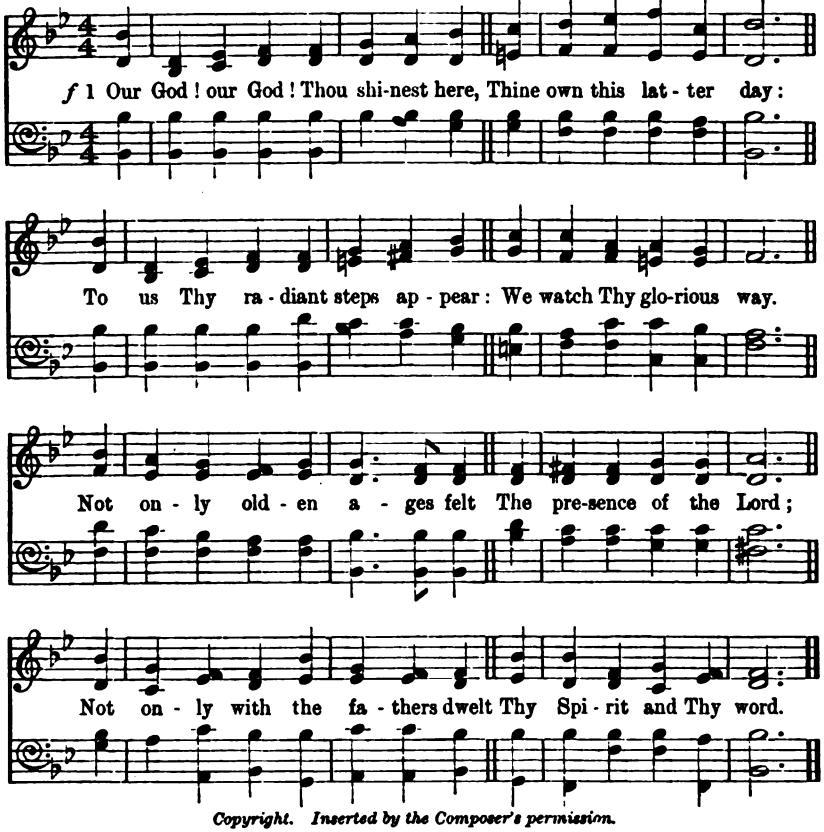
p 5 Holy Spirit, Peace Divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
dim. Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

f 6 Holy Spirit, Joy Divine!
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
Spring, O Well, for ever spring!

Samuel Longfellow, 1864.

512 *That they without us should not be made perfect.*—Heb. xi. 40.

Filius Dei. C.M. D. A. R. Gaul, Mus. Bac., *circa* 1859.



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2 Doth not the Spirit still descend
And bring the heavenly fire?
Doth not He still Thy Church extend,
And waiting souls inspire?

f Come, Holy Ghost! in us arise;
Be this Thy mighty hour!

mp And make Thy willing people wise
To know Thy day of power!

f 3 Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong,
On Thy celestial wing,
And grant us grace to look and long
For our returning King.

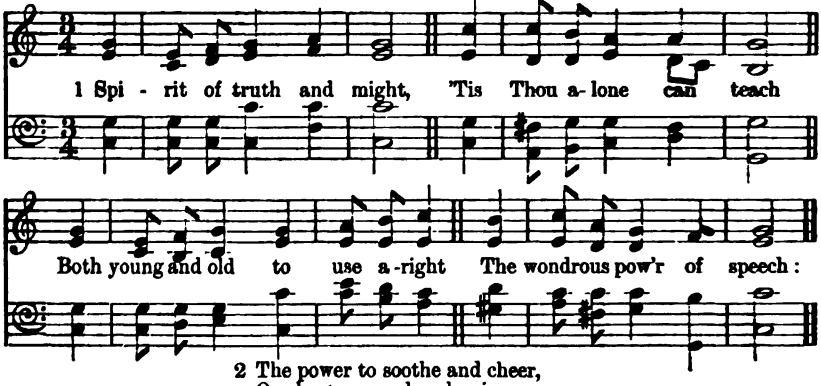
cr. He draweth near, He standeth by,
He fills our eyes, our ears;
"Come, King of grace," Thy people cry,
"And bring the glorious years!"

T. H. Gill, 1869.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Blenden," No. 76.

513 *By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.*—Matt. xii. 37.

Boylston. S.M. LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc., 1792-1872.



2 The power to soothe and cheer,
p Or else to wound and pain;
mf The power to spread God's holy fear,
p Or take His Name in vain.

3 The tongue can no man tame;
It is a deadly ill;
cr. And hence Thy gracious aid we claim
To bend it to Thy will.

4 Oh, let Thy sacred light
Inspire both age and youth
To pray, to praise, to warn, to fight
The glorious fight of Truth.

5 So if our words below
Be prompted by Thy love,
cr. We trust one day to hear and know
The speech of saints above. *Henry Twells*, 1901.

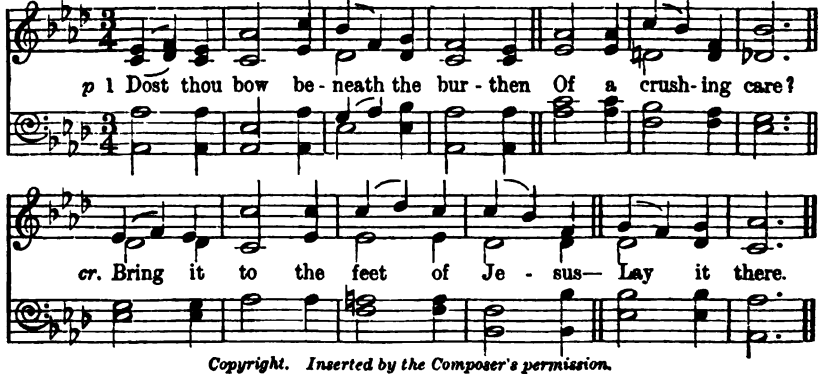
This hymn may also be sung to tune "Huddersfield," No. 608.

Christian Character and Conduct.

I. The Dedicated Life.

514 *Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.*—Psalm lv. 22.

Bullinger. 8.5.8.3. E. W. BULLINGER, D.D., 1864.



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mf 2 What thy need? He can supply it:
Longing? He can grant:
cr. In Him find exhaustless fulness
For each want.

p 3 Was there ever one that sought Him
Yet to be denied?
cr. Hope has in His gracious presence
Never died.

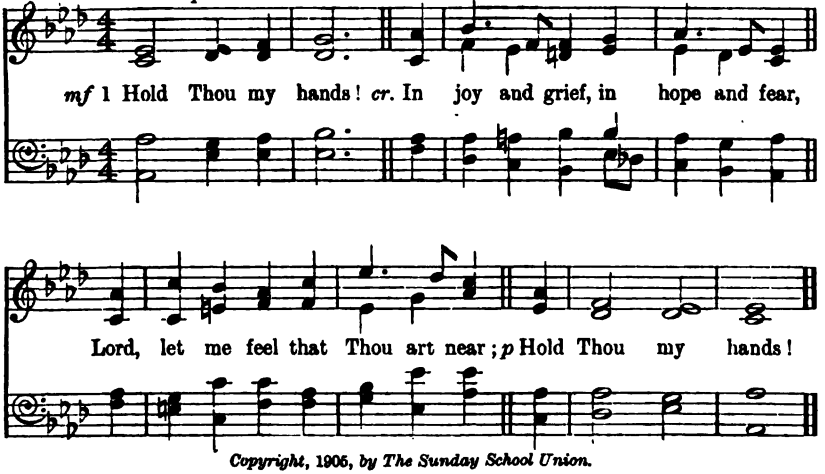
cr. 4 Who has ever found Him faithless?
Who has found Him weak?
Multitudes His mighty praises
Joyful speak.

p 5 Aged men and gentle maidens,
Young men, children sweet,
f Lay their crowns of adoration
At His feet.

G. T. Coster, 1879.

515 *Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.*—Psalm cxix. 117.

Aviemore. 4.8.8.4. A. Bryce, 1905.



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p 2 If faith grow weak,
If ere by doubts and dreams depressed,
dim. I cannot find in Thee my rest,
p Hold Thou my hands!

mf 3 Hold Thou my hands—
These passionate hands so quick to smite,
These hands too eager for delight,—
p Hold Thou my hands!

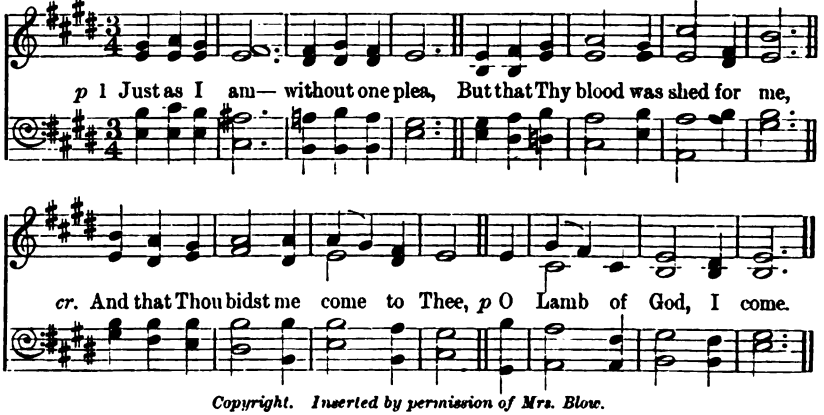
dim. 4 And when, at length,
With eyes grown dark and fingers cold,
I seek some last loved hand to hold,
pp Hold Thou my hands!

William Canton, 1893.

516

Come unto Me.—Matt. xi. 28.

Agnus Dei. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.8.8.6. W. BLOW, 1881.



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2.
cr. Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

3.
p Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

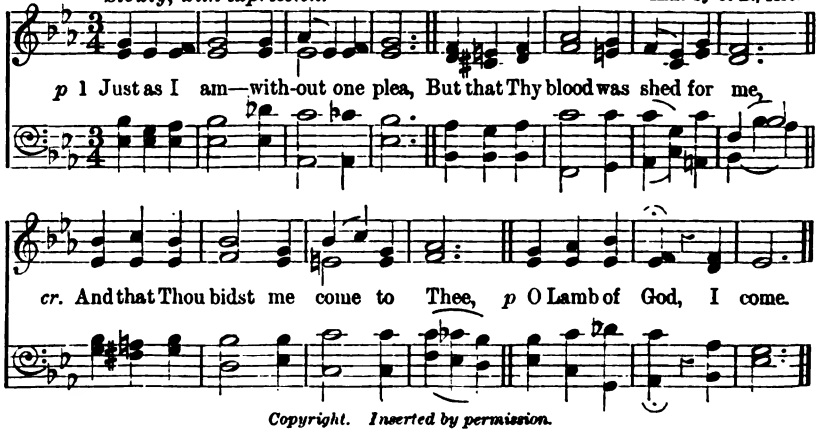
4.
p Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
f Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

5.
cr. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,—
p O Lamb of God, I come.

6.
f 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
p O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

Rawdon. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.8.8.6. Anon.
Slowly, with expression. Har. by C. B., 1896.



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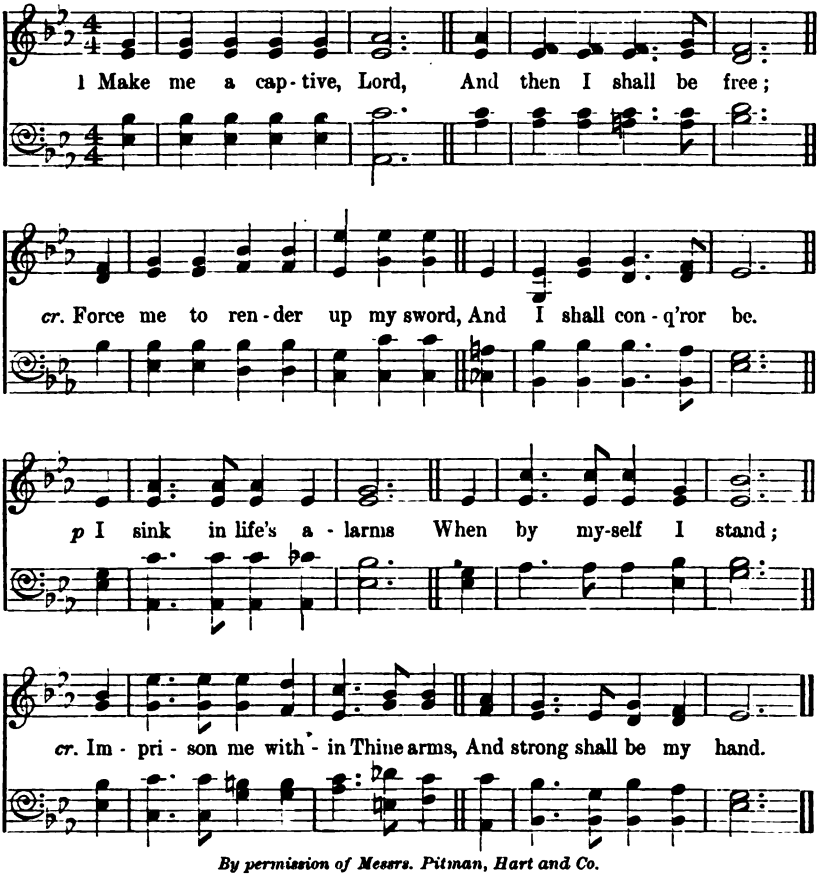
517

A bond servant of Jesus Christ.—Rom. i. 1.

Leominster. S.M. D. GEO. WM. MARTIN, 1825-1881.



By permission of Messrs. Pitman, Hart and Co.

p 2 My heart is weak and poor
Until it master find:
It has no spring of action sure—
It varies with the wind:
It cannot freely move
Till Thou hast wrought its chain;
cr. Enslave it with Thy matchless love,
And deathless it shall reign.

p 3 My power is faint and low
Till I have learned to serve:
It wants the needed fire to glow,
It wants the breeze to nerve;
cr. It cannot drive the world
Until itself be driven;
Its flag can only be unfurl'd [heav'n.
When Thou shalt breathe from

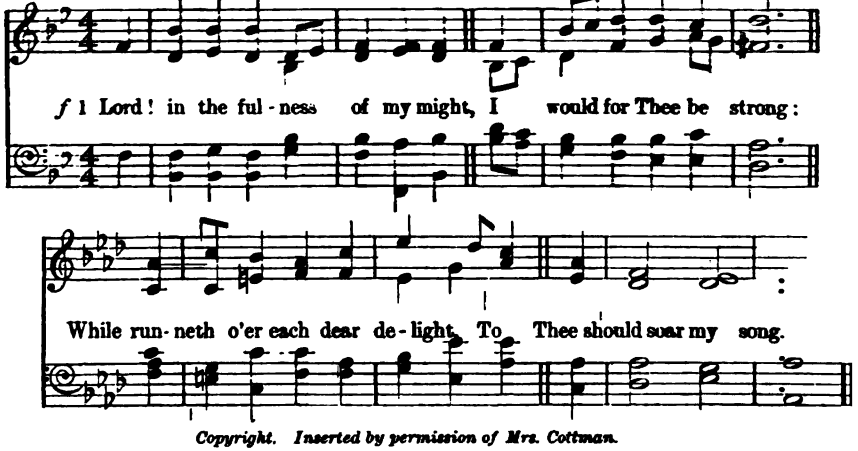
mf 4 My will is not my own
Till Thou hast made it Thine;
If it would reach a monarch's throne
It must its crown resign:
It only stands unbent
Amid the clashing strife,
p When on Thy bosom it has leant,
And found in Thee its life.

George Matheson, 1890.

518

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way.—Psalm cxix. 9.

Birfield. C.M. ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1876.



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p 2 I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess Thy love;
I would not feel my strength depart,
And then Thy service prove.

f 3 I would not with swift-winged zeal
On the world's errands go;
p And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.

cr. 4 Oh, not for Thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part!
Oh, not for Thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!

5 Oh, choose me in my golden time!
In my dear joys have part!
f For Thee the glory of my prime—
The fulness of my heart!

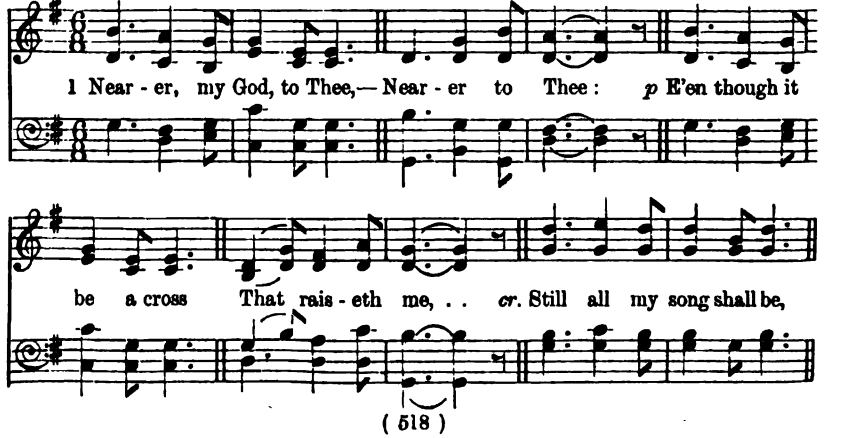
6 I cannot, Lord, too early take
The covenant divine:
Oh, ne'er the happy heart may break,
Whose earliest love was Thine!

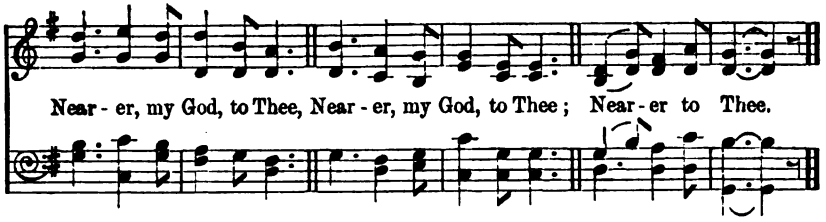
T. H. Gill, 1869.

519

It is good for me to draw near to God.—Psalm lxxiii. 28.

Bethany. [FIRST TUNE.] 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc., 1792-1872.





p 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
cr. Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee.

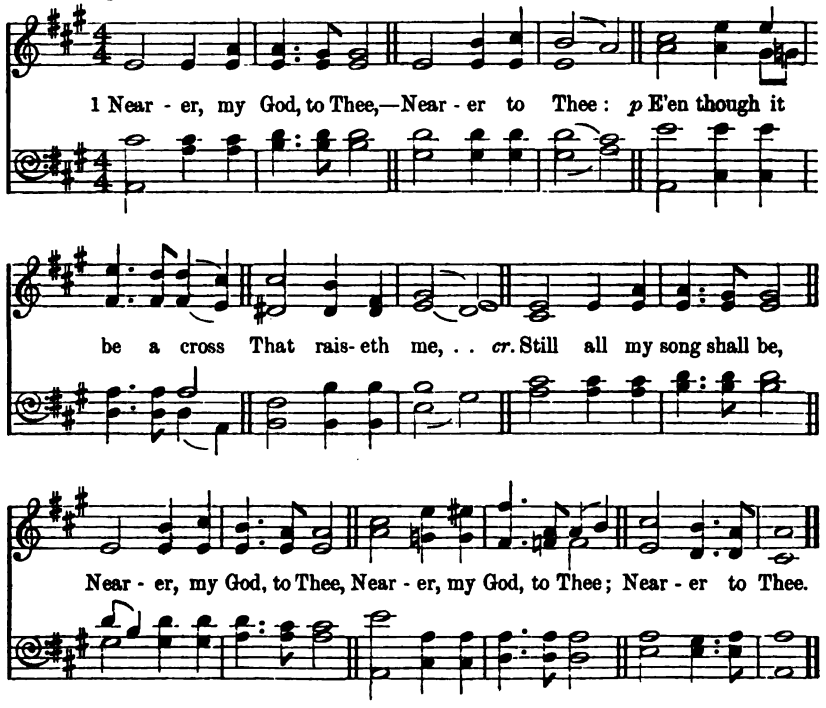
mf 3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee.

f 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
cr. So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee.

f 5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
cr. Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams, 1841.

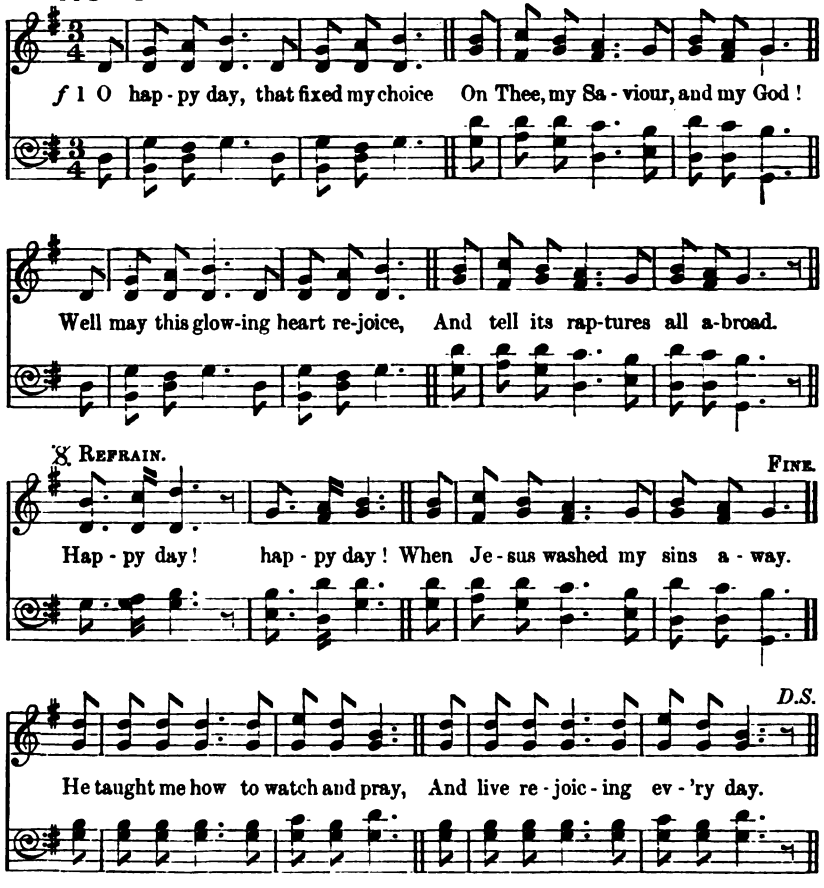
Southampton. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. Anon., *circa* 1880.



520

He went on his way rejoicing.—Acts viii. 39.

O happy day. L.M. with Refrain. Anon., *circa* 1830.



2.

O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
cr. Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day, etc.

3.

'Tis done; the great transaction 's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the Voice divine.
Happy day, etc.

4.

p Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
cr. With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?
Happy day, etc.

5.

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
cr. That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
Happy day, etc.

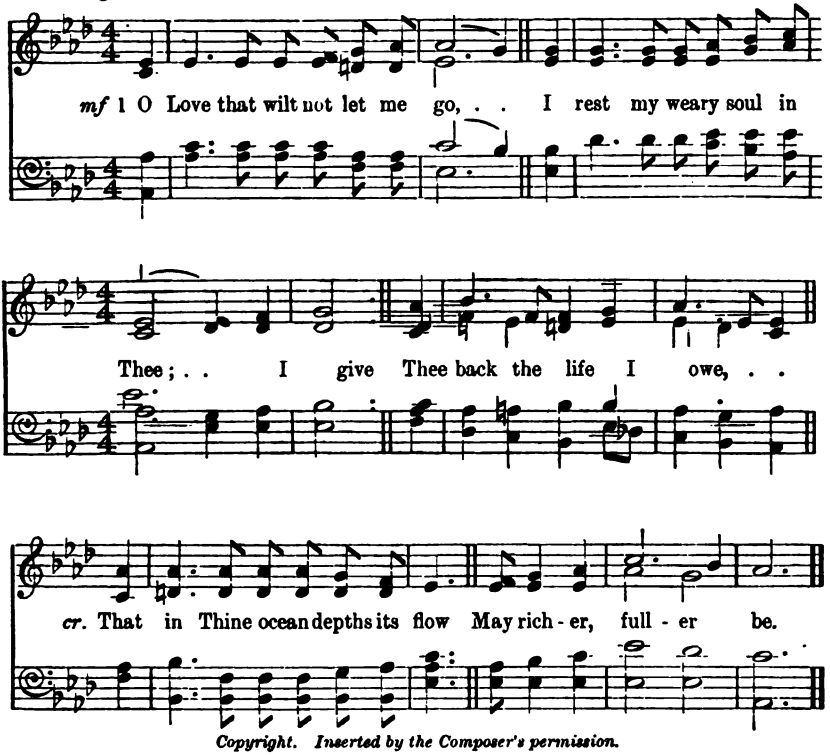
P. Doddridge, 1755.

This hymn may also be sung (without Refrain) to tune "Ernan," No. 532.

521

How shall I give thee up?—Hos. xi. 8.

St. Margaret. 8.8.8.8.6. A. L. Peace, Mus. Doc., 1884.



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mf 2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
cr. That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

p 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
cr. I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

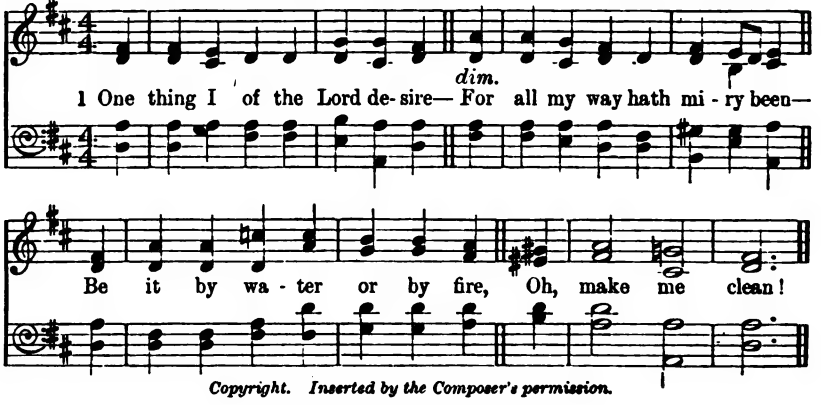
mf 4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
p I lay in dust life's glory dead,
cr. And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson, D.D., 1883.

522

Create in me a clean heart, O God.—Psalm li. 10.

In Memoriam. [FIRST TUNE.] 8.8.8.4. F. C. MAKER, 1876.



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f 2 If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
p But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me.

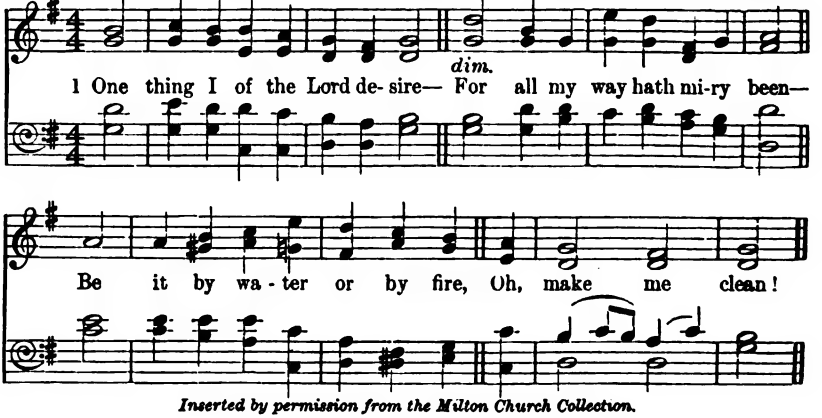
cr. 3 Yea, only as the heart is clean
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirrored in its depths are seen
The things divine.

p 4 I watch to shun the miry way,
And stanch the spring of guilty thought:
dim. But, watch and wrestle as I may,
Pure I am not.

cr. 5 So wash Thou me without, within—
Or purge with fire, if that must be;
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me.

Walter C. Smith, 1876.

Magdale. [SECOND TUNE.] 8.8.8.4. E. BOOTHROYD, *circa* 1880.



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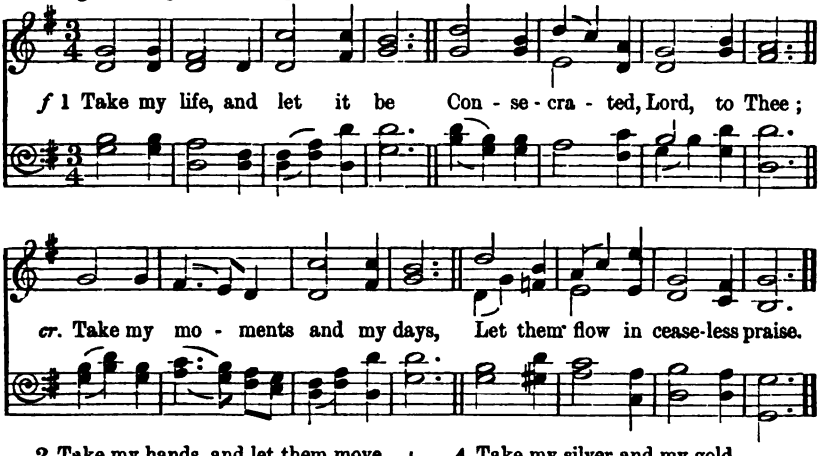
523 *Ye are not your own. Ye are bought with a price.*—1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

Nottingham. [FIRST TUNE.] 7's. From MOZART, 1756-1791.



2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

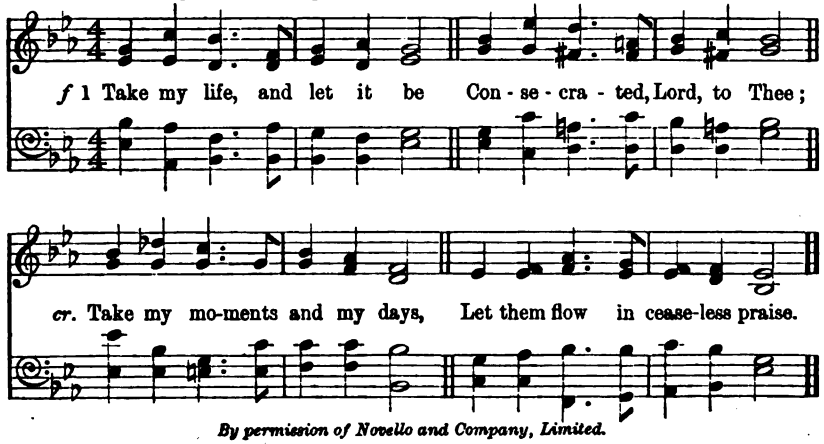
4 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

p 5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine:
cr. Take my heart, it *is* Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

mf 6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
f Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1878.

Consecration. [SECOND TUNE.] 7's. GEO. M. GARRETT, MUS. DOC., *circa* 1880.



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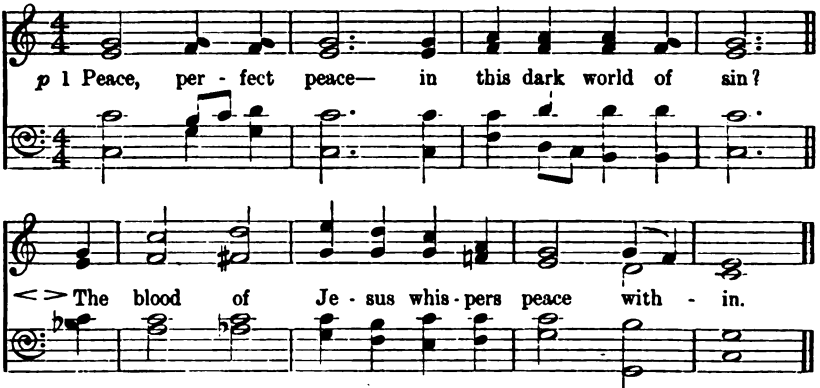
524

My peace I give unto you.—John xiv. 27.

Pax Tecum. 10's. Antiphonal. G. T. Caldbeck, 1877.



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mf 2 Peace, perfect peace—by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

p 3 Peace, perfect peace—with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

p 4 Peace, perfect peace—with loved ones far away
f In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

p 5 Peace, perfect peace—our future all unknown?
cr. Jesus we know, and He is on the Throne.

pp 6 Peace, perfect peace—death shadowing us and ours?
f Jesus hath vanquished death and all its powers.

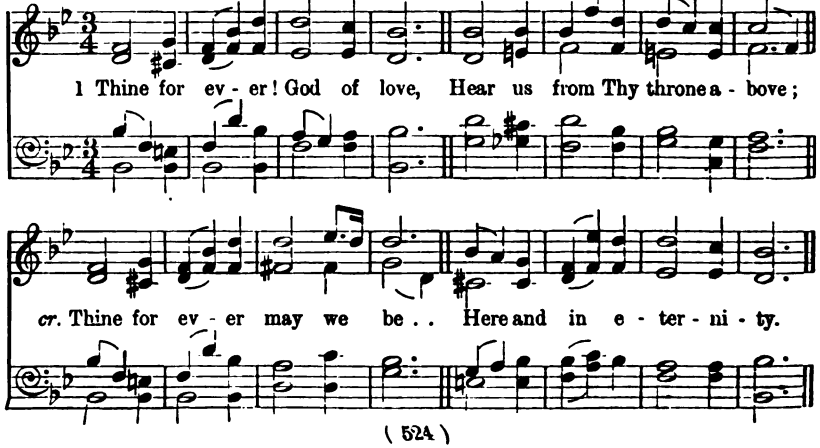
mf 7 It is enough—earth's struggles soon shall cease;
dim. And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1875.

525

And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels.—Mal. iii. 17.

Gottschalk. 7's. Louis M. Gottschalk, 1829-1869.



2 Thine for ever! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

f 3 Thine for ever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heav'nly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

p 4 Thine for ever! Shepherd, keep
These, Thy frail and trembling sheep:
cr. Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

cr. 5 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heav'n.

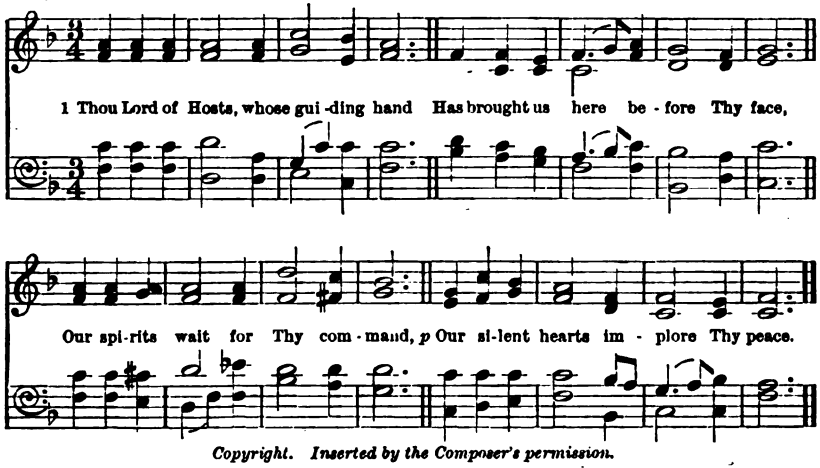
Mary F. Maude, 1848.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Nottingham," No. 523.

526

The Lord God is my strength.—Hab. iii. 19.

Arizona. L.M. R. H. EARNSHAW, Mus. Doc., 1880.



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2 Those spirits lay their noblest powers
As offerings on Thy holy shrine;
cr. Thine was the strength that nourished ours,
The soldiers of the cross are Thine.

mf 3 Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord,
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
cr. Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Thee our truest might.

4 Send down Thy constant aid, we pray;
Be Thy pure angels with us still;
cr. Thy truth, be that our firmest stay,
Our only rest to do Thy will.

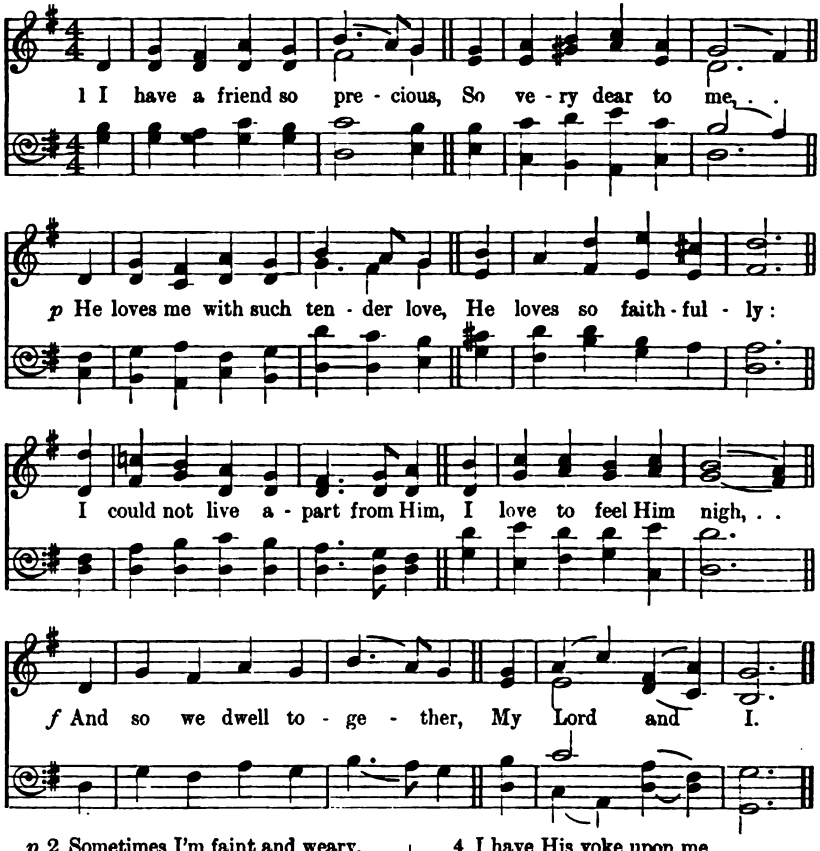
Octavius Frothingham, 1822-1895.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Saxby," No. 244.

527

He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit.—1 Cor. vi. 17.

Bradford. 7.6.8.6.8.6.7.4. From HAYDN, 1732-1809.



p 2 Sometimes I'm faint and weary,
He knows that I am weak,
And as He bids me lean on Him,
His help I gladly seek;
He leads me in the paths of light
Beneath a sunny sky,
f And so we walk together,
My Lord and I.

p 3 He knows how I am longing
Some weary soul to win,
mf And so He bids me go, and speak
The loving word for Him;
He bids me tell His wondrous love,
p And why He came to die,
f And so we work together,
My Lord and I.

4 I have His yoke upon me,
And easy 'tis to bear;
* In the burden which He carries
I gladly take a share;
cr. For then it is my happiness
To have Him always nigh:
f We bear the yoke together,
My Lord and I.

p 5 And when the journey's ended
In rest and peace at last,
When every thought of danger
And weariness is past,
cr. * In the Kingdom of the future,
In the Glory by-and-bye,
ff We'll live and reign together,
My Lord and I.

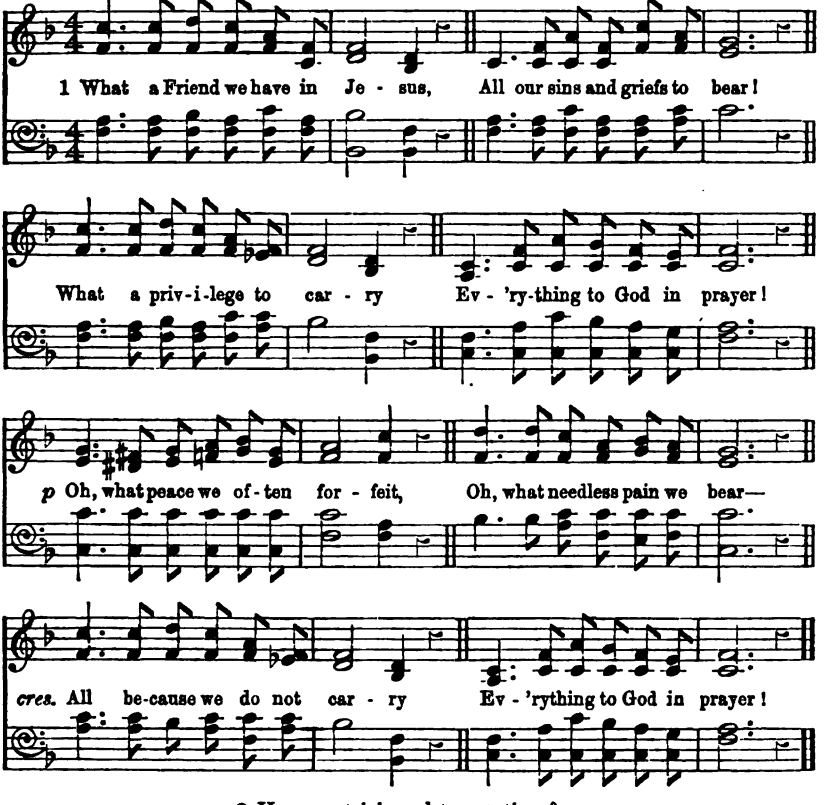
L. Shorey, circa 1885.

* In the

2. Prayer.

528 *"His ears are open unto their prayers."*—1 Pet. iii. 12.

What a Friend we have. 8.7., 8 lines. CHAS. C. CONVERSE, 1870.



p 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
mf We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
cr. Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

p 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
f Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
p Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
cr. In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

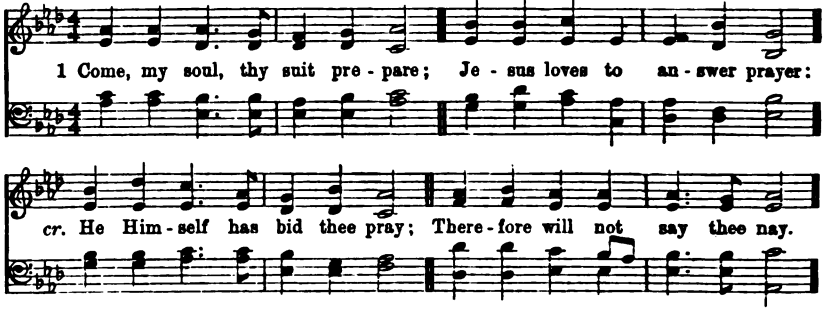
J. Scriven, 1870.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Deerhurst," No. 350.

529

Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.—Psalm lxxxi. 10.

St. Bees. 7's. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., 1862.



f 2 Thou art coming to a King;
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such
None can ever ask too much.

p 3 With my burden I begin:—
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

p 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest:
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

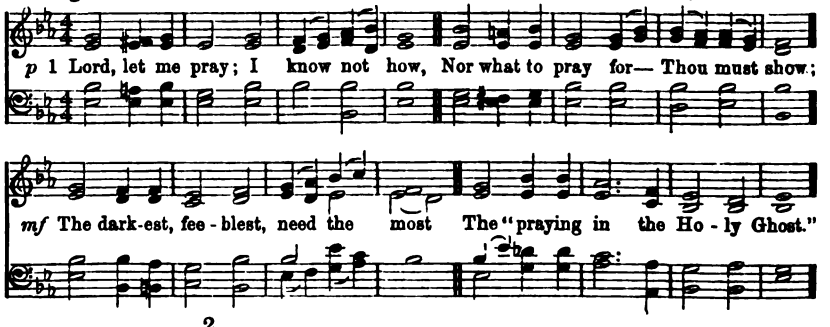
f 6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton, 1779.

530

The Spirit helpeth our infirmities.—Rom. viii. 26.

Dolley. L.M. George Hews, 1806-1873.



2.

p What can man do, if left alone,
Beyond a faithless, useless moan?
cr. Helper of man's infirmity,
O God the Spirit! help Thou me.

3.

Descend, O purity Divine,
And stoop to sins and wants like mine;
Humble Thyself to all my need,
And in me, for me, with me plead.

4.

mf Spirit of Holiness! control,
Dilate, inspire, pervade my soul:
Make it a harp, from whose poor strings
Thy hand the suppliant music brings.

5.

f Make it a voice for heavenly thought,
Spirit of power! by Thee inwrought;
dim. Thou tender Spirit! breathe in me
The tenderness of Deity.

6.

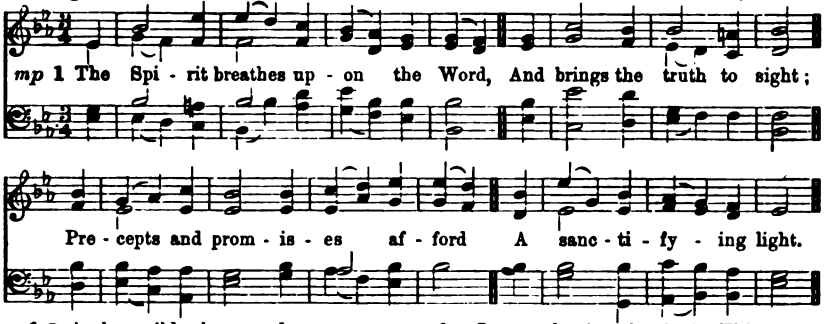
mf Then God will hear; He loves right well
The yearnings deep no words can tell;
cr. All interceding grace is there;
Spirit of God! pray Thou the prayer.

George Rawson, 1876.

3. Bible Study.

531 *The entrance of Thy words giveth light.*—Psalm cxix. 130.

Abridge. C.M. ISAAC SMITH, 1770.



f 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
cr. It gives, but borrows none.

mf 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
cr. His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

f 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

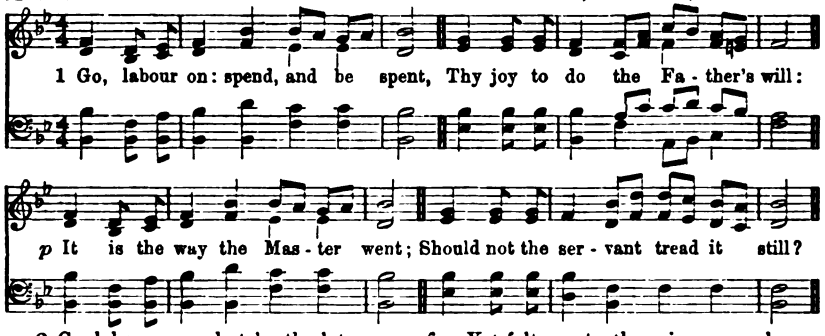
cr. 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper, 1779.

4. The Life of Service.

532 *Go, work to-day in My vineyard.*—Matt. xxi. 28.

Ernan. L.M. LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc., 1792-1872.



2 Go, labour on; whate'er thy lot;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain:
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises: what are men?

cr. 3 Go, labour on; enough while here
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

p 4 Go, labour on: your hands are weak,
Your knees are faint, your souls cast down;

f Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

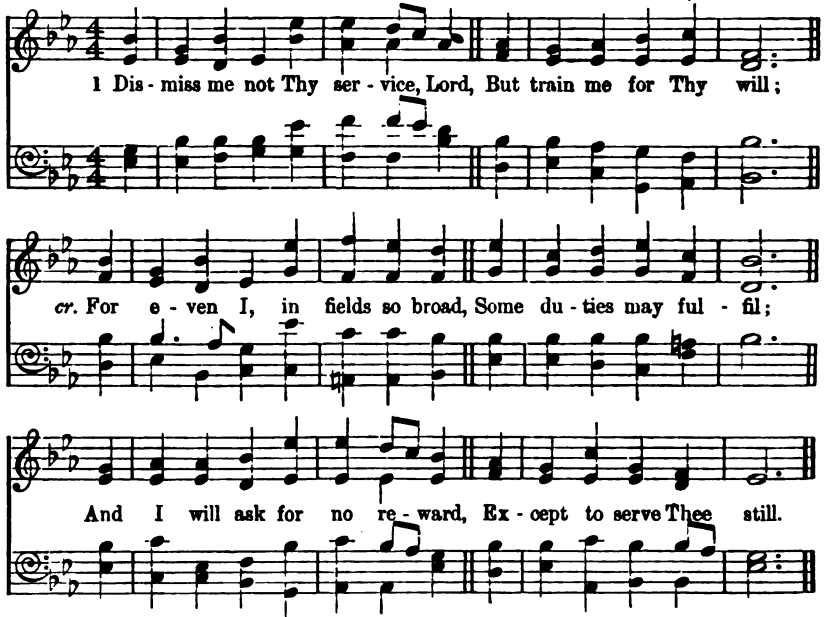
f 6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For work comes rest, for exile home:
cr. Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold I come."

Horatius Bonar, 1843.

533

If any man serve Me . . . him will My Father honour.—John xii. 26.

Lebanon. 8.6., 6 lines. From SPOHR, 1784-1859.



cr. 2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come:
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some:
f Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
p Thy little ones at home.

3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity;
f And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be.

4 Our Master all the work hath done,
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His sonship may;
dim. Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

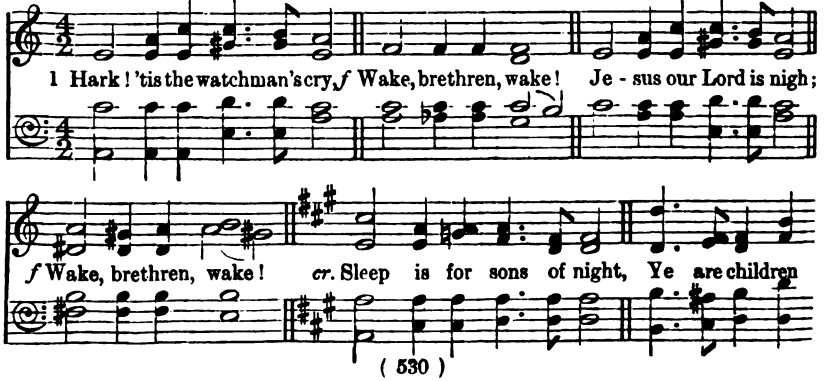
T. T. Lynch, 1855.

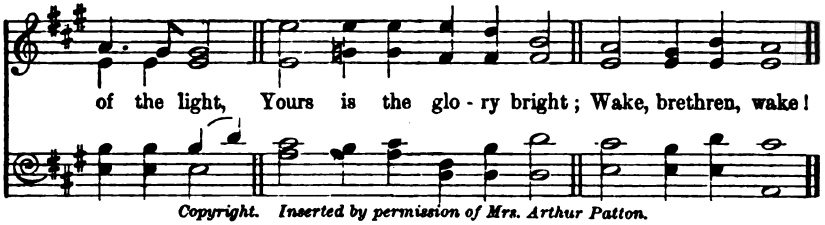
This hymn may also be sung to tune "St. Silas," No. 549.

534

It is high time to awake out of sleep.—Rom. xiii. 11.

Vigil. [FIRST TUNE.] 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4. ARTHUR PATTON, 1873.





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f 2 Call to each waking band,
Watch, brethren, watch!
Clear is our Lord's command,
f Watch, brethren, watch!
p Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late!
f Watch, brethren, watch!

f 3 Heed we the steward's call,
Work, brethren, work!
There's room enough for all,
f Work, brethren, work!
cr. This vineyard of the Lord
Constant labour will afford,
Yours is a sure reward;
Work, brethren, work!

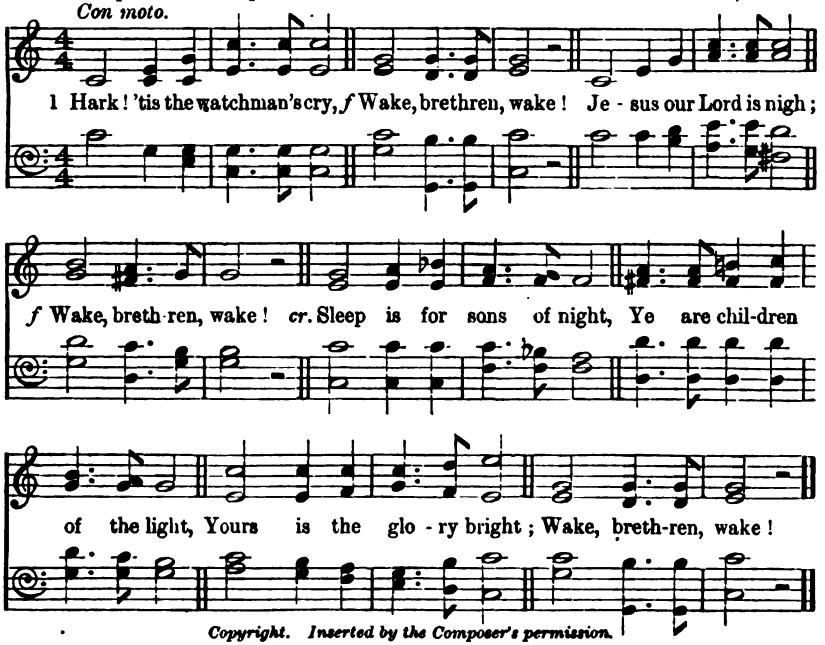
p 4 Hear we the Shepherd's voice,
Pray, brethren, pray!
Would ye His heart rejoice?
Pray, brethren, pray!
dim. Sin calls for constant fear,
Weakness needs the strong one near,
Long as ye struggle here,
Pray, brethren, pray!

f 5 Now sound the final chord,
Praise, brethren, praise!
p Thrice holy is our Lord,
f Praise, brethren, praise!
cr. What more befits the tongues,
Soon to join the angels' songs,
While heaven the note prolongs?
Praise, brethren, praise!

Anon., 1855.

Clarion. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4. MYLES B. FOSTER, 1890.

Con moto.



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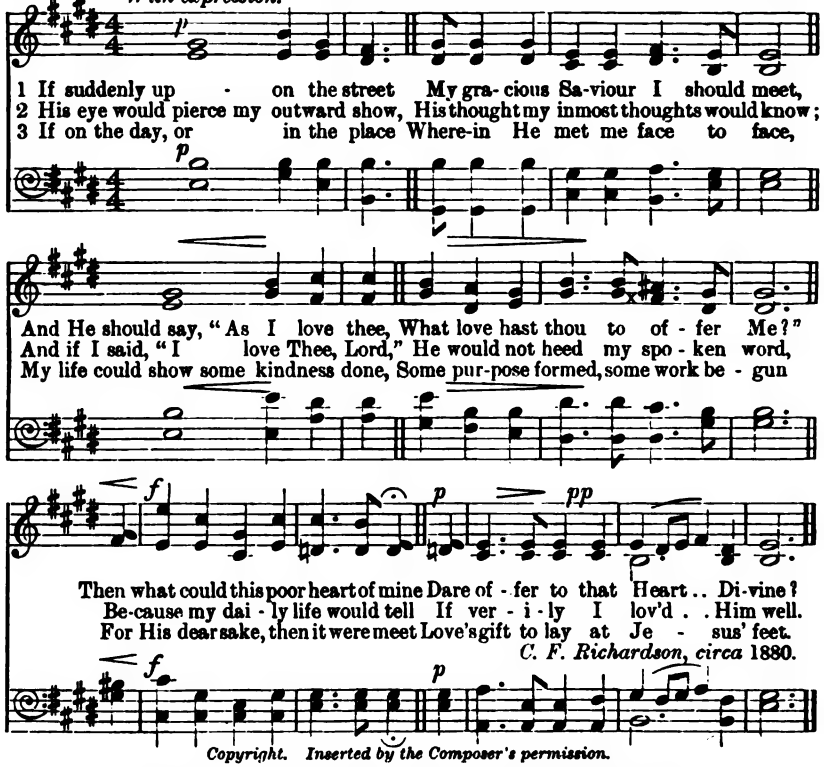
This hymn may also be sung to tune "Happy Land," No. 102.

535 *Thou knowest that I love Thee . . . Feed My sheep.*—John xxi. 16.

Lovest thou Me. *With expression.* 8's., 6 lines. H. Walford Davies, Mus. Doc., 1905.



C. F. Richardson, circa 1880.

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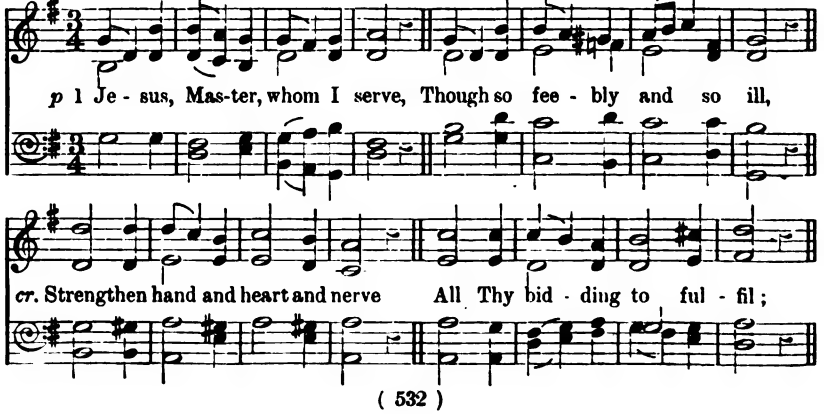
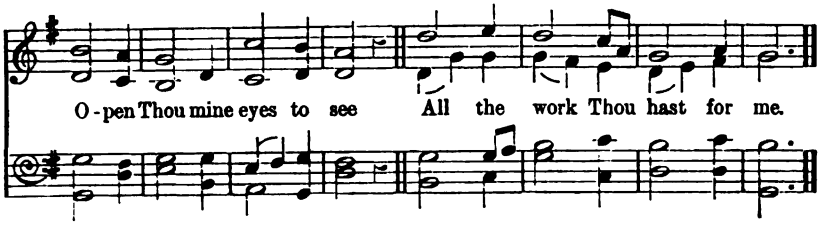
This hymn may also be sung to tune "St. Catherine," No. 203.

536 *Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well; for so I am.*—John xiii. 13.

Bernard. [first tune.] 7's., 6 lines. From Haydn, 1732-1809.



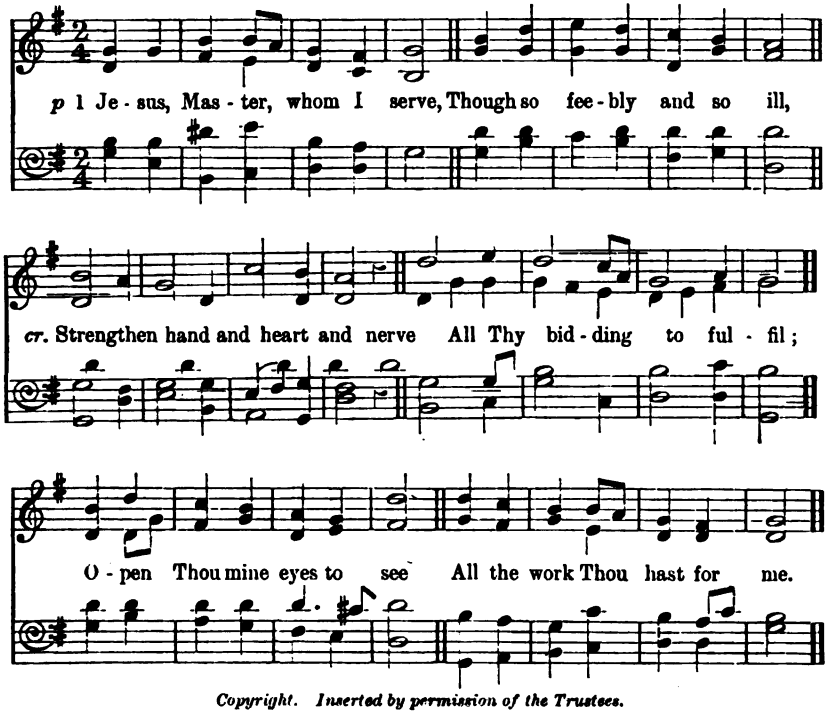


p 2 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
cr. Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honour art to me,
Let me be a praise to Thee.

3 Jesus, Master! wilt Thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
p As Thou wilt! I would not choose,
Only let me hear Thy call.
cr. Jesus! let me always be
In Thy service glad and free.

Frances R. Havergal, 1869.

Conder. [SECOND TUNE.] 7's., 6 lines. ROBERT GRIFFITHS, 1896.



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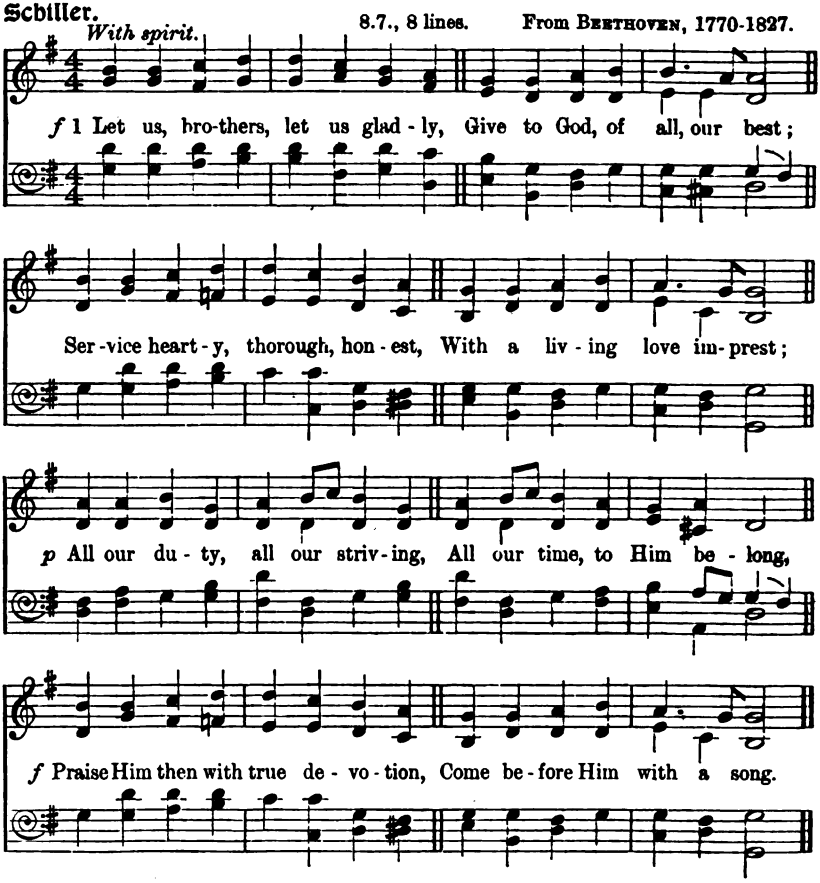
537

Serve the Lord with gladness.—Psalm c. 2.

Schiller. 8.7., 8 lines. From **Beethoven**, 1770-1827.



p 2 By His mercy, by His bounty,
By the gift of Christ His Son, [us,
What great goodness He hath shown
What high marvels He hath done;
cr. Let us to Him, promptly, freely,
Yield our bodies and our souls,
Thankful that His love protects us,
That His wisdom all controls.

f 3 What so happy, what so blessed,
As that all we have and are,
Should be to Himself presented,
With reliance on His care,
With acceptable upyielding,
With a reasonable zeal,
All our duty offered bravely, [weal.
Firm and true, through woe and

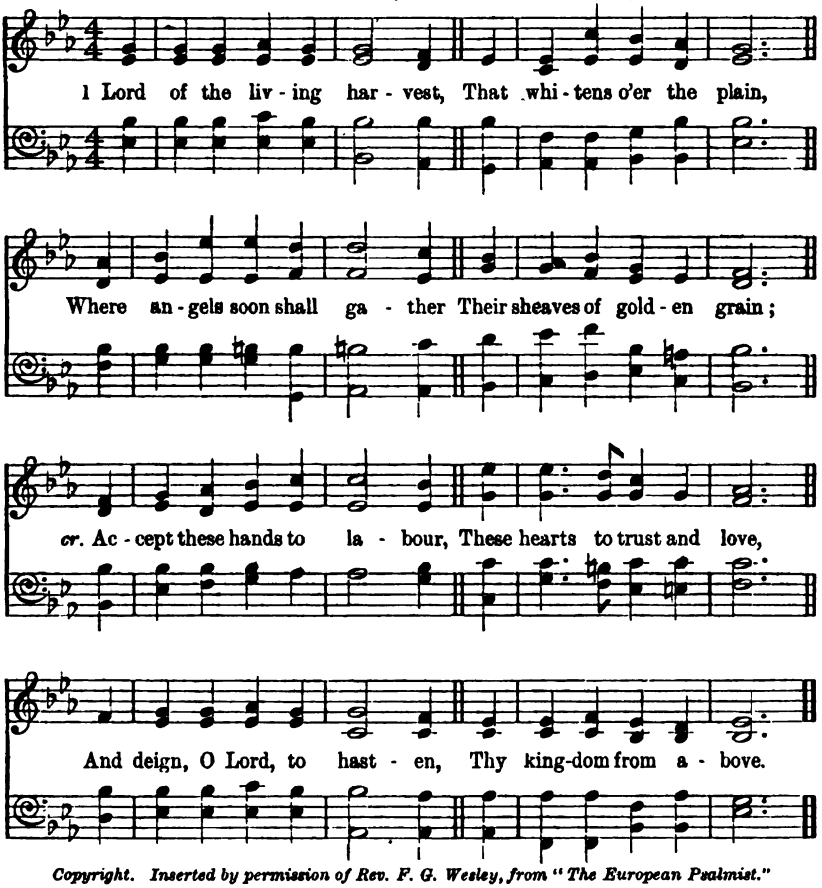
p 4 Gracious Lord, accept our service
For the sake of Christ Thy Son;
Lo, our hope abideth only
On the travail He hath done;
cr. Bless and save us, help and guide us,
Watch to comfort and restore,
Till in heaven we rest rejoicing,
Praising Thee for evermore!

Henry Bateman, 1862.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Deerhurst," No. 350.

538 *I say unto you . . . the fields are white already to harvest.*—John iv. 35.

Aurelia. 7.6., 8 lines. S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc., 1864.



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p 2 As labourers in Thy vineyard,
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee.
mf We ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared Thy travail
And see Thy kingdom come.

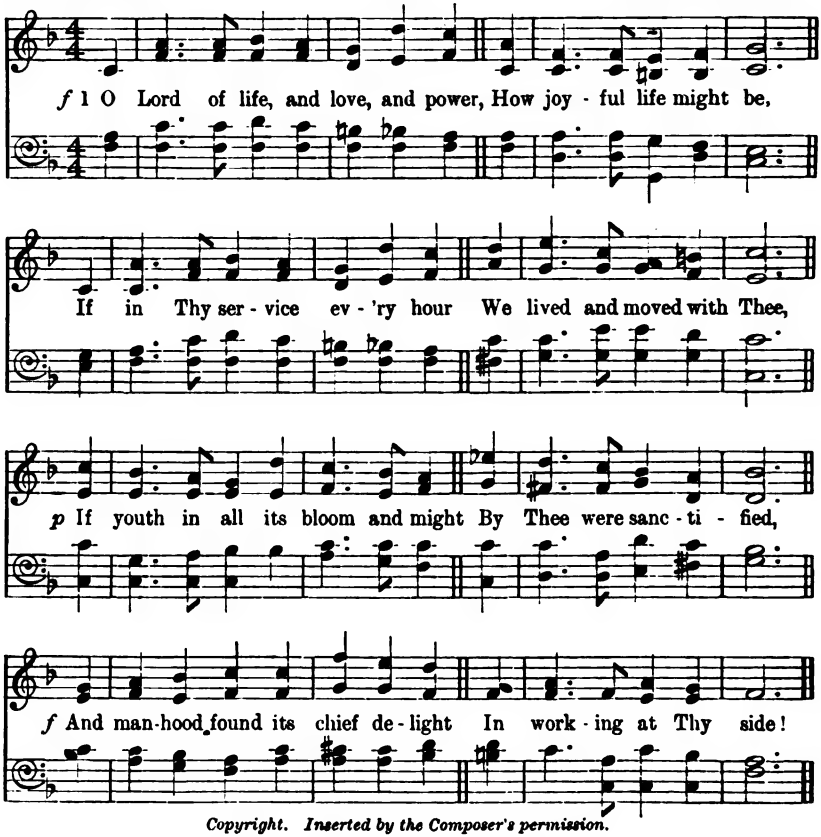
p 3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill our souls with light;
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with us, where we stand,
And sanctify Thy people
Throughout this happy land.

f 4 Be with us, God the Father;
Be with us, God the Son;
And God, the Holy Spirit;
O blessed Three in One!
cr. Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore,
And fill us with Thy fulness,
Now, and for evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1866.

539 *Serve the Lord with gladness.*—Psalm c. 2.

Land of Rest. C.M. D. R. S. Newman, 1877.



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mf 2 'Tis ne'er too late, while life shall last,
A new life to begin;
'Tis ne'er to late to leave the past,
And break with self and sin;
cr. And we this day both old and young,
Would earnestly aspire
For hearts to nobler purpose strung,
And purified desire.

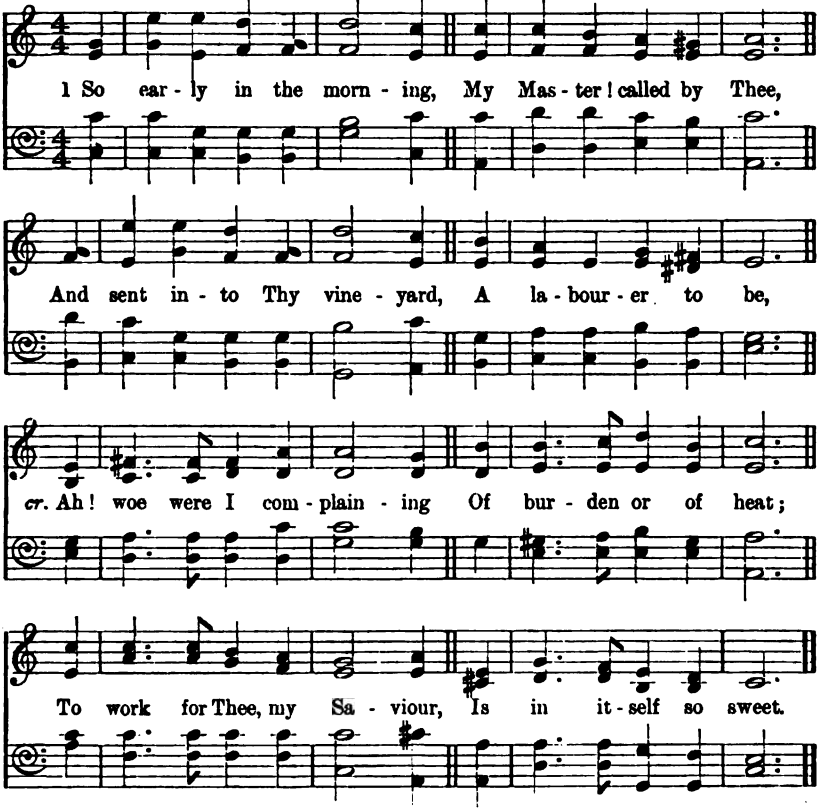
mf 3 Not for ourselves alone we plead,
But for all faithful souls
Who serve Thy cause by word or deed,
Whose names Thy book enrolls.
f O speed Thy work, victorious King,
And give Thy workers might,
That thro' the world Thy truth may ring,
And all men see Thy light.

Ella S. Armitage, 1881.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Ellacombe," No. 8.

540 *The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard.*—Matt. xx. 1.

Mossleigh. 7.6., 8 lines. H. A. Crosbie, 1876.



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p 2 If I from early morning,
For Thee, my God, have toiled,
Have hurt my hands with labour,
My brow with heat have soiled;
cr. Was not Thy care my shelter?
Was not Thy love my rest?
p Was not my pillow nightly,
Sweet Saviour, on Thy breast?

3 Thou didst not leave me idle
To waste my life away,
cr. But Thou didst call me early,
Just at my dawn of day;
I never knew the moment
In which I might not claim
The comfort of Thy kindness,
The honour of Thy Name.

pp 4 And when the evening closes,
And Thou dost summon me
Home, to receive the wages
Of all my toil for Thee,
cr. To me will nought be owing,—
Thou didst, from day to day,
For my poor works so largely
With tender mercies pay.

mf 5 I ask no wage for service,
p Lest death the wages prove;
cr. Whatever, Lord, Thou givest,
Give for Thine own dear love.
The love that called me early,
The love that all along
Bore with me, be my wages,
As it is now my song.

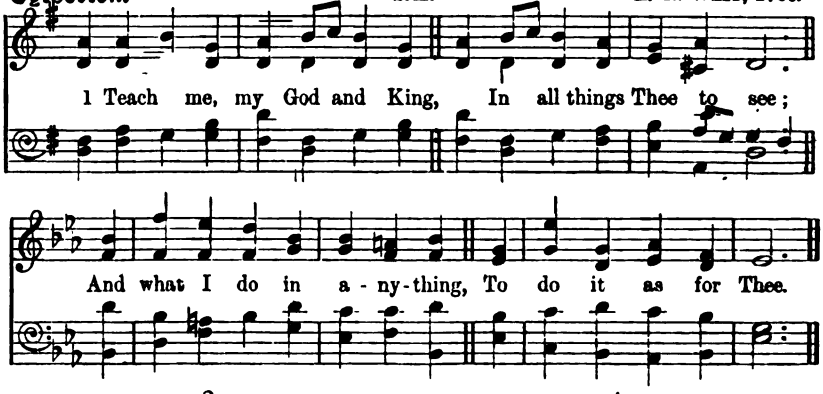
J. S. B. Monsell, 1862.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Aurelia," No. 538.

541

Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord —Col. iii. 23.

Tytherton. S.M. L. R. West, 1786.



2.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
cr. Which with its tincture "*for Thy sake*,"
Will not grow bright and clean.

3.

mf If done beneath Thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine;
cr. Hallowed is toil, if this the cause;
The meanest work, divine.

4.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine,
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

5.

f This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold:
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

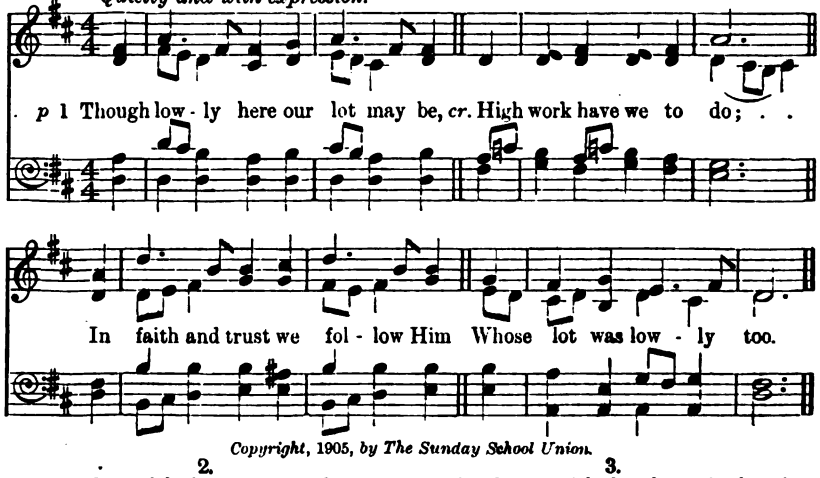
George Herbert, 1593-1633.

542

Follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.—1 Thess. v. 15.

Minster. [First tune.] C.M. T. Tertius Noble, 1905. (Organist of York Minster.)

Quietly and with expression.



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2.

Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in a Father's love,
We lean on His almighty arm,
And fix our hopes above.

3.

p Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds may be,—
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.

4.

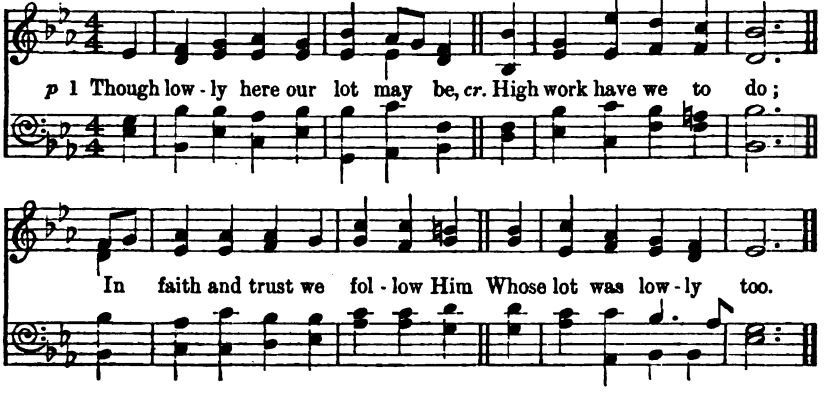
f To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.

5.

Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright:
cr. Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

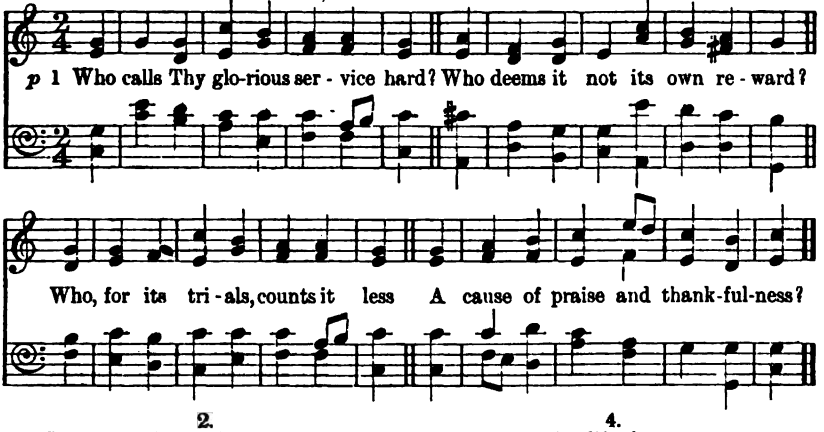
Wm. Gaskell, 1805-1884.

Horsley. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M. WILLIAM HORSLEY, Mus. Bac., 1844.



543 *Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.*—Gal. vi. 9.

Mainzer. L.M. J. MAINZER, Mus. Doc., 1801-1851.



2.

It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reapers' song among the sheaves.

3.

f Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done!

4.

p And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
f Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

5.

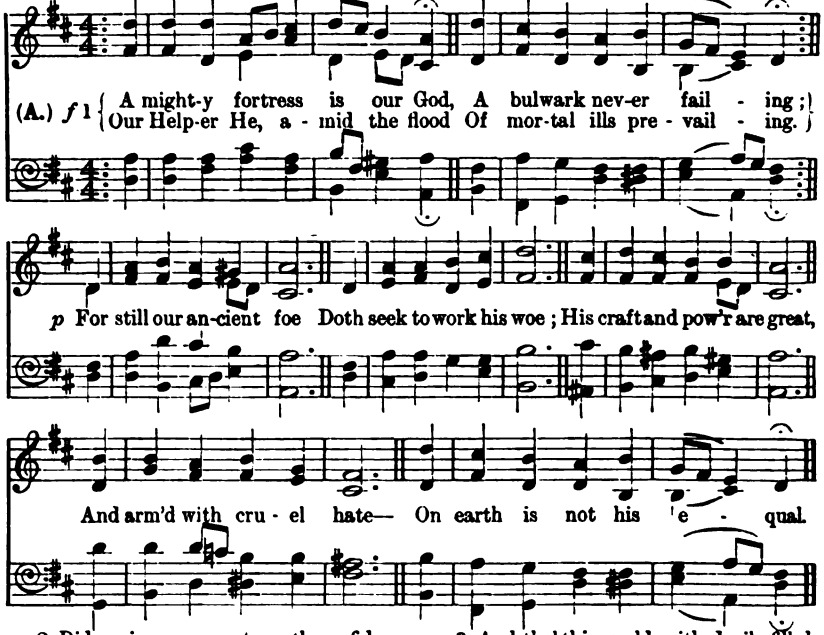
But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
cr. And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest-day!

J. G. Whittier, circa 1850.

5. Hope and Courage.

544 *God is our refuge and strength.*—Psalm xlvi. 1.

Ein' Feste Burg. P.M. MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.



p 2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
f Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing.
p Doth ask who that may be?
cr. Christ Jesus, it is He!
Lord Sabaoth is His name,
From age to age the same;
And He must win the battle.

mp 3 And tho' this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
f We will not fear, for God hath will'd
His truth to triumph through us.
p Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
cr. God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

Martin Luther, tr. F. H. Hedge, 1852.

(B.)

mf 1 A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
f He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
p The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

f 2 With force of arms we nothing can,
p Full soon were we down-ridden;
cr. But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
ff Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

p 3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
cr. We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
mf And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? his doom is writ;
ff A word shall quickly slay him.

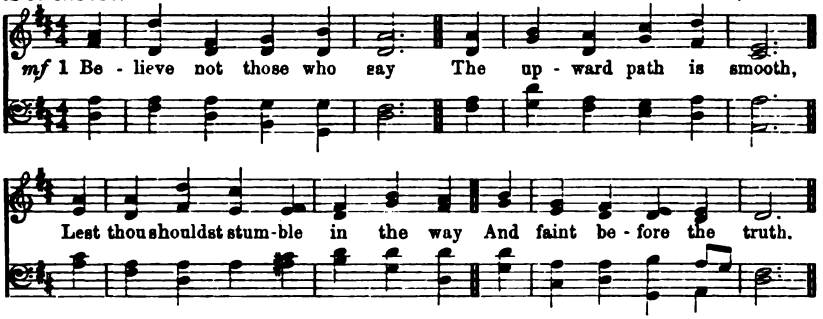
mf 4 God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment shall not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.
p And, though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
cr. Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

Martin *Luther, tr. Thomas Carlyle*, 1831.

545

Narrow is the way.—Matt. vii. 14.

Doncaster. S.M. SAMUEL WESLEY, 1837.



2 It is the only road
Unto the realms of joy;
cr. But he who seeks that blest abode
Must all his powers employ.

f 3 Arm—arm thee for the fight!
Cast useless loads away;
mf Watch through the darkest hours of night;
Toil through the hottest day.

p 4 To labour and to love,
To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above,
And keep thy conscience pure,—

cr. Be this thy constant aim,
Thy hope, thy chief delight;
What matter who should whisper blame
Or who should scorn or slight,

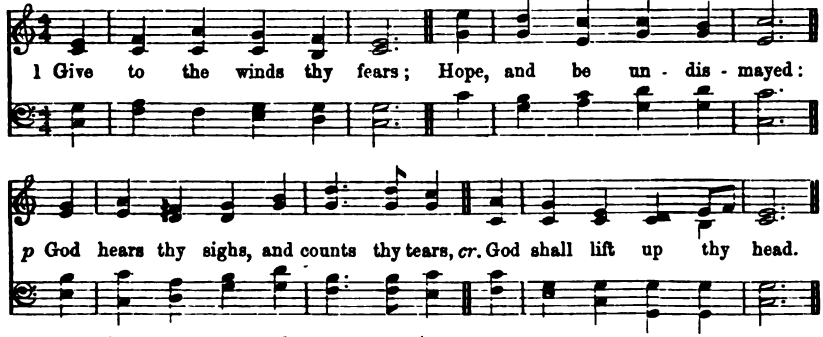
f 6 If but thy God approve,
And if, within thy breast,
Thou feel the comfort of His love,
The earnest of His rest?

Anne Brönté, 1819-1849.

546

Trust also in Him.—Psalm xxxvii.

St. George. S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc., 1852.



mf 2 Through waves, and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
cr. Wait thou His time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

mf 3 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own His way,
How wise, how strong His hand.

p 4 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear!

p 5 Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to Thee;
cr. O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!

f 6 Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

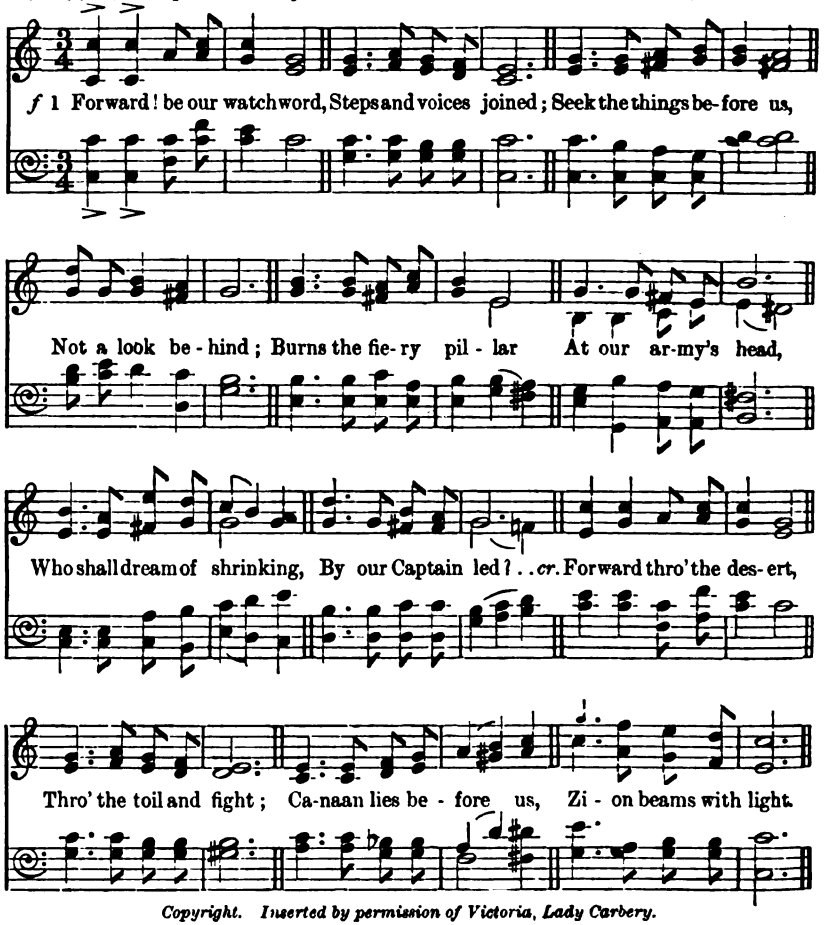
Paul Gerhardt, 1607-1676, *tr. J. Wesley.*

547

Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.—Ex. xiv. 15.

6.5., 12 lines.

Watchword. [FIRST TUNE.] Sir JOHN STAINER, Mus. Doc., *circa* 1875.



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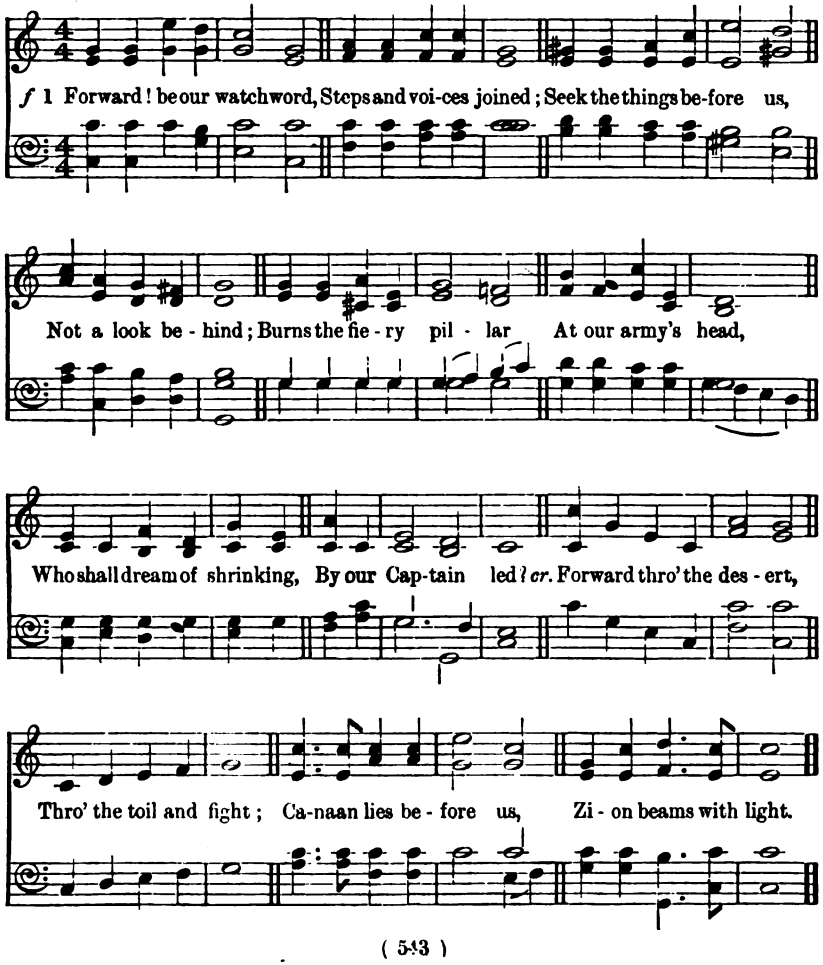
2 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
p Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray:
f Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

f 3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
p Eye hath not beheld them;
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
f Forward, ever forward,
Clad in armour bright;
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours.
cr. Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold!
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold:
f Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might,
Pilgrims, to your country,
ff Forward into light.

Henry Alford, 1871.

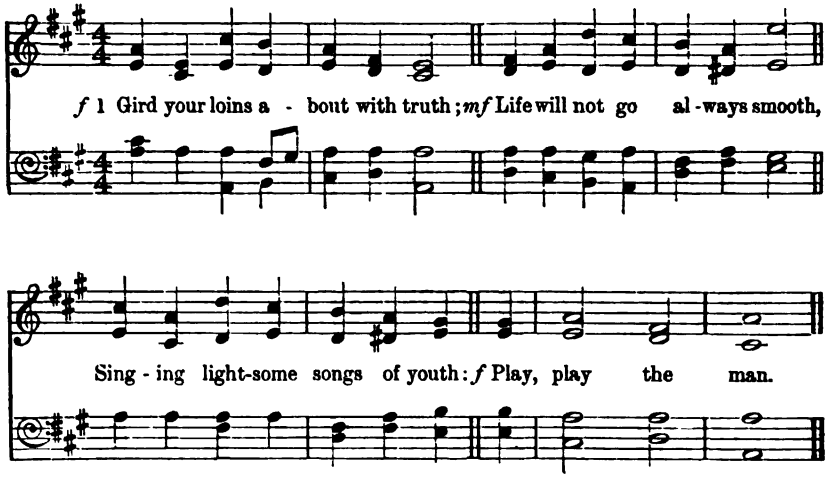
Armageddon. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.5., 12 lines. German.



548

Having your loins girt about with truth.—Eph. vi. 14.

Samos. 7.7.7.4. W. H. HAVERGAL, 1793-1870.



2.

Learn with justice to keep pace,
Spurning what is vile and base,
Bravely ever set your face
f To play the man.

3.

mf Fear not what the world may say,
Hold the straight and narrow way,
In the open light of day,
f And play the man.

4.

p They will call you poor and weak,
Being merciful and meek:
cr. Heed them not; so you must seek
To play the man.

5.

f Have the courage to be true,
Steadfastly the right to do,
Loving him that wrongeth you—
ff Play, play the man.

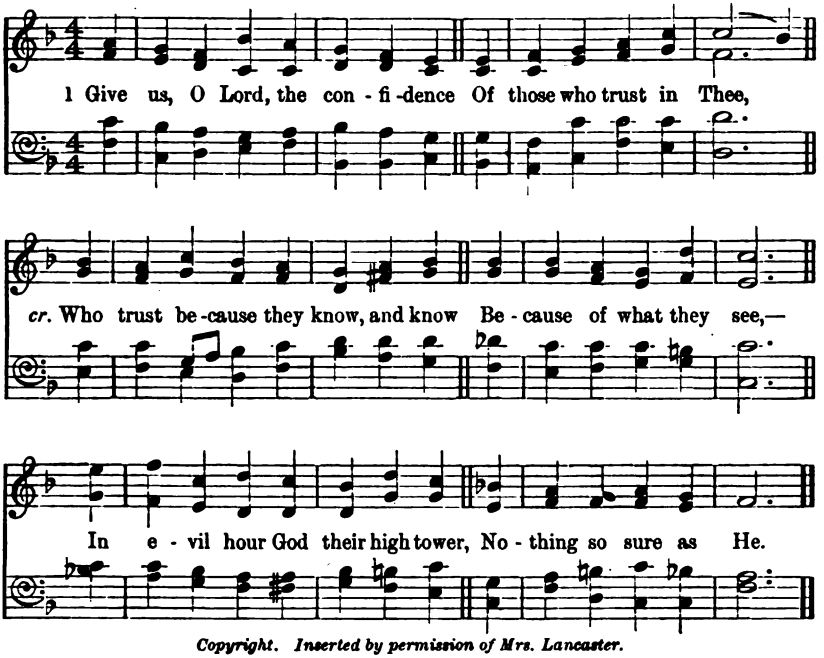
6.

f Trust in God, and let them mock;
They will break, as they have broke,
Like the waves upon the rock—
Play, play the man!

Walter C. Smith, 1876.

549 *In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence: and His children shall have a place of refuge.*—Prov. xiv. 26.

St. Silas. 8.6., 6 lines. J. LANCASTER, *circa* 1850.



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p 2 We would not be of varying mood,
f But steadfast, firm, and strong;
Caprice should have no place in us,
Who wage a war with wrong.
cr. Weakness is sin such hearts within
As unto Christ belong.

p 3 Though hard the task, and rough the road,
Though every step give pain;
Though leagues of desert stretch before,
We undeterred remain;
cr. With courage true, our course pursue—
Repeated triumphs gain.

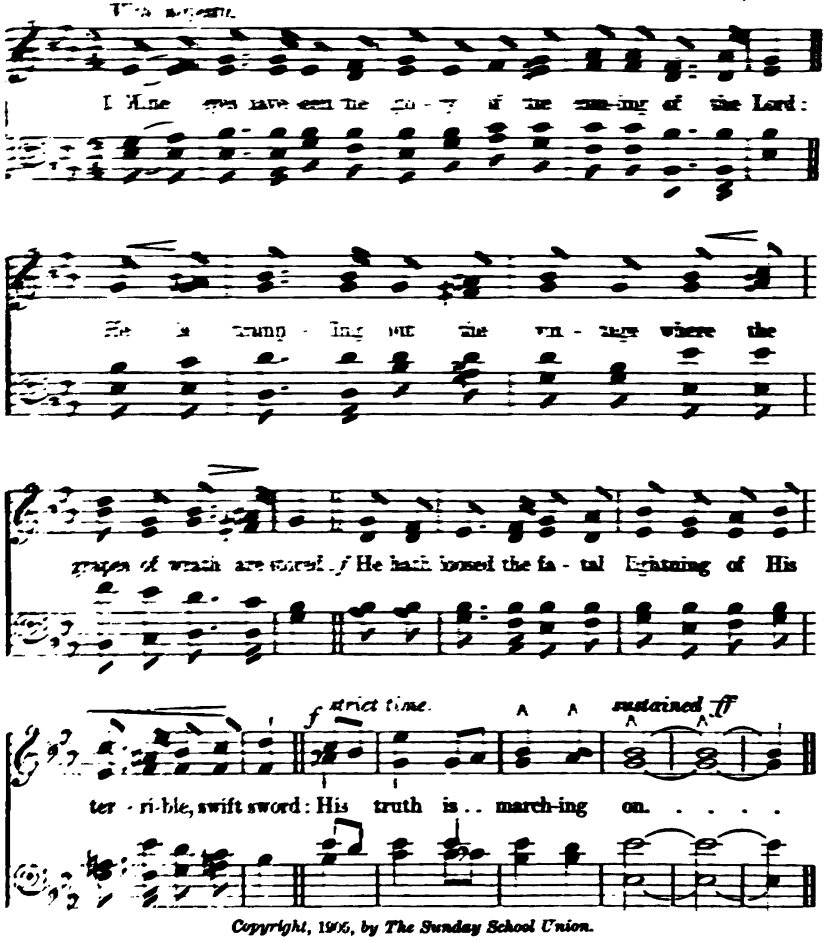
f 4 Exultant faith and patient love,
High hope and purpose pure,—
These must we keep for sustenance,
Privations to endure.
cr. And happy they, who, in the way,
Their Lord's "Well done" secure.

f 5 O mighty Captain, conquering King!
Make us a valiant host;
All-daring, brave,—worthy of Thee
Unto the uttermost.
Baptize with fire, faint hearts inspire,
And quicken all the lost.

Herbert Lack, 1902.

550 *I have trodden the wine-press alone.—Isa. lxiii. 3.*

The Battle Hymn. P. M. Frank H. Newton, 1905.



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f 2 He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
p He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
cr Oh, be swift, my soul! to answer Him; be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

p 3 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
dim. They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
p I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
f His day is marching on.

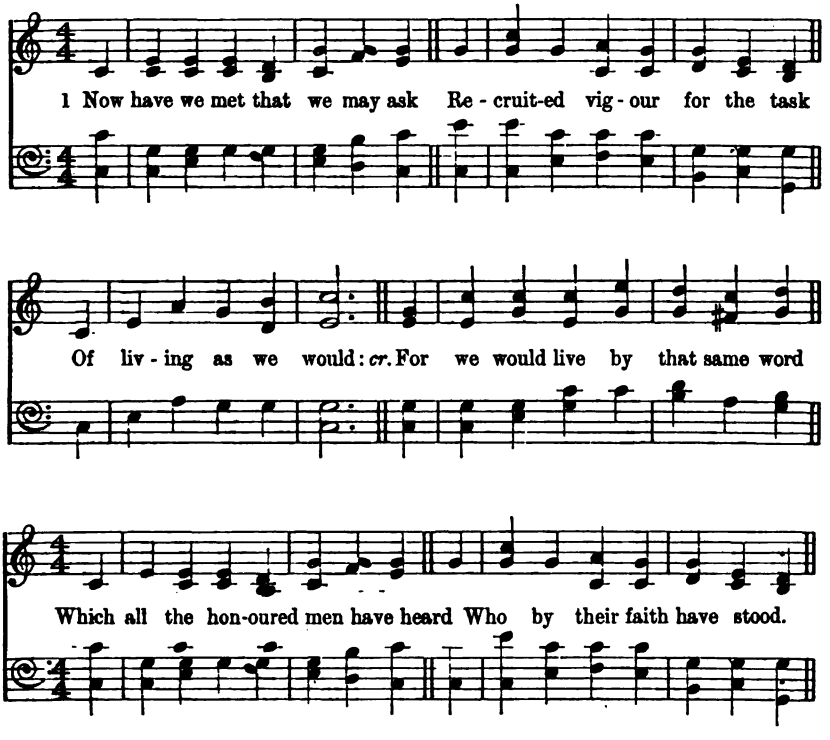
pp 4 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
cr. As He died to make men holy, let us live to make men free!
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe, 1862.

551

The Lord is my strength and song.—Psalm cxviii. 14.

Dull. 8.8.6.8.8.6. S. CHANDLER, 1812.



f 2 Through God alone can man be strong;
To comfort us He gave this song—
"In Jesus Christ we stand;
p Death held Him in his gloomy prison,
cr. He broke the chains and has arisen,
To rule the deathless land."

p 3 An inner light, an inner calm,
Have they who trust His champion arm,
And hearing do His will:
For things are not as they appear,
cr. In death is life, in trouble cheer,
So faith is conqueror still.

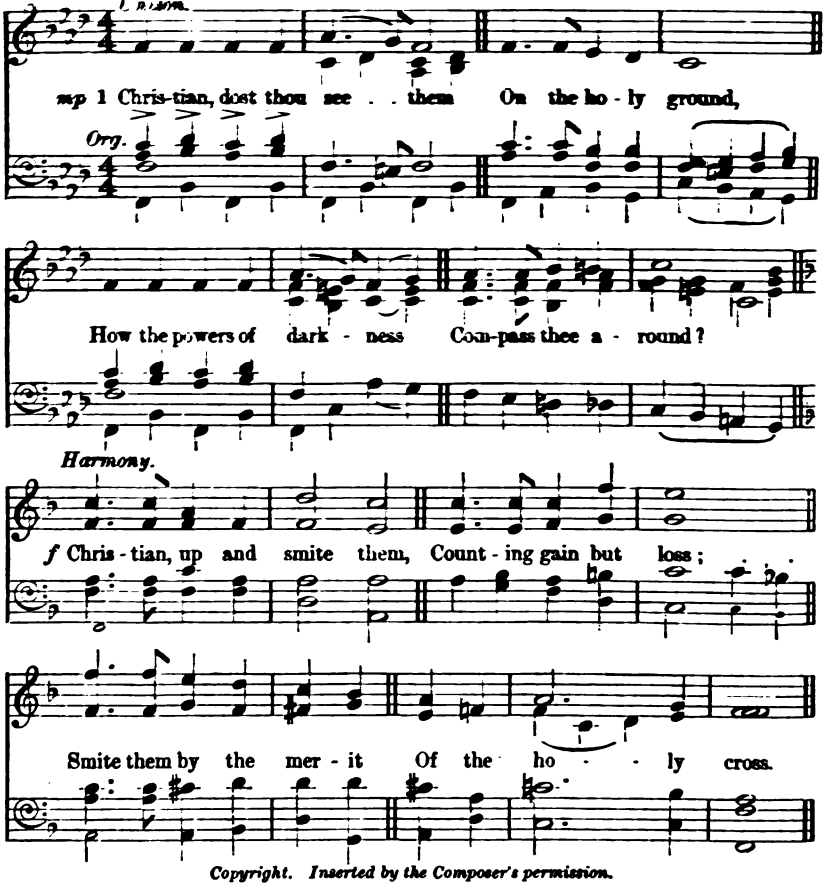
mf 4 Thus would we live; and therefore pray
For strength renewed, that we may say
Our life, it upward tends;
p If we who sing must sometimes sigh,
cr. Yet life, beginning with a cry,
In Hallelujah ends.

T. T. Lynch, 1855.

6. The Good Fight of Faith.

552 *We wrestle . . . against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world.*—Eph. vi. 12.

Holy War. 6.5., 8 lines. J. Booth, 1887.



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mp 2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
f Christian, never tremble,
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the conflict,
Watch and pray and fast.

mp 3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?—
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
f Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray";
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

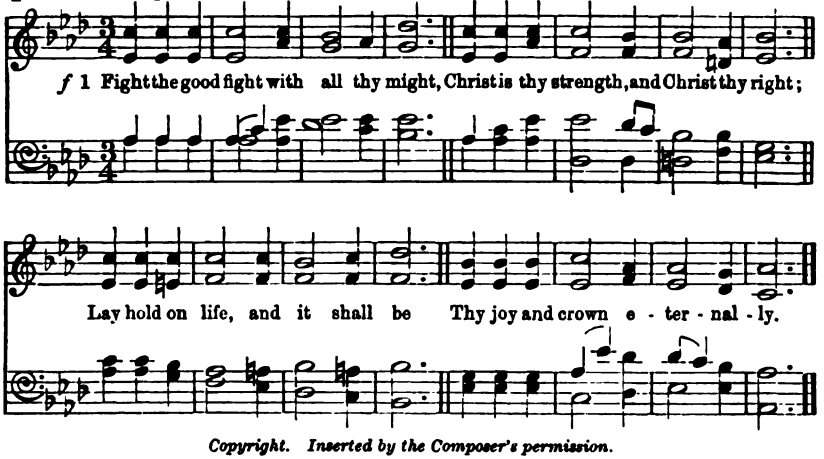
p 4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,—
pp I was weary, too:
cr. But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

(548) *Andrew of Crete, tr. J. M. Neale, 1862.*

553

Fight the good fight of faith.—1 Tim. vi. 12.

Pentecost. [FIRST TUNE.] L.M. W. BOYD, 1868.



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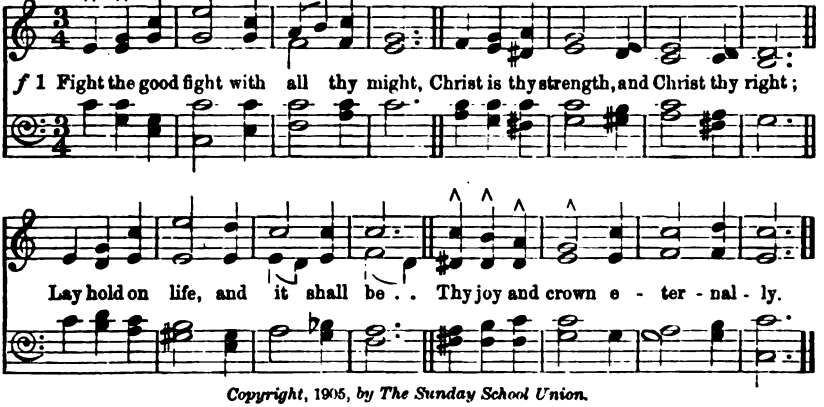
mf 2 Run the straight race, through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
f Life with its way before thee lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove,
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

f 4 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near:
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
cr. Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

The Good Fight. [SECOND TUNE.] L.M. ROBT. GRAHAM.
With vigour. Har. by C. B., 1905.



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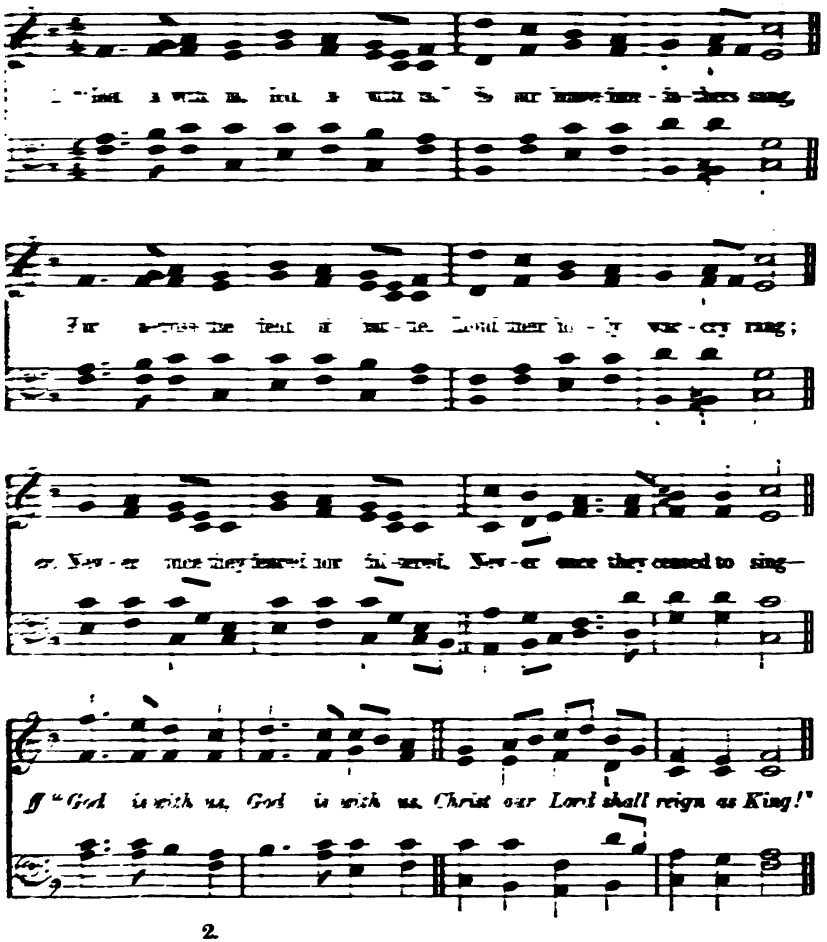


2.

f Great the heritage they left us,
Great the conquests to be won,
mp Armed hosts to meet and scatter,
Larger duties to be done.
cr. Raise the song they nobly taught us,
Round the wide world let it ring,
f "*God is with us, God is with us,*
Christ our Lord shall reign as King!"

3.

Speed the cross through all the nations,
Speed the victories of love,
Preach the gospel of redemption
Wheresoever men may move;
cr. Make the future in the present,
Strong of heart, toil on and sing,
ff "*God is with us, God is with us,*
Christ our Lord shall reign as King!"

4.

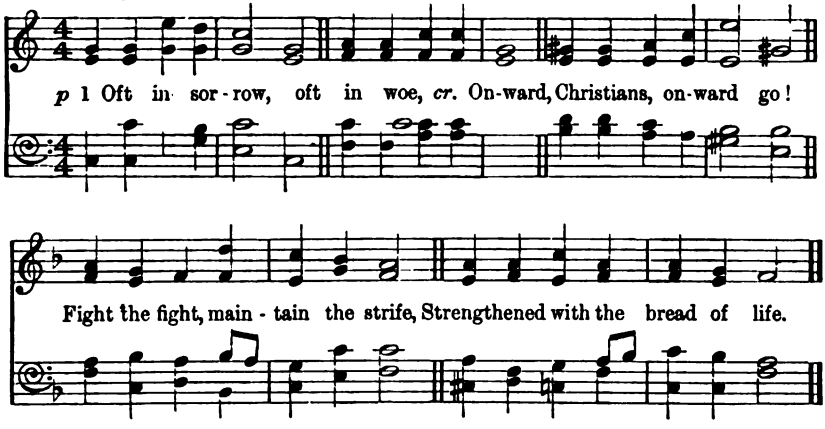
f Soon the struggle will be over,
Soon the flags of strife be furled,
Downward from his place, defeated
Shall the enemy be hurled:
Onward, then, with ranks unbroken,
Sure of triumph, shout and sing,
ff "*God is with us, God is with us,*
Christ our Lord shall reign as King!"

Walter J. Mathams, circa 1890.

555

Be thou faithful unto death.—Rev. ii. 10.

University College. [FIRST TUNE.] 7's. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc., 1852.



2.

f Onward, Christians, onward go!
Join the war, and face the foe:
p Will ye flee in danger's hour?—
cr. Know ye not your Captain's power?

3.

f Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

4.

cr. Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

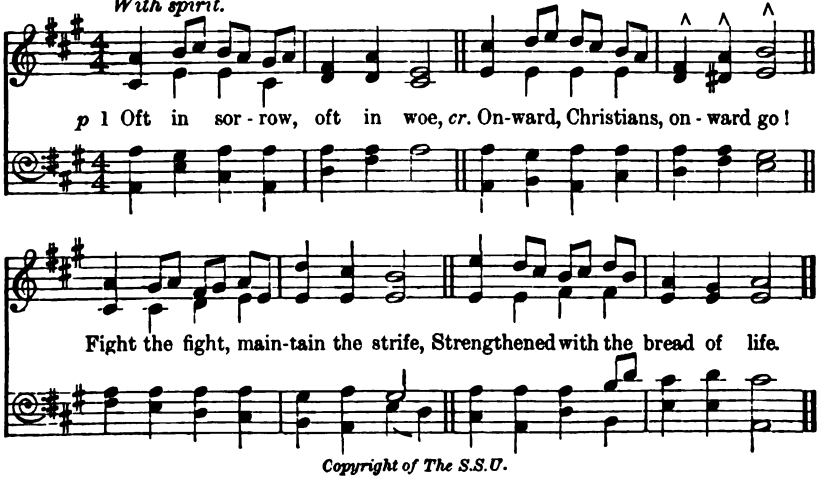
5.

ff Onward, then, in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

H. Kirke White, 1812 (*altered by other writers*).

Boscombe. [SECOND TUNE.] 7's. PERCY H. FROST, 1881.

With spirit.



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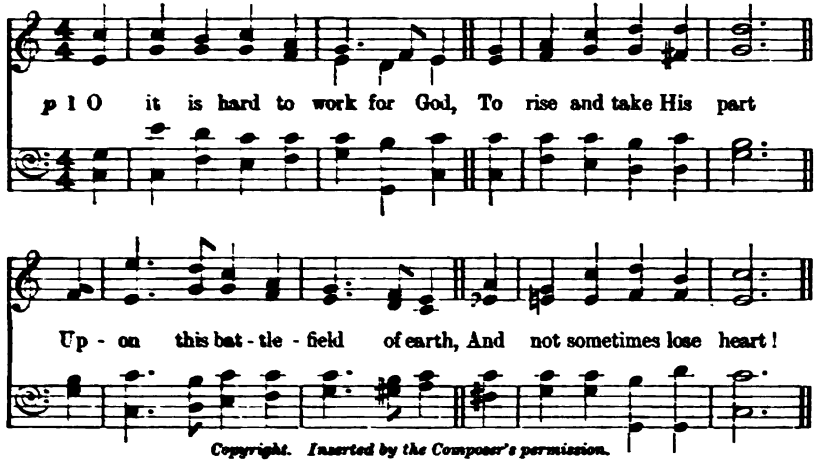
556

It is the glory of God to conceal a thing.—Prov. xxv. 2.

St. Saviour. [FIRST TUNE.] C.M. F. G. Baker, 1876.



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2.

p He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

3.

f Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

4.

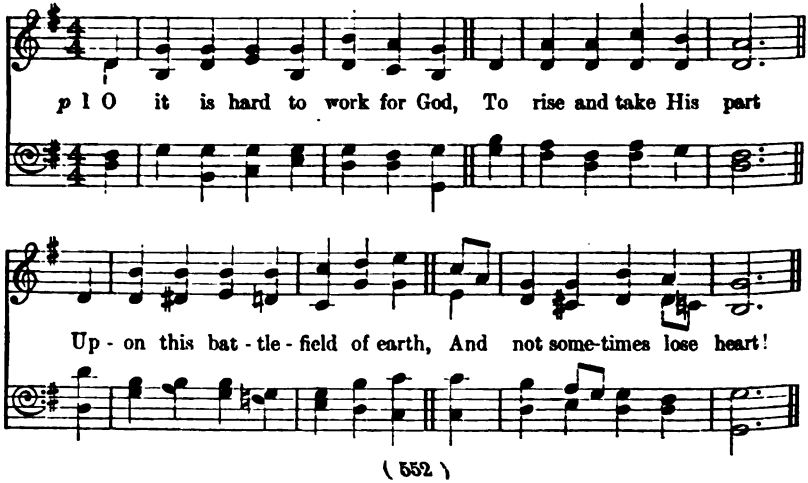
mf Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible.

5.

f For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. Faber, 1814-1863.

Emmanuel. [SECOND TUNE.] C.M. Beethoven, 1770-1827.

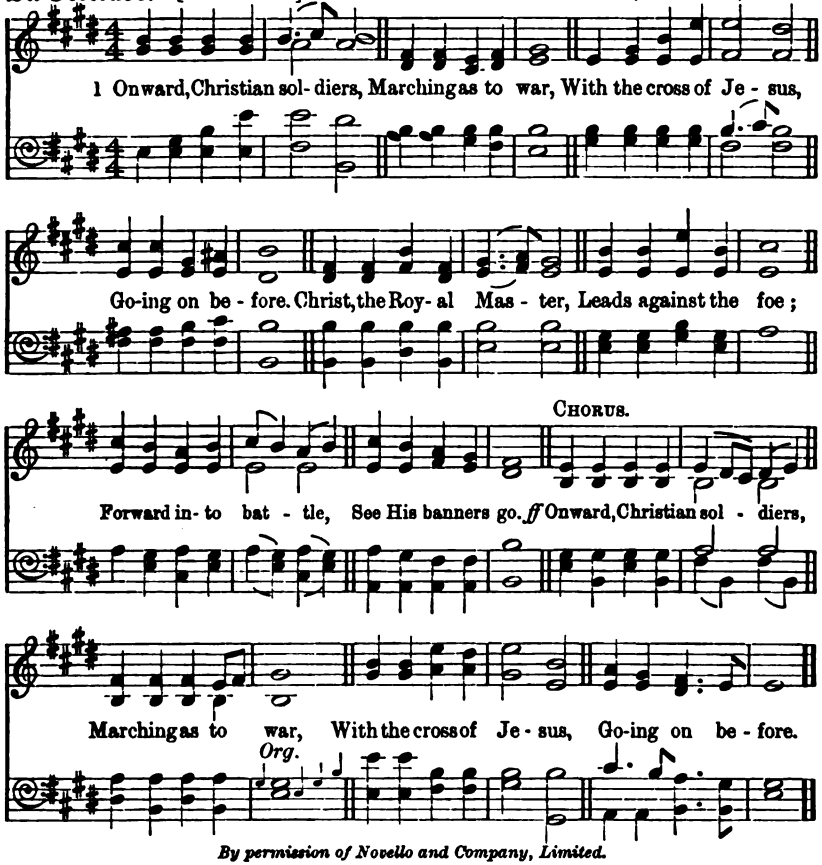


557

I press toward the mark.—Phil. iii. 14

6.5., 8 lines with Chorus.

St. Gertrude. [FIRST TUNE.] Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, Mus. Doc., 1872.



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mf 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
f On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, etc.

f 3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
cr. We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

p 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
f But the Church of Jesus
Constant shall remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

ff 5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song;
Glory, praise, and honour,
Unto Christ, the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing;
Onward, etc.

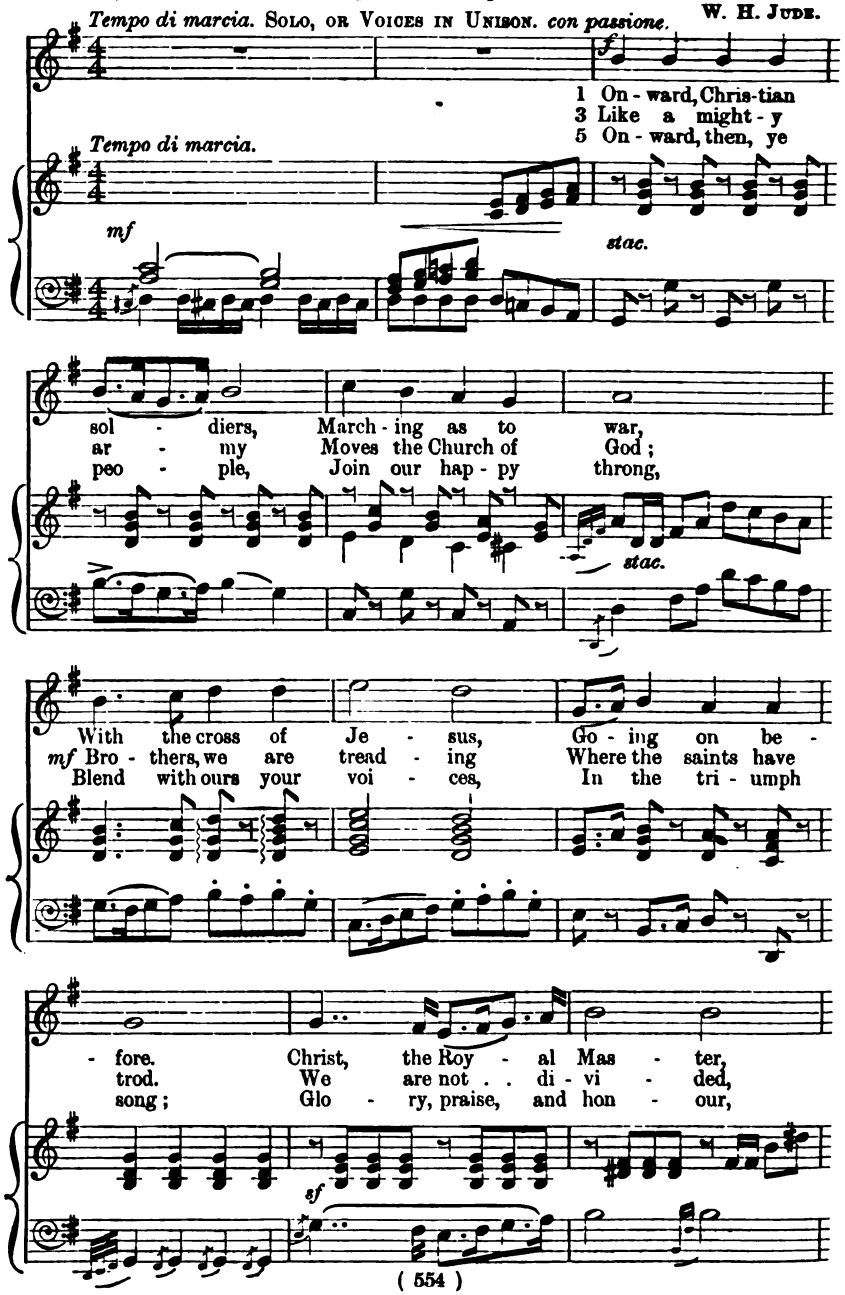
S. Baring-Gould, 1865.

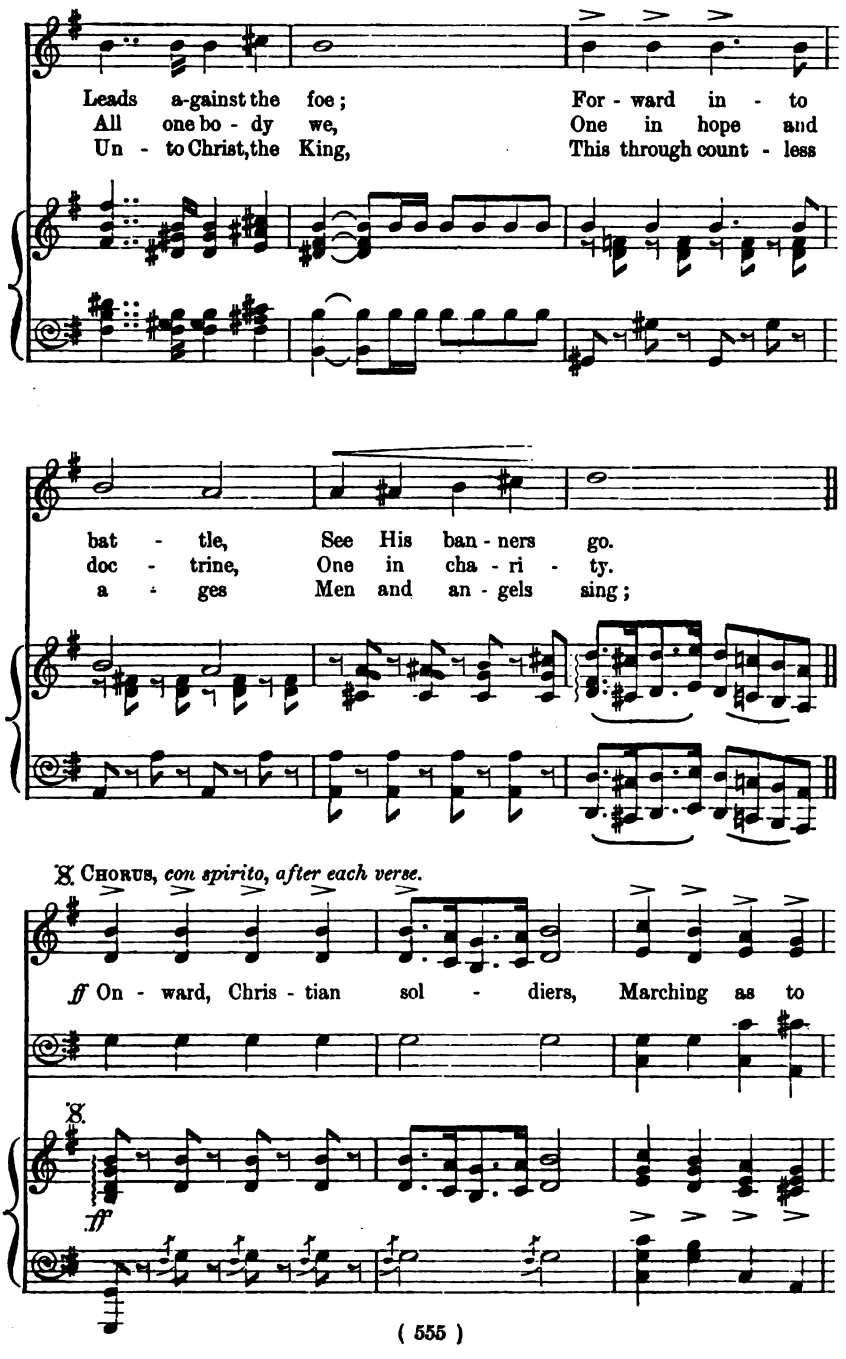
557

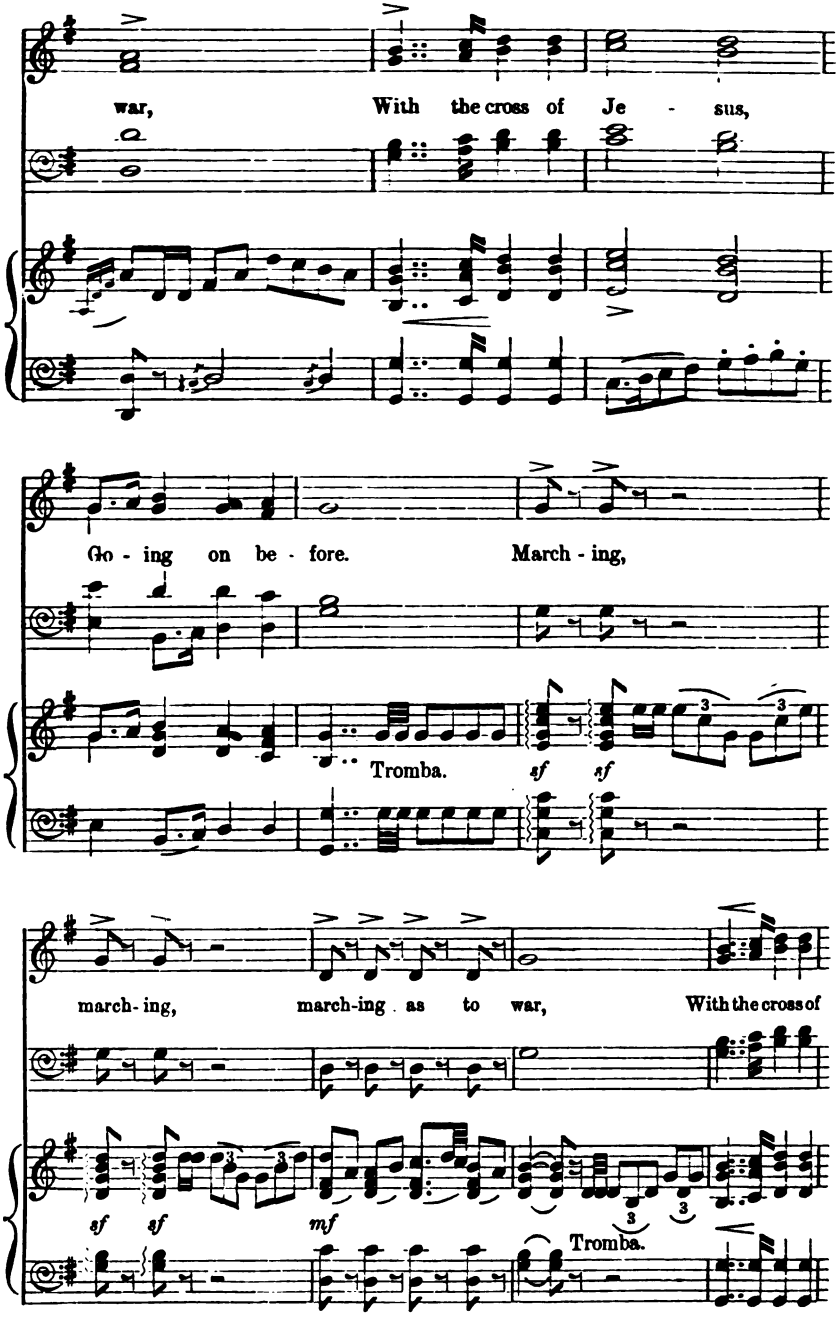
I press toward the mark.—Phil. iii. 14.

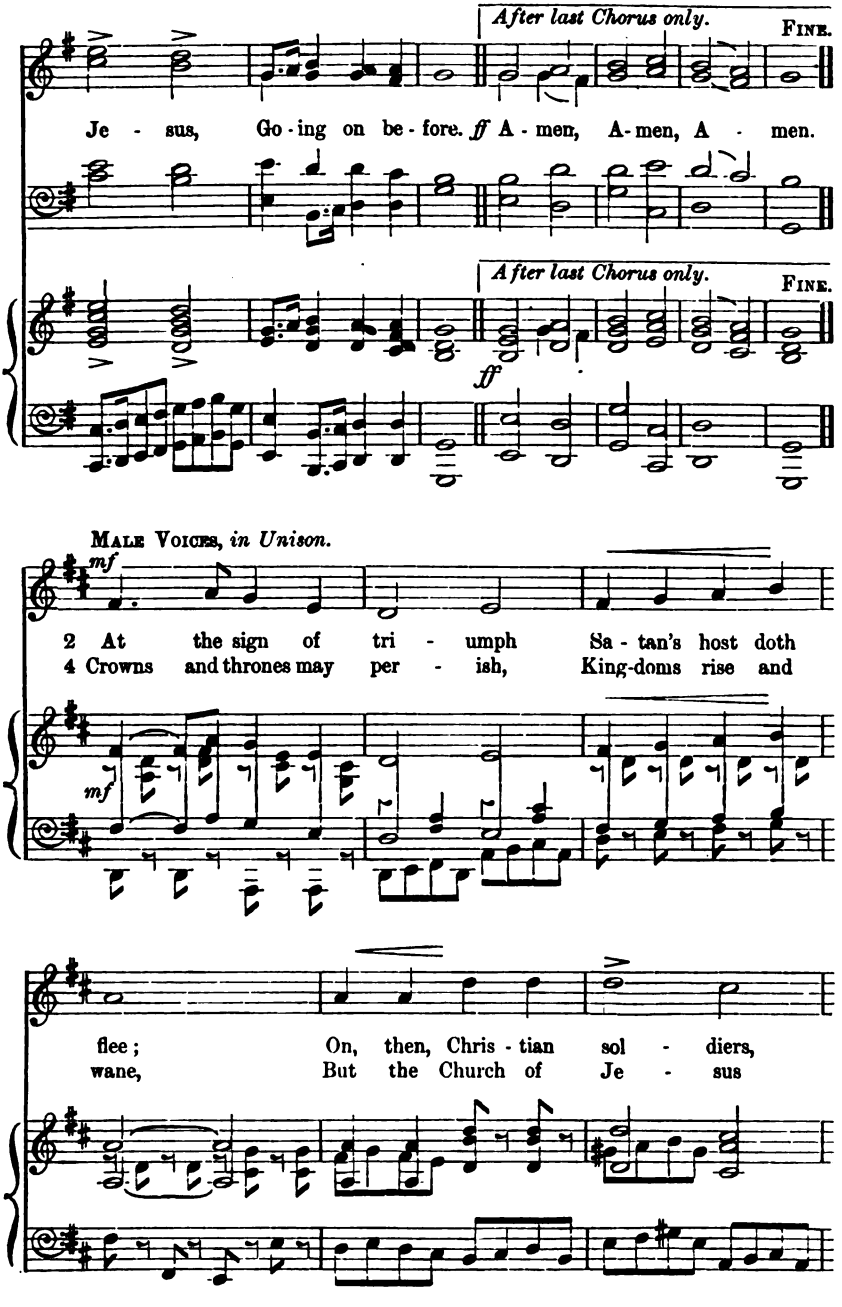
Onward, Christian Soldiers. [SECOND TUNE.] 6.5., 8 lines with Chorus.

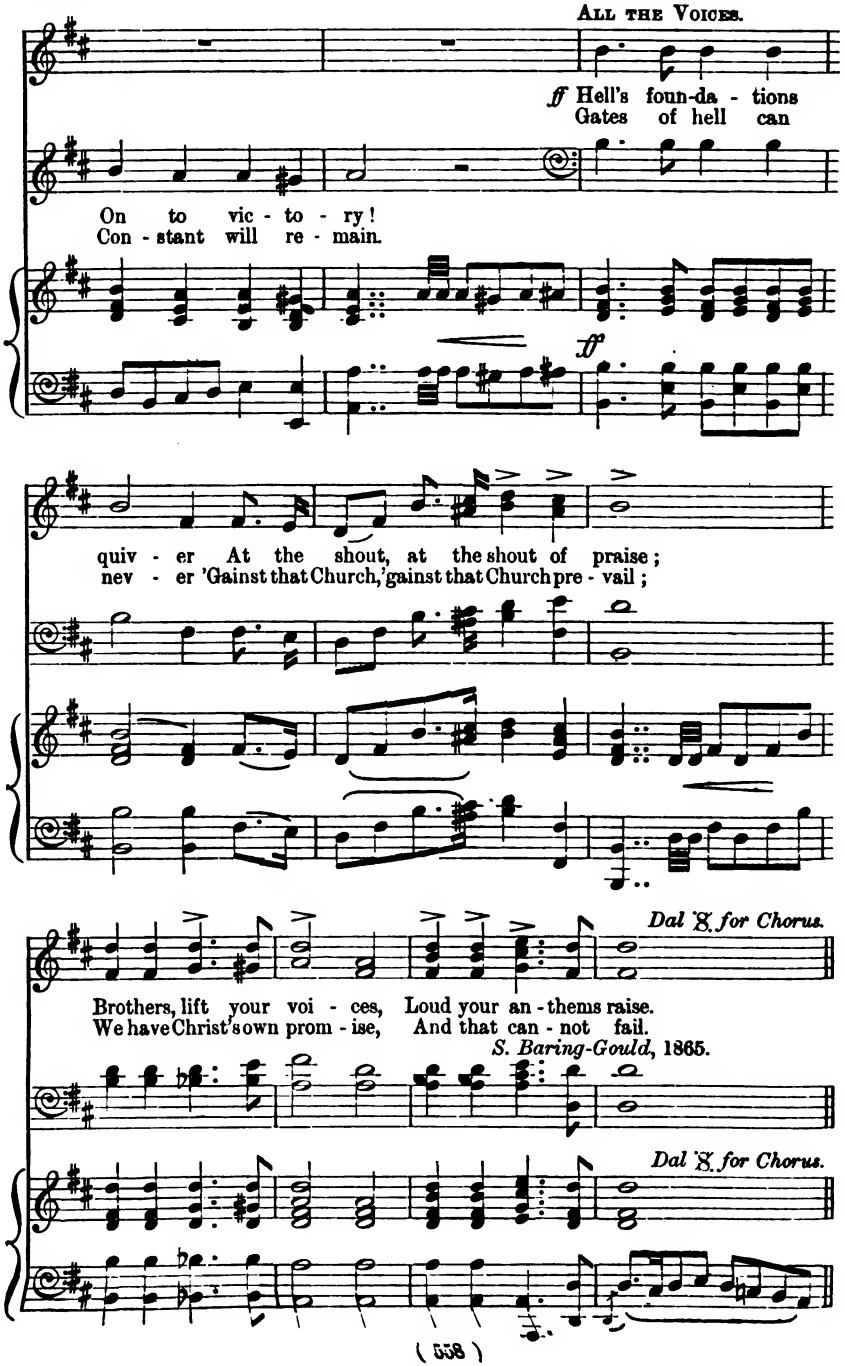
W. H. JUDE.




Leads a-gainst the foe; For - ward in - to
All one bo - dy we, One in hope and
Un - to Christ, the King, This through count - less
bat - tle, See His ban - ners go.
doc - trine, One in cha - ri - ty.
a - ges Men and an - gels sing;
8. Chorus, con spirito, after each verse.
ff On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, Marching as to
8.
ff

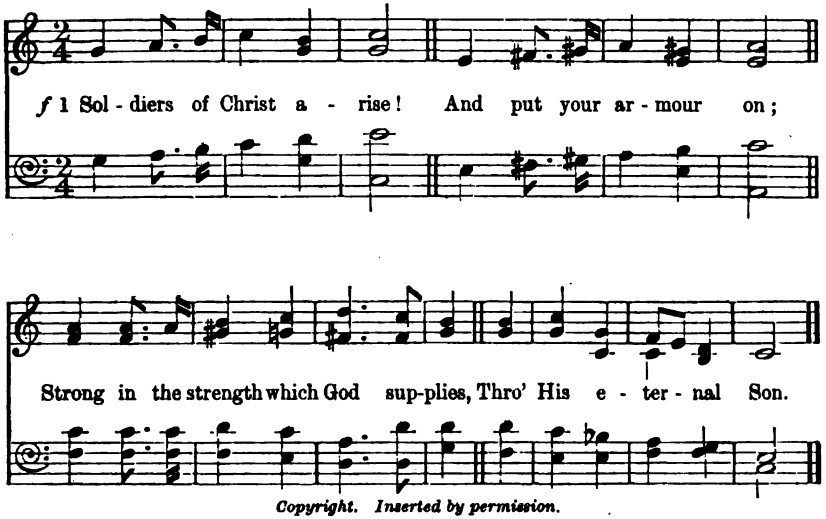

war,
With the cross of Je - sus,
Go - ing on be - fore.
March - ing,
Tromba.
sf
sf
march - ing,
march - ing as to war,
With the cross of
sf
sf
mf
Tromba.


After last Chorus only.
FINE.
Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore. ff A - men, A - men, A - men.
After last Chorus only.
FINE.
ff
MALE VOICES, in Unison.
mf
2 At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's host doth
4 Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King-doms rise and
mf
flee; On, then, Chris - tian sol - diers,
wane, But the Church of Je - sus


All the Voices.
ff Hell's foun-da - tions
Gates of hell can
On to vic - to - ry!
Con - stant will re - main.
ff
quiv - er At the shout, at the shout of praise;
nev - er 'Gainst that Church, 'gainst that Church pre - vail;
Dal 𝄋 for Chorus.
Brothers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your an - thems raise.
We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
S. Baring-Gould, 1865.
Dal 𝄋 for Chorus.

558 *Put on the whole armour of God.*—Eph. vi. 11.

Amerton. S.M. W. HAYNES, 1876.



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f 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

ff 3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

mf 4 Jesus hath died for you:
What can His love withstand?
cr. Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from His hand.

f 5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

ff 6 Then, having all things done,
And every conflict past,
Accepted each through Christ alone,
You shall be crowned at last.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

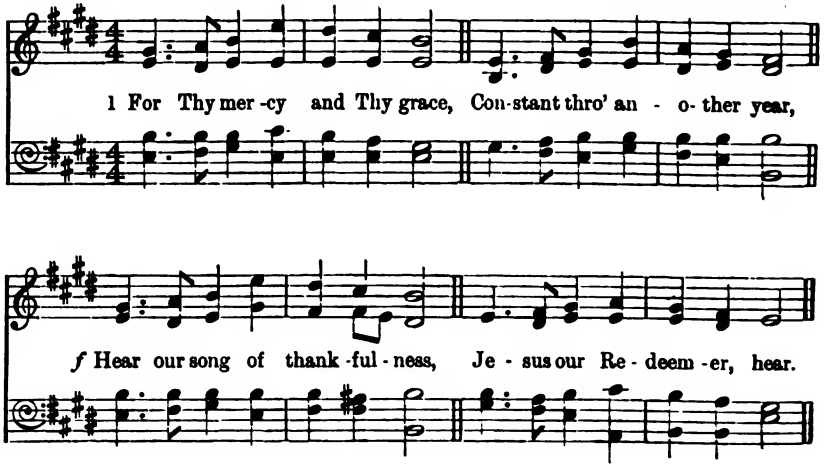
This hymn may also be sung to tune "Huddersfield," No. 608.

Times and Seasons.

(a) *The New Year.*

559 *For Thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.*—Psalm xxxi. 3.

Innocents. 7's. Joseph Smith, 1840.



cr. 2 Dark the future; let Thy light
Guide us, Bright and Morning Star;
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight;
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

3 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay!
cr. In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

pp 4 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread?
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

f 5 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own:
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

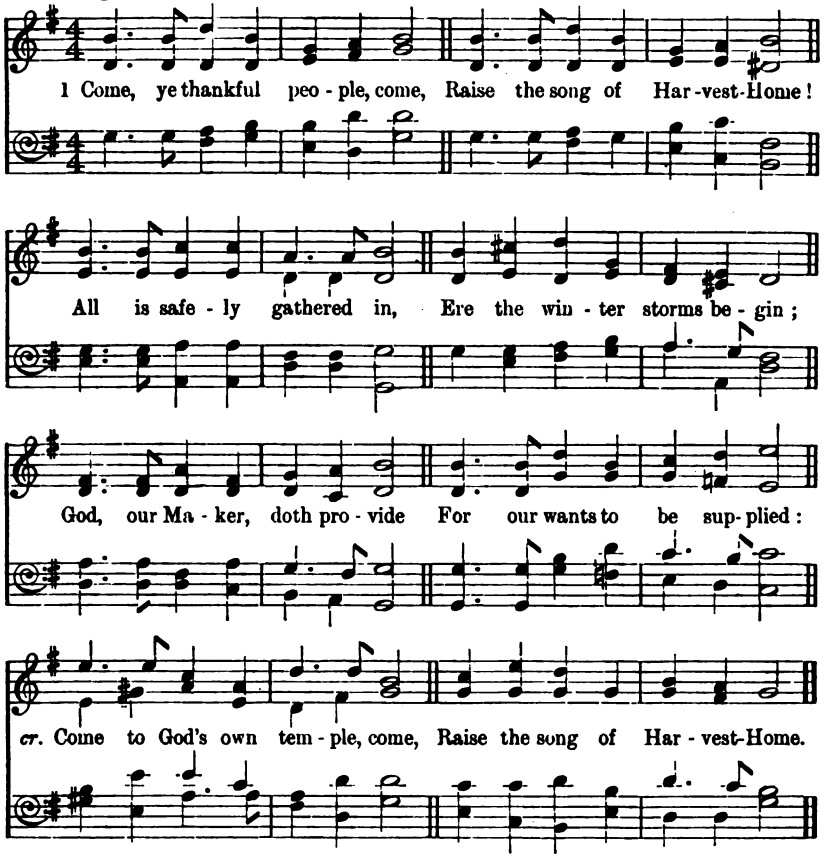
f 6 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings!

Henry Downton, 1818-1885.

(*b*) *Harvest.*

560 *In the time of harvest.*—Matt. xiii. 30.

St. George's, Windsor. 7's., 8 lines. Sir Geo. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc., 1858.



2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield:
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
p First the blade, and then the ear,
f Then the full corn shall appear:
p Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
p From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
dim. Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
cr. But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

f 4 Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home.
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There for ever purified,
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home.

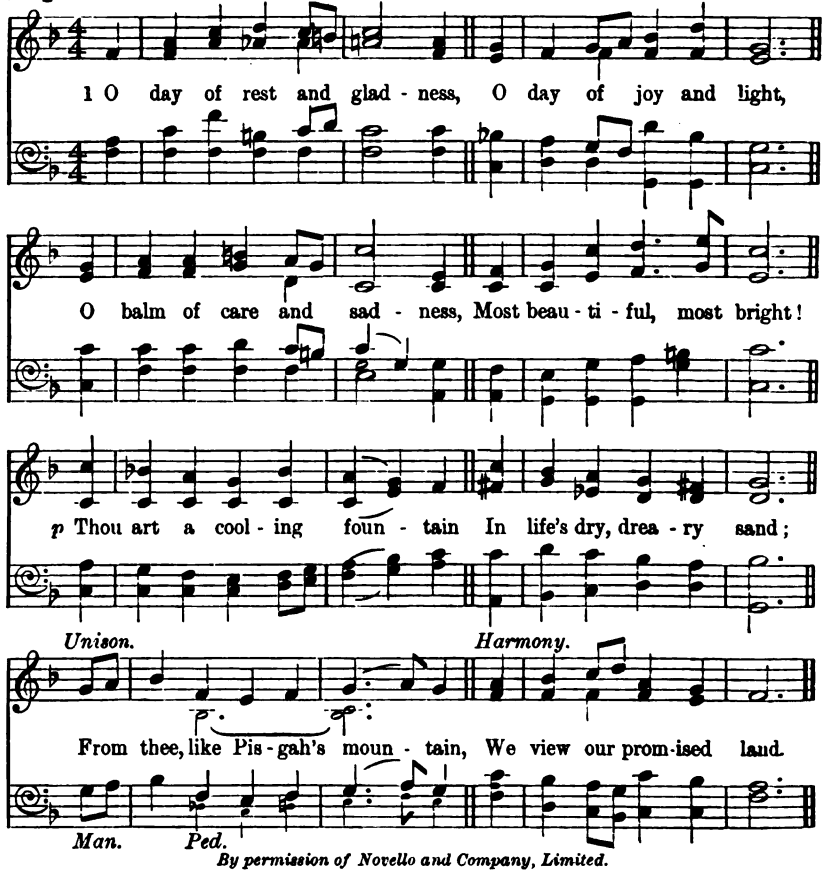
Henry Alford, 1844.

(c) *The Lord's Day.*

561

The rest of the holy Sabbath.—Ex. xvi. 23.

Day of Rest. 7.6., 8 lines. J. W. Elliott, 1874.



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2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth:
f On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths on earth;
cr. On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

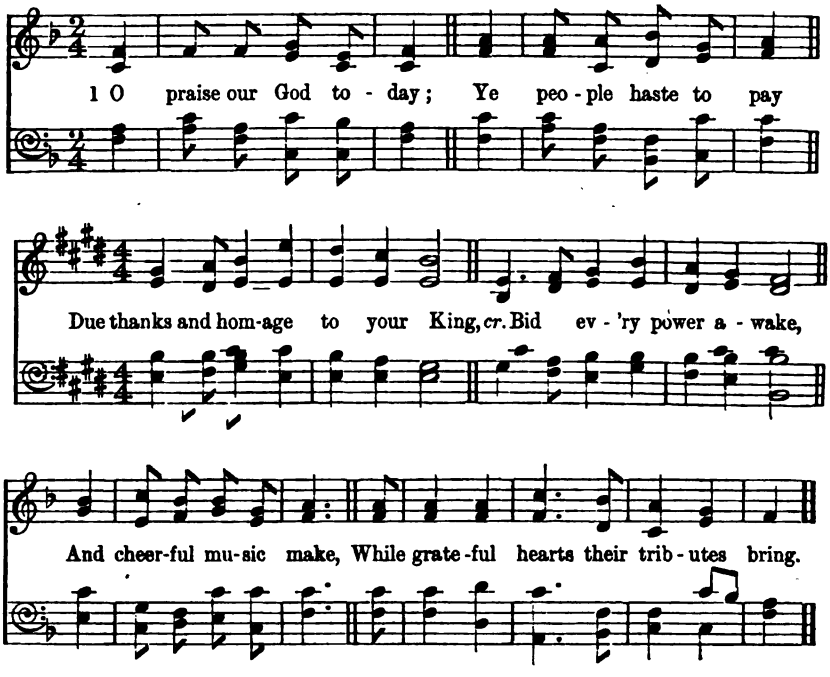
p 3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
cr. To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 May we, new graces gaining
From this our day of rest,
Attain the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
f And there our voice upraising
To Father and to Son
And Holy Ghost, be praising
Ever the Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

562 *Praise our God, ye His servants; and ye that fear Him, both small and great.*—Rev. xix. 5.

Ascalon. 6.6.8.6.6.8. Old Melody (date uncertain).



2 O praise our God to-day;
Ye who have served Him say
How kind and good are all His ways.
mp He is a Friend in need,
He is a Friend indeed;
f Come, now, your Ebenezers raise.

(*Juniors only.*) 3 O praise our God to-day,
Let children all obey,
And, as of old, hosannas sing;
cr. The Saviour now, as then,
Will surely listen when
With earnest praise their voices ring.

(*All.*) 4 O praise our God to-day;
Nor till to-morrow stay,
p For hours and days are passing fast;
dim. This evening's setting sun
May find our work undone,
And tell us that our day is past.

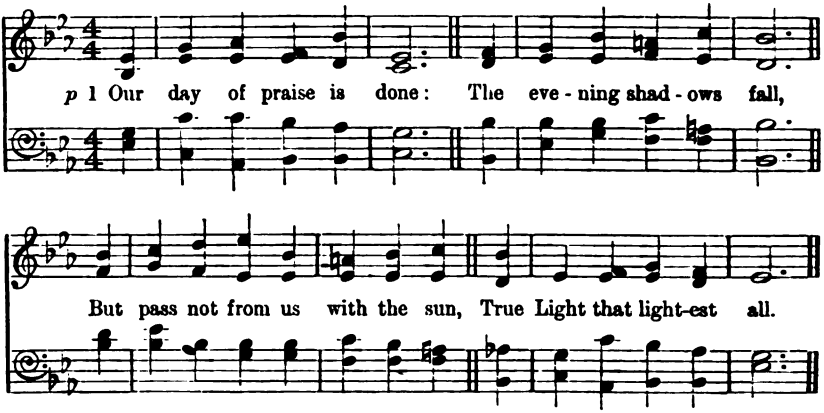
mp 5 O praise our God to-day;
Our loved ones gone away
Now sing in yonder world of light;
cr. Come, join the heavenly song,
Come, join the ransom'd throng
Who praise Him ceaseless day and night.

Robert Walmsley, 1900.

563

I will not leave thee.—Gen. xxviii. 15.

Clifton. [FIRST TUNE.] S.M. J. BRABHAM, 1863.



f 2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

p 3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
cr. But, oh the strains, how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

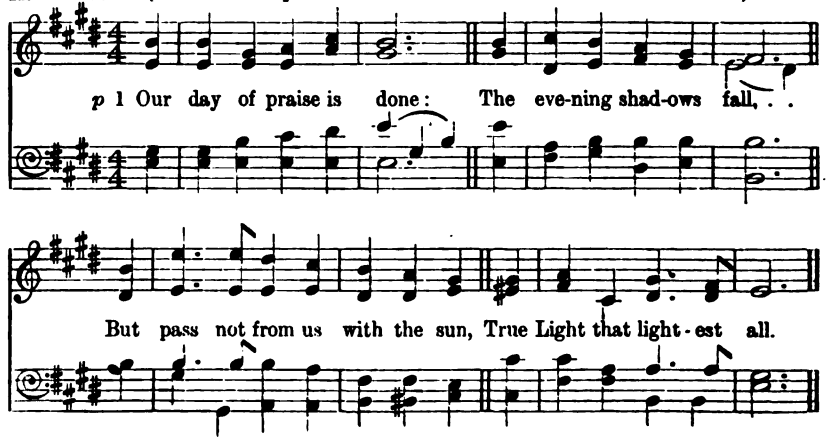
4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will,
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

p 5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

cr. 6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

John Ellerton, 1869.

Mansfield. [SECOND TUNE.] S.M. EDITH S. HALLACK, 1905.



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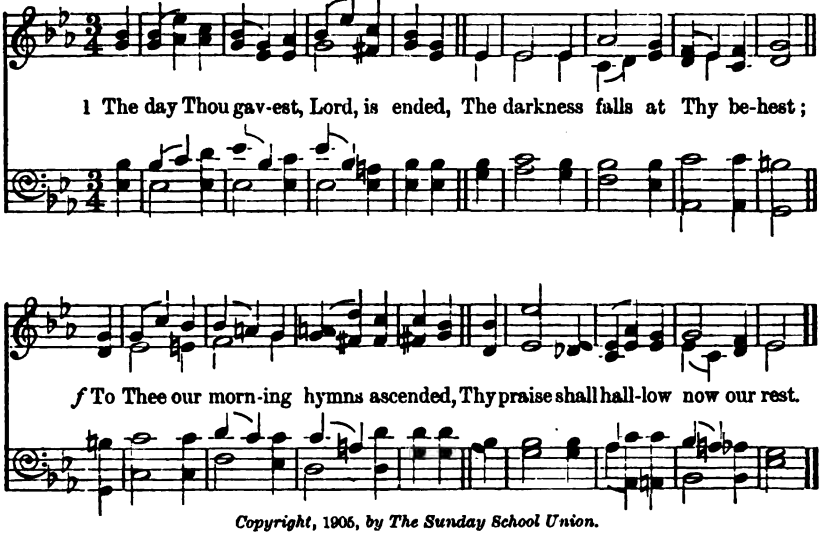
564 *The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.*—Ex. xv. 18.

St. Clare.* 9.8.9.8. ROBERT GRAHAM, Har. by C. B., 1905.



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2.

mf We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping
And rests not now by day or night.

3.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
f The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4.

m The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
f And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5.

cr. So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton, 1871.

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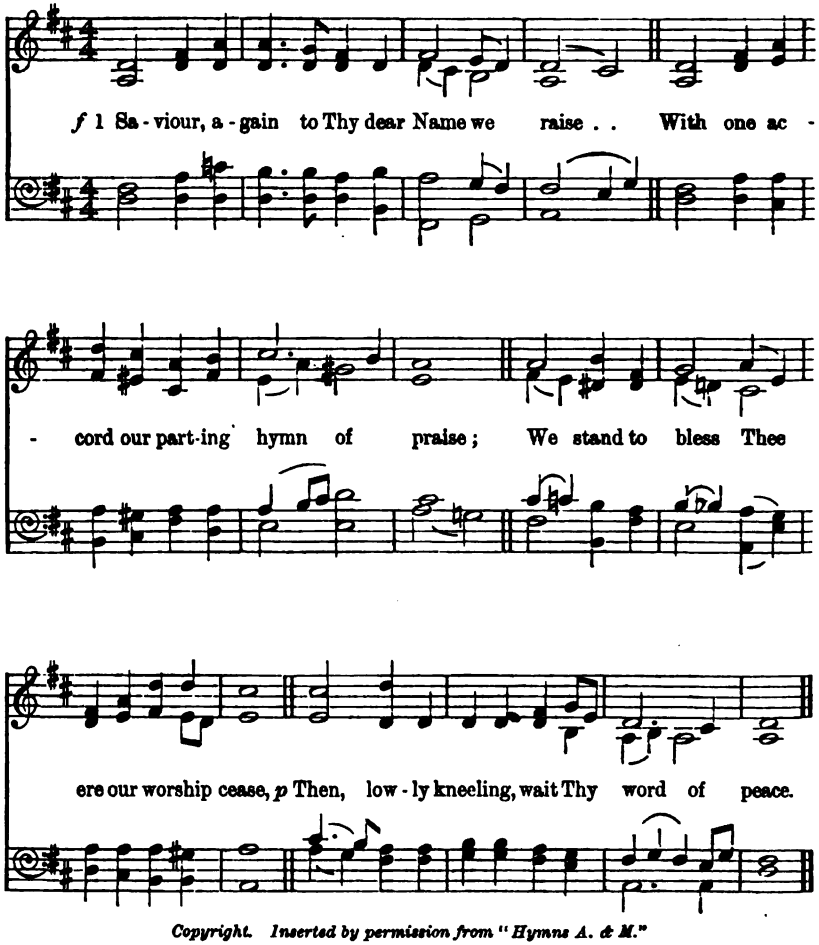
* The Editor regrets that, owing to the estate of the late Rev. C. C. Scholefield being in Chancery, his Executors cannot just now grant permission for the use of his tunes. Hence it has been compulsory to omit from this edition the well-known setting of these words to tune "St. Clement."

565

In the temple praising and blessing God.—Luke xxiv. 53.

Par Dei. [FIRST TUNE.] 10's. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc., 1868.



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2.

mf Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

3.

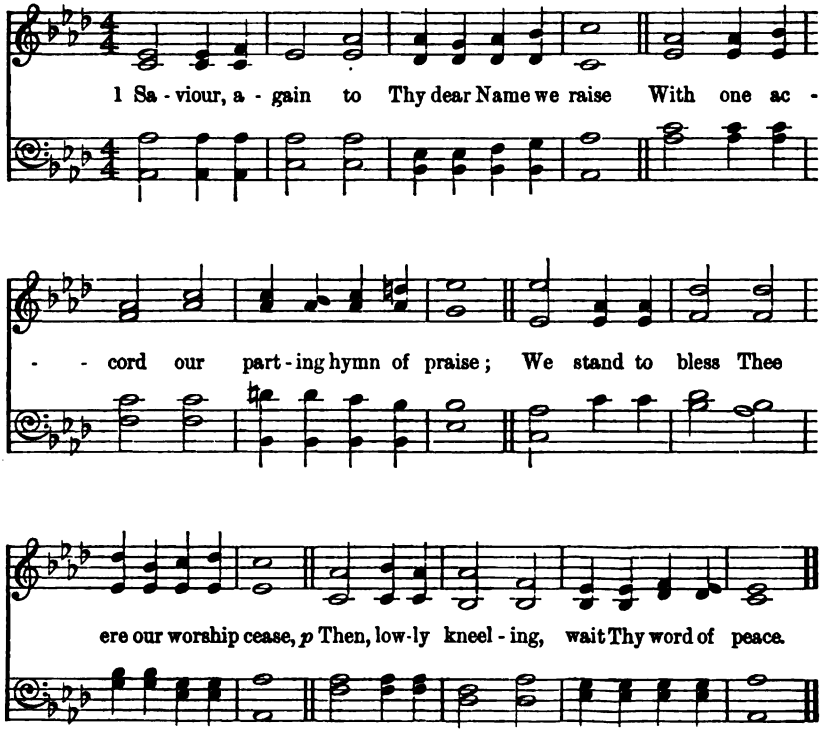
Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
cr. Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4.

p Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
dim. Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
pp Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton, 1866.

Ellers. [SECOND TUNE.] 10's. E. J. HOPKINS, Mus. Doc., 1869.



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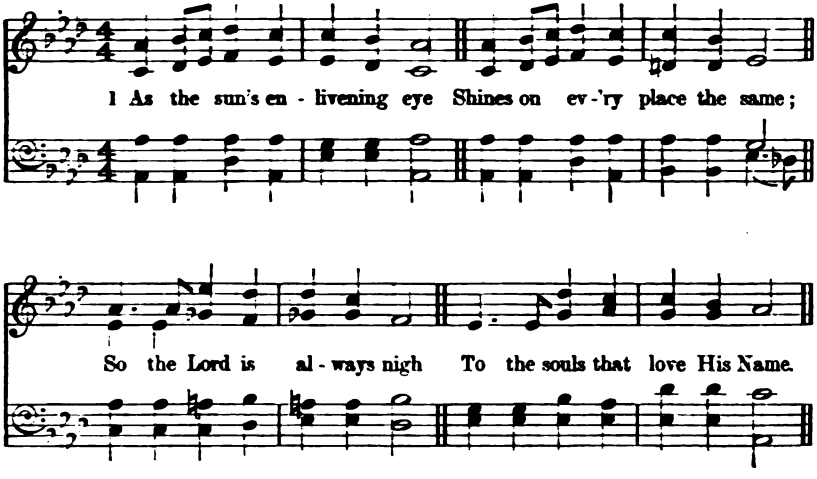
(d) *Hymns of Farewell.*

566 *Thy right hand shall hold me.*—Psalm cxxxix. 10.

Woodward's Litany. 7's. Wm. W. Woodward, 1822-1882.



2.

When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way:
He is ever with them all,
Those who go and those who stay

3.

From His holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine:
p Still in spirit they may meet,
Still in sweet communion join.

4.

mp For a season called to part,
cr. Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

5.

p Jesus! hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep!
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep!

6.

cr. In Thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

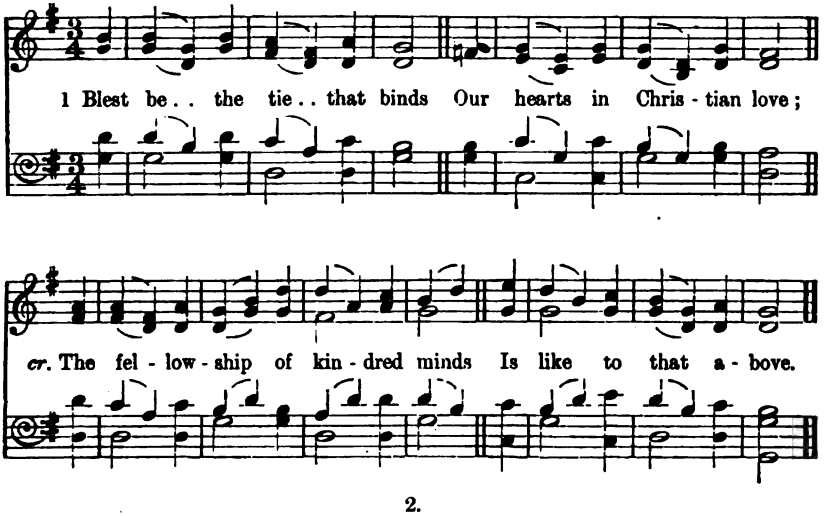
John Newton, 1779.

567

Dennis.

Be ye all of one mind.—1 Pet. iii. 8.

8.M. HANS G. NÄGELI, 1768-1836.



2.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
cr. Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3.

p We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.

4.

pp When we asunder part,
It gives us keenest pain;
cr. But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5.

f This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
cr. While each in expectation lives,
And hopes to see the day.

6.

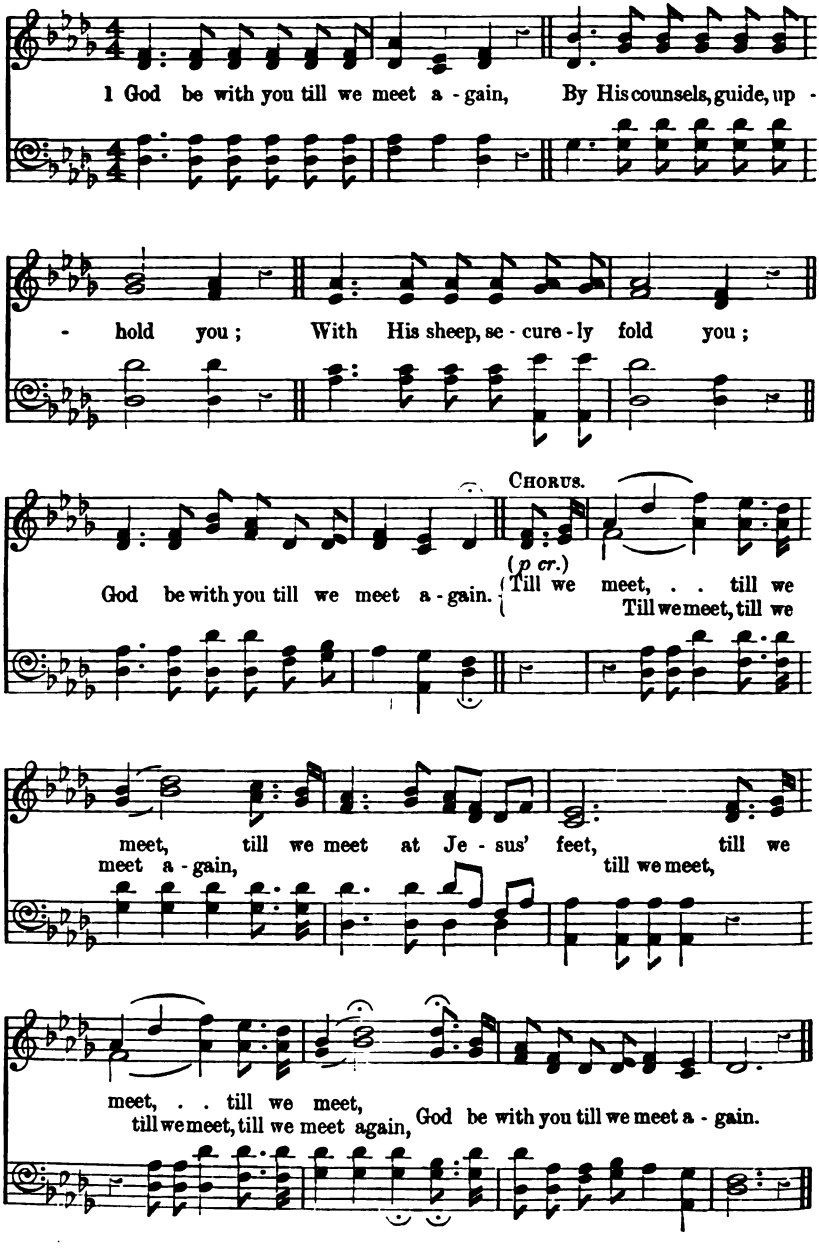
From sorrow, toil and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity!

John Fawcett, 1782.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Franconia," No. 426.

568 *I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace.*—Acts xx. 32.

God be with you. 9.8.8.9. with Chorus. W. G. Tomer, 1884.



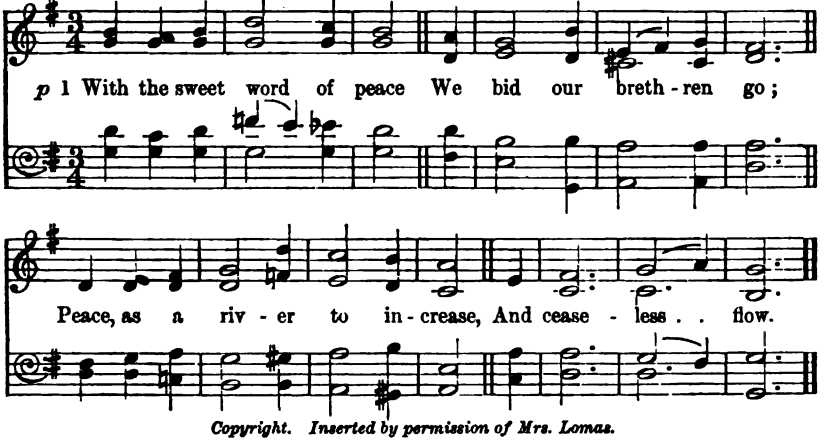
2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting, hide you;
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

p 3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
p Smite death's threat'ning wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc. *J. E. Rankin*, 1884.

569 *Sorrowing most of all . . . that they should see his face no more.*—Acts xx. 38.

Verbum Pacis. 6.6.8.4. GEORGE LOMAS, Mus. Bac., 1876.



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p 2 With the calm word of prayer
cr. We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend!

p 3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell:
f Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

f 4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee:
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their help shalt be.

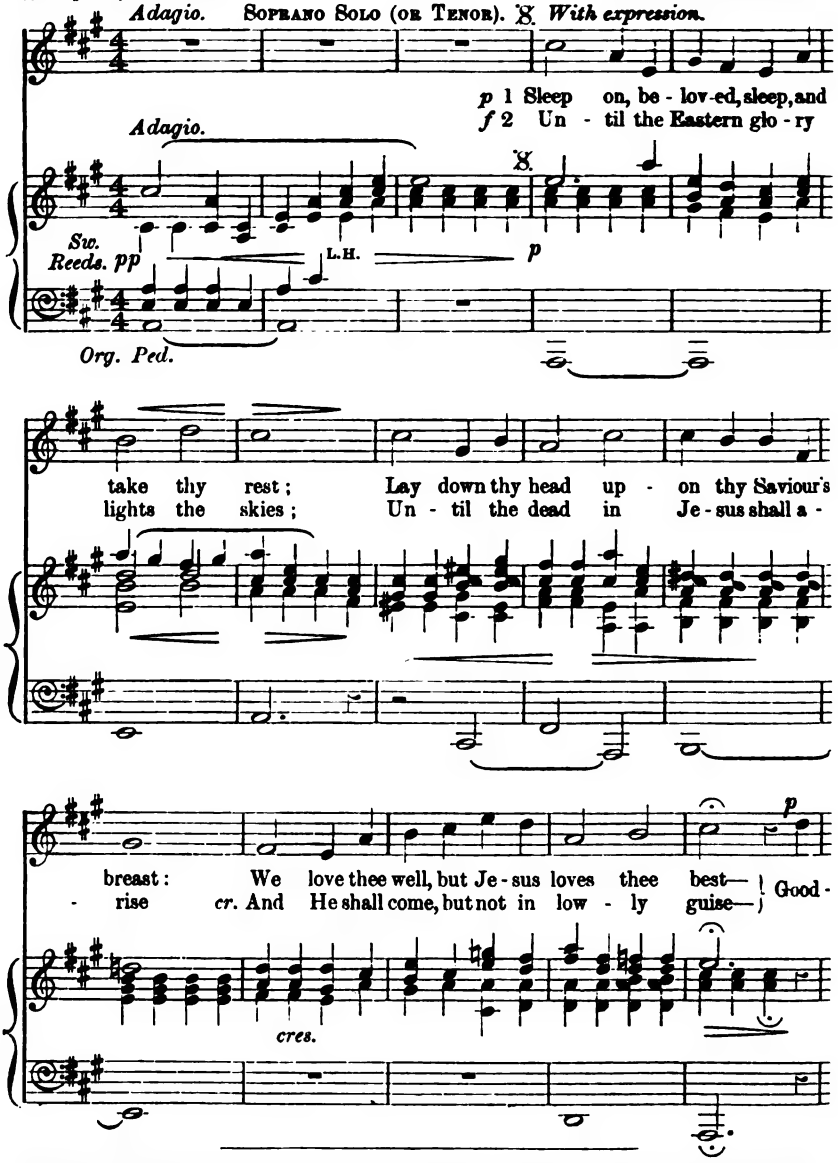
5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

p 6 Farewell! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer:
cr. Till He whose home is ours above
Unite us there! *George Watson*, 1868.

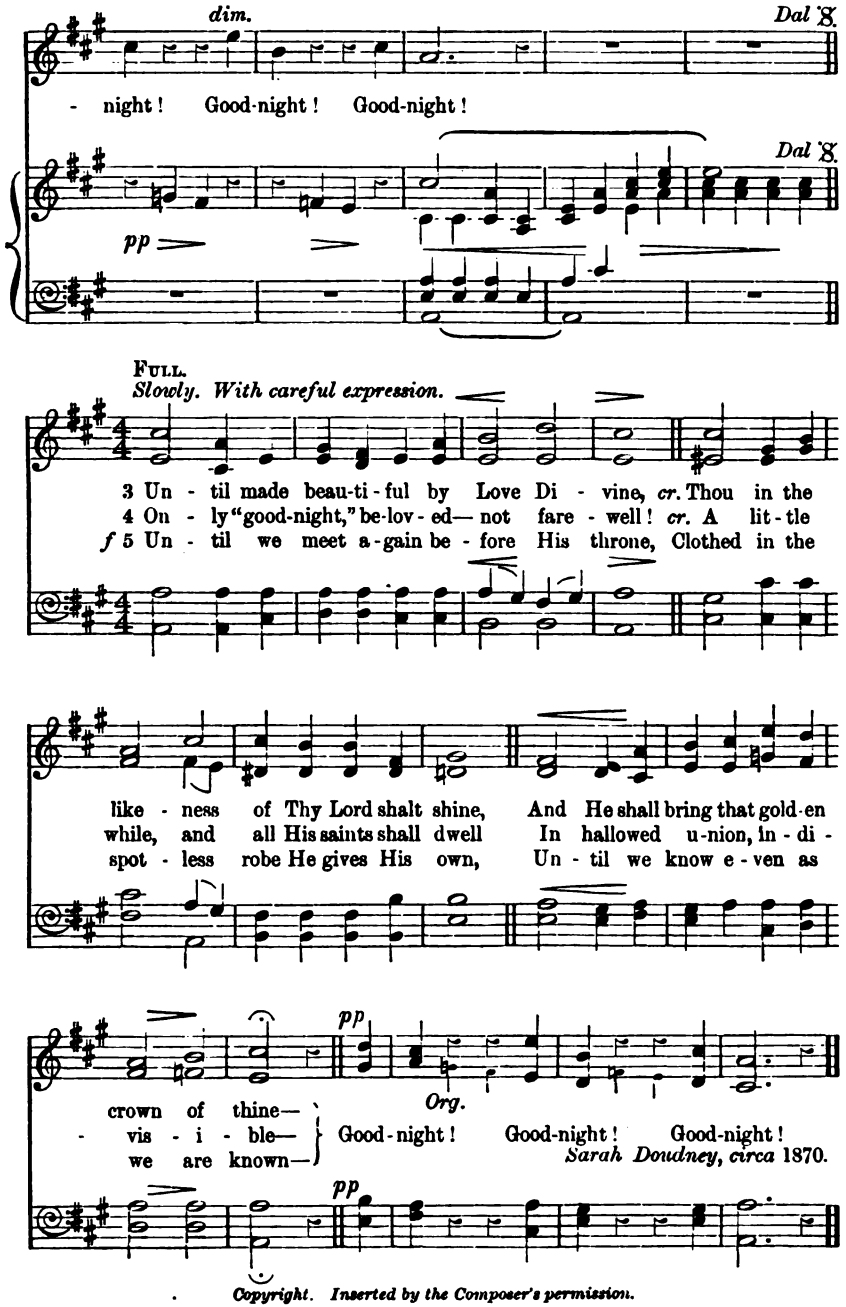
The Life Beyond.

570 *He giveth to His beloved sleep.*—Psalm cxxvii. 2.

Sleep on, beloved. 10.10.10.2. CAREY BONNER, 1896.



[The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends "Good-night," so sure were they of their awakening on the Resurrection Morning.]



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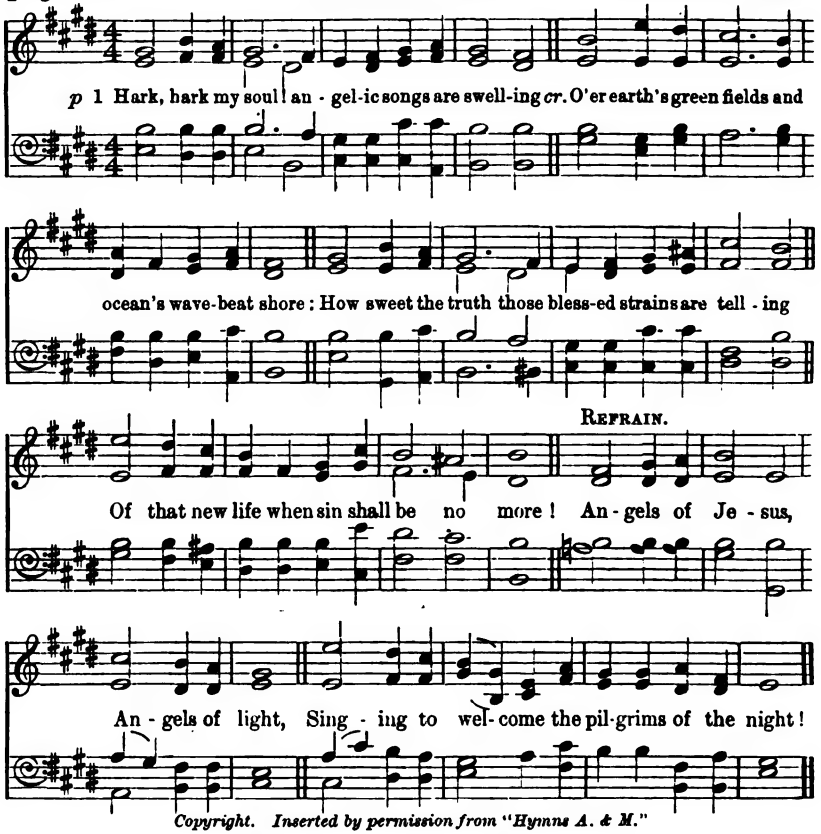
571

An innumerable company of angels.—Heb. xii. 22.

Pilgrims. 11.10.11.10. with Refrain. HENRY SMART, 1868.



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f 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
p "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come";
cr. And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

pp 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

p 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
cr. The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

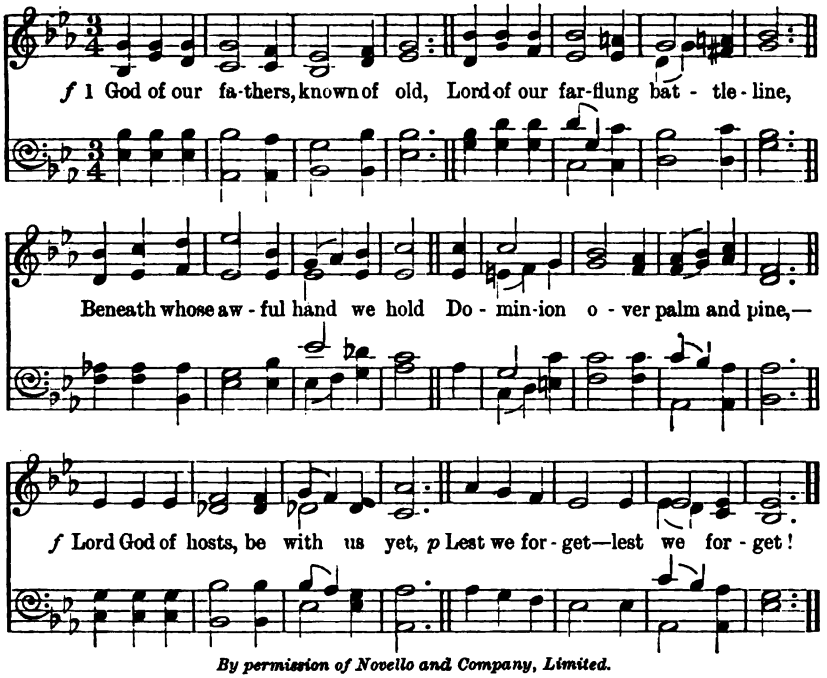
f 5 Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
cr. Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

F. W. Faber, 1854.

National Hymns.

572 *We will remember the name of the Lord our God.*—Psalm xx. 7.

St. Chrysostom. 8's., 6 lines. Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838-1896.



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2 The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,
dim. Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
p Lest we forget—lest we forget!

3 Far-called, our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
dim. Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
p Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

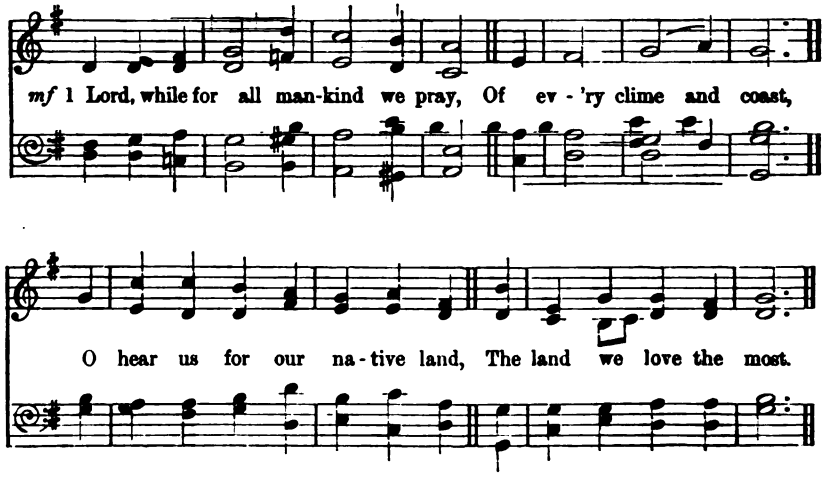
mf 4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law,—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
p Lest we forget—lest we forget!

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
p Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling.

573 *Blessed be the Lord, who hath given rest unto His people.*—1 Kings viii. 56.

Farrant. C.M. RICHARD FARRANT, 1530-1581.



2.

p Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell:
Our children, too;—how should we love
Another land so well?

3.

p O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
cr. With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

4.

mf Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
f And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

5.

p Here may religion, pure and mild
Upon our Sabbaths smile;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.

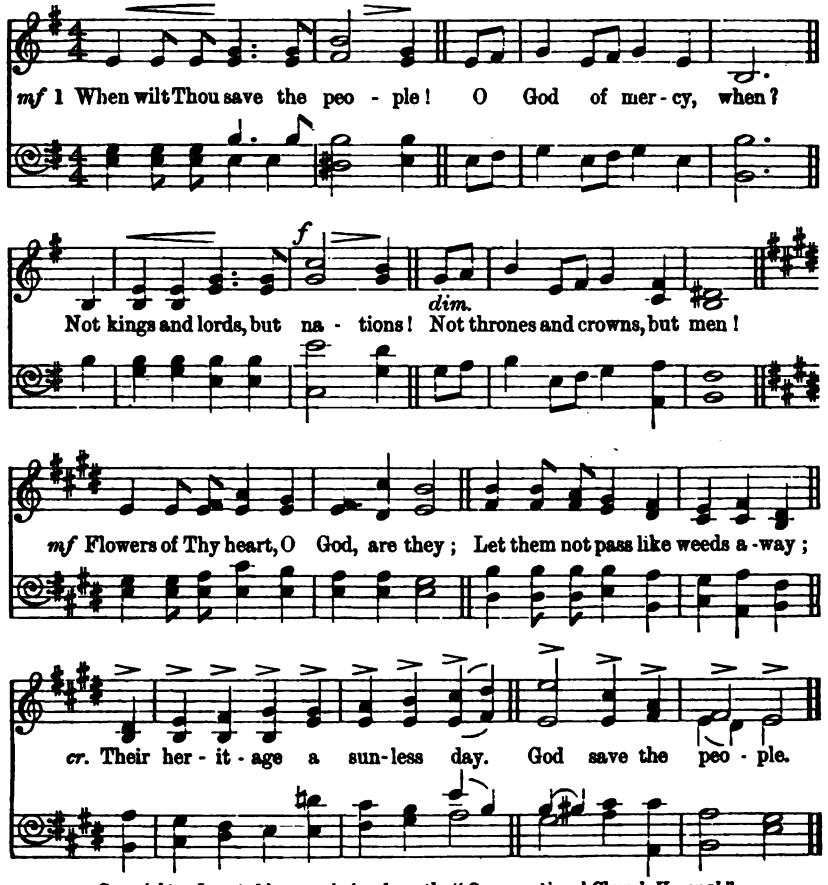
6.

mf Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
cr. Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

J. R. Wreford, 1837.

574 *Let the people praise Thee, O God.*—Psalm lxvii. 3.

Commonwealth. 7.6.7.6.8.8.8.5. J. Booth, 1887.



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p 2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
dim. That man shall toil for wrong?
f "No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
cr. And songs ascend instead of sighs.
God save the people.

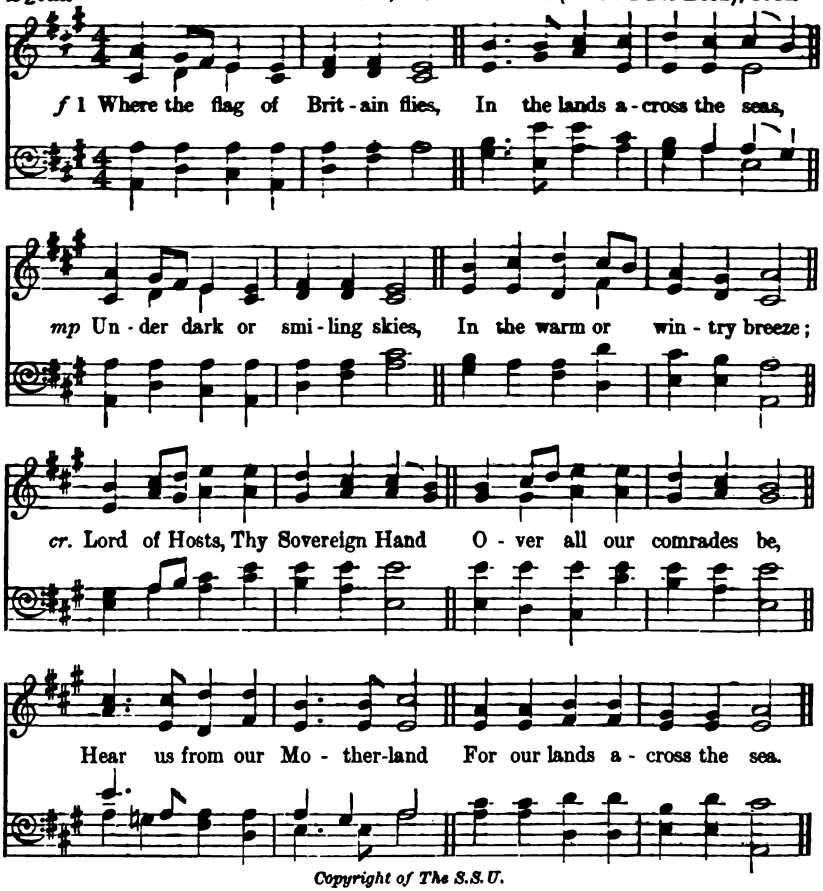
mf 3 When wilt Thou save the people!
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
dim. Not thrones and crowns, but men!
mp God save the people, Thine they are;
Thy children, as Thine angels fair
cr. From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people.

Ebenezer Elliott, 1850.

575

God, even our own God, shall bless us.—Psalm lxvii. 6.

Syria. 7's, 8 lines. Anon. (*Union Tune Book*), 1842.



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2 Far and wide Thy word be known,
On Thy love, Lord, let us wait,
Let the Empire be Thine own,
p By Thy gentleness made great;
cr. By Thy will alone we stand.
We are strong alone in Thee,
Hear us for our Motherland
And the lands across the sea.

3 Through the Empire spread Thy Light,
Over all shed Thou Thy calm,
Arm us for our heavenly fight
By the oak, the pine, the palm;
f One world-wide confederate band,
May we all be one in Thee,
cr. Hear us for our Motherland
And the lands across the sea.

F. A. Jackson, 1905.

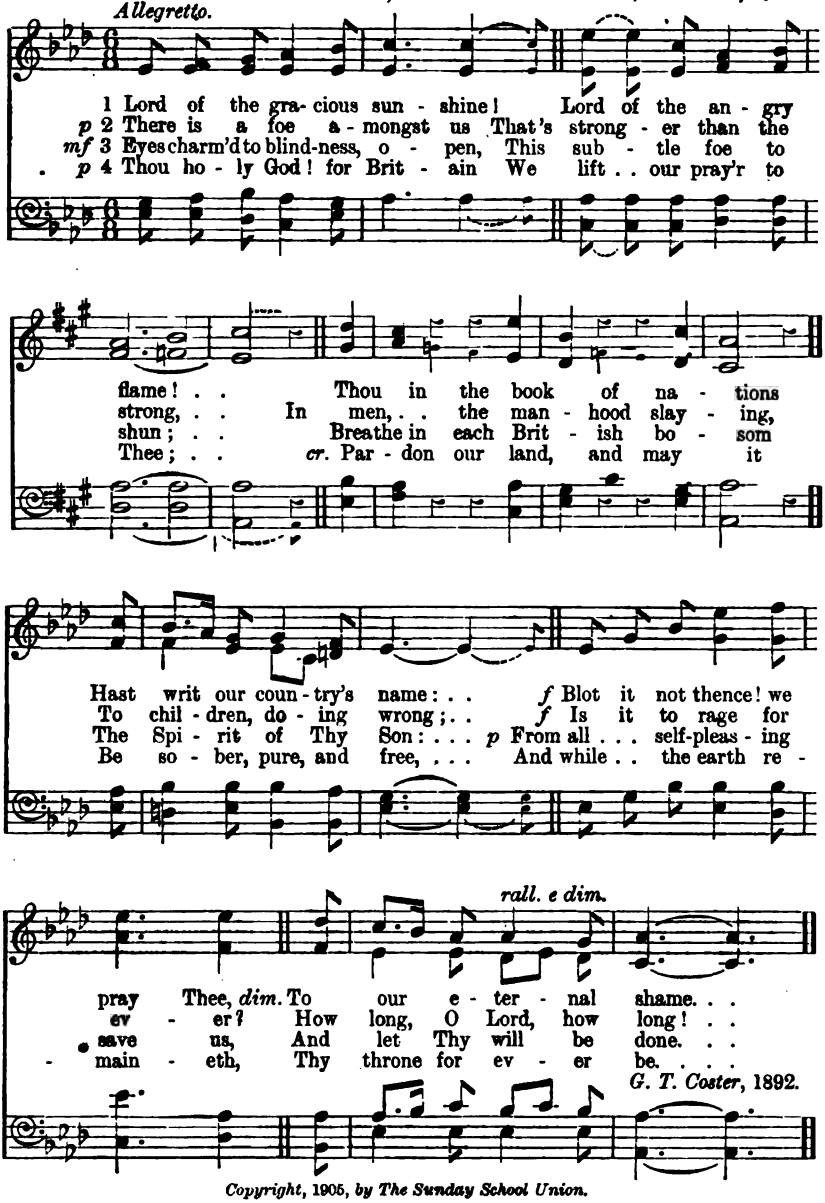
Temperance Hymns.

576

Strong drink is raging.—Prov. xx. 1.

Bessie.

7.6., 6 lines. F. A. Challinor, Mus. Doc., 1905.



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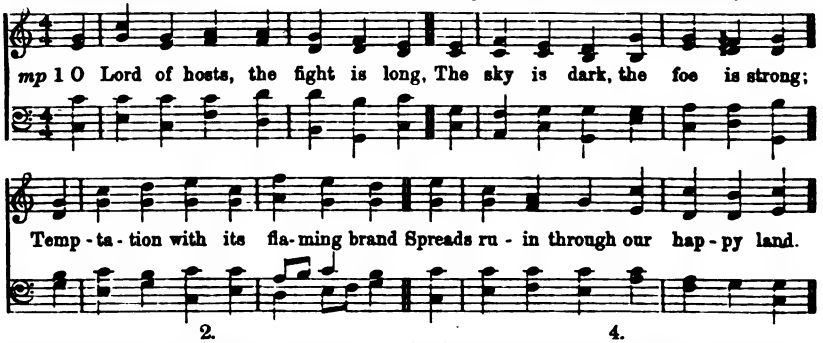
577

Hell hath enlarged herself.—Isa. v. 14.

Winchester New. L.M. *Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch*, 1690.



2.

mf Hell builds her palaces of state,
Makes bright her halls, and wide her gate,
p And thousands press within to share
The cup of madness and despair.

3.

p How long, how long, O God of right,
Shall thus prevail the tempter's might?
And our weak efforts fail to win
Our nation from the drunkard's sin?

4.

f But Thou art the redeeming God;
Oh! breathe Thy mighty power abroad!
Thy love alone can break the spell
That welds the iron chains of hell.

5.

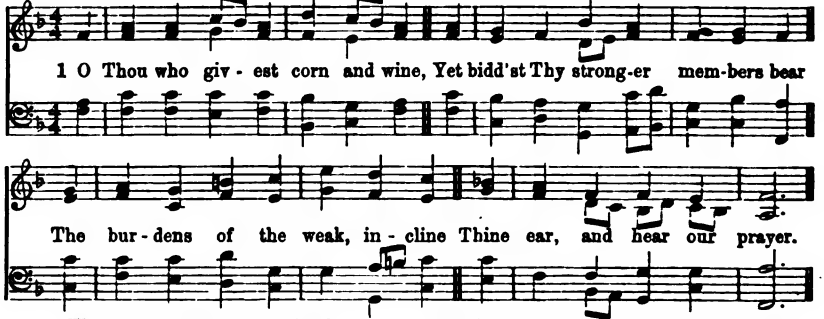
Give to our land wise laws, whose force
May stay temptation's ruthless course;
cr. And fire Thy Church with love's bright flame,
To save the lost in Christ's dear Name.

Ella S. Armitage, circa 1890.

578

It is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.—Rom. xiv. 21.

Silverstone. 8.8.8.6. T. M. Mudie, 1809-1876.



2 Thy faithful Nazarites of old
Were bright as jewels, pure as snow;
p We, too, by sacred vows enrolled,
Are Thine; adorn us so.

mf 3 Obedient to our Father's will
May we, like Rechab's sons, be found,
And in celestial wisdom still,
Like Daniel, more abound.

f 4 Make us, like Samson, all our days,
Valiant for God, in battle strong;
And, like the Baptist, bold to raise
Our voice against the wrong.

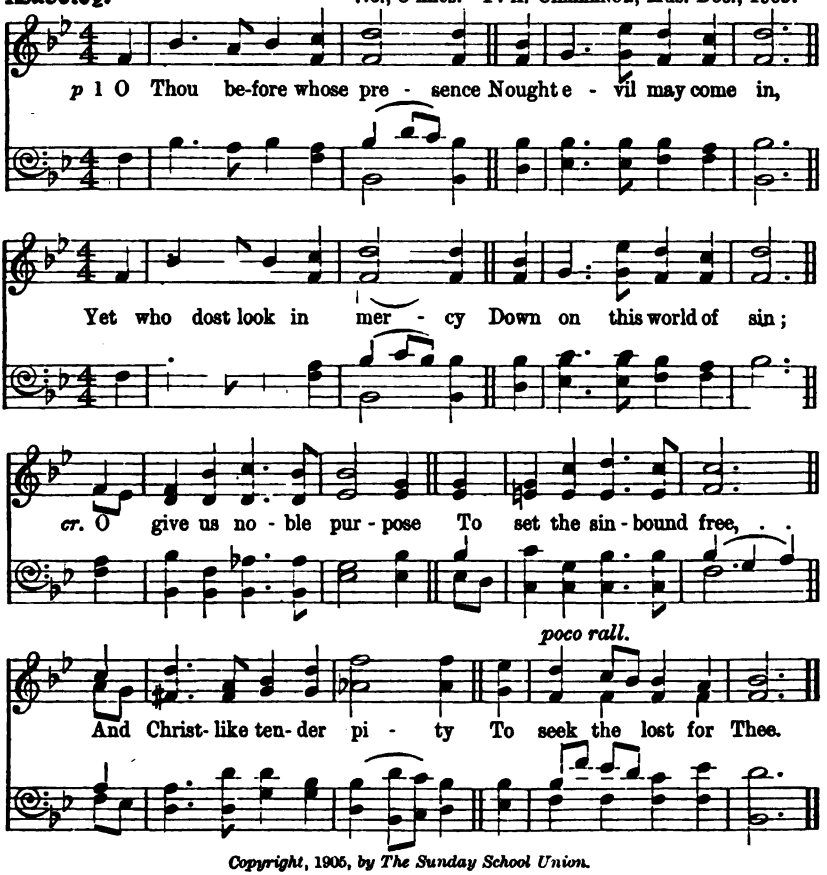
p 5 But more than all, the mind impart,
Of Him through whom we come to Thee;
That so, with meek and lowly heart,
From pride and boasting free,

6 We may prevail to shield the weak,
The fallen raise, the lost restore:
f And Thine, whose help to-day we seek,
Be glory evermore.

T. G. Crippen, circa 1880.

579 *Lead me in Thy truth and teach me.*—Psalm xxv. 5.

Madeley. 7.6., 8 lines. F. A. Challinor, Mus. Doc., 1905.



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p 2 Fierce is the subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand
With woes that none can number
Despoil this pleasant land;
cr. All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armour
Be stronger than the strong.

f 3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see!
For things that *are* we thank Thee,
And for the things to be:
For bright Hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.

4 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
O Purity and Power!
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close the battle hour:
cr. Till all who prayed or struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity. *S. J. Stone*, 1839-1900.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Aurelia," No. 376.

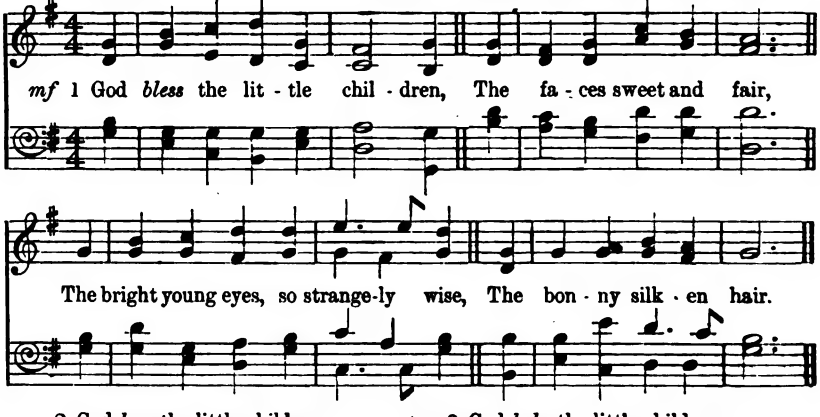
PART IV.

HYMNS FOR TEACHERS.

1. Pleading for the Scholars.

580 *In Heaven, their angels do always behold the face of My Father.*—Matt. xviii. 10.

St. Alphege. 7.6.8.6. H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1852.



2 God *love* the little children,—
The angels at the door;
The music sweet of little feet
That patter on the floor.

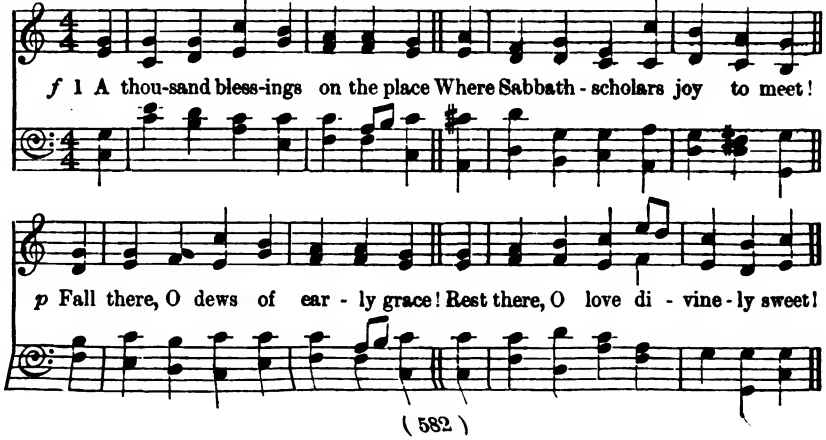
cr. 3 God *help* the little children,
Who cheer our saddest hours,
And shame our fears for future years,
And give us winter flowers.

4 God *keep* the little children
p Whom we no more can see;
dim. Fled from their nest and gone to rest,
Where we desire to be.

J. Page Hopps, 1870.

581 *I will command My blessing upon you.*—Lev. xxv. 31.

Mainzer. L.M. Joseph Mainzer, 1845.



mf 2 God's angels spread their happy wings
And hover o'er the children there;
f While praise from youthful voices rings,
p And childhood's hands are joined in prayer.

mf 3 Brood o'er that scene, O Holy Dove!
Renew and bless the youngest soul;
Seal each and all for joys above,
Where everlasting ages roll.

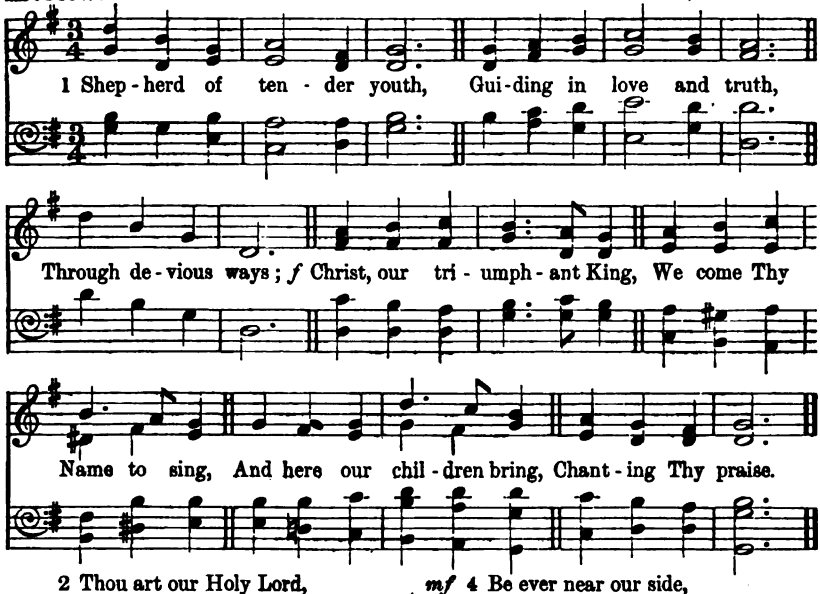
4 Reveal how there the Saviour stands,
To hear the children when they call;
dim. And lays His gentle unseen hands
In benediction on them all.

f 5 A thousand blessings on the place
Where Sabbath-scholars joy to meet!
cr. Till they ascend to see His face
And cast their crowns at Jesus' feet.

E. Hall Jackson, 1878.

582 *I am the Good Shepherd.*—John x. 14.

Moscow. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. FELICE GIARDINI, 1716-1796.



2 Thou art our Holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
dim. Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
cr. Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 O wisdom's great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love:
p And in our mortal pain,
cr. None calls on Thee in vain:
Help Thou dost not refrain,—
Help from above.

mf 4 Be ever near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song:
cr. Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong.

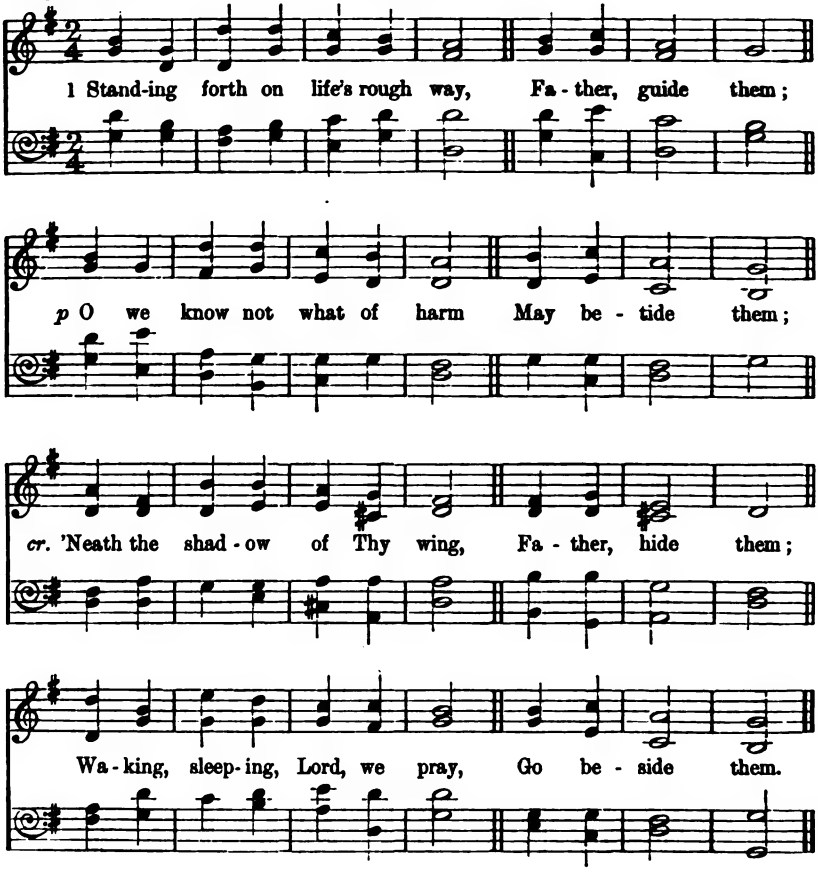
f 5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Infants, and that glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite, and swell the song
To Christ our King.

Clement of Alexandria, tr. H. M. Dexter, 1848.

583

My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth!—Jer. iii. 4.

Magdeburg. 7.4., 8 lines. German Air.



p 2 When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Thou wilt hear them;
From the stains of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them;
cr. 'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
Thou wilt steer them;
In temptation, trial, and grief,
Be Thou near them.

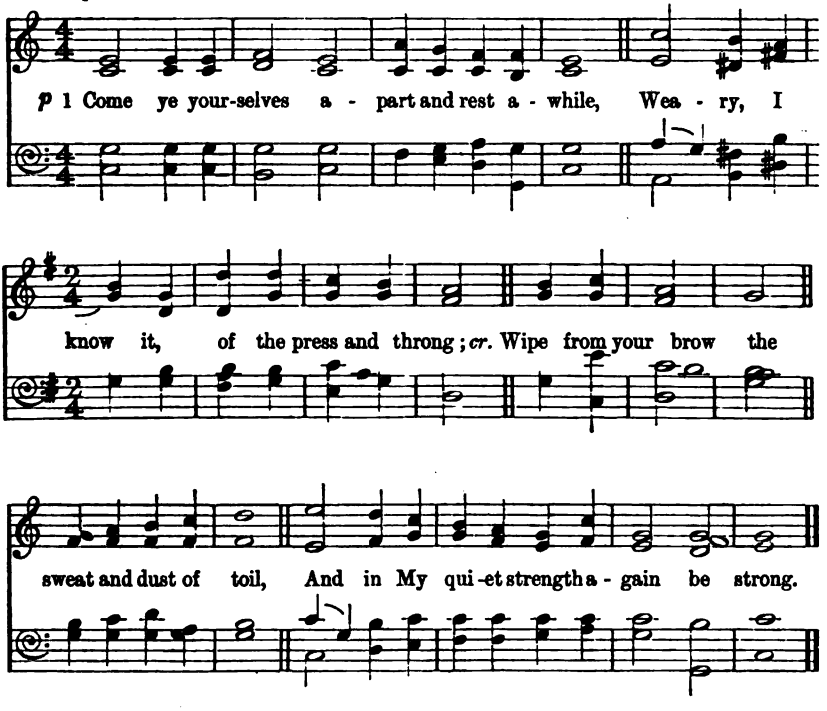
f 3 Unto Thee we give them up;
Lord, receive them;
p In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them,
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them:
cr. Trustful, in Thy hands of love
We must leave them.

Wm. Bryant, circa 1870.

2. Fellowship with the Master.

584 *Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest awhile.*—Mark vi. 31.

Hellespont or **Morecambe.** 10's. Anon., *circa* 1880.



p 2 Come ye aside from all the world holds dear,
For converse which the world has never known;
Alone with Me and with My Father here,
cr. With Me and with My Father not alone.

3 Come, tell Me all that ye have said and done,
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears;
dim. I know how hardly souls are wooed and won;
My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.

pp 4 Come ye and rest! the journey is too great,
And ye will faint beside the way, and sink;
The bread of life is here for you to eat,
And here for you the wine of love to drink.

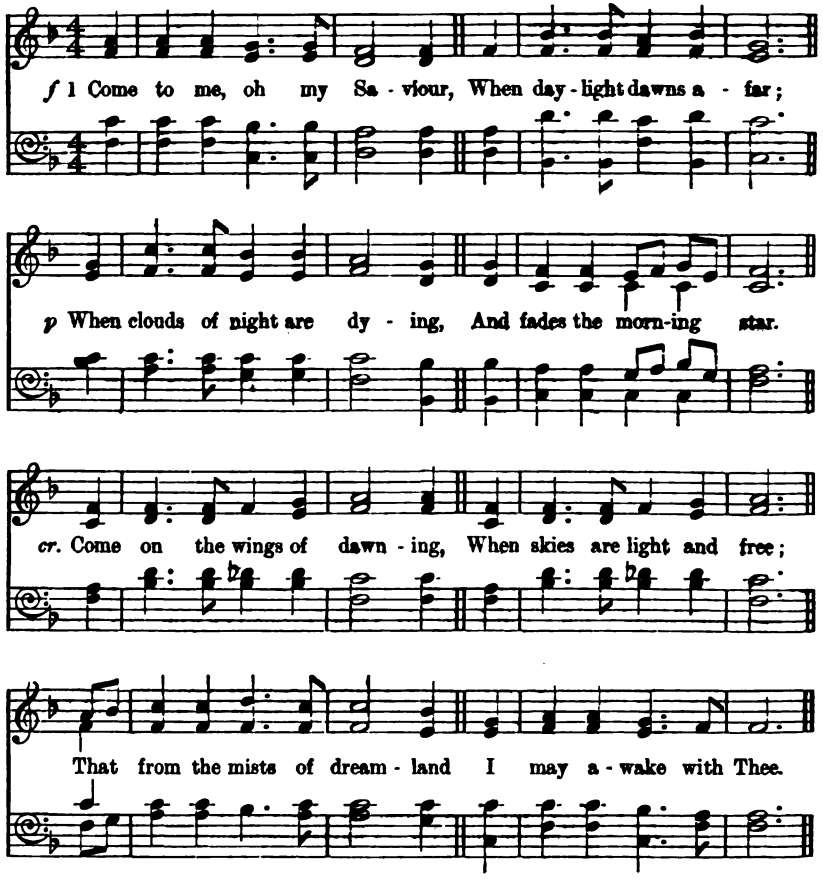
cr. 5 Then, fresh from converse with your Lord, return
And work till daylight softens into even;
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master, and His rest in heaven.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1872.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Ellers," No. 565 (Second Tune).

585 *I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.*—John xiv. 18.

Rutherford. 7.6., 8 lines. C. D'URHAN, 1834.



mf 2 Come to me, oh my Saviour,
In daily toil and strife;
Come in the irksome duties,
And lowly walks of life.
p Come in all pain and weakness,
Come in all earthly love,
And draw me ever upward
To things that are above.

mf 3 Come to me, oh my Saviour,
In forms of those I meet;
Come on the silent hillside,
And in the crowded street.
Come in the voice of children,
Fresh from Thy home on high,
And in the smallest flowers
That grow the wayside by.

p 4 Come to me, oh my Saviour,
When hopes are dead and cold;
When heart is sore and weary,
And doubts the mind enfold.
pp Come in the hour of grieving
O'er plans and prospects lost,
cr. And when on storms of passion,
My soul is tempest-tost.

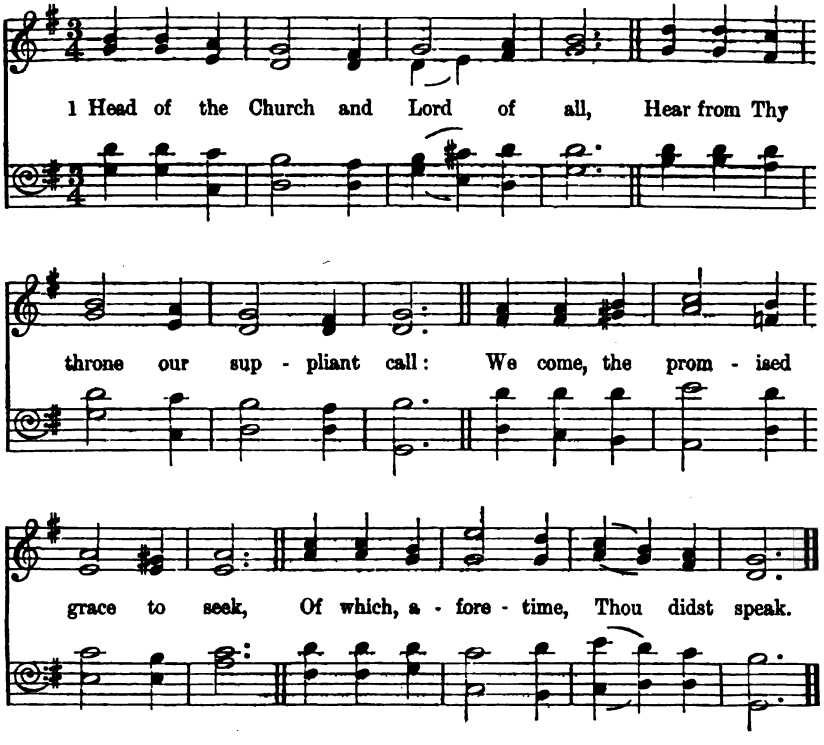
p 5 Come to me, oh my Saviour,
As life fades to the end;
When through an unknown country,
My faltering footsteps wend;
When sight and breath are failing,
And earthly mem'ries flee,
Come to me, oh my Saviour,
That I may come to Thee.

Janet *Steel Pattinson, circa* 1900.

586

Lo, I am with you alway.—Matt. xxviii. 20.

St. Polycarp. L.M. IGNACE J. PLEYEL, 1757-1831.



2 "Lo, I am with you"—that sweet word,
Lord Jesus, meekly be it heard,
cr. And stamped with all-inspiring power,
On our weak souls this favoured hour!

p 3 Without Thy presence, King of saints,
Our purpose fails, our spirit faints;
Thou must our wavering faith renew,
Ere we can yield Thee service true.

p 4 Thy consecrating might we ask;—
Or vain the toil, unblest the task:
And impotent of fruit will be
Love's holiest effort wrought for Thee.

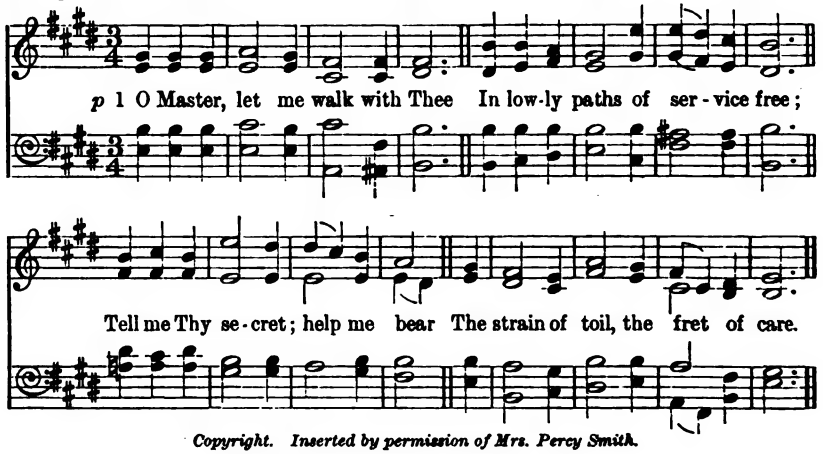
cr. 5 "Lo, I am with you"; even so,
Thy joy our strength we fearless go;
And praise shall crown the suppliant's call,
Head of the Church, and Lord of all!

Joseph Tritton, 1880.

587

The fellowship of His sufferings.—Phil. iii. 10.

Marpton. [FIRST TUNE.] L.M. H. PERCY SMITH, 1874.



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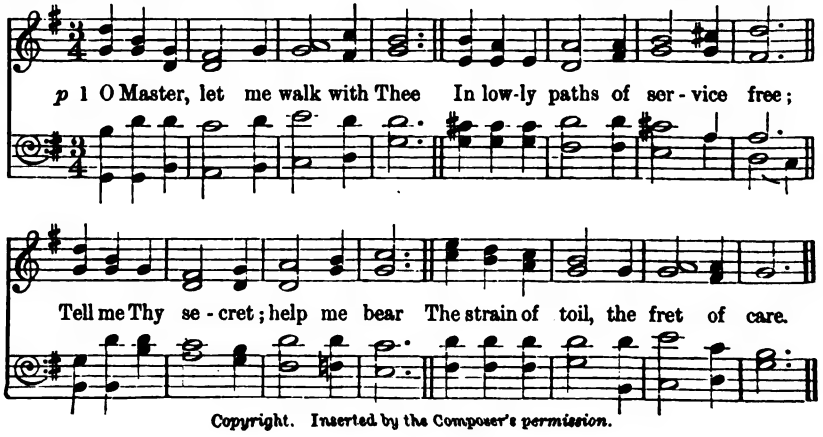
2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
cr. Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

p 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
f In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

cr. 4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

Washington Gladden, 1879.

Gladden. [SECOND TUNE.] L.M. ARTHUR BERRIDGE, 1896.



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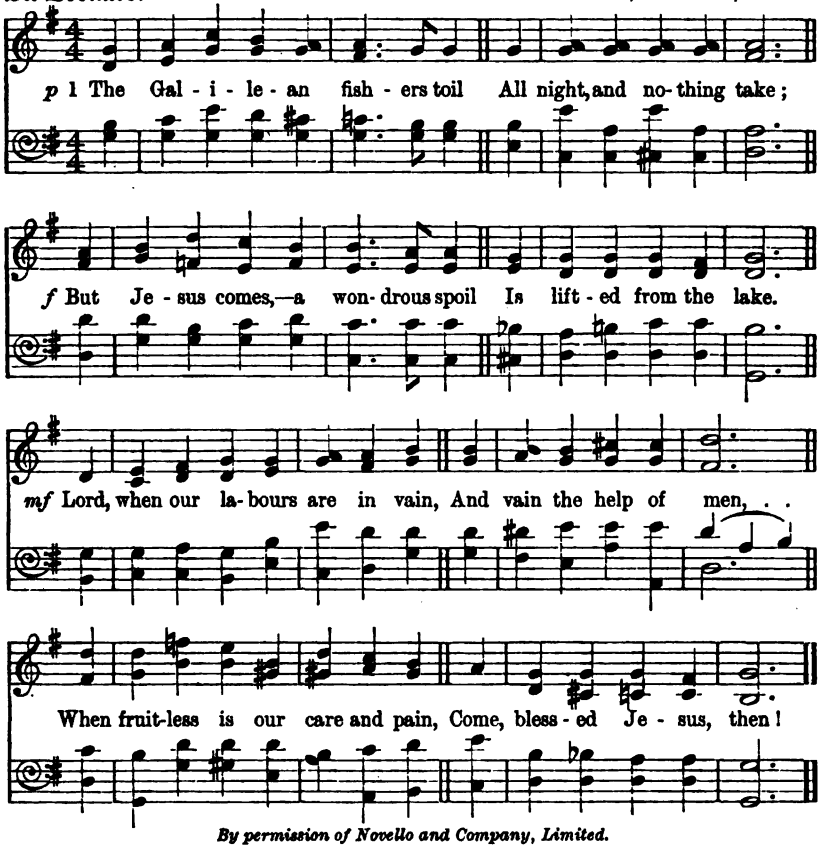
588 *Without Me ye can do nothing.*—John xv. 5.

St. Leonard. C.M. D. HENRY HILES, Mus. Doc., 1867.



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f 2 The night is dark, the surges fill
The bark, the wild winds roar;
p But Jesus comes; and all is still,—
The ship is at the shore.
mf O Lord, when storms around us howl,
And all is dark and drear,
In all the tempests of the soul,
O blessèd Jesus, hear!

3 A frail one, thrice denying Thee,
Saw mercy in Thine eyes;
The penitent upon the tree
Was borne to paradise.
p In hours of sin and deep distress,
O show us, Lord, Thy face;
In penitential loneliness,
O give us, Jesus, grace!

4 The faithful few retire in fear
To their closed upper room,
cr. But suddenly, with joyful cheer,
They see their Master come.
mf Lord, come to us, unloose our bands,
And bid our terrors cease;
Lift over us Thy blessèd hands,
Speak, holy Jesus, peace.

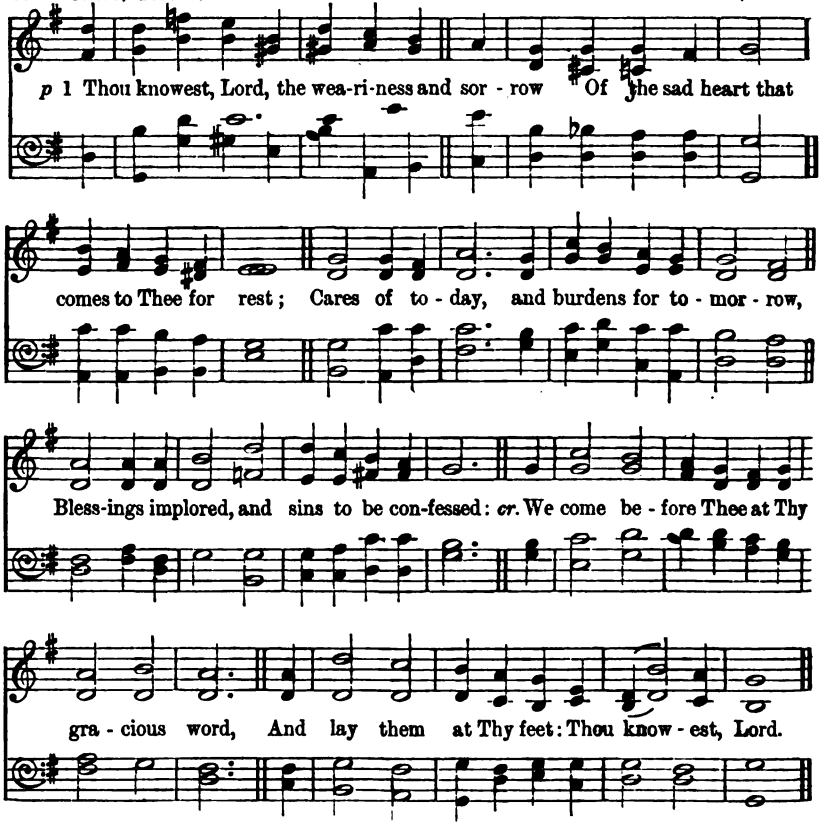
Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Blenden," No. 76.

589

O Lord, Thou knowest.—Jer. xv. 15.

Warrenne. No. 4. 11.10.11.10.10.10. Dr. O. R. Barnicott, 1877.



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2 Thou knowest all the past: how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
cr. How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life and hope and strength again.

3 Thou knowest all the present: each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
p All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

f 4 Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
p Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
dim. And the dark river to be crossed at last;
cr. O what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this "Thou knowest, Lord!"

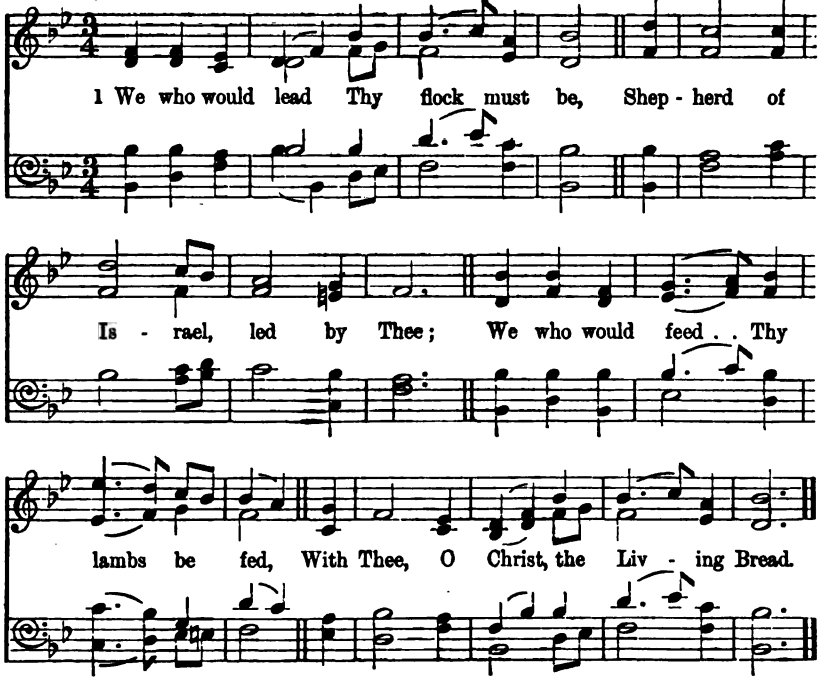
5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all knowing;
p As Man our mortal weakness Thou hast proved;
f On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
cr. And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

p 6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
cr. On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete;
f Then, rising and refreshed, we leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known.

Jane Borthwick, 1859.

590 *Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel.*—Psalm lxxx. 1.

Warrington. L.M. RALPH HARRISON, 1748-1810.



2.
f Thou, Father, must our spirits bless,
Thou, Saviour, be our righteousness,
Thou, Holy Spirit, be our light,
Ere we can teach one child aright.

3.
p Great God, we feel our helplessness,
Do Thou our work assist and bless;
O breathe upon us from above,
And fill our hearts with ardent love.

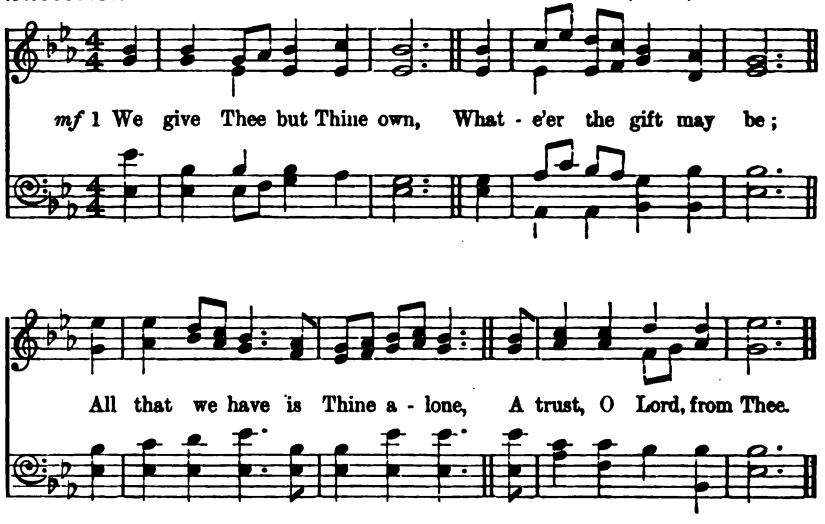
4.
p O make us gentle, patient, kind;
Teach us to guide the opening mind,
By winning words of sacred truth
To Jesus in its early youth.

5.
cr. O may each teacher, young or old,
Gather some lambs within Thy fold,
That they, with us, may praise Thy love,
For ever in Thy fold above.

E. Symons, circa 1880.

591 *All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.*—1 Chron. xxix. 14.

Silchester. S.M. CÉSAR H. A. MALAN, D.D., 1787-1864.



2.
May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
f And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3.
p And hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold.

4.
cr. To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

5.
The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

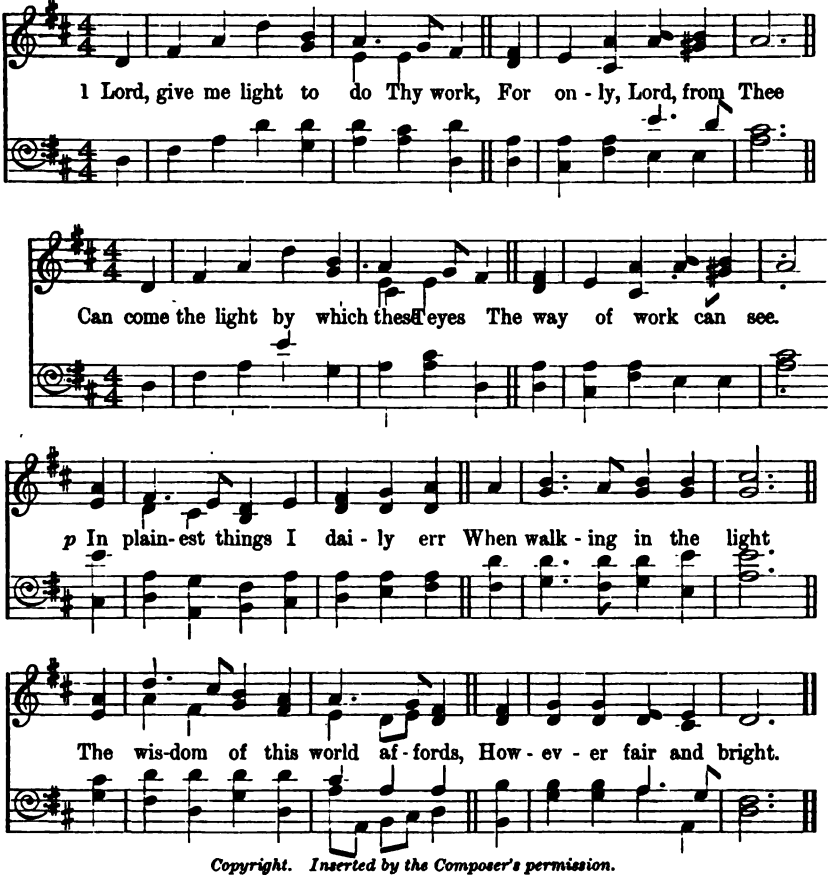
6.
cr. And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,—
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

W. W. How, 1864.

3. Fitness for Service.

592 *O send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me.*—Psalm xliii. 3.

Petersham. C.M. D. C. W. Poole, 1875.



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p 2 In word and plan and deed I err,
When busiest in Thy work;
Beneath the simplest forms of truth
The subtlest errors lurk.
dim. The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewn;
I wander oft, and think it Thine
When walking in my own.

3 Yet pleasant is the work for Thee,
And pleasant is the way;
p But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
Am prone to go astray.
cr. O send me light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give!
Then shall I work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.

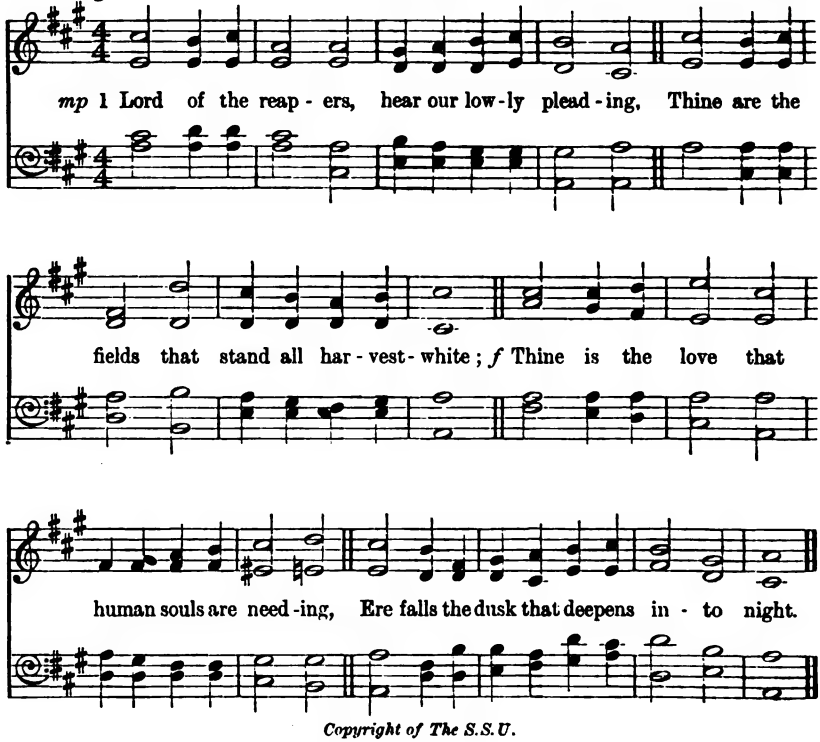
f 4 So shall success be mine, in spite
Of feebleness in me:
Beyond all disappointment then,
And failure I shall be.
The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord!
It is Thy race we run;
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.

Horatius Bonar, 1867.

593

God giveth the increase.—1 Cor. iii. 7.

Dawning. 11.10.11.10. R. G. Clements, *circa* 1880.



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2 Oft have we prayed, with longing and beseeching,
Fruit for our toil and glory for Thy cross;
p Yet slow the reaping, slow the task of reaching
Far distant souls whose distance is their loss.

3 Oft have we asked, entreating much and hoping,
Only to know our toil was not in vain;
Wisdom to find the hearts in darkness groping;
p Patience to lead them gently home again.

dim. 4 Soon o'er our harvest field the twilight stealeth,
Low on its margin stands the solemn sun;
cr. Rising to Thee the reapers' prayer appealeth,
"Grant us full sheaves before the day is done.

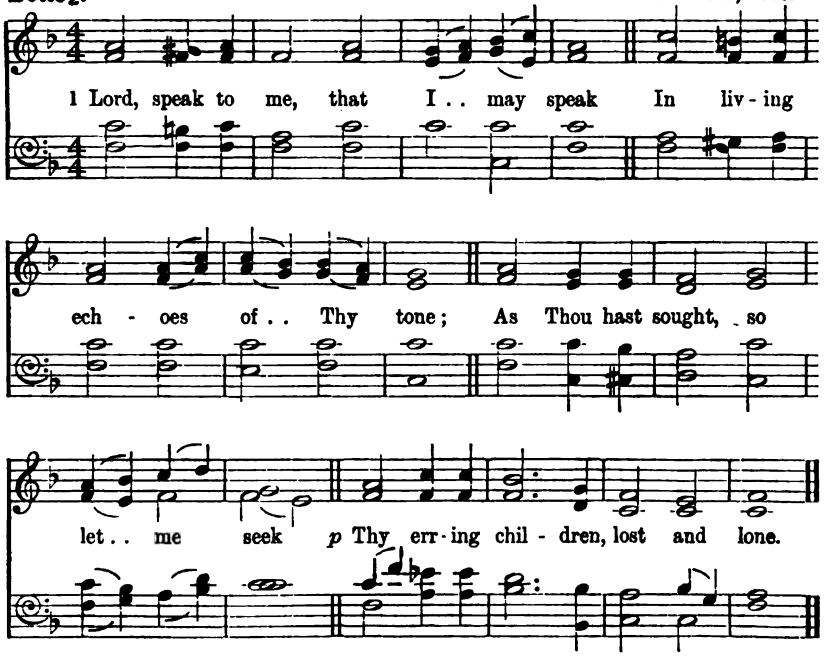
f 5 So when Thy morning floods the land with glory,
Good will it be to meet and see Thee then!
Learn all the triumphs of Thy love's sweet story,
Lord of the reapers! Hope of sinful men!"

Frederic *Goldsmith French*, 1905.

594

None of us liveth to himself.—Rom. xiv. 7.

Dolley. L.M. GEORGE HEWS, 1835.



2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

f 3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

p 5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak, with soothing power,
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones, in needful hour.

f 6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

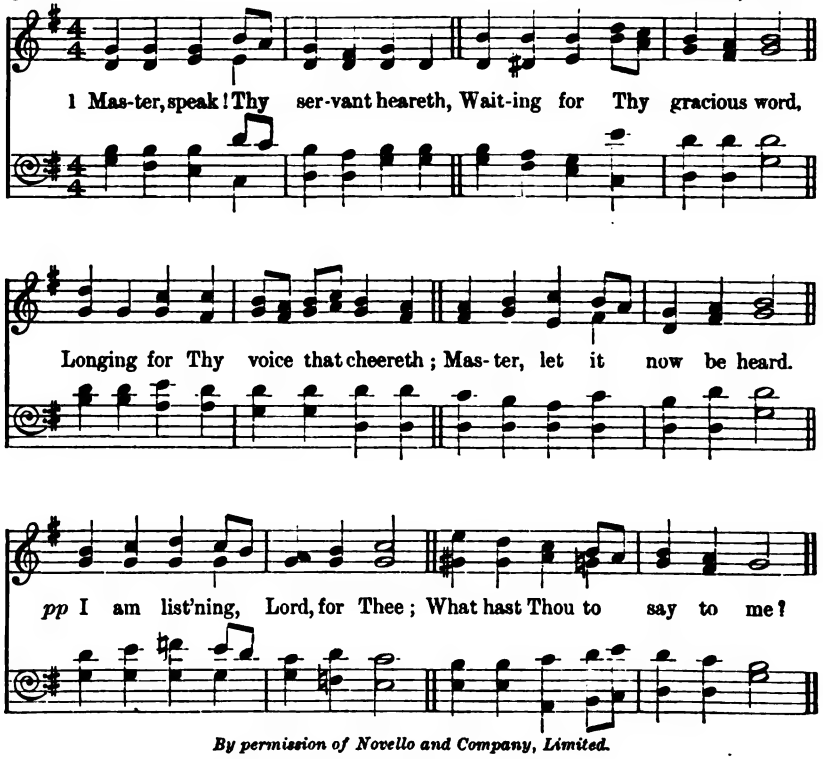
7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
cr. Until Thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1872.

595

Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.—1 Sam. iii. 9.

Gounod. 8.7.8.7.7.7. CHARLES GOUNOD, 1872.



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mf 2 Speak to me by name, O Master!
Let me know it is to me;
cr. Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the Rock.

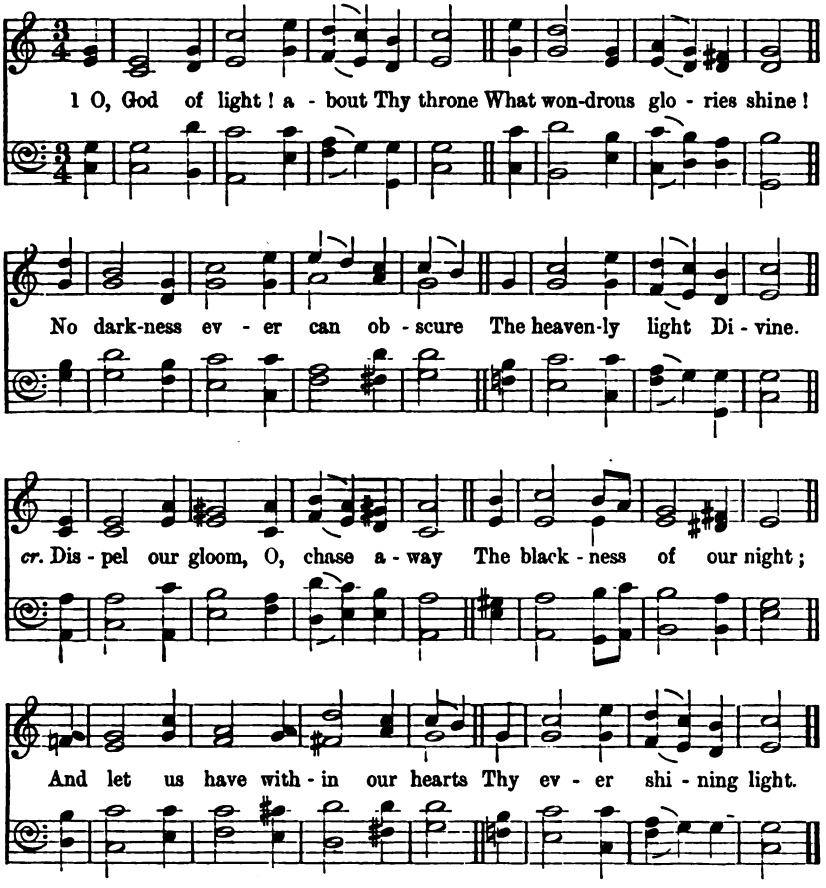
p 3 Master, speak! though least and lowest,
Let me not unheard depart;
cr. Master, speak! for oh! Thou knowest
All the yearning of my heart;
Knowest all its truest need;
Speak, and make me blest indeed.

4 Master, speak! and make me ready,
When Thy voice is truly heard,
cr. With obedience glad and steady
Still to follow every word.
pp I am list'ning, Lord, for Thee;
Master, speak, O speak to me.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1869.

596 *In Thy light shall we see light.*—Psalm xxxvi. 9.

St. Matthew. C.M. D. Wm. Croft, Mus. Doc., 1678-1727.



2 O, God of life! Thy quickening power
Is seen the earth around;
f Our life is ours to give to Thee,
To be with glory crowned.
Quicken our souls, that we may live
The life of faith and love;
cr. That when all earthly visions fade
Our life may be above.

3 O, God of love! we thank Thy Name
For love's constraining power!
p We could not live without the care
That guards us every hour.
Within our hearts, now shed abroad
Thy wondrous love Divine;
cr. That each may truly, gladly, say
"The love of God is mine."

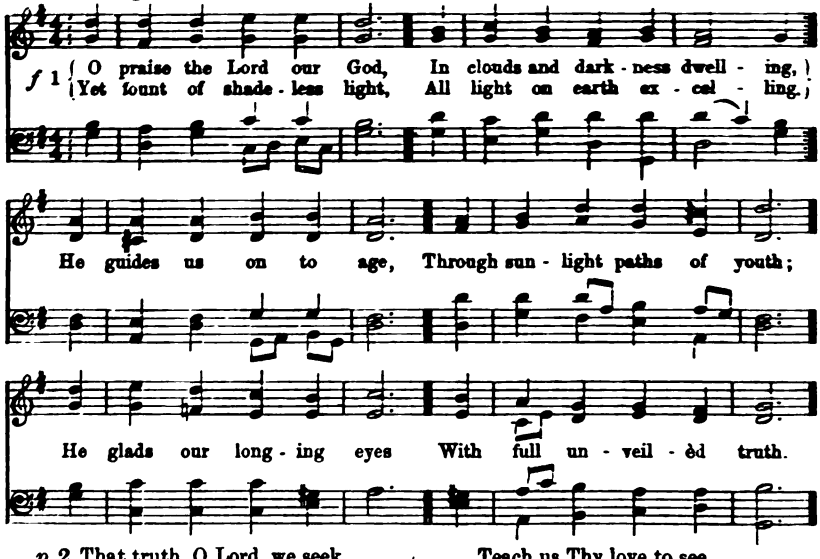
p 4 O, God of light and life and love!
Receive our homage now,
dim. While, filled with reverential awe,
Before Thy throne we bow.
And when our worship here shall cease,
cr. And all earth's ties are riven,
Amid the glory round the throne,
We'll worship Thee in heaven.

Beresford Adams, 1905.

597

Praise ye the Lord.—Psalm civ. 35.

Wittemberg or **Nun Danket.** 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. CRÜGER's *Praxis Pietatis Melica*, 1648.



p 2 That truth, O Lord, we seek,
In spirit meek and lowly;
To all who learn and teach
Give wisdom pure and holy.
dim. In solemn awe we bend
All wondering round Thy throne,
cr. And Thee, our Lord, our Life,
Our Joy, our Gladness own.

f 3 O Lord of Truth and Light,
All heaven and earth possessing,
Grant us Thy laws to know,
Our daily taskwork blessing;
Teach us Thy love to see,
O'er earth and heaven outspread,
cr. While wisdom conquering Fear
With highest Faith shall wed.

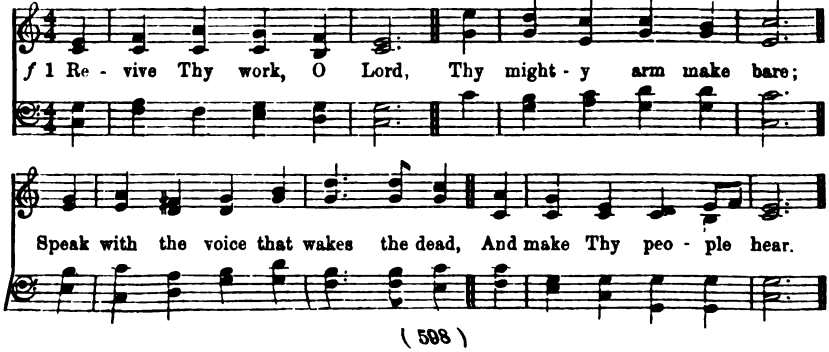
f 4 All praise and thanks to Thee,
Eternal Lord, be given,
For all Thy help on earth,
For all our hopes of Heaven;
cr. Thy Name, the One, the Three,
Through æons yet to come,
All Saints and Angels sing, [Home.
Their Light, their Peace, their

E. H. Plumptre, 1864.

598

O Lord, revive Thy work.—Hab. iii. 2.

St. George. S.M. H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc., 1852.



2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine Almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life
O may our spirits be!

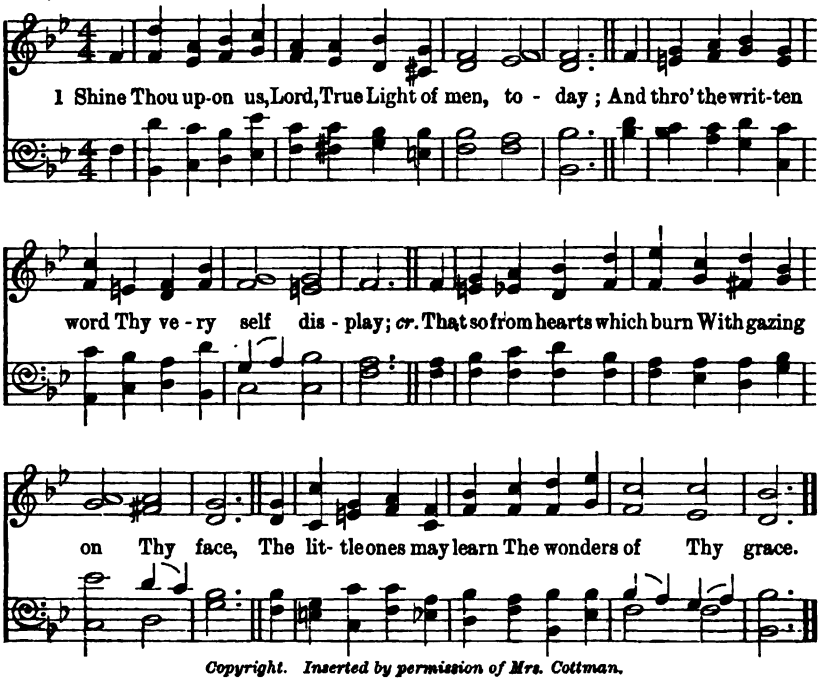
f 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Give Pentecostal showers;
cr. The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours.

Albert Midlane, 1858.

599 *The word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak.*—Num. xxii. 35.

St. Jude. 6's., 8 lines. ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1876.



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2.

p Breathe Thou upon us, Lord,
Thy Spirit's living flame,
cr. That so with one accord
Our lips may tell Thy Name:
p Give Thou the hearing ear,
Fix Thou the wandering thought,
cr. That those we teach may hear
The great things Thou hast wrought.

3.

Speak Thou for us, O Lord,
In all we say of Thee;
According to Thy word
Let all our teaching be;
That so Thy lambs may know
Their own true Shepherd's voice,
Where'er He leads them go,
And in His love rejoice.

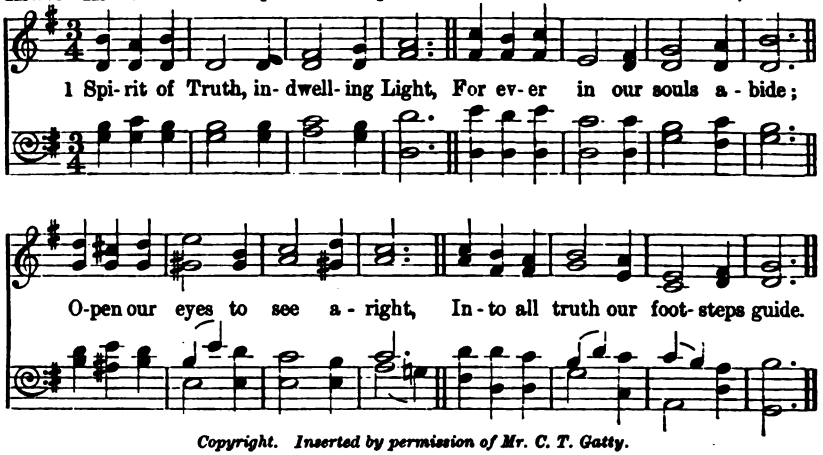
4.

f Live Thou within us, Lord,
Thy mind and will be ours;
Be Thou beloved, adored,
And served with all our powers;
That so our lives may teach
Thy children what Thou art,
And plead, by more than speech,
For Thee with every heart.

John Ellerton, 1889.

600 *The Comforter, the Holy Ghost . . . He shall teach you.*—John xiv. 26.

Mater Misericordiæ. [FIRST TUNE.] L.M. Sir ALFRED S. SCOTT-GATTY, 1899.



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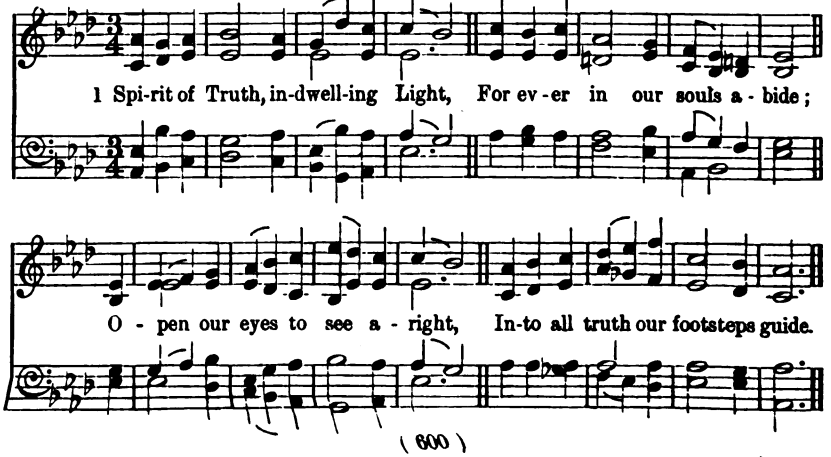
p 2 Spirit of Comfort and of Love,
Come to our hearts with soothing spell;
cr. Our troubled thoughts, our fears remove,
With us for ever deign to dwell.

3 Sent from the Father by the Son,
Come forth, our Guide to Them to be,
f For Thou, we know, with Them art One,
And we have Them in having Thee.

p 4 Peace that the world has not to give
Is theirs, who do the Saviour's will;
Help Thou us more to Him to live,
And with His peace our spirits fill.

J. E. Bode, 1860.

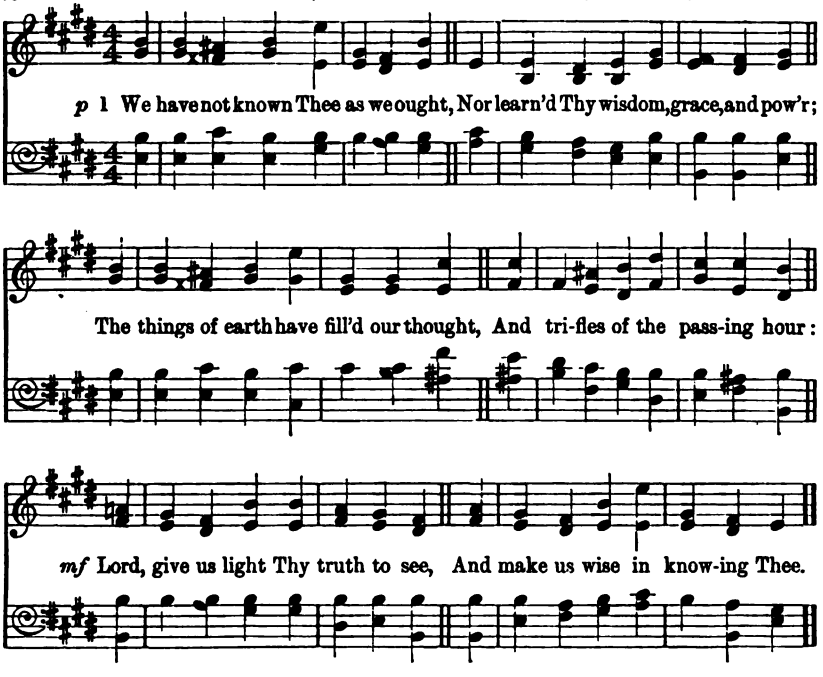
Otterbourne. [SECOND TUNE.] L.M. From HAYDN, 1732-1809.



601

Ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.—Jas. i. 5.

Dura. 8's., 6 lines. H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc., 1806-1876.



p 2 We have not feared Thee as we ought,
Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,
Nor guarded deed and word and thought,
Remembering that God was nigh:
cr. Lord, give us faith to know Thee near,
And grant the grace of holy fear.

p 3 We have not loved Thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee:
Thy presence we have coldly sought,
And feebly longed Thy face to see:
cr. Lord, give a pure and loving heart
To feel and know the Love Thou art.

p 4 We have not served Thee as we ought;
Alas! the duties left undone,
The work with little fervour wrought,
The battles lost, or scarcely won!
f Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,
For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

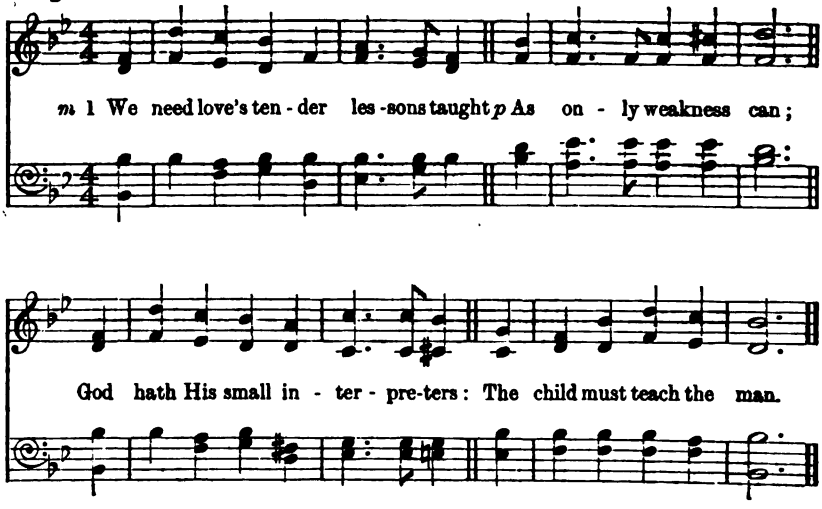
p 5 When shall we know Thee as we ought,
And fear, and love, and serve aright?
When shall we, out of trial brought,
Be perfect in the land of light?
cr. Lord, may we day by day prepare
To see Thy face, and serve Thee there.

T. B. Pollock, 1889.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Eaton," No. 467.

602 *Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.*—Matt. xix. 14.

Holy Cross. C.M.



2.

p We wander wide through evil years,
Our eyes of faith grow dim;
cr. The child is freshest from His hands
And nearest unto Him!

3.

Of such the kingdom!—Teach Thou us,
O Master, most divine,
To feel the deep significance
Of these wise words of Thine!

4.

p The haughty eye shall seek in vain
What innocence beholds;
No cunning finds the key of heaven,
No strength its gate unfolds.

5.

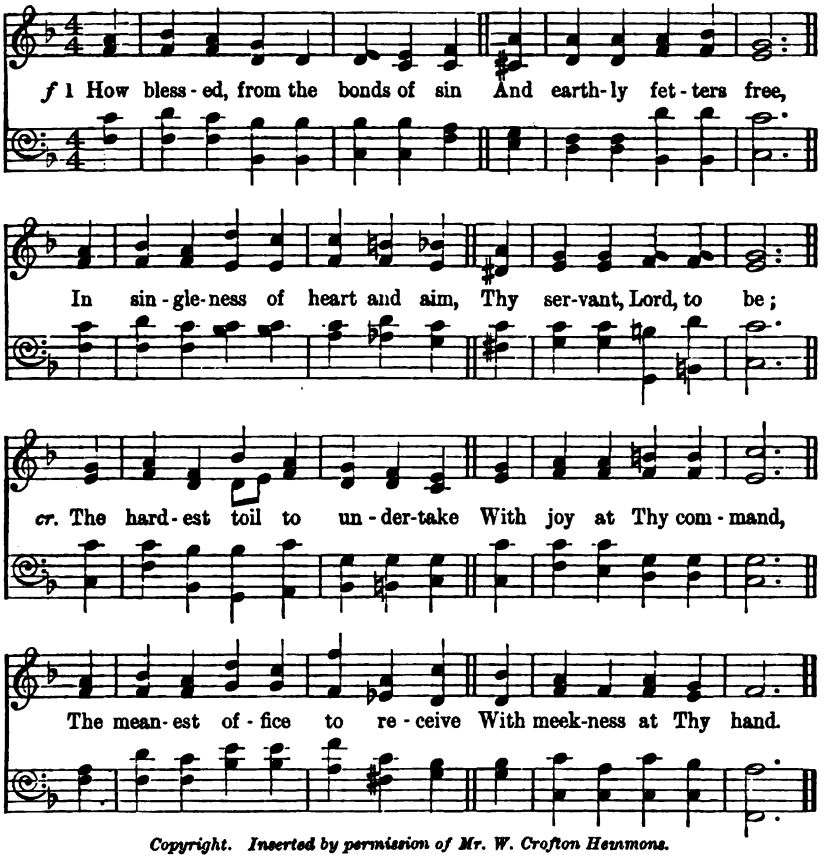
mf Alone to guilelessness and love
That gate shall open fall;
The mind of pride is nothingness;
p The childlike heart is all!

J. G. Whittier, 1807-1892.

4. The Joy of Service.

603 *A servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ.*—Jas. i. 1.

Blenden. C.M. D. C. E. Kettle, 1876.



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2 With willing heart and longing eyes
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight;
p No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow, calm and still;
dim. For love can easily divine
The One Beloved's will.

3 Thus may I serve Thee, gracious Lord,
Thus ever Thine alone,
My soul and body given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won;
cr. Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh
Let Christ be magnified.

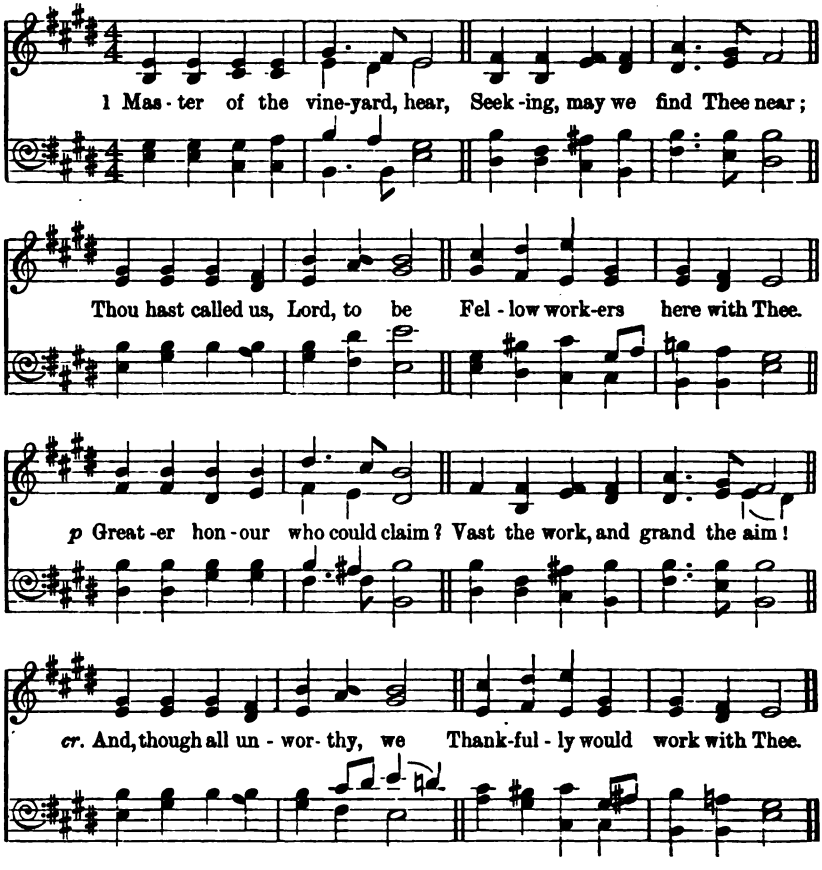
f 4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly;
p How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest draws nigh,
cr. When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company,
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be.

C. J. Spitta, tr. Jane Borthwick, 1854.

604

Workers together with Him.—2 Cor. vi. 1.

Benevento. 7's., 8 lines. SAMUEL WEBBE, 1792.



p 2 When our task seems long and hard,
Dim and distant the reward;
f Give us faith, dear Lord, that we
Trustfully may work with Thee.
pp When we sadly sow in tears,
When no sign of fruit appears,
p Grant us patience, Lord, lest we
Weary in our work for Thee.

p 3 In the deadly strife with sin,
Foes without and doubt within,
f Grant us courage, Lord, that we
Steadfastly may work with Thee.
When our task on earth is done,
Life's last battle fought and won,
cr. Call us home to rest, that we
Evermore may dwell with Thee.

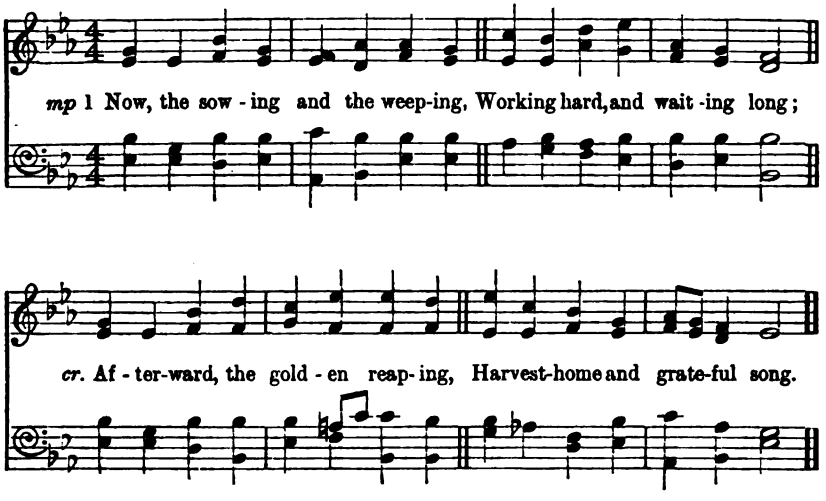
Helen Summers, 1896.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Syria," No. 575.

605

Nevertheless, afterward.—Heb. xii. 11.

Sharon. 8.7.8.7. WILLIAM BOYCE, Mus. Doc., 1765.



2.

mp Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot:
cr. Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

3.

mp Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
cr. Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

4.

mp Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
cr. Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

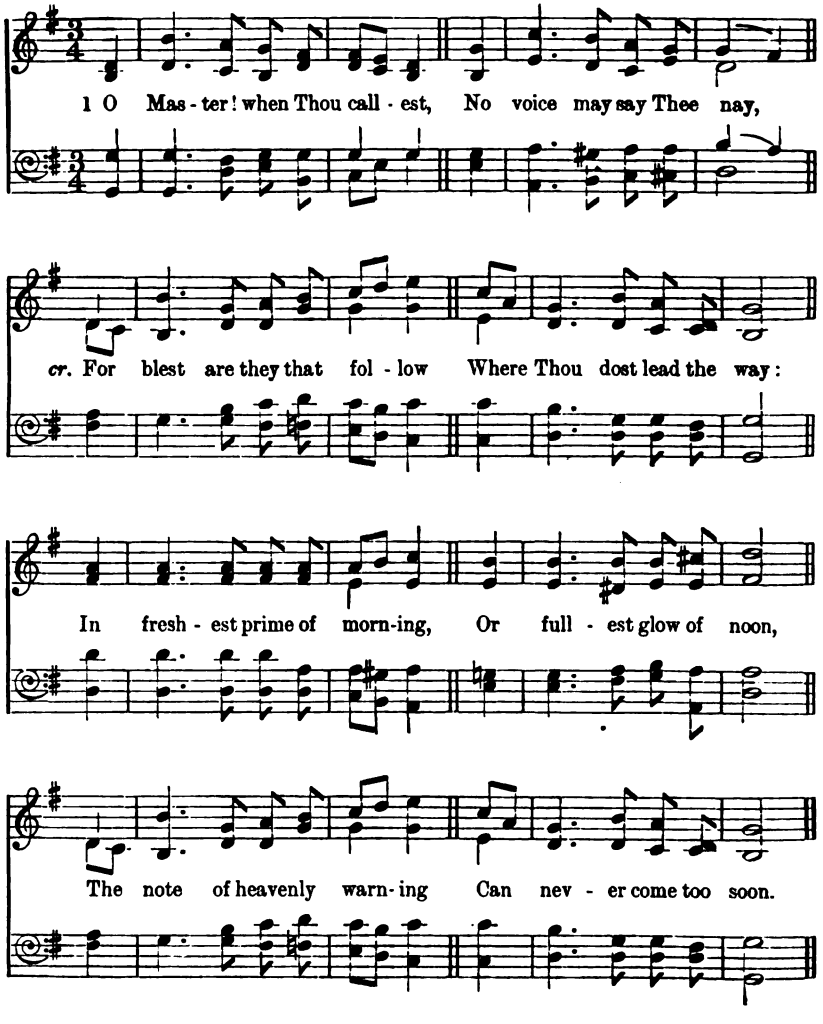
5.

mp Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
cr. Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou."

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1871.

606 *They that are with Him are called, and chosen, and faithful.*—Rev. xvii. 14.

Petition. [FIRST TUNE.] 7.6., 8 lines. From HAYDN, 1732-1809.



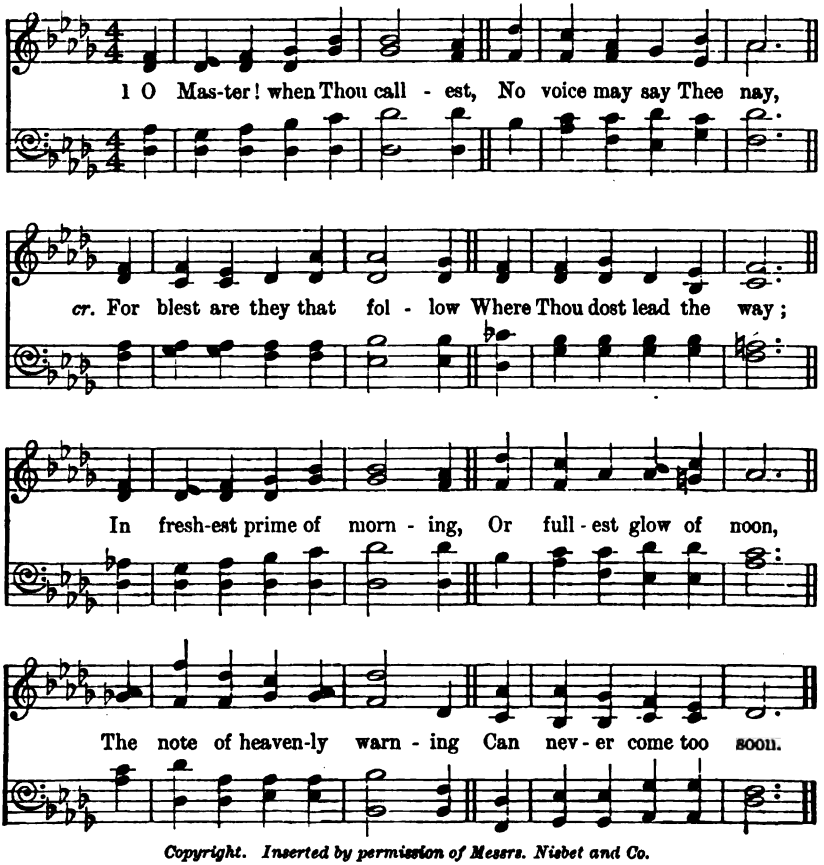
2 O Master! where Thou callest,
No foot may shrink in fear,
f For they who trust Thee wholly
Shall find Thee ever near:
p And chamber still and lonely,
Or busy harvest-field,
cr. Where Thou, Lord, rulest only,
Shall precious produce yield.

p 3 O Master! whom Thou callest,
No heart may dare refuse;
cr. 'Tis honour, highest honour,
When Thou dost deign to use
Our brightest and our fairest,
Our dearest—all are Thine;
Thou who for each one carest,
We hail Thy love's design.

4 They who go forth to serve Thee,
We too who serve at home,
May watch and pray together
Until Thy kingdom come:
cr. In Thee for aye united,
Our song of hope we raise,
Till that blest shore is sighted
Where all shall turn to praise.

Sarah Geraldina Stock, 1888.

Bentley. [SECOND TUNE.] 7.6., 8 lines. JOHN HULLAH, 1867.



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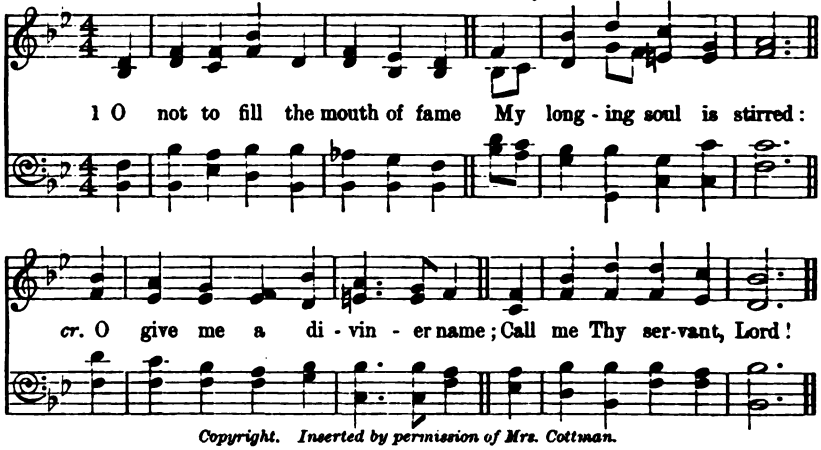
607

A servant of Jesus Christ.—Rom. i. 1.

Caterham. C.M. ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1876.



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2 Sweet title that delighteth me—
Rank earnestly implored!
O what can reach the dignity
Of Thy true servants, Lord?

3 No longer would my soul be known
As self-sustained and free;
f O! not my own, O! not my own,
Lord! I belong to Thee!

p 4 In each aspiring burst of prayer
Sweet leave my soul would ask
Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,
To do Thine every task.

5 For ever, Lord, Thy servant choose,—
Nought of Thy claim abate;
The glorious name I would not lose
Nor change the sweet estate.

6 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
No other name for me!
cr. The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity!

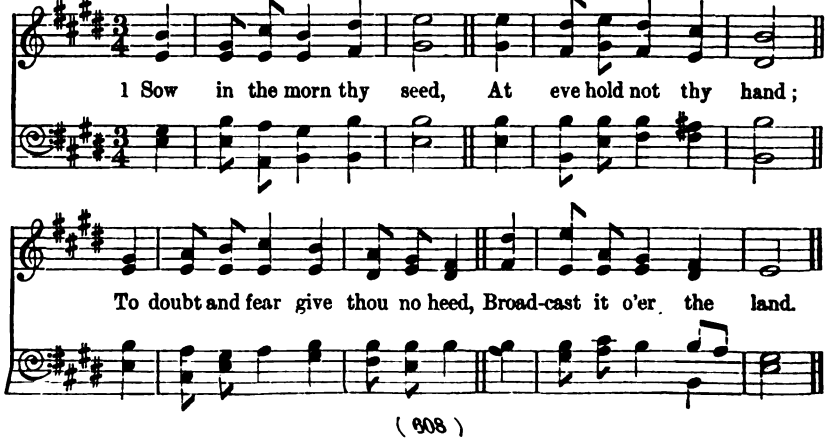
T. H. Gill, 1853.

This hymn may also be sung to tune "Dundee," No. 609.

608

In the morning sow thy seed.—Eccles. xi. 6.

Huddersfield. S.M. WILLIAMS'S *Psalmody*, 1770.



2.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here or there;
f O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found,—
Go forth, then, everywhere.

4.

p Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strewn.

5.

cr. And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear
And the full corn at length.

6.

Thou canst not toil in vain—
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

7.

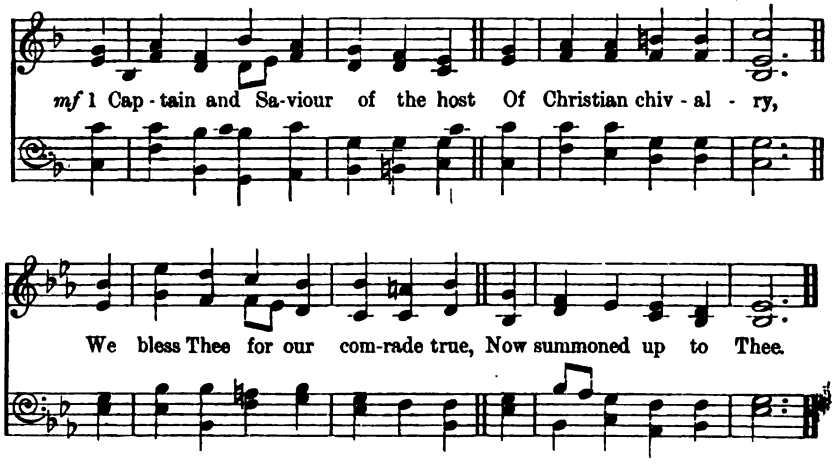
f Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest home."

J. Montgomery, 1832.

5. The Death of a Teacher.

609 *A good soldier of Jesus Christ.*—2 Tim. ii. 3.

Dundee or **French.** C.M. *Scotch Psalter*, 1615.



2.

We bless Thee for his * every step
In faithful following Thee;
And for his * good fight fought so well,
And crowned with victory.

3.

mp We thank Thee that the wayworn sleeps
The sleep in Jesus blest;
The purified and ransomed soul
Hath entered into rest.

4.

mf We bless Thee that his * humble love
Hath met with such regard;
cr. We bless Thee for his * blessedness,
And for his * rich reward.

* *Or* her.

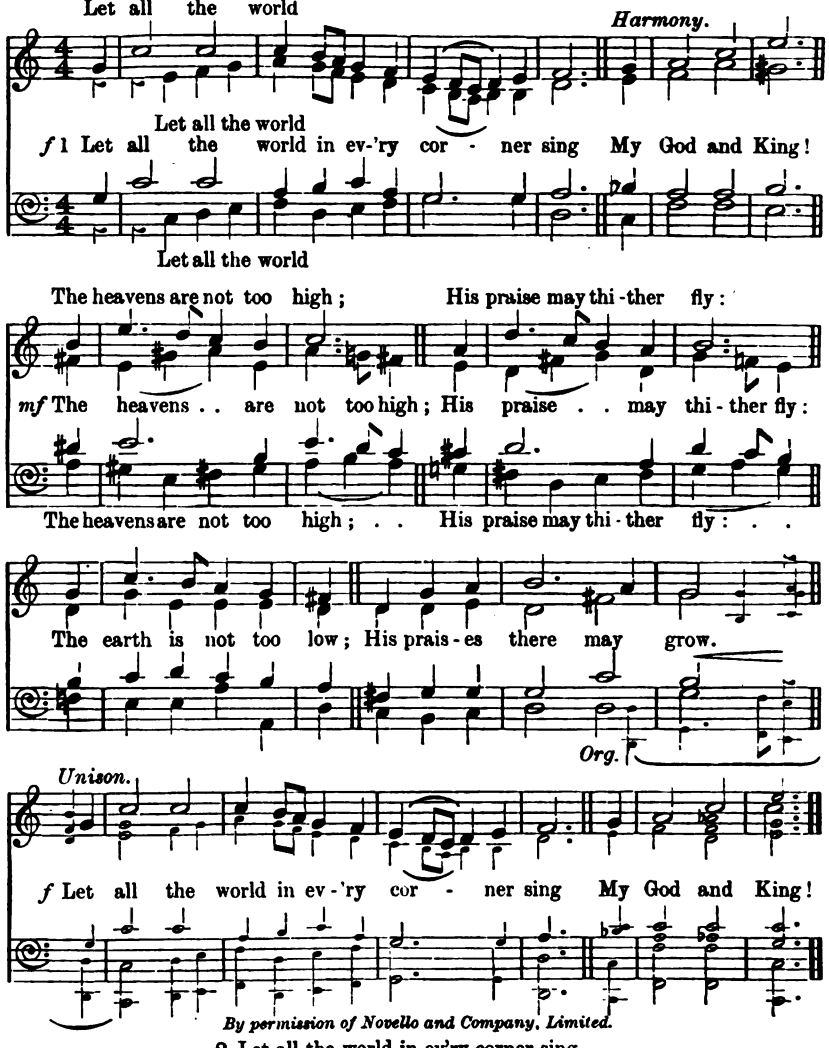
George Rawson, 1853.

Closing Song of Praise.

610 **Milton.**

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.—Psalm cl. 6.

Unison or Harmony ad lib. 10.4.6.6.6.6.10.4. H. Elliot Button, 1891.



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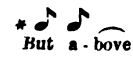
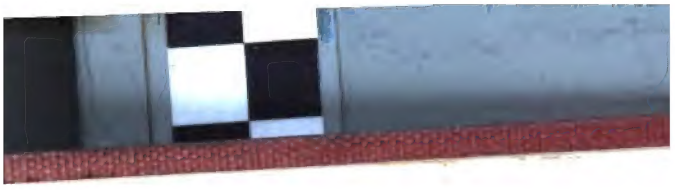
2 Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
My God and King!
The Church with Psalms must shout;
No door can keep them out.
mp * But, above all, the heart
Must bear the largest part.
ff Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing
My God and King! *George Herbert*, 1593-1633.





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